THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4475. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.: CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 3D.

BOOK NO. 512

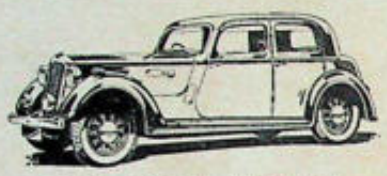
THE PREMIER AS HE WOULD LIKE TO BE

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is frequently photographed when following his favourite recreation of angling, but rarely shown shooting. This picture of him changing guns was taken last season when he was the guest of Lord Swinton at Sole Gill Beck, near Masham, Yorkshire. In order to keep fit for his arduous work Mr. Chamberlain believes in taking as much open-air exercise as possible.

ACC. NO — 977
Date — 15/12/06

"The Sunday Times"
says
"Because of its qualities of silence and of smoothness, its high performance, and its quiet dignity, I have no hesitation in grouping the Rover Sixteen with other members of that category which comprises "the world's best." Its running is the quintessence of refinement.

ROVER
One of Britain's Fine Cars



The Rover Company, Ltd., Coventry.
CVS—200

THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 769
THE LITTLE OWL ONCE AGAIN 769
WHAT DOES MOTOR RACING MEAN? 770
THE OCTOBER MEETINGS 772
STABLEMEN AND MASTERS 773
THE GUN MONTH BY MONTH 774
LITTLE CORNISH TROUT 775
AN AFTERNOON WITH PINTAIL 776
NESTING OF RED-THROATED DIVERS 777
WITH THE WIND AT "FORCE 8" 778
TWO VIEWS OF AN ELEPHANT BATH 779
LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS 780
BLAGDON AT ITS BEST 782
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 784
FIFTY YEARS AGO 784
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 784
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Halichœrus Grypus; A New Cricket Rule?; Long-Distance Racing 785
IN THE CITY 788
HEIGHT AND GOLF 789
IN TOUCH 789
NEW BOOKS 790
THE OCTOBER BORDER 792
THE ART OF THATCHING 792
GARDEN POOLS 794
RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK DOG 794
SHEEPDOG TRIALS AT SOUTHPORT 795
THE DAIRY SHOW 796
OVERLOADING THE PRIVATE CAR 797
GIANTS OF THE AIR 798
ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER 800
CARDS AND CHESS 803
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 804

THE NATIONAL TRUST

BY the end of the present month the National Trust will, it is hoped, be in a position to carry out fully their plans in Dovedale and the Manifold Valley. The schemes to preserve the Devil's Punch Bowl at Hindhead and the Downs near Dunstable must also be brought to an almost immediate conclusion if these districts are to be saved at all. Less urgent only in point of time are the efforts to preserve Avebury and Eskdale, for which purpose the Trust has joined with the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and other bodies. It will be remembered with what alarm the intelligence was received some three years ago that Eskdale had been purchased by the Forestry Commission for planting purposes. Happily, this major disaster has been averted, but only if the Trust can compensate the Commission.

It is easy to reflect with complacence on the past and tangible achievements of the Trust, and to let the mind's eye wander in content over the expanses of Stonehenge, Queen Adelaide's Hill and Cissbury Ring. No one would deny that the first duty of the Trust is to acquire such areas and to preserve them for the nation. But there is an obvious danger that amid the dust and heat of raising adequate funds, the constant necessity of discovering what districts are threatened, and the excitement of the last minute effort to rescue beauty from the avid exploitation of commerce, the deeper purpose of the Trust may be forgotten. This surely is not only the actual preservation of lovely tracts of England, but the consequent arousing—one might, in view of increasing subscriptions, say maintenance—of the public interest in its most precious heritage. The measure of success which the Trust has achieved is not to be reckoned simply as an increasing list of properties set out in a report, however much justifiable satisfaction such an exhibition may afford. The true purpose of the Trust is to preserve districts in which an urban population shall willingly feed its soul.

Nor are signs wanting that the public is increasingly adopting this attitude. It would be interesting to discover how many people deliberately chose to spend their holidays this year near land owned by the Trust. The number cannot be inconsiderable if it can be assumed that people like to see the results of their own generosity. For, although the total income has never reached the figure attained in 1928, there has been a steady increase in the number of small but regular subscribers. So the Trust would seem to be fulfilling its purpose in the manner most beneficial to itself and to the public, for while the occasional large donation or legacy is to be welcomed on every ground it is in the knowledge of a certain and regular income that plans may be made most confidently for the future. The increasing number of subscribers shows, too, that the public is willing to shoulder the responsibility itself instead of leaving it to some generous and public-spirited person to save the situation at the last moment.

Various possibilities would come within the range of discussion of a more prosperous Trust. It has been suggested that there might be co-operation with the National Fitness Campaign and with the Holidays with Pay movement. Certainly there seems to be one result of the Trust's activities which was not necessarily foreseen. An extensive area in the Lake District, between Hawkshead and Loweswater, together with land at Langdale, is already owned. If the appeal to preserve Eskdale is successful there will be in the Lake District what is, to all intents and purposes, a National Park.

There must, however, be more general and vigorous support before plans such as these can be contemplated. Unhappily, the Trust is one of numerous bodies demanding support, and many people remain, in Lord Esher's words, "supinely and apathetically open to pressure from the loudest voice or the most skilful propaganda."

DAYS OF TRIAL

IT has always been the pleasant task of the *Field* to deal with the peaceful pursuits of life, and to fight against those influences which menace them; with all those things that make life worth living, the song of birds, the beauty of a garden, the pleasures of the countryside and open air which bring that physical and mental fitness which is the negation of regimentation. In these things lie the essence of our national character and the ability to face emergencies with calm; in fostering it the pages of the *Field*, we may hope, have brought relief from world excursions and alarms; from the scare headline of the "late edition." But while it has never been the practice of the *Field* to take sides in politics and issues outside its own particular sphere, this paper has never shirked duties which particularly devolve upon it. In time of national effort the *Field* has played its part; in time of peace it has never hesitated to remind those in authority of slackness in safeguarding our agriculture and our food supplies; it has exercised restraint in criticism of actions which differed from British conceptions of what is fitting when restraint seemed the wiser course. In writing this we hope that restraint will have served its purpose as the watchword of others during this fateful week!

PROTECTION AND A.R.P.

It may be of some interest to many readers of the *Field* to learn something of a new material called Durasteel. Durasteel is a comforting thought in these troublous hours, for it provides protection against bombs and against fire. Thermit has so far proved the bugbear of every form of protection. At a recent demonstration 2lb. of Thermit was set on fire on top of mild steel plate $\frac{3}{16}$in. thick, and melted its way through in seven or eight seconds, falling to the ground still burning. This same quantity of Thermit burnt itself out on a $\frac{3}{16}$in. panel of Durasteel and the underside of the panel never became too hot to touch. Durasteel is made by Durasteel Proofs, Ltd., of Greenford, Middlesex, and the name is in no way an exaggeration of the effects of a very wonderful invention. The protective effects, it should be added, extend far beyond the range of Thermit—and are such that they should be much more widely known than they are.

WELL DONE, SCOTLAND!

Last week Mr. J. H. Thom's Circe beat Mr. G. Nichols's Goose in races for the Seawanhaka Cup. It was indeed a triumph for Scotland and her representative to beat the Scandinavian Gold Cup winner on Long Island Sound, as many considered Goose to be the faster of the two six-metre yachts. But Mr. Thom is an experienced steersman to reckon with, as he showed after he had won the first and second races by margins of two minutes and half-a-minute respectively. It looked as though Goose was a certainty for the third race, when she had five minutes lead before the third leg, but Circe was not done with, and after reducing the lead slightly her owner picked up a land breeze while his opponent was becalmed on a tack to the finishing line and won by 29 seconds. The cup goes to Scotland for the third time since 1895.

KENNET'S TROUBLE

It is a sad sight nowadays to see Kennet in September. Gone is the rolling current of the spring, with its trailing luxuriance of waving weed and its fleets of hatching duns, flashing to life so suddenly upon its surface; rising, perhaps, to flutter a few yards towards the bank ere the inexorable current swept them seawards; and leviathan rolls up suddenly to engulf the luckless insect which has waited just too long upon its eddied surface. Instead, one finds a scum-infested millpond with scarce stream enough to hold a line afloat, the while a hare's ear or a variant may pass the lie of the chance riser which alone and at long intervals makes breach upon the surface. Men gloomily forebode the time when even Hungerford will join the barren miles of empty stream-bed which now lie only some few miles towards its source, and speak with bitterness of deeply-driven wells which rob the Berkshire chalk streams of their life. Is it not time that men of substance and of wisdom demanded an investigation into the truth about our underground supplies?

SLACK LINES

I sometimes believe in the malice of fate
  And that I am its butt and buffoon,
When I lose all my brown trout by striking too late
  And my salmon by striking too soon.

There *can* be no other good reason, I think,
  For the fact which I frequently note,
That my fly always floats when I want it to sink,
  And sinks when I want it to float.

The water is always too clear or too brown,
  And the wind always sells me a pup
By blowing upstream when I want to fish down
  And down when I want to fish up.

And when I'm alternately watching my flies
  And watching my foothold all day,
The fish look away when I want them to rise,
  And rise when I'm looking away.

But all my reverses their antidote breed
  In the hope which will never grow stale,
That if often I fail when my betters succeed,
  I may some day succeed when they fail.

COLIN ELLIS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I ALWAYS look forward to the village flower show and not merely because I compete in it myself. It is the last faint relic of the old village commonwealth. Therein individual ownership and communal undertakings were so perfectly balanced that their modern vicious clash seems a *lusus Naturæ*. There is no deep-set, natural quarrel between them, as the flower show clearly reveals, where the villagers combine in order amicably to compete.

It makes Malthus, Adam Smith and the rest of the economists look the simpletons they are, with their astonishing ignorance of human nature. The obsolete, competitive games of the countryside, before the descendants of such sports were professionalised, even the inter-village rivalries, all kept the co-operative spirit of the ancient village alive, and the fiction of that ogreish figure, the economic man, is exposed by the flower shows of the Trobriand and Nicobar Islanders. They train their flowers and vegetables for months beforehand in the race for supremacy, and when the judgment is passed and the prizes are awarded, share both stakes and rewards in a common feast of jubilation. The influence of the outside world is too strong for us to end our flower shows by making a gigantic pie of the contending vegetables and garlands of the opposing regiments of flowers to decorate a rustic altar or crown the heads of the village maidens in the evening dance. Even our perfunctory sideshows—bowling for the pig, skittles, darts and the like—are a pale remainder of what we lost when the Puritan victory of the seventeenth century fatally depressed the corporate spirit of the villages by discouraging or abolishing dancing, singing, bell-ringing, bowling, wakes, maypoles, Whitsun ales and church holidays. Gone, too, are the days when the squire put his waggon at the disposal of the competitors to take their produce to the show at the little market town and doubled the prize-money.

Yet the earth fails us never, if our rites and observances, our grace for her bounties, are now but a bookish record. In the great tent, pavilion rather, her horn of plenty is set out in state. Eager faces, my own among them, look out for that blue card of victory which is more even than the Tyrian dye of the rotund beetroots against blanched celery, russet carrots, creamy cauliflowers, the greenest of green peas, marrows striped like the fantastic fish of tropic seas and the polychrome blaze of the flowers. No arras nor stuffs of a king's chamber could rival the richness in varieties of form and colour of these earthy growths, nurtured on dung and dishwater. No art, labour nor device is grudged to perfect them: the beans picked, laid in a damp cloth and buried for many days in the soil to prevent them going "corny"; the onions plumped by secret, almost magical nostrums handed down from father to son; the marrows watched into shapeliness (now that the idea of mere grossness in the gourd is discredited) with the vigilance that the flockmaster devotes to his pedigree lambs; sweet peas fed, you may say, on dragon's blood and rosebuds mewed up in the oven. When I secured first prize for runner beans (and third for marrows), as I did this year, without having mixed the spittle of frogs with the juice in the stalks of toadstools beaten up with yeast and the whites of guinea-fowl eggs as their nourishment, I felt as proud as "Turnip" Townshend and Coke of Norfolk in all the glory of their fattened lands.

There were other "observables" (as old Fuller said) that were echoes of a richer but a foundered past, echoes like the church-bells of the East Anglian churches full fathoms five beneath the sea. The lace pillow of a child complete with parchment pattern, bobbins, trolleys, thread, brass pins and a piece of "Little Bud" traditional lace; a patchwork quilt; a bunch of wild flowers, bulrush, yarrow, campion, sorrel, hawkweed and St. John's wort, in the Children's Mixed Bouquet Competition. It is a withered world which regards these things as "a fable, song of fleeting shade," and outside the villages no longer even that. But, gladdened by the earthly treasures of that tent, I seemed to see the bones of that fable dance in its sepulchre and to hear the far-off elfin note of the song——

"There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deale of Youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with White-thorn laden home.

* * *

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a-Maying."

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a description of a film star:

"He likes to spend his time out of doors riding, fishing, hunting. (Hunting in America, means chasing bear, mountain lion, skeet, wild boar and other beasts. On foot, too, with a rifle, but no red-coated huntsmen to keep the fox from springing at your throat.)"

THE LITTLE OWL ONCE AGAIN

Prejudice Against Aliens Dies Hard

ONCE more the little owl has fallen under suspicion. Last January his character was publicly cleared by the British Trust for Ornithology, which after two years of widespread and extensive study reported that his destruction of game, poultry and wild birds was negligible in quantity, and so far as wild birds were concerned was confined to starlings, house sparrows, blackbirds and throstles. The inquiry found that in the breeding season the quantity of wild birds killed might rise to as high as two or three a week for each pair of little owls, but that during the rest of the year it was very much less. The inquiry, in addition, acquitted the little owl of killing birds and mammals in order to attract carrion beetles to their corpses. And the report went further than that: they did admit—a very great admission for any ornithological inquiry—that the little owl did useful rather than harmful things: useful because of its liking for rats and mice, and for the huge number of cockchafers, daddy-long-legs, earwigs, and other insects, most of which are on the Ministry of Agriculture's lists of pests.

A few years ago, there can be no doubt—the report admits this—a good many birds which are easily caught on or close above the ground were destroyed; but this was excused on the grounds that at that time the species was multiplying very fast indeed and the conduct was, therefore, abnormal under circumstances just as abnormal. The report concluded by stating that the little owl should be exempted from persecution and allowed to live a free life.

But the little owl is an alien. It has been resident in this country for only half a century, and so in the eyes of science can be regarded as only recently naturalised. We have a prejudice in this country against alien introductions in the animal world, which prejudices we do not extend to human beings, harmful or otherwise. A prejudice against animals dies hard.

The inquiry of the British Trust for Ornithology should have cleared the little owl once and for all, but it has not. So soon as the report was published, correspondence flooded into this office from all over the country giving examples of the little owl's harmful nature. More recently Mr. Eric Hosking, who is as good an ornithologist as he is a photographer, undertook an independent investigation of his own and published the results in *The Times*. He, too, absolved the little owl. And instantly the little owl was accused again in the columns of that paper. Correspondents accused him of killing pheasants and ducklings and to eating nothing of them but the brains and others accused him of murdering little birds, not because he was hungry, but just for the love of killing them.

It really is an extraordinary position that competent, earnest and unbiased scientific workers, together with a large number of competent, earnest and unbiased field ornithologists, should combine to prove the little owl guiltless and that instantly he should be accused afresh by those whose interests he is thought to damage. One is tempted to ask whether the evidence which is furnished immediately the inquiry closes was forwarded to that inquiry for independent investigation; and if not, why not? Those whom one may take to be completely unbiased prove him guiltless; those whom it would be difficult to prove unbiased (though no one would suggest that they would deliberately cause the extermination of an animal in order to satisfy their own instincts) claim him guilty.

It is true that few big shooting landowners, no gamekeepers, and very few farmers regard the little owl with anything but enmity; on the other hand it is true that science knows how important it is to sift any evidence which may be placed upon it, and one cannot doubt that much evidence was placed before the inquiry conducted by the British Trust for Ornithology by landowners, farmers and gamekeepers.

I feel very sorry for the little owl, just as at times I feel very sorry for the squirrel and the musk rat. None asked to be brought to England: they were brought by man for man's use. And when it was found that they destroyed more than their enjoyment was worth, then man, who brought them, turns round and says that the balance of nature must be redressed. Of course, the real fault of the little owl, if this is so—and I am quite sure that this is really the case—is that he, like the squirrel, and the musk rat, provides no sport.

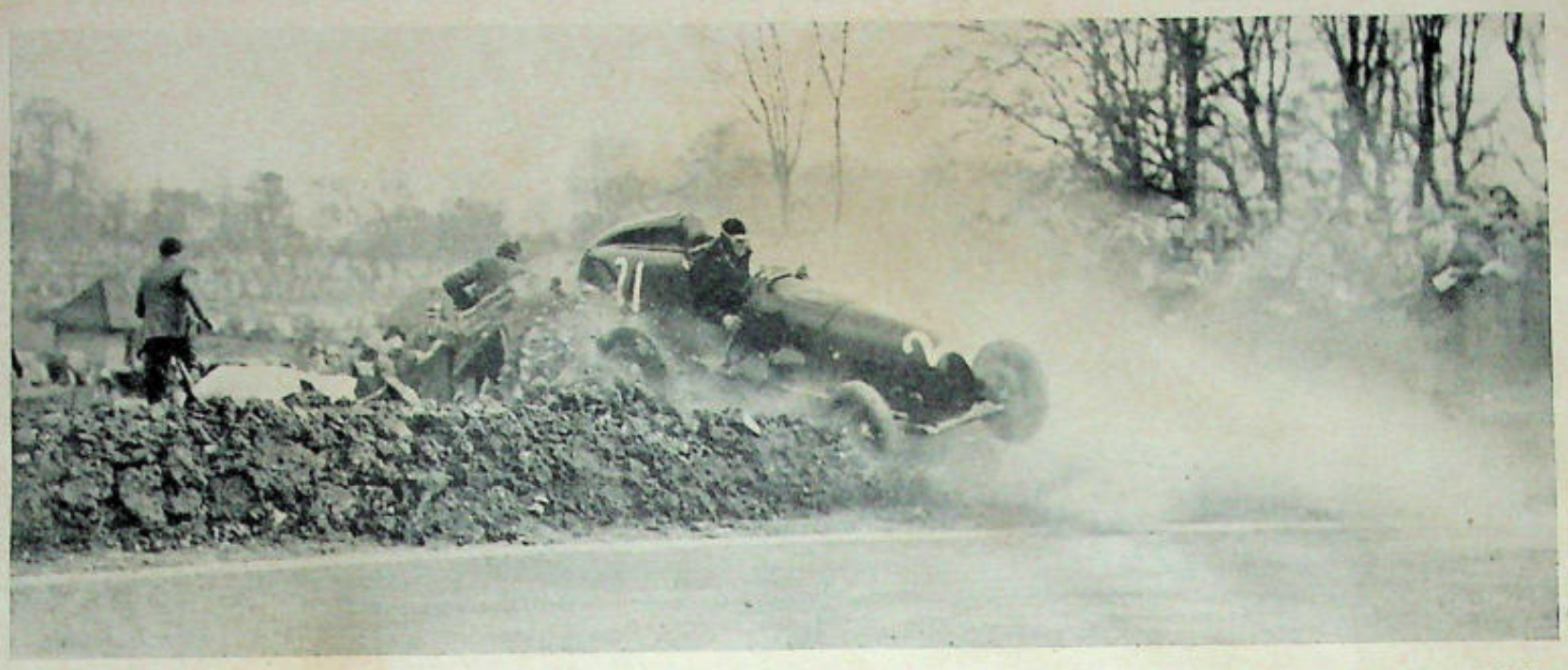
The fox does quite a lot of harm from time to time. The fox can wreak far more damage on a poultry run than any little owl. But the fox provides fun and the fox provides money, the fox is tied up with finance—and the fox is protected. And deer break fences and trample down crops and kill trees. But man must have his stag hunt—and deer are not threatened with extermination. But the little owl can put forward no such plea for protection, and so his life is asked of him by those who would shoot more duck and pheasant and by those whose business is to rear those birds for shooting. But that is a very narrow way of looking at the question.

There is no possible doubt about the number of rats and mice and daddy-long-legs and earwigs and cockchafers and other insects of that account that the little owl kills. *There is no possible doubt about it.* We know that rats and mice are harmful; we know that many of the insects of which the little owl takes great numbers are harmful. They are harmful to the community as a whole. Duck and pheasant, and the rearing and shooting of duck and pheasant, are beneficial to but a small proportion of the community. Furthermore, if one refuses to believe the results of the various inquiries that have been made, it means that one refuses to believe that the little owl is guiltless; then equally one must submit that one cannot take it as proved that the little owl is harmful to any great extent to ducklings and pheasant chicks.

Which is the greater evil? That is the whole question, and, like so many very simple questions, it is one that rouses much argument around it and about, and one that no man whose interests are affected will think clearly about. We have had sufficient evidence of that recently; we shall have more. But the question—it is utterly ridiculous to call it a problem—remains unaffected.

There can be, I submit, no shadow of doubt that the little owl is useful rather than harmful. If he takes a pheasant chick or two or a wild duckling or two, count those against his rats and mice and insects. And let him live a free life in what, we maintain, is a free country.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.



"THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING THE CAR INTACT, QUITE APART FROM THE VALUE OF THE RACE ITSELF, IS OBVIOUS WHEN IT IS REALISED THAT A RACING CAR COSTS ABOUT £5,000"

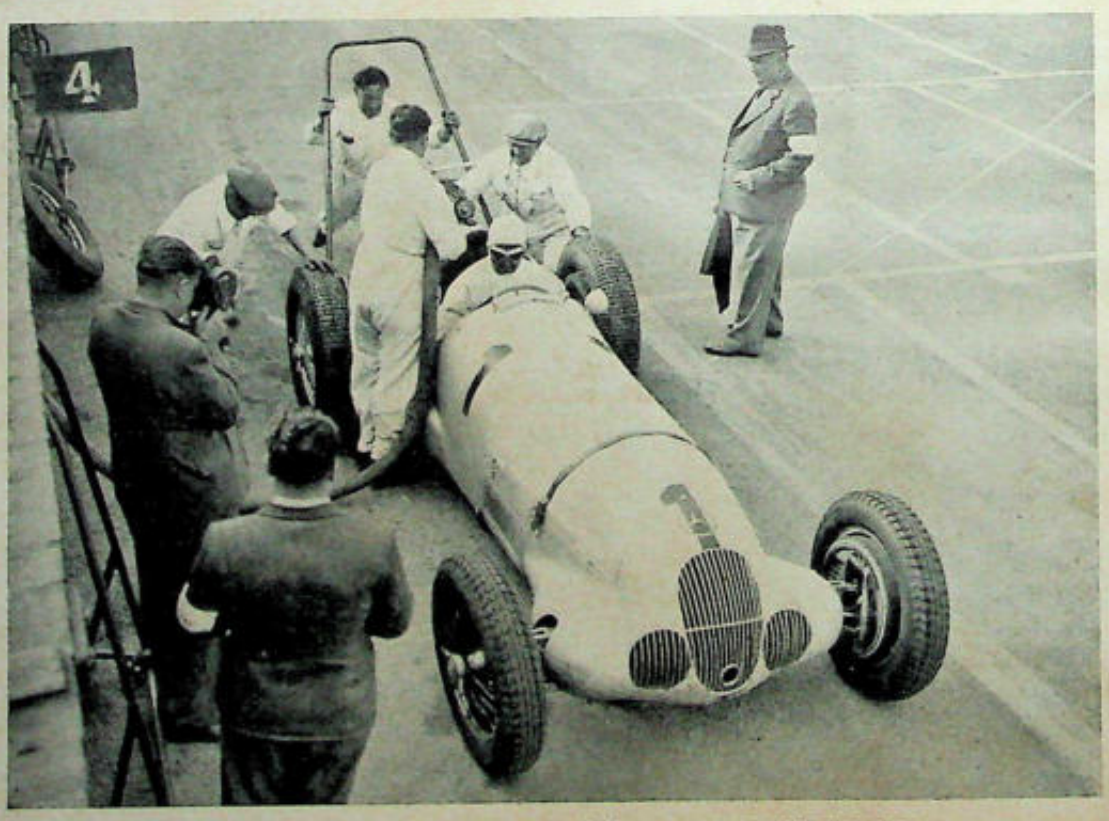
WHAT DOES MOTOR RACING MEAN?

Practice and Experience the Essentials of Success

WELL do I remember returning from the hill-climb at Shelsley Walsh in 1937, for, quite apart from a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment, the day was notable, so far as I was concerned, for an enforced stop of about two hours on a steep hill not far from Broadway in a position somewhat similar to that of the Grand Old Duke of York who, "when he was only half-way up, was neither up nor down." This irksome state of affairs, due to mutiny on the part of the petrol pump, had its amusing moments, for many of those who had earlier been spectators at Shelsley were returning home by the same route.

Now this hill needs reasonable care when being negotiated in either direction, since it possesses, in addition to its gradient, a blind corner about two-thirds of the way up. It was just below this corner that I found myself perforced to stop, and from here I was treated at intervals to some extraordinary exhibitions by returning racegoers, who were trying their best to emulate the brilliance of the drivers they had been watching.

One car, in particular, I remember. It was a magnificent grey sports model, worthy of a far finer driver than the young gentleman who was at the wheel. It approached the corner at a ridiculous speed, braked suddenly amid a shower of loose road surface, skidded wildly on the right-hand side of the road, and then, by the goodness of Providence, got away again to disappear from view, leaving behind a cloud of dust, a strong smell of Castrol, half-a-dozen or so somewhat scared spectators, and the tumultuous, rather unmaidenly squealings of the two fair occupants of the back seat ringing in the air.



RUDOLPH CARACCIOLA IN HIS MERCÈDÈS AT THE DONINGTON PITS

This photo was taken at the 250-mile International Grand Prix Race last October, when the Germans took the first five places. Caracciola was third

I am certain that the tale of the magnificent ascent was noised abroad in the young gentleman's club, but I am even more certain that the dear lady who appeared about a minute later in the reverse direction, grinding down in bottom gear, had she known what would have been met if she had driven a shade faster, would never have travelled in a car again.

Quite apart from the danger in an effort such as this, it was so far removed from the correct method of cornering as to leave me with a feeling of pity for a driver who could learn so little of what to do in a whole afternoon.

Hill-climbing, like all forms of motor racing, needs tremendous skill coupled with long practice and experience. It is seldom the driver who slithers all over the track at his corners who puts up a winning time.

The course at Shelsley, the only hill-climb in England, deserves a description for those who do not know it. It starts on a fair gradient at the bottom, and, after a slight bend, curves left and right before straightening for a moment prior to the left-hand turn of an S bend situated on a steep gradient. Thirty or forty yards and then comes the right swerve of the S; after that the car roars up the straight to the finish, 1,000yds. from the start.

The road is typically English with high grass banks on one side, upon which the spectators sit, while on the other, the road falls away rapidly to the left. If there does happen to be trouble, it usually results in the car running into the banked side, but should the driver be so unfortunate as to go off to the left, there are plenty of bushes and trees to check his descent.

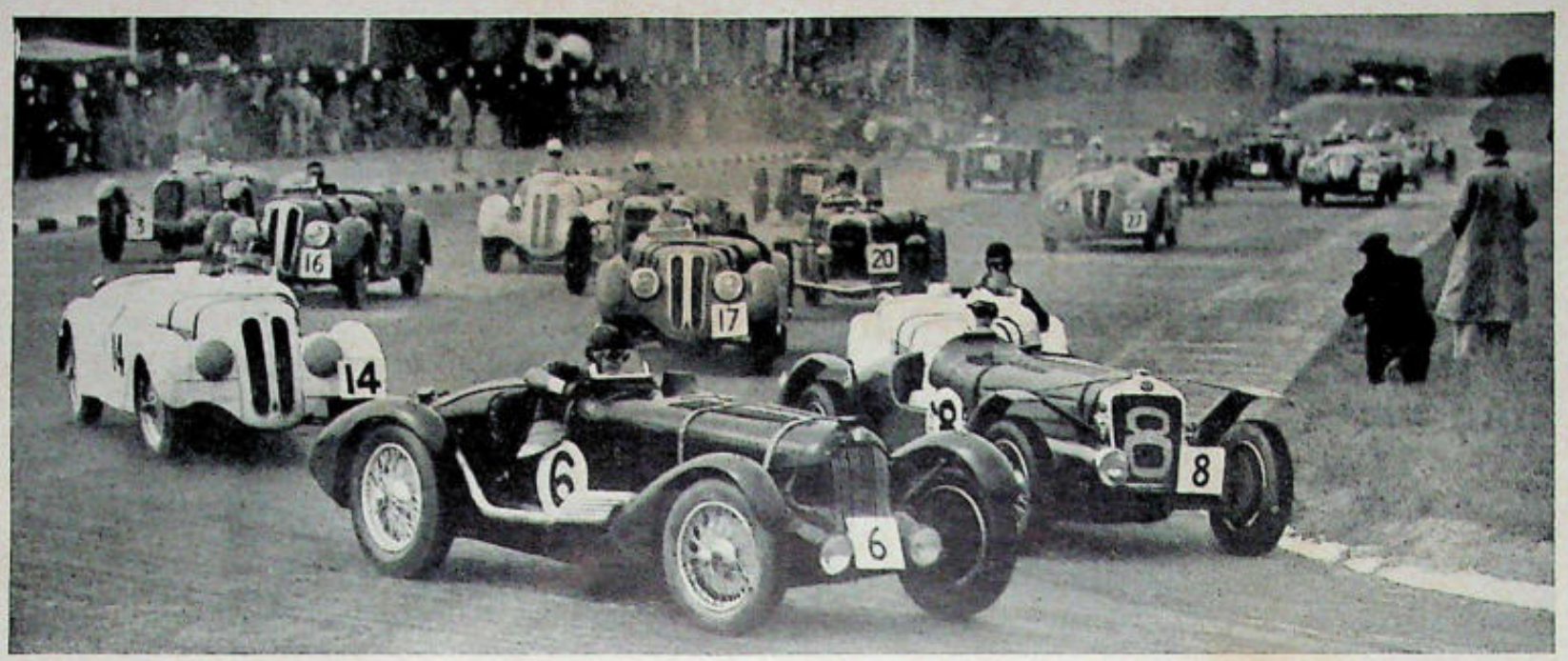
Raymond Mays, the winner of this year's race, covering the distance in 37.86sec., always provides a very fine example of how the climb should be done. A fifth of a second establishes a new record, but a fifth of a second is a great deal over 1,000yds. of curves and corners, and to knock off very nearly a second, as did Mays, when the record already stood at a remarkably low figure, is a fine achievement.

The car is chocked up at the back so that it is not necessary to use the brake to hold her, and then, without a lot of wheel spin if all is well, away she goes in bottom gear. A change to third for the two curves, a full-throttled dash to the S bend, and then the excitement begins. The surface is bumpy and the speed at this point may be about 90 m.p.h. On go the brakes, a quick change, and without much tail-wag if it is a good climb, the car opens out for the 30yds. or so prior to the second bend. Perhaps there is a deliberate skidding of the back wheels here as engine power is used to kick her tail round; and then away for all she's worth to the finish.

Tremendous concentration is essential for Shelsley, and a man who can do a fast time here is fairly certain to show a good performance in other forms of racing.

Shelsley Walsh is less than half-a-mile long, and therefore the slightest lapse gives victory to another. On the Continent there are other famous climbs, but all very much longer. One of the most famous runs, over the Stelvio Pass, lying between Milan and Innsbruck, is nearly nine miles long, and it has, quite apart from bends, about 50 hairpins. Perhaps the best-known climb in the world is on Swiss territory, over the Klausen Pass with 130 hairpins and other corners concentrated in thirteen miles. This is by no means the record number, however, for the German climb at Freiburg, in 7.5 miles, produces 167 corners, and the record speed for the run stands, I believe, at round about 55 m.p.h.

What is true of hill climbing is the truth also of



COMPETITORS IN THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE AT DONINGTON PARK ROUNDING THE FIRST BEND AFTER THE START OF THE RACE. LOUIS GERARD WON IN HIS DELAGE (8) AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 67.61 M.P.H.

the road race, only here is added a need for an even higher standard of physical fitness. The professional driver begins the race several days before the arrival of the spectator, especially if he has never before seen the course, for he then has to accustom himself to the lie of the track. This he may do in several ways. Some drivers walk round on foot, some use a bicycle, and some a slow car. Often all three come into play, for a Grand Prix course is usually something like seven miles long, and to walk round it five or six times is no joke. Perhaps the driver will use a car for about three laps, and then walk another two, followed by a couple more on a push-bike, stopping at the corners and at any other difficult places to think out how best to take his car through them at speed.

When all this is done he is by no means finished, for his car will have arrived, all tuned up as far as possible, but whereas the ordinary individual is quite without knowledge of the finer points of carburation and gear ratios, the racing man knows these things to be of the greatest importance. Whereas the car may have been in perfect trim when tuned on one of the French *routes nationales*, if it is to race on the Nurburg Ring, the biggest motor course in the world, it would almost certainly need adjustment on the spot. Gear ratios may not be perfect for coping with the gradients, and height may have affected the carburation sufficiently to rob the car of maximum power. Carburettor settings have to be adjusted, too, for a very hot or very cold day, while the wet may change everything once again.

After all this has been done and the car is on the top of its form, it will probably be put away until the great day, and a spare car used during the last three days for high-speed practice. This usually takes place very early in the morning, for normal traffic must not be dislocated during the busy hours, and equally certainly practice cannot be done with the possibility of meeting a farm cart round the next corner.

During these three days it is possible that a driver may stand on a bend and watch his rivals go through their corners, and thus learn something of how a split second may be gained by clever placing, braking and acceleration. The knowledge is important, for in a race such as a Grand Prix, where the average speed will be somewhere in the region of 90 m.p.h., a fifth of a second gained on every corner means about 45yds. in one complete circuit if there are five corners to be negotiated.

It is quite extraordinary to see an expert cornering, for on every lap his wheels seem to hug the same portion of the track to the very inch. Dick Seaman, probably the greatest English driver of the present day, is a notable example, while Pat Fairfield, unfortunately killed quite recently, was another excellent exponent of the art.

The importance of keeping the car intact, quite apart from the value of the race itself, is obvious when it is realised that a racing car costs about £5,000, and even a large concern, let alone an independent owner, cannot afford to lose such a sum.

In the early days it was usual for nation to drive against nation, but now this is changed so far as the participants are concerned, although the spectators very often pin their preference on a driver of the same nationality as their own. *Marque* racing against *marque* is the modern idea, and it is considered in no way unpatriotic, for instance, if a British driver races for a German team.

It is hardly possible to say much about the work of the pits here, but, none the less, it may well be here that a race is won or lost, for if it is worth while saving a fifth of a second on a corner, it is infinitely more worth while saving five seconds during a stop. Petrol and oil is no longer delivered from the original tins as in the old days, but is usually turned out into five-gallon churns and emptied from there into the tank via a large funnel, although pressure pumps are sometimes used.

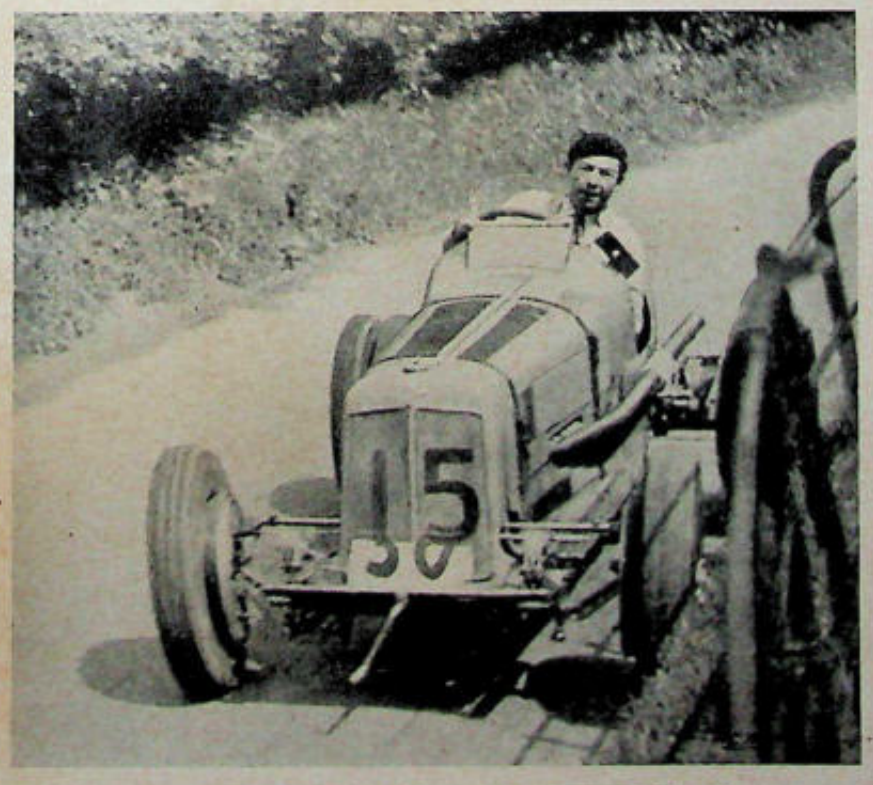
The axle is raised from the ground in one movement by a jack with a handle long enough to obtain the necessary leverage, thus the hub caps can be knocked off, and wheels removed in an incredibly short space of time. When the German teams of Mercédès and Auto-Unions came over to Donington last year they returned wonderfully low figures for pit work, changing both rear tyres and refuelling in under 30 seconds, while at Muller's pit (Auto-Union) the perfectly incredible time of 26½ seconds was recorded.

And what is the use of all this racing? Does it achieve anything other than the provision of a few hours of thrills for the onlooker? The answer is sure beyond question, for what racing discovers to-day, is found in the private saloon of to-morrow. A very large percentage of motor car development was born on the track.

L. N. RADCLIFFE.

ABOUT TO MAKE A FOUR-POINT LANDING

A Bugatti leaving the ground as the result of taking a hump-backed bridge at high speed. No wonder motor racing demands a high standard of physical fitness



RAYMOND MAYS CLIMBING SHELSLEY WALSH IN 1935

Mays put up a record of 39.6sec. for the hill in that year, a record since lowered to 37.86sec. by the same driver in 1938

THE OCTOBER MEETINGS

"A Playful Double on Michoumy and Snake Lightning"

AT the time that these notes are being written no one seems to know what is going to happen, and owners and breeders have arrived at Newmarket for the First October Meeting and the annual sales talking more of international politics than racing or breeding. At the same time there seems the probability of much good bidding, as there was at the Doncaster Sales, when there was also a crisis.

There was a lot of good racing last week at Gatwick and more especially at Newbury, but a few notes on the Edinburgh meeting at the beginning of the week may not be out of place. It could not be claimed that the Musselburgh course is of any quality. It is, indeed, a very bad racecourse, and may soon cease to exist, a new course being projected now on the other side of Edinburgh, near to Lord Rosebery's place, Dalmeny. The present stands are old and inadequate, but there is yet a charm about the place, and there could be no kinder host at a meeting than Lord Rosebery, who always takes a great interest in these Edinburgh meetings.

A year ago he won the Edinburgh with Edgehill, and after the race, the very same afternoon, sold the horse to Mr. A. Redmond, who later went shares with another leading brewer, Mr. Hamer, and the two of them sent the horse to be trained by Carr at Bolton, where Mr. Hamer's brewery is. It will be recalled that Edgehill was well backed by his new owners to win last year's Cambridgeshire, but failed to do so, although he ran well. For the second year Edgehill won the Edinburgh Gold Cup, and once more his owners have backed him to win the Cambridgeshire and have doubled him with their own horse Sir Calidore who, however, ran most disappointingly later in the Scottish fortnight, when he was only third at Lanark in the race won by Lord Rosebery's Aprodisia, who incidentally, had not been placed behind Edgehill at Edinburgh, being then ridden by Finney.

This rider, who is attached to Jack Jarvis's stable at Newmarket had won a race earlier on the second afternoon for Jack Jarvis on the Douceur filly. There was no doubt that this filly was kindly handicapped, but no one seemed to have heard of Finney, with the result that they thought that he was a small apprentice, and did not bet as they would have done. Finney is far from being an apprentice, and has ridden many winners abroad. He now rides a lot of work for Jack Jarvis, and does it very well. Further he can ride at 7st., which for a strong and grown man is a convenient weight. Lord Rosebery looked after the horse in the trainer's absence, and gave the rider the instructions which helped him to win, telling the rider to come up the stands side of the course, where the going was much better than it was on the other and more popular side of the course.

No one can deny that Newbury is one of the best places at which to race in this country, for even if the draw for places at the start on the straight course seems unsatisfactory, the racing is always good; the stands are quite good and are being improved, and the catering is as good as if not better than that on any other southern racecourse. It will never be better than that on a Scottish racecourse, which shall be anonymous, in case there is nothing left for me there next year.

Toward Point having at last got beaten in a selling race, Pitou beating him in the Ilsley Selling Plate, the first race at Newbury, quite possibly a small coup was brought off in the next race, the Letcombe Selling Nursery, with the filly named Honour M. She started at long odds, 100 to 8, but ridden by D. Smith she won easily from the New Navy filly and Zoo. The winner had run well at Brighton when ridden by an unknown boy, and had then run at Ayr when only beaten by House of Lords, and he is better than any ordinary selling-plater. These two first winners at Newbury were trained by Donoghue, who has made a most propitious start to his new career as a trainer. Not only are his horses well trained, but they are also very cleverly placed.

A curiously named filly, Bob Adams' Apple, a name no doubt thought of by that incorrigible enthusiast Mr. H. Rich, won the Highclere Nursery in spite of being badly drawn at the start, and it is to be hoped that her success will cheer up her trainer, Bob Adams, who is ill in a nursing home. Little Abbot, once known as the Lady Abbess colt, ran well enough from a bad place, to be noted as a probable winner soon, but it seems to me that the Little Flutter colt is finished.

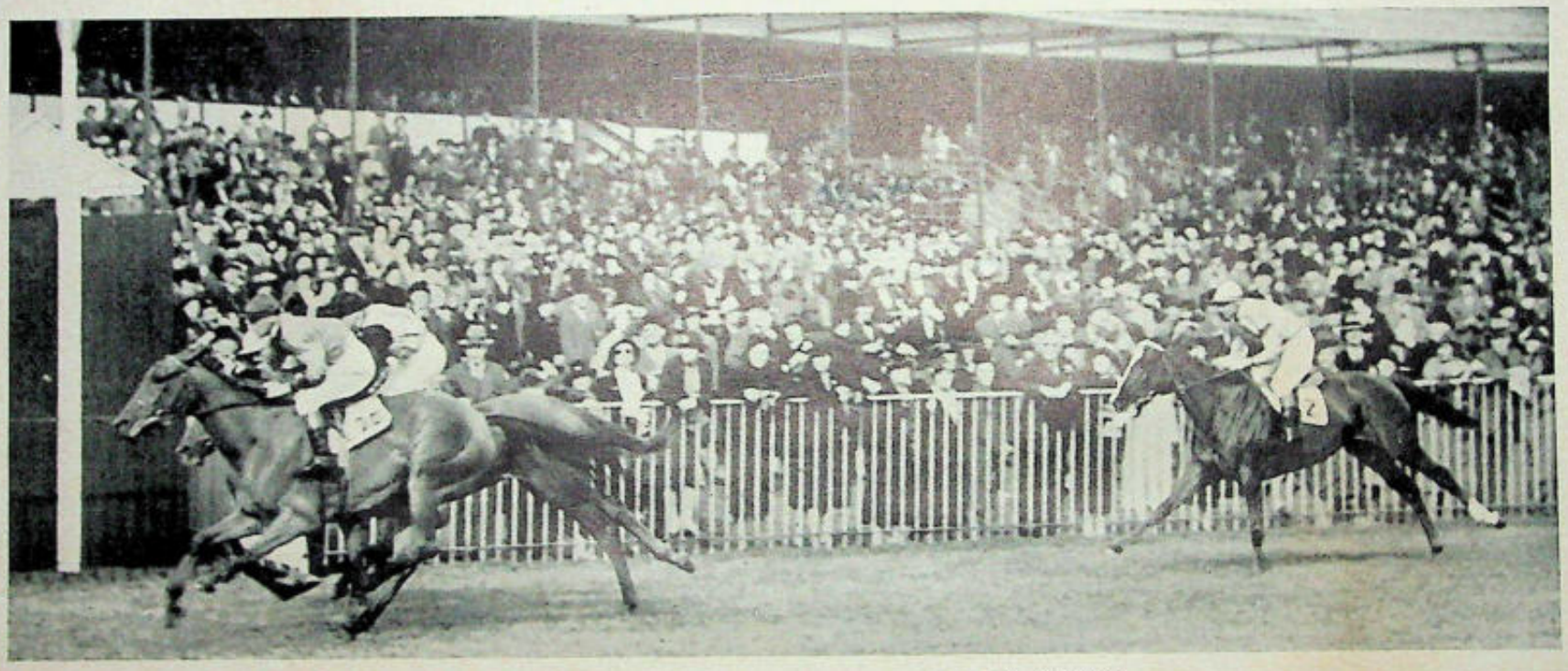
I still do not know what to make of the three-year-olds. There is no doubt that Scottish Union is the best of the three-year-old colts, but whether he is as good as Rockfel or another filly, Solar Flower, I cannot say. Times suggest that Rockfel is better than the colt, but times are not the same as a race. I had hoped, as indeed everyone else had hoped, that Rockfel would take on Foxglove II in the mile-and-a-half race for the September Stakes, but her owner and trainer decided that the ground was too hard for her to be risked, and so the older Columcille took her place, and what is more, won the race about which there was much talk.

Foxglove II, who no doubt is some way behind Pasch over the latter's own distance, made his own running, but was being passed early in the straight by Benedict and The Tweed. As they went to him they closed on him and Foxglove II had to be severely checked. He was out of the race from then on, and although he finished fast he was at the end rather more than a couple of lengths behind Columcille, who came with one run in the straight and won by a clever neck from Benedict. Those people who should know most about Rockfel and Columcille, and the two horses are in the same stable, have no doubt that Rockfel would have won the race with ease.

The race for the Newbury Cup has often in the past suggested the winner of the Cesarewitch. Indeed, the two races have been won before now by the same horse although the winning of the first one entails a large penalty for the second. This year's winner, Pylon II, is not in the Cesarewitch. Ridden by the best of our present-day long distance riders, and a worthy successor to Childs, H. Wragg, Pylon II came from last, and in the end won by two lengths from Snake Lightning, who, after beating off several challengers, seemed to have the race won.

His finishing speed, however, could not match in the least the burst of Pylon II. The winner, who is trained by Captain Bertie Holland and owned by Mrs. Bennett of Ewhurst, is by Pharos, the sire of, among other very good horses, Nearco, and he gets his stamina, which is only just now being discovered, from his dam, Pyramid, who was by Papyrus out of a Swynford mare. He seems to be better at a mile and a half than he was at a mile or a mile and a quarter. He was bred in France by Lord Derby, who sold him at the end of his second season during which he had won one little race. He never ran as a two-year-old.

This was a good race to watch, but it did not give anyone the thrill that the win of Wavelength did in the Donnington Maiden Plate for two-year-olds, for Wavelength is owned by the King and was also bred by him. When she began to draw away from her opponents rather more than a furlong from the finish with the race won there was a great outburst of cheering and much clapping of hands, and then a second or even less later, when it was seen that victory was assured, up went hundreds of hats and some of them came down, like the famous arrow, I know not where. And that as a distinguished soldier who was there said should be a proper object lesson to all European dictators. Wavelength is as good looking a two-year-old filly as I have seen this season, and is by Fairway out of Wireless, the dam of Marconi and other Royal winners, but this filly is certainly her best progeny so far and quite a likely classic winner next year. What a scene there will be if she wins the Oaks at Epsom.



THE FINISH OF THE HIGHCLERE NURSERY HANDICAP AT NEWBURY
Bob Adams' Apple winning from Red Snapper and Dellmont

And now, having had a look at the past, let us have another look at the future, and especially the Autumn Double. Michoumy, whom I suggested in these notes as the probable winner of the Cambridgeshire, was then at twenties, but is now at half or less than half those odds. If all goes well with him he will, in my opinion, not only win, but also probably will start a very short-priced favourite. He is also in the Cesarewitch and might, indeed, win both races. This has been done before. It is, however, to be noted that Mr. Rank, his owner, also has Black Speck in the longer race, and he, as I write, is favourite for that race.

It has been already stated that Mr. Rank is a very lucky owner. He has had luck, but behind all his success this year have been much hard work and a great ability to choose men to work for him and with him. It has been the same with his Great Danes and Irish Wolfhounds and Shorthorns, and no doubt also in his enormous milling business, for no man could do what he does by himself, not even a man of his dynamic energy. Domaha is another much fancied candidate for the Cambridgeshire, as is Agincourt, but I thought then, and still think now, that Michoumy's performance at Doncaster was better than either of theirs.

Snake Lightning ran a very good public trial at Newbury on Saturday for the Cesarewitch, and a playful double on Michoumy for the Cambridgeshire and Snake Lightning for the Cesarewitch might not hurt us.

GNOSTIC.

CUBHUNTING MEANS EARLY RISING FOR MASTERS AND EARLIER RISING FOR STABLEMEN

STABLEMEN AND MASTERS

A Girl is Out of Place in a Stableyard

I AM afraid that there are grounds for the charge of slovenliness. Much work in stables in England is of a slovenly character, which is cloaked over by a fair amount of eyewash, but it is not all the grooms' fault. Masters are every bit as much to blame for imposing tasks that are too great on the grounds of economy. Nowadays a new type of groom has come into being, and that is the girl groom. My experience of them is limited, for this type of groom is not much found in hunting and polo stables. Girl grooms are more frequently found with hacks, and in hacking stables.

To me a girl is out of place in a stable yard, for it is a rough place, where beer and bad language flow. Picking up droppings, and dressing horses are not jobs for the fair sex. As I have remarked, they are not found much with hunters, which is a good thing, for doing a hunter and its tack after a dirty day is hard work, needing the expenditure of much energy; that is, if it is to be properly done. Personally, I do not think girls are physically suited to hard stable work, and I should not care to have any girl I cared for or respected round about when the "cussin' and blindin'" starts.

These girls frequently work with horses not of necessity, but just because they like it and it gives them something to do. They usually perform their duties for a small wage, and sometimes for nothing. Erstwhile, this was poaching on an able-bodied man's job, and causing unemployment where it ought not to be; but now, of course, with the industrial revival perhaps it is different, though even girl grooms do not seem so plentiful as heretofore. In addition to stablemen and girl grooms, there are the stud grooms, the sergeant-majors of the stable yard. They keep us in our places, or kick us out of them, as the case may be.

There are two kinds of stud grooms. The stud groom pure and simple. He who supervises, sees to the feeding, minor doctoring and general turn-out of the horses, saddlery, stables, saddle rooms and men. He has reached that stage in his career where he need no longer be an ardent soiler of his hands. He certainly shows no great desire to get dirty; no doubt he has been through the mill and is now entitled to some respite and the pleasure of watching others doing these things.

Then there is the working stud groom. This kind is more in vogue these days. He is an economy, for he helps in many ways in the stable. In addition to the ordinary stud groom's duties of supervision and doctoring he does the clipping, mane plaiting and gives the men a hand with the grooming when the occasion arises. By doing these things he saves the employment of an extra man. There are good and bad stud grooms. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the qualities of the former, suffice it to say to the employer, when you have got one, hang on to him.

Of the bad ones, it may be said that they are up to many tricks, which work out to their benefit, but to the detriment of their masters and horses. They will have a working arrangement with the farrier, regarding commission on shoeing. The owner's horses will be shod regularly, and also frequently; the latter adds to stable expenses. Exercising horses on hard roads is a favourite way of wearing down the metal of the shoe in quick time. This type of man will, of course, be supremely indifferent to the effect of hard roads on horses' feet, or to the quality of the shoeing. In fact, he will be in no position to say nay to the farrier, and neither will he be disposed to make a change, even if the shoeing is outrageously bad. The forage merchant will also have him in his grips, so when the owner's horses are planted with mouldy hay and musty oats they, poor creatures, will just have to lump it—that is eat it, which is bad for the wind—or leave it, which is bad for the body. He may also have an arrangement with the saddler, and the repair bill will be high. Needless to say such practices are reprehensible, and it is regrettable that they are to be found.

Now that we have dealt with some of the horse-mastership aspects of the stableman's life let us look to his horsemanship, which in many cases is an important item in the routine of the stable. You, master, leave much of the exercising to your men. You do not care much about the dullness of a simple morning exercise or hack. It must be borne in mind that by leaving this work entirely in the hands of a groom who is a bad rider and rough of hands the risk is being incurred of spoiling good horses. During my travels I have been amazed to note how some owners will leave well-bred and valuable hunters to the tender mercies of a mutton-fisted groom. The master, who lies abed on autumn mornings, or is even absent from his property right up to the time of the opening meet, is, of course, quite ignorant of what is going on behind the scenes.

It must not be deduced from the foregoing remarks that *all* horses are pulled and knocked about by *all* grooms. I have seen some very fine riders around stable yards, in fact as good as I have seen anywhere. A variety of seats is to be found among stablemen. Some of the recognised type, and others of the nondescript pattern. There are the hunting, military and forward seats among the former. In the latter category is to be found, among others, the monkey on a stick, jockey pattern, more suitable to the training establishment and the specialities of flat racing. Then there is the backward seat (mid-Victorian 1872 pattern). I presume that among my readers most of the forementioned types of seats are known, with perhaps the exception of the last, and this can best be described by stating: The reins are held in the hands after the fashion of the oarsman, and the backward pull is made in the same manner, and with the same dynamic force. The reins and bit are not only looked upon as a means for steadying or stopping the horse, but also as a chastiser, as for every little mistake it makes it is given clearly to understand by the hands, the reins and the bit that this must not occur again, albeit it usually does, only in a more pronounced manner.

As regards the seat itself, it is, as stated, backward, in fact decidedly so, almost over the cantle of the saddle. The grip is by the heels, which are turned in, and upwards along the legs to just below the knees. There are what are known as windôws at the knees, and as for the rest of the structure, it is akin to a basket of eggs at sea in a heavy storm. This seat is of such a character that it causes much correction via the oarsman's hands. Taken all round this is, except perhaps at the walk, a good seat for ruining a horse's manners.

From grooms we go to masters—people of importance, and therefore to be treated with respect, for do they not provide us with our bread-and-butter, or perhaps, in our case, I should say beer and 'bacey, and are we not, therefore, at their mercy? There are many kinds of masters—country gentlemen, plutocrats, officers and gentlemen and just officers, dealers, livery yard and riding-school folk. The country gentleman is the master that I have found it best to work for. Unfortunately, he is hard to find, and I am told that his race, as such, is dying. This, if true, is a cause for sorrow and regret. There is an atmosphere about working in a genuine country gentleman's place that cannot be met or matched anywhere else. There is a quiet peace pervading over all things here, little fault-finding, much understanding between master and man, to which may be added devotion and affection on the man's part, for he is usually part and parcel of the whole domain.

His master's interests are his, and the things appertaining to the place are the man's special pride. The master, on his part, is kindly, and interested in his man's welfare, without being intrusive, interfering or patronising. There have been many cases of devoted and long service in places of this kind, and I well recollect speaking only a short while ago to a man who had been 40 years in the service of the same master, and never once during all that time had there been, he assured me, one cross word or a difference of opinion between them. Can you beat it?

R. M. S. Barton.

The Gun Month by Month

DEER-STALKING DAYS RECALLED

TO all of us there may come some day a time when the realities of the country are unattainable. Then, when we doze before the fire while others face the wind and the wild autumn weather, there will come to us pictures in which are all the colours of past days and seasons. Recollection is the best of everything, and perhaps these retrospective days with the gun will prove the best that the realities have to offer. As we mutter and cough and stiffly rearrange our slippered feet, we shall have the best of the weather and of the sport when we want it instead of having to go out to look for it.

Upon what will the man who has shot game, either by convention or from love of the country, look back in October, when the first cold winds are blowing the smoke and he must settle himself for a long winter to be spent for the first time mostly indoors? October represents different things to different people; probably to those who have stalked it will mean, firstly and foremostly, stags. But many who stalk scarcely see a stag until it is balanced upon the foresight of a rifle, so perhaps the stags themselves will not form a very large part of the pictures—unless it be on a pony, or turning broadside on a ridge-crest 400yds. away as the first stampede of the hinds slows down. But stalking days and the hills that are their setting return to many people so vividly and with so much detail that they must surely play a large part in the senile dreamings of a sportsman on the half-pay list.

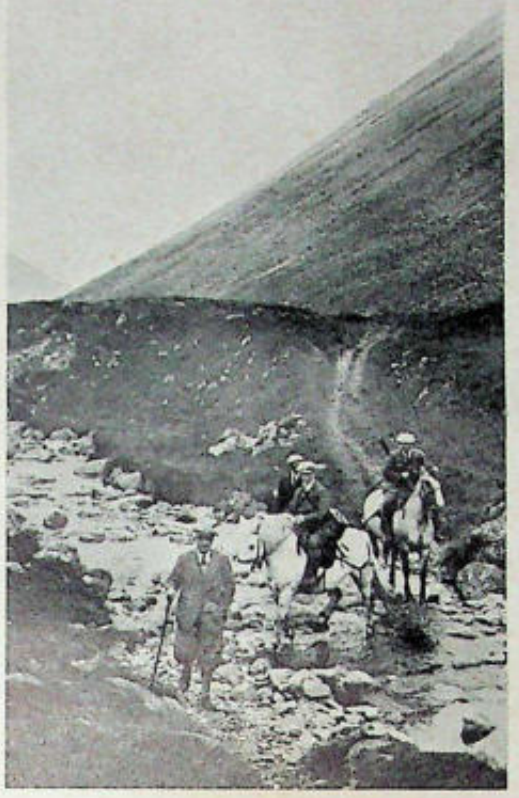
It is generally said that smell has a greater power of vivid recollection than any other sense. There are stalkers who can smell a stag in much the same way as a retriever smells a grouse or a pheasant. Personally, I have only smelled deer really strongly once; but the stalker with me told me that he thought he could always smell several beasts together, were they within 100yds. or so. He also gave proof of the fact. In the middle of the morning we had spied some hinds with whom was a shootable stag, an old switch going back. They lay in some high and rocky ground where the uncertain wind made them very difficult to approach, and we had abandoned them in favour of a big stag who lay by himself, a mile away on the opposite face of the glen. We did not get the stag, and decided to try the lot we had spied first.

It was a steep and difficult stalk, and when more than two hours later we looked over the big rock which should have been within 100yds. of the nearest hind, there was nothing before us but tumbled grey boulders among which little patches and tendrils of wet mist clung and curled. We crawled forward very slowly, expecting to see a hind rise from behind every rock as we came abreast of it. My face was an inch or two from the ground, and suddenly the smell of deer was pungently strong in my nostrils. So strongly, it seemed, that I should not have been aware of cigarette smoke had it been blown in my face. I hissed to the stalker, and whispered to him that the deer had not been long gone, that they must be near at hand in front of us. He looked surprised, but said nothing, so that I flattered myself that my discovery must have seemed to him like magic. A minute or two later he turned round to me and said in a low voice: "They are not in front of us—they are to the right, more than a hundred yards, but they are not moving." I peered into the moving mist, but could see nothing. I asked him how he knew all this, and whether he could see them. "The smell of them is strong," he replied, "but it would be coarser if they were nearer hand, and the scent on the ground is stale." We turned at right angles, and wriggled between the rocks for 30yds., but now I could smell nothing but wet earth and heather and the faint smell of wet granite chips. Suddenly the stalker stopped and reached his hand back to me. I came up beside him, and there below us the beasts were scattered among the rocks 100yds. away. Some were lying, a few fed quietly, and here and there a hind shook the wet from her in a flurry of fine spray; I did not see the stag until he moved to scratch his flank with a dowdy and undecorated horn. He rose a few minutes later and gave the simplest of all shots, so that the pony was soon plodding up from the glen below. It was late in the season—October 9th—and the stag was much run. Perhaps one would not have winded him a month earlier, but I am certain that that stalker would.

That stalk, though it was not protracted nor particularly thrilling, will be a vivid picture in septuagenarian days; the reek of the stag among the wet moss and quartz, and the mist blowing up to leave the Ross hills staring and darkly wet with towering silvery clouds all around the horizon. Very high above us a buzzard wheeled and banked on stiff upturned pinions, its wild wailing mew floating down thin and clear.

Side by side with this picture is another, a moonlight scene—a strange thing to connect with October and deerstalking. It was at the end of a long day's stalking, and it was almost dusk when we killed a stag seven miles from the lodge. When we topped the last ridge we looked down upon a flat sea of mist from which the tops of the lesser hills looked out like little conical islands. The moon stood round and bright in the middle of an empty sky, and in the distance the solitary peak of Schiehallion, white-tipped with its first powdering of snow, looked more like the subject of a Japanese painting than a homely Scottish hill. When we came lower down we entered the flat blanket of mist, and the stalker, the pony and the gillie were phantoms in a cold wet world that made one shiver.

There are other pictures bound up with October; Argyll birchwoods sloping steeply to the shores of a loch. In them the light is cool and dim as a cathedral; there is green moss and green grass, and the moss and the grass and the trees are always wet, for the warmth of the sun never reaches the floor of the woods. Quick-running burns cut the steep slopes, but they seem to make no noise until one is upon them, for they run between deep rock banks grown over by damp trailers of moss and weed which shut out all sound. There are ant-hills in the woods, sometimes 3ft. high, and here the blackgame come to feed. The old sentinel cock will perch upon the tip of the cone, while the hens or others of his brood will scratch and peck for the ants' eggs round the foot of it. Rabbits dodge in and out of the trees, showing a flashing white tail in the dim green surroundings, but they make no sound—even one's own footsteps are swallowed noiselessly by the foot-deep carpet of moss.



THE ASCENT TO THE HILLS

In the woods the familiar bracken of the hillside gives place to fern, and on them the moisture clings in feathery constellations to the spiders' webs. Sometimes one comes to a little clearing in the birch-woods, where the grass is bitten short by rabbits, and an old blackcock lumbers with clumsy but noiseless flight from a branch of some tree in the sun.

The birchwoods are very different in winter when the ferns are brown and heaped and the leaves are gone. Snow fills the watercourses and the woods are empty and white against an empty grey sky that is always heavy with snowclouds. But they are not empty in reality, for when the first snows fall the woodcock come in. They spring in twos and threes from the heaped dead ferns, flutter from among the twisted roots of the birches, or run dodging along the snow, too tired to take flight. Then the woods are cold and desolate and a thin biting wind rattles the branches, so that it is difficult to recognise in them the fairy birchwoods of the summer and autumn.

It was in October that I shot for the first and only time at a stag over water instead of rocks and heather. We lay at the edge of a little loch between high cliffs at the head of a long corrie. It was evening, and the sun was setting from a clear sky, so that the stag stood startlingly red against the black cliffs behind him, and a long stilted shadow stretched away from him like the ghost of a great stag of old days. In the water a yard from my eyes were brightly-coloured stones, and a little trout waved his way lazily across them. After the shot the hinds ran out up a narrow pass in the high cliffs, sending little cascades of stones falling behind them, and when they neared the top they paused to look back, still washed in the same yellow light.

And so we will leave our elder selves before the fireside, to recapture with whisky and tobacco smoke the colours of our present days.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

ON THE WAY TO THE FOREST

A CORNISH STREAM OF A MORE SUBSTANTIAL NATURE THAN THAT DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE BUT WITH SOMETHING OF THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS

LITTLE CORNISH TROUT

Adventures of a Novice's Red-Letter Day

OUT of the pride of a wonderful day's fishing, I can recommend the Cornish moor streams to any amateur fisherman, who wants to catch a lot of fish, always provided he does not worry about the size of what he catches. Recently I started out with a friend for Bedrawl Bridge on the De Lank stream. We reached the edge of the water at about a quarter to eleven in the morning, and after secreting our lunch and mackintoshes under a rock, we put up our rods in readiness to begin. My friend, who is a first-class fisherman, advised me to go about a mile and a half up the stream, to where it divides into two rocky torrents, before casting, while he himself started by the bridge and fished upstream.

Now I must admit at once that I am a very enthusiastic but poor fisherman, before I give myself away utterly. My first mistake was that I disobeyed my companion and started to fish only about half a mile upsteam, where the water lay in deep, quiet, tempting pools. My second mistake lay in the fact that I put on a Blue Upright as my tail fly, and a March Brown on my dropper, completely disregarding the advice given me concerning Pheasant Tails and Coch-y-bonddus.

I fished very carefully at first, choosing only the ripples, but for an hour I had hardly a rise; then suddenly things began to happen: I had three rises, and missed three fish in one pool. I realised my fault lay in not striking, and I made resolutions accordingly. Five minutes later I had another rise; this time I was ready, and struck with such unseemly violence that I not only pulled the fly out of the fish's mouth, but caught it up in the rushes behind me. Several minutes of untangling followed, and then, muttering something to myself, I threw the fly into the rushes on the bank in front of my feet. I remember grinning the smile of hopelessness as I grovelled on my stomach at the water's edge, trying once more to loosen my flies. By this time every fish in the pool had seen me and I was forced to move on.

I walked on, fishing perhaps less patiently than at first, and several pools later hooked a fish; it dashed across the pool at great speed, and I, hardly daring to breathe, gently reeled in my line and then flicked my catch on to the bank . . . gasping and wriggling, there lay a little trout of 3in. long!—and back it had to go into the stream. However, I felt my self-esteem returning; I should not have to go back to lunch and admit that I had caught nothing.

My next adventure was managing to get hitched up on the further bank. It is a thing I have done before, and doubtless I shall do again. I had been casting into the rippling water, close to the opposite bank, and overdid it. I gave a gentle pull, with no success; I pulled harder, and then remembering that the tops of greenheart rods are not things to be flirted with, I took hold of the line and jerked recklessly until the fly managed to loose itself. However, my slender store of flies was not to go undepleted, and soon I heard the sinister crack, which I have come to realise signifies that the cast is flapping helplessly without a tail fly. I tied on my last Blue Upright and hoped for the best.

My second fish I hooked in a pleasant shallow ripple; whether I struck at the right moment, or whether it took real trouble in hooking itself I do not know, but it must have been very well attached to the fly. I had not the courage to flick it straight out, although I knew it was a small one, and my cowardice betrayed me: the cunning fish dived under a curtain of weed and disappeared from sight.

I was furious. So angry was I at having, as I thought, lost it that I put down my rod and rearranged my empty creel before attempting to disentangle my fly from the weed. After a few seconds I picked up the rod once more and proceeded quite cautiously to jerk my line free. Imagine my surprise and joy to see my fish emerge from the waterweed, still pathetically hanging on to the fly! I got it safely on to the granite stone beside me, and before taking it off the hook measured it—5½in., and 6in. was the requisite size laid down by my friend. The question was should I keep it or not? At that moment it made up its own mind, by slipping off the hook to which it had hung with such tenaciousness and sliding back into the water. It looked a little jaded as it swam away!

By lunch time I had almost reached the division of the stream and managed to catch one more, but needless to say it was too small to keep.

I found my friend still fishing, and shouted across the stream to discover how many he had caught, but he made no answer. Now I knew he was a little deaf, so I shouted again, still louder, and he glanced up as he threw back his line and shouted back "Shut-up!" So down I sat and waited humbly until it should be his good pleasure to walk back to lunch. "If he shouts 'Shut-up' at me he must have had a bad morning," I deduced. "Perhaps he will only have some five or six fish, or maybe only two—instead of my three!" I watched him fish; he crouched behind the rushes on the edge of the bank and never seemed to cast in the same place twice. Suddenly I saw him jerk a fish straight out of the water on to the bank. It was all unbelievably quick; he did not seem to strike and then flick the little fish, but simply to take it out of the river with one movement of the wrist.

Then he relaxed. "It's about one o'clock," he said solemnly, and began to walk back. "How many fish have you got?" I asked once more. "I'm not sure," he replied nonchalantly. "Thirty-one anyway, but only eight fit to keep." "Oh," I said; that seemed to be all there was to say, though I felt a little ashamed when he asked to see my catch.

After lunch I started off upsteam to where I had originally been sent, in great humility of mind. I determined I would catch at least ten fish, of which five would be keepable. I would use coch-y-bonddus and pheasant tails, and I would go up to where the stream divided. However, I could not resist fishing two or three of the big pools on the way up, and managed to catch two in the first quarter of an hour.

Then I reached the rocky pools of the two tributaries of the De Lank. The place is called Whisky Point, after an unfortunate doctor, who once fell into the stream while hunting and was given two—or was it three?—bottles of whisky before he came to himself. I nearly followed suit, so far as falling in was concerned, but I doubt if I should have received the whisky.

Now comes the really wonderful part of my day's fishing. I actually began to catch fish. I had to creep and clamber over the rocks and drop my fly into the water without much attempt at casting in many places. I remember I had five rises in the first pool and missed them all, but before four o'clock I had caught no less than eighteen fish, of which seven were in my bag. It was staggering—at last I had learned the art of striking; indeed, at the time I wondered if I had not learned the whole art and craft of the game.

There had been several accidents. One fish I had flicked out of the stream into the bracken behind me, and it had dropped off the hook and got lost. I admit I felt a sneaking sense of shame at the idea of the beautiful little brown and golden trout lying gasping its life out among the ferns when it should have been back in the stream again, going on with its attempt to attain its full 6in. The other mishap was the fact that I lost the one bigger fish that I hooked. It sped down a tiny crack between one pool and the next and got free of the hook as it did so.

By this time I had got away from the rocky pools up to the higher reaches of the stream that run under Cornwall's one mountain—Brown Willy—and I felt too tired to do any more fishing and flung myself down among the heather and bracken to read my now somewhat fishy edition of Oscar Wilde. At the end of a couple of hours I returned to the consciousness that I was there to fish, not to read, and I got lazily to my feet once more, returned Oscar Wilde to the company of the fish and strolled back, catching three more fish on the way.

I found my companion still diligently fishing, but this time he was better pleased to see me. He had caught 97 in all, a record even for him, and we carried home 28 between us.

I thought it showed a sportsmanlike spirit when he declared to his family that we had caught 118 between us, not mentioning the division of labour.

DAMARIS MAGOR.

"I KEPT REPEATING TO MYSELF, 'KEEP COOL, PICK A BIRD'"

AN AFTERNOON WITH PINTAIL

Unusual Flighting Opportunities

BACKED by a strong west wind, the late autumn tide came rushing up the estuary, covering the mud flats with a carpet of grey tossing water fringed with white where wind-whipped waves broke in masses of spray on the edge of the salting. Heavy clouds swept across the sky: the world seemed clothed in a mantle of leaden greyness.

Out on the troubled surface of the tideway parties of black dots could be seen bobbing high on the crest of a wave only to become engulfed an instant later in the trough of the next line of breakers. Each dot was a pintail riding out the rough tide, but I felt certain that on the first ebb they would all flight to the flooded marshland to feed.

Gradually the maze of gutters intersecting the salting filled to the brim and then overflowed, and what was, a few moments before, a stretch of grey-green marsh grass became a vast salt water lake with never a leaf showing on its ruffled surface. Half an hour later the ebb tide had uncovered the higher parts of the salting, but every hollow was now a miniature lake, an irresistible magnet for pintail.

With a bagful of decoys slung over my shoulder, I hurried across the marsh in the wake of the receding tide, jumping many narrow gutters and wading through standing water so as not to miss this rare opportunity of a pintail flight, perhaps the most thrilling of all forms of duck shooting.

As I neared my goal—a shallow mud-bottomed depression in the marsh now brimful of sea water—I could see parties of pintail lifting from the tide as the ebb bore them seawards and pitching again nearer to the edge of the salting. They were sick of being tossed about by the waves, and only waited for a lead to begin their flight.

Placing my decoys in the shallows at the edge of the pool I crouched down in a gutter half-full of running water, hoping that its steep muddy bank would afford sufficient concealment. I had not long to wait, for almost at once a flock of eight pintail rose from the tide, and, after sweeping over the marsh in a wide semicircle, alighted on a pool some 200yds. behind me. They were the advance guard, the scouts for the main body, and their unmolested passage was the signal for a general flight; then the fun began.

My first visitors were a big flock, over 30 strong, coming high and fast down wind. I thought they had passed me by, but the leaders, catching sight of my decoys, checked, turned into the wind, and the whole flock came planing down right on top of me.

I suppose this nose dive occupied but a few seconds, but I seemed to be watching that approaching forest of outstretched necks for ages. I kept repeating to myself, "Keep cool, pick a bird," when fortunately the chocolate head and white neck of a grand old drake caught my eye.

My first barrel took him fair and square, dropping him stone dead among the decoys. I was conscious of another splash as a second dead bird hit the water, and then the flock zoomed upwards. Gone were my good resolutions. I fired my second barrel wildly into the midst of a mass of rapidly beating wings and never touched a feather. Still, I had two ducks with two shots which sounded well.

If you have ever tried shooting from the slippery bank of a marsh gutter you will know the difficulty of killing with the second barrel. The arc through which the gun can be swung is so circumscribed that a right and left is something of a triumph.

I was debating whether to retrieve the slain when five more ducks came straight for my pool. I bravely decided to let them pass, hoping they would turn and come up wind to the decoys, but at the last moment my nerve failed me and I fired both barrels at them as they sped by. One pintail turned a complete somersault in mid air and hit the ground with a satisfying thump, but I am not prepared to answer rude questions as to which bird I aimed at or which barrel did the execution.

By this time the gutter in which I stood had become less of a raging torrent and I was able to secure a firmer foothold, a fact that probably accounted for a pleasing right and left I obtained out of a line of five ducks passing high overhead.

The main body of pintail still seemed determined to feed in the flood water on the salting, and even the noise of my shooting did little to disturb them, those down-wind of my position jumping at the report, but soon settling again to their interrupted meal.

Other wildfowlers, realising what was happening, began to make their way out from the edge of the marsh, and in so doing they drove two parties of duck in my direction. Each time my decoys attracted their attention, and each time they left one of their number to swell the bag.

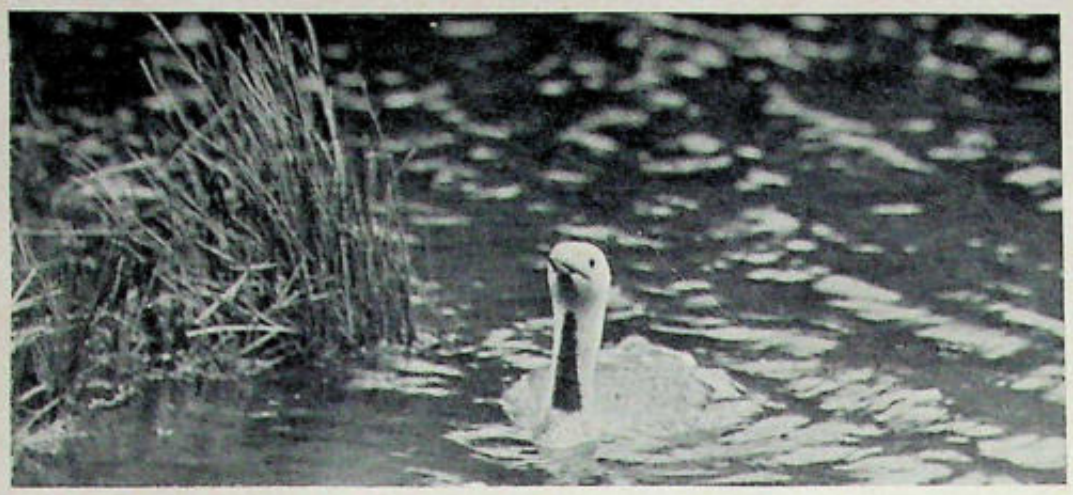
Just as I imagined the flight was over, a single pintail, a drake, crossed my pool on his way to the sea. He was moving fast even against the wind, and I feared I had shot behind him, but, after flying for 50yds. apparently unharmed, he suddenly towered and dropped stone dead.

"PLACING MY DECOYS IN THE SHALLOWS"

So ended a memorable afternoon's shooting, one of the few occasions on which I have managed to flight pintail after a high tide, the only time in my experience that they ever come to the saltings in any numbers.

This is not surprising when one considers that their food—marine crustacea—lives in salt water and, apparently, dies when the water has remained stagnant for even a few hours. An odd pintail or two may be killed with the wigeon at evening flight; but a real pintail flight needs a high tide to fill the hollows with "fresh" salt water, and a strong wind to make things uncomfortable on the estuary.

GUY B. FARRAR.



THE RED-THROATED DIVER, ENTERING THE LITTLE BAY . . . AT SPEED

NESTING OF RED-THROATED DIVERS

The Male More Nervous than the Female

ALTHOUGH the red-throated diver spends the greater part of its life at sea, far from the haunts of man, it may be readily observed during some months of the year when it frequents inland waters for the purpose of rearing its young.

It was on the shore of a sandy loch, cradled between the heather-clad hills of a northern island, that I located the nest at which my photographs were taken. It contained the usual complement of two eggs—large and rich chocolate coloured.

For a number of years a pair of divers had used this loch for their summer home; occasionally making their nest upon a boggy promontory, and at other times upon a grassy island not more than 3ft. across. This year, however, they had chosen the shore of a small sandy bay on the west side of the loch, in a position most suitable for my purpose of observation.

I spent many happy days during the month of June, hidden within 12ft. of the divers as they brooded their eggs. This duty was performed by both parents, and although the sexes are described as being alike, it was not long before I was able to judge which of the two was at the nest.

The diver that I took to be the male was the larger and had a longer beak, the red of the throat was more extensive and of a brighter hue, while the female had a tendency to the white-speckled back more associated with winter plumage.

Apart from appearance, there was the difference in behaviour, the male being much more casual during incubation than the female. On one occasion I watched the latter for seven hours, during which time she hardly moved once, beyond occasionally turning her head from side to side when distant voices were heard, or gave an anxious upward glance when a flock of gulls came nearer than was desirable.

The male bird was rather restless, and would change his position at frequent intervals. He certainly was the more interesting to watch and gave me many typical poses. Apart from his restlessness, he usually appeared tired, and at times could hardly keep awake. One moment his head would be up, all alert, the next his eyes would close and his head would fall back as he dozed. He would awaken with equal suddenness and look around with a startled air—as if conscious of having neglected his duty.

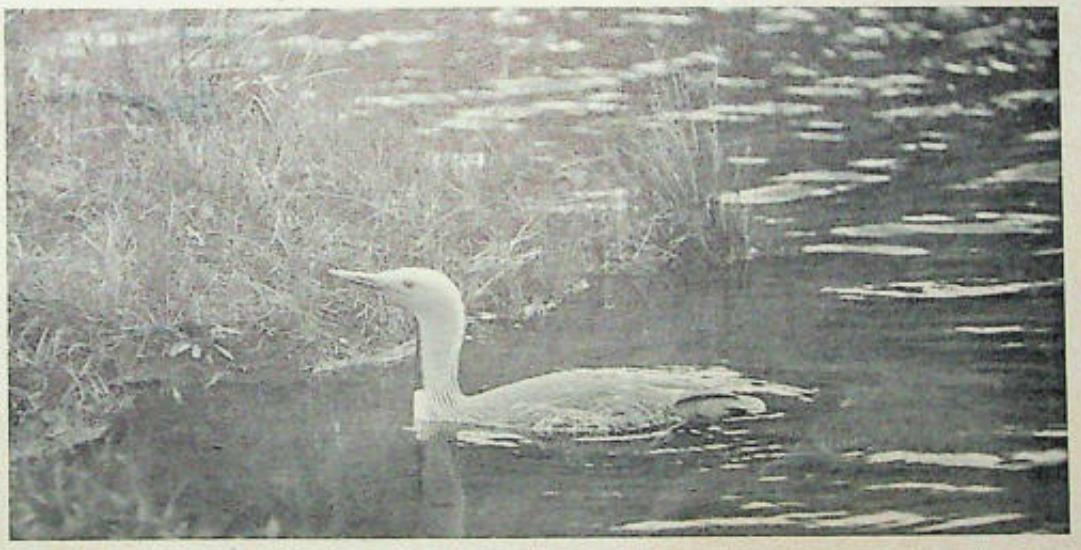
During the first fortnight the female appeared to brood during the evening, and usually she was on duty during the forenoon. At about 2 p.m. to 2.30 p.m. the male bird would come in from the sea, flying high—his approach often being heralded by his pleasant trumpeting note. Down he would glide to the loch and, with a splash, scud along the surface, leaving a foaming wake. Occasionally he would make a sudden drop from a height, with an almost incredible rushing noise.

The female, noting his arrival, would slip quietly off her eggs and disappear with a neat dive, coming to the surface many yards away and joining her mate. Together they would preen and splash, at times swimming low until the ash-brown colour of their backs so blended with the surface of the loch as to render them invisible. Or they would turn on one side, exposing their white underparts to the sun, leaving the impression of some graceful yacht heeling to the breeze.

The female diver did not appear to leave the loch at any time, so far as I was able to observe, and towards the end of the incubation period both birds were in close attendance; while one was sitting the other would be within a hundred yards or so, engaged in fishing or preening. Only once did I note both parents at the nest together, but from observations made upon other occasions, it would appear that this is a fairly frequent occurrence, particularly when the young have arrived.

Although the female was the more thorough in her labours at the nest, she was the less courageous, and on two or three occasions, when alarmed by intruders, was reluctant to return to her eggs. She was observed to join her mate in the middle of the loch, where from time to time long wailing cries would be uttered, and eventually both birds would swim towards the little sandy bay. It was invariably the male bird that returned to the nest and took over duty; sometimes when nearing the shore, even he was doubtful, and would swing round, dive suddenly and remain under water for perhaps 50yds. Then, with courage regained, would boldly swim inshore and land at once. When about to submerge the divers would first sink low in the water, then with a very quick downward dip of the head would disappear, leaving very little more than a ripple upon the surface.

The nest at first consisted of a patch of ground where the grass had been trodden down, but as time went by tufts of dead vegetation were added, until a considerable mass had accumulated. This matter was never used in connection with the eggs, but was pulled around the sitting bird as a protective covering.



THE MALE DIVER ABOUT TO SPRING ASHORE

While the eggs were fresh the divers when alarmed would spring off the nest and dive into the loch with remarkable speed, their departure being in marked contrast from their usually laboured progress on land. For, as is well known, divers are almost unable to walk at all, and, when ashore, slide forward upon their breasts impelled by their legs used as levers.

When incubation was well advanced, however, the divers, like other birds, were very reluctant to leave their eggs and would remain at the nest even when intruders were in close proximity, crouching low amongst the grass and extending their necks to the utmost in order to avoid discovery.

Noting these changes in behaviour, I was anxious to be present when the eggs were hatching, but, unfortunately, had to leave before this interesting occurrence took place. Subsequently, however, I learnt that the young ones duly arrived but did not survive long. It is to be feared that they fell victims to some of the many gulls that frequented the district.

This is the fate of many young birds, and the indiscriminate protection afforded in gulleries and elsewhere is, in my opinion, responsible for the loss of far too many young of other and more interesting species.

The red-throated diver is more numerous than our only other British-breeding diver, the black-throated, and is claimed to be the more sociable. It is recorded as breeding in colonies both in Baltic islands and in Iceland, but this is certainly not the rule in the British Isles. In the case of all nests that I have had under observation, whether on small or medium-sized lochs, one pair of divers only was accommodated and "territorial" rights were strictly enforced.

W. W. N.

CROUCHING LOW, WITH NECK EXTENDED

An attitude adopted by both birds to render themselves less conspicuous

WITH THE WIND AT "FORCE 8"

A Homily on Shipwreck

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

I HAD been over to "the other side" on a four-days hard sailing cruise and, returning to a strange yachting port with a most hospitable club, was "arm-chairing" by the club fire.

Really, I suppose, we were thawing out, for the breeze that day had veered to NW., and it had been pretty cold on the wind across Channel. Probably the fact that we had awaited a tide on the other side until the wind *did* make a little northing started the ball rolling but, whatever the real reason, club conversation turned to wind and weather, and then swung sharply over to discuss the number of minor yacht "disasters" there had been already this season. What with dismastings and sails blown to ribbons, engine breakdowns and strandings there seemed indeed to have been an unconscionably large collection, and as the files of the daily Press were ransacked for details, the sum total grew and grew until we could find well over 50 instances of "trouble" since March.

Looked at thus, in a collective way, the total does indeed seem formidable, but actually I doubt if it is very much in reality. It is, of course, hopelessly unjust for the elders of the sport to compare these figures with the "troubles" of, say, 1898, or any other pre-War year.

The number of yachts, both owner-sailed and chartered, afloat to-day vastly exceeds the numbers of other years, as a casual glance at Lloyd's Register or the membership list of any thriving yacht club will show. And where there are greater numbers, it is not unreasonable to anticipate a greater share of ill-luck. Nor is it possible to pin the share of misfortune down to any one particular type or size of yacht, or any particular type of owner—except that there seems to be a most noteworthy absence of N.O.s and other professional sailors from the list of unlucky owners. This should give the lie, if such rebuttal were needed in these days of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs of Malham," to the ancient canard that there were four things never to be taken aboard a yacht—a cow, a wheelbarrow, an umbrella and a naval officer!

Re-examining the cases of salvage and so on that have occurred, it was particularly noticeable that in the list sail predominated very strongly over power, and that "fire," the old-time deep sea bogy, was responsible for only one really bad total loss. This again is interesting, for it suggests, as far as "fire" is concerned, either that Diesel-engined craft are very much on the increase or that the petrol-paraffin engine with its gadgets is really becoming the fire-proof sea-god promised by its manufacturers.

That sail should get the worst of it is also quite understandable, for the palm for long-distance cruising must still go the the sticks and string fraternity. Ocean racing has been remarkably free from incident; for that matter many ocean racing experts have been grumbling at the calms and light airs that have pervaded the season. The Kristiansand to Sunderland race early in the year brought its tale of misadventure, but everyone got in all right and under own power.

And since neither racing nor ocean racing has been responsible for the majority of the calls on the lifeboat and so on, clearly cruising is to blame. Nearly every instance of misfortune, in fact, actually has happened to a cruising yacht on passage either coastwise or cross-seas.

Some have been fraught, undoubtedly, with more risk of disaster than others. One that comes particularly to mind is the misadventure to a yacht in the North Sea. Temporarily disabled, she drifted for several days until food and water ran out before being picked up by very welcome rescuers. This, apart from the actual damage, must lend power to the warning given by Worth and others that one of the biggest sea risks for a sail yacht to-day is to run short of food or water when broken down. On the once great sail trade tracks nowadays often enough only a yacht's sail is seen, and that but rarely. The sea tracks of steam do not interlace with those of sail, and it is possible for a vessel disabled on the sail routes to drift for days and even weeks without being sighted.

Apart from this, however, any analysis of the season's yacht rescues reveals such a majority of torn sails and hard weather that an inevitable conclusion is that most of the trouble has been occasioned by being "caught out."

To begin with, there is, of course, very little reason indeed why anyone should ever be "caught out" by bad weather. A sound working knowledge of weather signs and portents should be as much part of an owner's equipment as a tiller or an anchor. Very rarely indeed in these latitudes of ours does a gale get up with no warning whatsoever; always there is some hint of what is to come, and then—away for the nearest port to leeward while yet there is time. Much harm is done undoubtedly by the "tough" advice to seek an offing and see a blow out in deep water.

Applied to a well-found, well-manned and sizable craft, one would have no fault to find with the advice; but to apply it to the small 5- or 6-tonner manned only by owner and wife is to court trouble. The strength of the chain is its weakest link and that, as far as cruising craft are concerned, is, I think, the personnel rather than the material.

Rather than take such sweeping advice as "seeing it out" as gospel it would be better for owners to plunge a little more deeply into the ways and wonders of meteorology. Most owners have an inkling of the business; some of them have their own systems of forecasting. One owner, encountered the other day, had his own criterions for Beaufort's Wind Scale: Force 7, "anxiety"; Force 8, "anxiety tinged with fear"; Force 9, "undoubted fear"; Force 10, "terror"! Most yachtsmen these days ponder the weather charts in the morning Press; most yachtsmen know the doubtful doggerel rhymes, and listen-in for the wireless weather news.

The real problem, however, seems to me to be able to correlate all these things, and, having read the morning paper and listened to the evening weather forecast, to be able to condense this into an accurate picture of the night's weather. Synoptic charting is, of course, the only way in which this can be done soundly, and if the B.B.C. could be induced to broadcast *en clair* each evening the few series of official numbers which make up the coded weather conditions of the moment, yachtsmen could from these numbers construct their own evening weather charts.

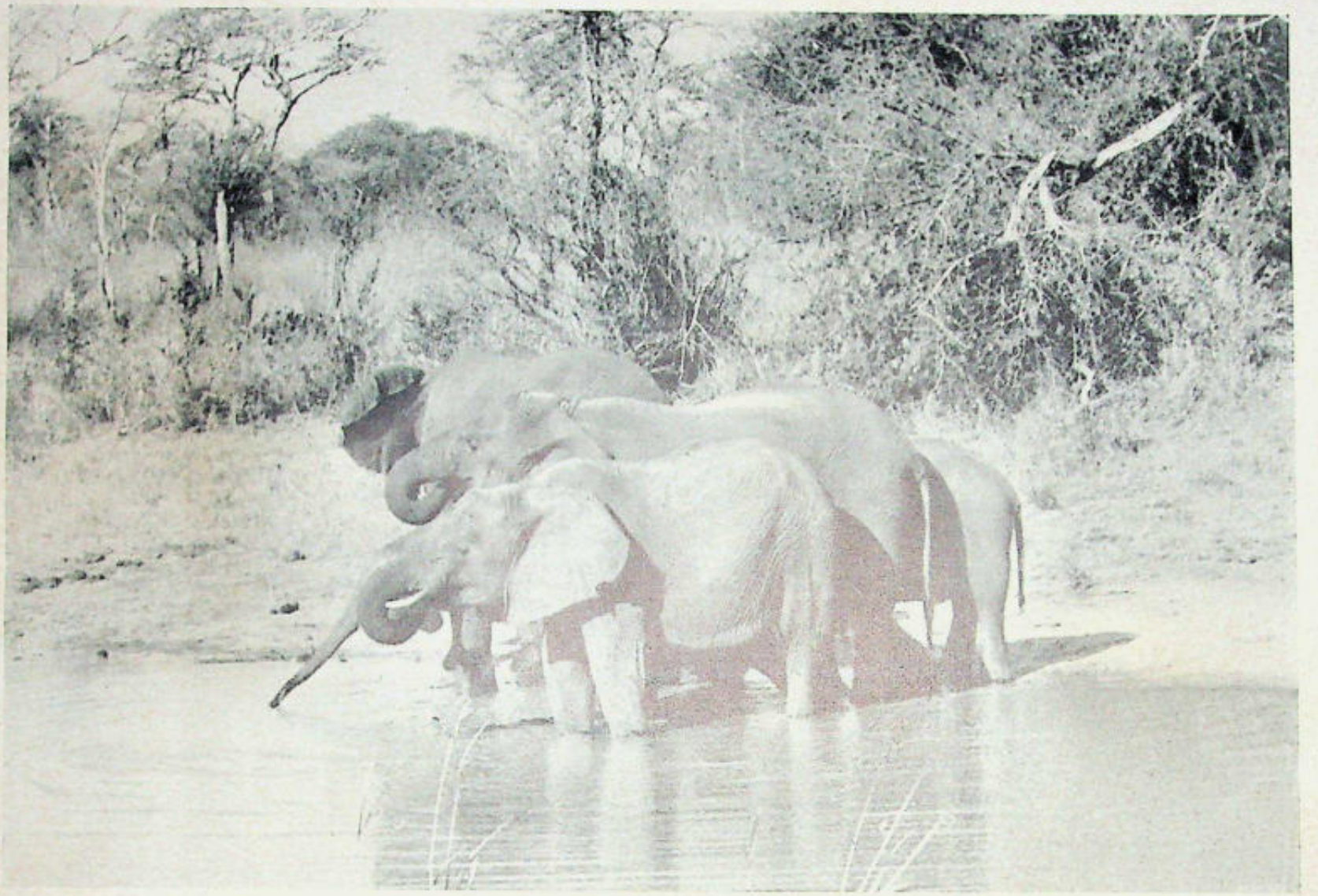
In point of time the reading at dictation speed of these series of numbers would take less than two minutes, and the result, worked out in hundreds of yacht cabins (and trawler wheelhouses, too), would unmistakably lessen the annual toll of minor sea mishaps. Quite how the B.B.C. could be induced to help yachting in this very valuable way, I do not know, but I fancy that the leading clubs whose members cruise could, if they worked together, make out a very good case for the innovation.

PRIDE OF THE CLYDE

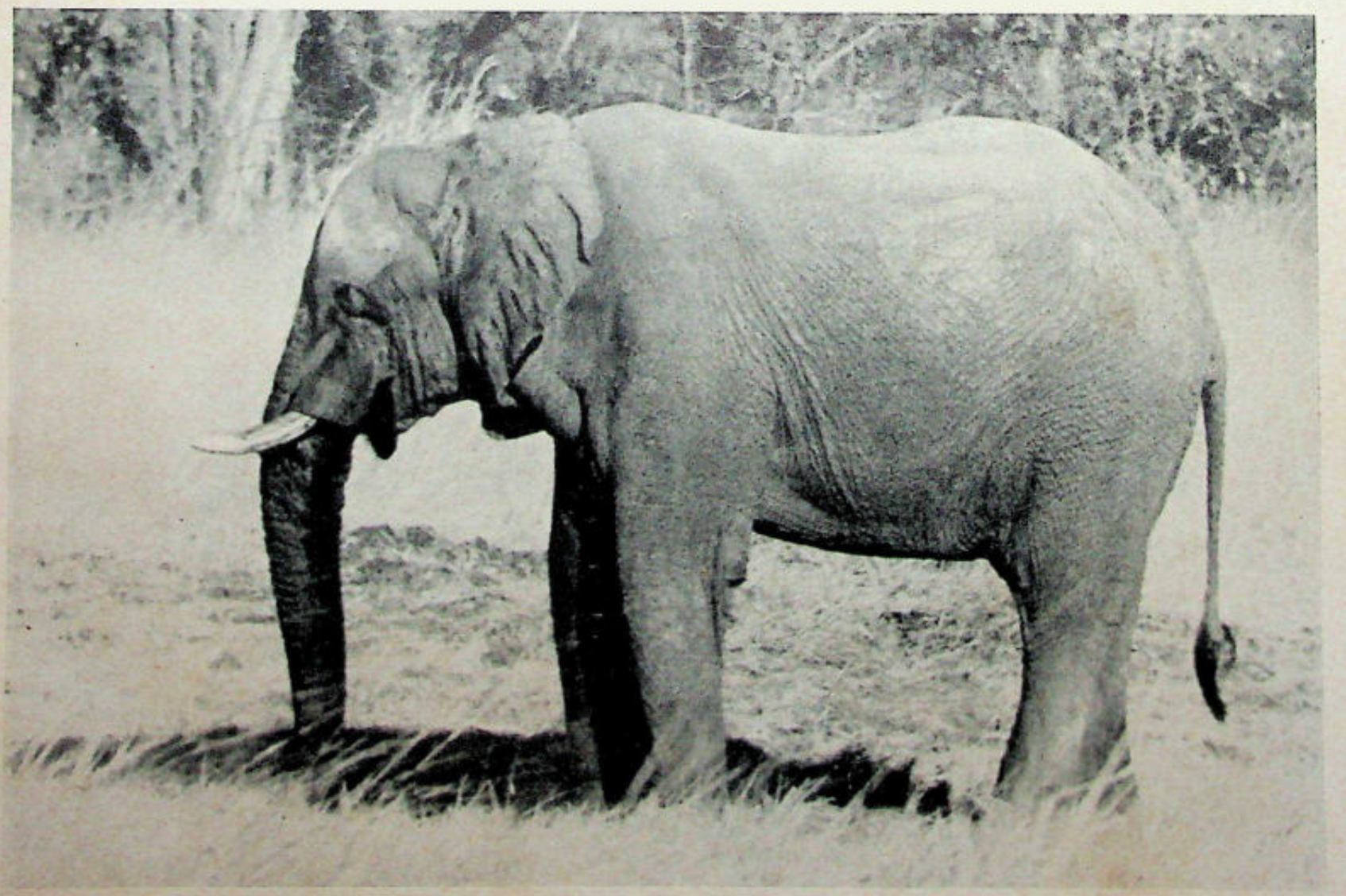
Mr. A. S. L. Young's Mylne-designed Thendara built by Messrs. Alexander Stephen & Sons Ltd. at Linthouse in 1937

ALL ABOUT THE "THIRTIES."—In *The Book of the 30 Square Metre* the enterprising association for this class furnishes some very interesting particulars concerning the yachts which are new to British waters. An historical survey of the class has been compiled from notes furnished by Mr. Knud H. Reimers, which is accompanied by illustrations showing its development. Strongly established in Sweden and Germany, the "Thirties" soon became popular in the United States and Switzerland, and it is interesting to note that in 1935 boats were sent from Sweden to Annam, Australia, France, Brazil and Peru, while in 1936 one appeared in Chinese waters. The case for the class is well presented. Details of the constitution of the British association and its members are given; there is a coloured plate of racing flags; there are notes on the technique of sailing the 30 square metre; rules for Solent racing; a list of allied associations, and sail numbers of yachts at home and abroad; and a plate of the lines of a "Thirty." The British association's offices are at Capel House, New Broad Street, London, E.C. 2.

TWO VIEWS OF THE BATH—DUST AND WATER



THIS CHARMING FAMILY GROUP WAS TAKEN BY MR. E. DAVISON IN THE WANKIE GAME RESERVE OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA



THIS PICTURE BY MR. J. DALRYMPLE WHITE WAS TAKEN IN THE KALAHARI AND SHOWS THE EFFECTS OF THE DUST BATH ON HEAD AND RUMP

A LABRADOR WITH A RABBIT

Letters to Young Shooters

COMPANIONS OF THE GUN

(Sketches by Maurice Tulloch)

MY DEAR GEORGE.—It is well that you should know something of the place and purpose of the gundog in the shooting field. This letter will go no further than give you a few elementary generalisations on the subject. But since you say you know nothing about it, I take it this is the sort of information you want. Gundogs may be used for three broad purposes, or for a combination of any of three. They may "point" game—*i.e.*, find it by scent and then stand sentinel till the guns shoot it; they may be used to force the reluctant target to the waiting guns; or they may be used to bring the dead or wounded victim to hand. In the first category we normally place pointers and setters; in the second, spaniels; and in the third, retrievers. But the spaniel is, broadly speaking, a dual-purpose dog, and whereas there are, of course, a few that are never asked to do more than retrieve, there also are comparatively few that cannot retrieve at all.

We in Britain are, I think, inclined to be much more hidebound than is necessary about gundogs. Any intelligent dog can be trained to do almost anything. We should not regard it as a cardinal sin, for instance, for a pointer to retrieve, for that is the common practice. On the Continent I admit, of course, that a good retriever is more likely to come of a proved line of good retrievers. But poodles, for instance, have been brought up to as high a standard as a good Labrador, and I have seen a large dog that looked like a dachshund put game out of thick cover with the best of them.

You will, or should, want to know what are the principal breeds that you are likely to encounter. Let us first take the pointers and setters. The pointer is the most distinctive of all breeds and cannot be mistaken, and his name suggests his functions. They are, I believe, the oldest known breed of gundog, and have been used in this country for a good 200 years. In former times they were the mainstay of the partridge manor, but to-day they are seldom seen south of the Tweed. After the War the number of private kennels was limited, but now they are on the increase. But the great majority of the pointers you see in the Highlands are hired for a short six weeks from three of four famous pointer kennels. As you know it is the duty of the pointer to go in front of the guns—two guns for choice—"quartering" the ground this way and that, till he finds game. He then "points," standing rigid and motionless till the approaching guns flush the covey. I know of nothing so symbolic of vital eagerness as a pointer graven as in stone, nose forward, tail straight, and, were the birds not to flush, likely to remain on point till Gabriel's trump. An adult dog can usually manage a stretch of two hours work or so, but when he is taken off to rest he should be put out of sight of the guns, for otherwise he wears himself out with impatience, since he is a highly nervous subject.

The functions of the setter are the same as those of the pointer, and he is really a pointer with a thick coat and feathered tail; but in appearance he is more like the retriever class of dog. Setters, I always think, are the most beautiful of all the gundogs. They have breeding stamped all over their lovely bodies. The popular breeds are the English, the Gordon, and the Irish. The English are normally white flecked with black, lemon or liver; the Gordon are normally black and tan; while the Irish are the familiar rich red tan. It is sad that their peculiarly beautiful coat so often turns them into suburban pets, a fate entirely divorced from their own instincts.

The two best-known breeds of spaniel are the cocker and the English springer. The cocker is a dapper little fellow, the Jimmy Wilde or Benny Lynch of the dog world. The most vivid shooting memory of my youth is a little black cocker brought out by one of the guns at my first day behind the guns when partridge driving. I had, after the first pick-up, no eyes for anything else. He would sit behind his master as devoid, apparently, of any particular usefulness or interest as the accompanying lovely lady. But the ease and mastery, the zest and (I think) humour with which his twinkling little feet brought back bird after small brown bird will never be forgotten. He is a most delightful companion, the cocker, easily packed away in a small car, and full of courage when forcing his way through thick cover in pursuit of his vocation. Although the cocker cannot push through certain obstacles as the bigger breeds, he can, and does, squeeze round them.

The English springer stands no less high in my regard. He has not the same long ears which I always think encumber the modern cocker, and the foundation of his colour being white, he is fairly easy to distinguish. Moreover, his size gives him an advantage over a cocker when faced with an 8lb. hare! I should say that he is increasing in solid favour as much as any breed, and he, too, can be a delightful companion. He is really an offshoot of the field spaniel, a breed of old standing which, after a period of decline, is now coming into his own again. He is a smaller dog than the springer, but not much so, and he is normally bred to one colour and is not flecked with white. Mention must be made, too, of the red and white Welsh springers, the low-in-the-chassis golden-liver Sussex spaniel, and the Irish water spaniel, whose coat, reinforced against the waters of Shannon or Swilly, recalls the poodle. There are also the Clumbers, an ancient breed, once as closely guarded in the Dukeries as Pekingese in the celestial empire. In aspect the Clumbers are heavy and benign: they have none of the alert impertinences of the cockers, but their real function is team work in thick cover in place of beaters. There is a famous Clumber kennel at Sandringham, where King Edward VII introduced them to flush the pheasants from the rhododendrons.

Of the retrievers there can be no doubt which is the most popular breed. The cult of the Labrador is not, as religions go, an old one. It dates from the appearance near some canine Mecca of the prophet Flapper, who holds in Labrador breeding the same sort of position as the Darley Arabian does in the world of the horse. That is only 30 years ago, but is there a covert shoot to-day where one does not see in the majority their sleek and lovely black coats? One cannot always persuade the owners of other breeds that this supremacy is justified. "Like a ginger biscuit, hard in the mouth and goes to pieces in water" has been said of every breed of retriever impartially; and "among those present" will always be the very lovely goldens with their beautiful coat and expression of collie-like fidelity; the flat-coats, higher and straighter on the leg and longish in the nose; and the curlies, the retrievers of my youth, who are now creeping back into the picture again. No! No! Not creeping. The beloved curly never crept. He is my very earliest memory of the gun as a visitor to the nursery, and his mien was as bold as his nature amiable!

If you are asking me, as no doubt you will, what is the best gundog for the one-dog man, I should suggest a springer. As you know, this is one of the things that people get all hot under the collar about in the shooting world. You may impugn the virtue of a man's wife, but if you suggest that all is not well with the type of gundog he affects it is pistols for two and coffee for one. The English springer I select because he is a dual-purpose dog, which is more or less essential to the one-dog man who is going in for rough shooting. And because he is long enough on the leg to move quickly, has the strength to push through thick cover and grapple with his retrieve, fits into a car, and has no less of courage, fidelity and intelligence than other breeds.

Having acquired him, as other men, you will, of course, consider him a paragon. How often have I seen men of acute perceptions and delightful character watch their ewe lamb caracolling after a hare with the gay *insouciance* of Harringay, or if to prevent this they are attached to their master's belt, bucketing him suddenly into a briar patch. One cannot argue with those whose geese are swans. But do not take your swan to a shooting party unless he is invited. You would not intrude a friend unasked to a dinner party. Do not bring your dog unasked to a shooting party. If he is the paragon you think him he will very soon be asked on his merits. And if you think his light is remaining under a bushel you can always ring up and ask if he would be *gratissima*.

Finally, by all means let him be a housedog. I am not one of those that believe that all gundogs should be kennelled without. Many of the best of them have been housedogs. If he is your companion away from the gun as with it your delight in him will be doubled. And in dogs lie much of what is most lovely in the shooting world.

Your affectionate
UNCLE RALPH.

A COCKER IN ROUGH COVER

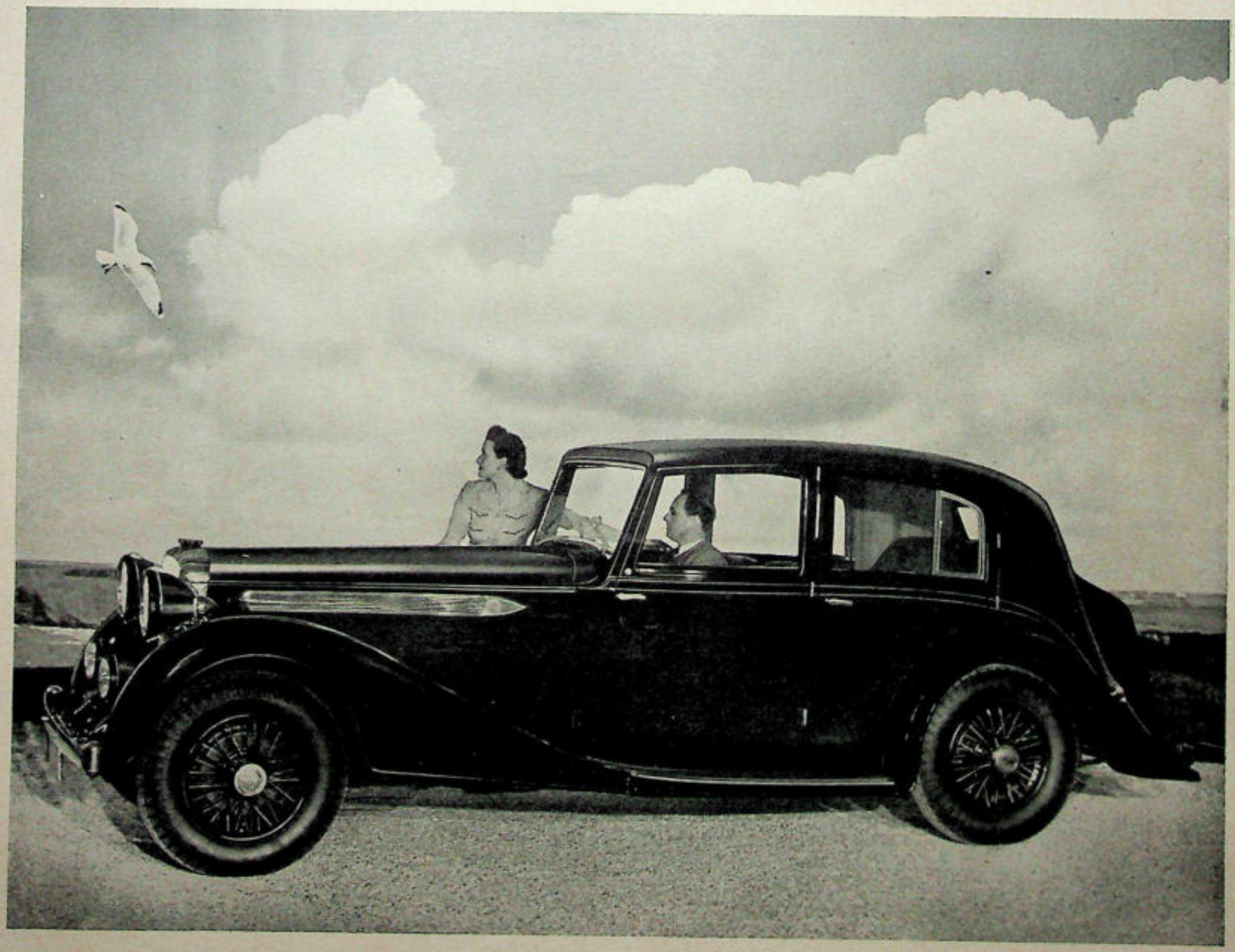
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE
LATE KING GEORGE V

The Daimler Vogue

AS INTERPRETED BY FAMOUS COACHBUILDERS

SPORTS SALOON
designed and built for
DAIMLER
on the 4-Litre Straight Eight chassis

A fine example of current Daimler vogue is this Four-Door Touring Saloon — specially designed and built by Freestone and Webb. A boldly individualistic design on the Daimler 4-Litre Straight Eight chassis. Dignity wedded to flowing grace of line. A car of notable character. A very fast car — and a grand car to handle.



British Cars Last Longer

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, DAIMLER WORKS, COVENTRY

Daimler

London Distributors — STRATSTONE 27 PALL MALL & 38 BERKELEY ST

BLAGDON AT ITS BEST

The Finest Chance of All for a Big Fish

By H. D. TURING

APPEALS for uniformity in the opening and closing of fishing seasons leave me cold. Admittedly it is annoying to find that some particular water on which one had depended for a day's sport early or late in the season is not open for fishing at the time one had need of it. But a few weeks' variation in opening and closing dates is probably much better for the fish in individual waters, and has, besides, the inestimable advantage of prolonging the angler's season at one end without, as it were, curtailing it at the other. At all events those extra few days in October when Blagdon "goes on when all the others have stopped" is pure gain. Had one to choose, for example, between taking the last chance of a good basket on one's favourite chalk stream or tempting fortune in the shape of a 6-pounder from Blagdon at the end of September, the decision surely would create much heart burning. As it is, one can finish the season creditably (let us hope) in the south, and subsequently turn westwards into Somerset, secure in the knowledge that whatever luck may be in store, at all events one has missed no other chance by making an offer for it.

And there is another advantage in an autumn visit to the lake. In most years the trout, the really big ones, show a greater tendency to feed inshore late in the season than they do during the spring or summer, and a man can fish comfortably on his own feet without the feeling that he is, perhaps, missing his chance by not being afloat. Boat fishing for hours on end is apt to be a distressingly cramping business, even with the aid of that excellent hammock seat which was introduced by Cummins a few years ago.

BLAGDON LAKE IN THE AUTUMN

In October there is really very little difference in the chances of the shore angler and the boat angler. A light south-westerly breeze just sufficient to disturb the line of foam which stretches across the bar at Butcombe Bay, and it is odds that the fisherman wading slowly out from the beach will see that occasional swirl which denotes a fish ranging the shore line in search of fry which have collected near the sparse rush stems, thrusting their now broken stems here and there above the surface. Now let him stand still, even at the sacrifice of that extra yard which may be gained by a step or two forward without risk to the top of his stocking waders, for the wash of even a careful pace forward may disturb the fry and distract the attention of the fish when it comes near the reeds.

They are moments worth waiting for, those times when the fish can be seen feeding just out of reach (as is their lamentable habit). Will the rises, which have been approaching in an irritatingly circuitous course, suddenly turn offshore? Or can one shoot that extra yard of line which will just take the fly to the last whorl, the bubble from which still rides the waves beyond the compass of one's ordinary cast? But the angler, be he well advised, will make no such effort. Rather he will cast to the reeds in good hope that they will also have attracted the trout's attention; and in many cases he will be right; for these fish seldom seem to show themselves so close inshore, but make, I think, a sudden raid along the bottom, chasing the fry from their holt and seizing them underwater as they scatter. The sudden wash of a Blagdon fish as it takes a fly in shallow water is worth much anxious watching of the rings which to the shore fisherman seem to lie so persistently beyond his reach.

Those are times, I admit, when one is assailed by a horrible suspicion that one ought to be afloat and following the fish along the shore line instead of waiting patiently (as the saying is; patiently, forsooth!) for the fish to arrive within reach. But I doubt if the suspicion is well founded. It is extraordinary how sensitive these fish seem to be to the presence of a boat. In an evening rise, perhaps, it is otherwise. Fish then will feed all round a boat, as if its presence were of no significance; but in the daylight, even with a stiffish breeze, it is generally the long cast which pays. One of the most successful anglers at Blagdon uses a long, double-handed rod—11ft., I should think—and simply casts a line from a boat, drawing in the fly by lifting the rod point and casting again straight in front of him for the most part. Presumably he manages to get his fly just beyond the fish's danger zone.

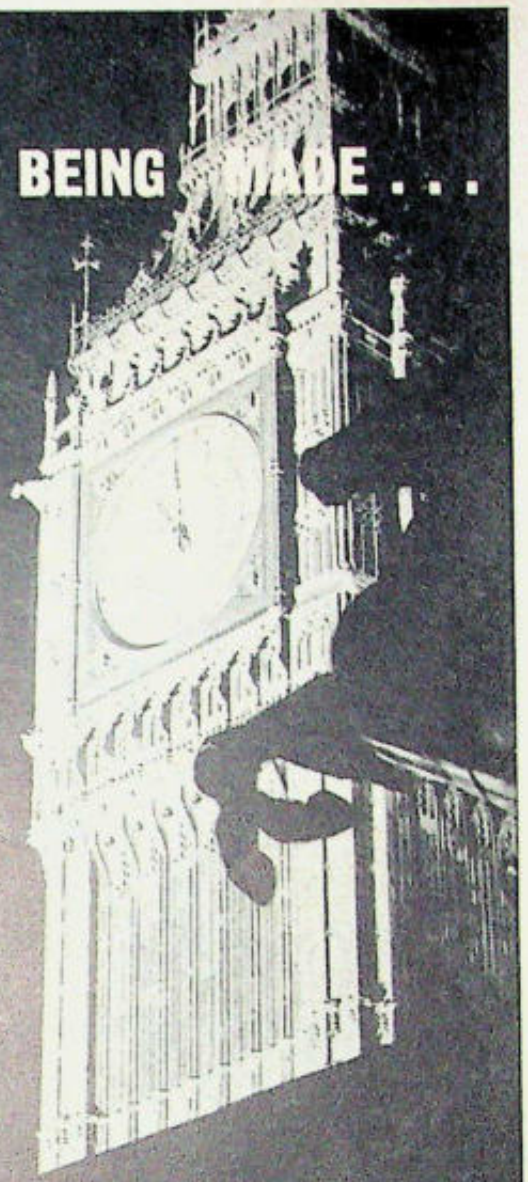
What makes the Blagdon fish so shy? It is a common axiom that big fish are always shy, otherwise they would not have lived long enough to grow big; but this pre-supposes that a big fish is necessarily an old one. This can hardly be the trouble at Blagdon, where a 2-pounder is often only in its third year and has not yet arrived at spawning maturity. No doubt the real monsters are appreciably older than this, but the medium-sized fish, getting on for 3lb., let us say, are probably in their third or fourth year; quick-growing fish which must hustle to obtain food enough to keep up their high growth rate, even in a lake where food is exceptionally plentiful. Nor do these fish appear to attain that kind of "education" which makes old stagers in a chalk stream examine and reject anything which looks suspiciously artificial. Nearly all of them are taken on what may conveniently be classed as small salmon patterns.

It may be, of course, that the explanation is a perfectly simple one; the fish do not often see a fly. This seeming impossibility may have more in it than appears at first sight, for the records show that the number of fish caught per acre, assuming the lake at its full height, may be taken as two or three in a year, and the chance of a fish seeing a fly in any given acre must be small.

But the number of fish in the water must be vastly greater than the number actually caught. Anyone who has seen a really good rise at Blagdon will have no doubts as to the lake's holding capacity. All of which adds to the mystery. But since Blagdon fish have been known, on occasion, to attain an age of nine years or so, it also adds to the chance of there being a collection of old timers hidden away in one or another recess of the bottom, one of which may make an incursion shorewards some autumn evening, and in spite of its shyness be surprised into an attachment for a Dunkeld cast listlessly by a weary angler into a lake which for the last half-hour has lacked any sign of life.

"A MAN CAN FISH COMFORTABLY ON HIS OWN FEET WITHOUT THE FEELING THAT HE IS, PERHAPS, MISSING HIS CHANCE BY NOT BEING AFLOAT"

WHEN THE CHANCELLOR SPOKE THE "BUDGET CARS" WERE ALREADY BEING MADE . . .



ENTIRELY NEW, WORLD IMPORTANT

FLYING STANDARDS

DEDICATED TO ECONOMY

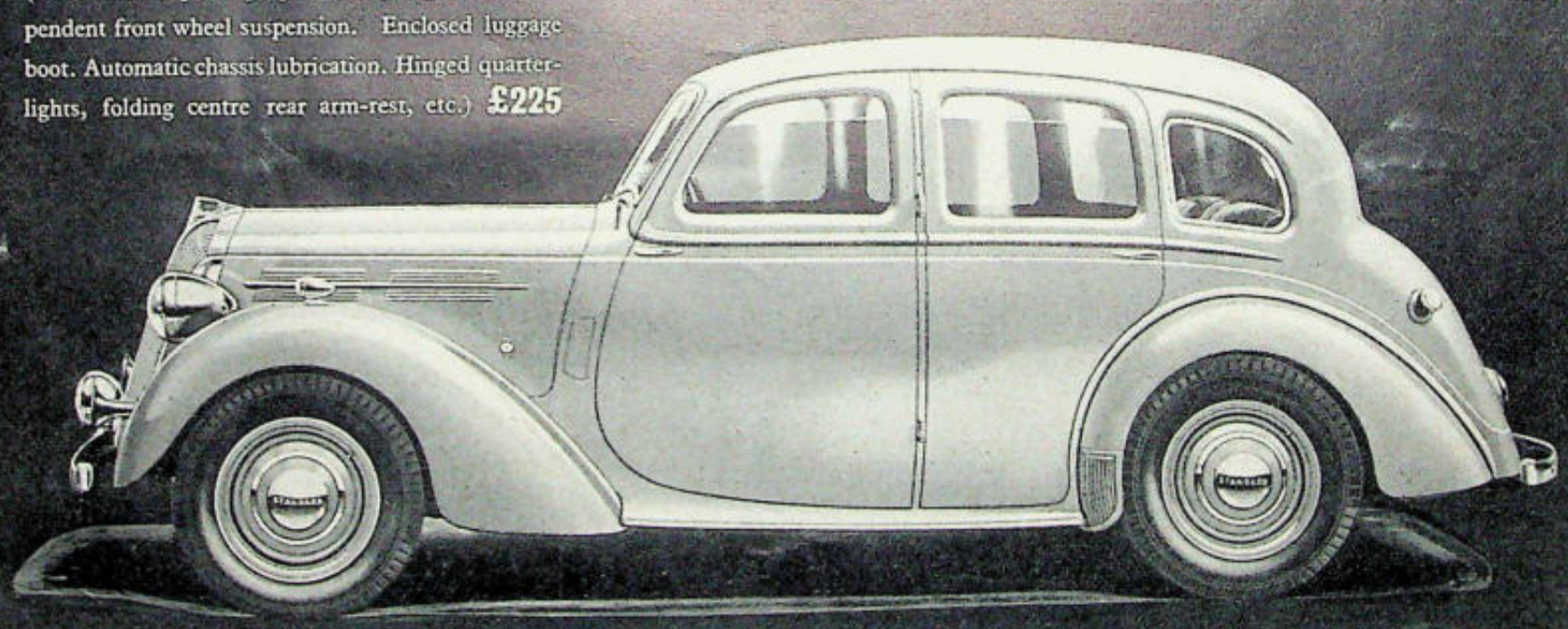
Five months ago a Chancellor spoke—decreeing still more burdens on an already heavily-taxed population. An era of *thrift* began! And the Standard Motor Company, ever alert to future trends in public demand, were already building a new series of cars *dedicated to ECONOMY!* THE 1939 FLYING STANDARD "BUDGET CARS." Including three complete newcomers to the range . . . . . .

THE NEW FLYING STANDARD "EIGHT" from £125

THE NEW "TEN" SUPER SALOON £185

THE NEW "TWELVE" SALOON DE LUXE

(Petrol consumption 30-32 miles per gallon. Independent front wheel suspension. Enclosed luggage boot. Automatic chassis lubrication. Hinged quarter-lights, folding centre rear arm-rest, etc.) **£225**



Other 1939 Flying Standard models include:

The "Nine" from £149, the "Ten" from £169, the "Twelve" Saloon at £205, the "Fourteen" from £249 and the "Twenty" at £325. Dunlop tyres. Triplex Glass. All prices ex works.

VISIT THEM AT STAND 145, EARLS COURT

Write for new catalogue to: **THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY.**
West End Showrooms: **"STANDARD CARS", 37, DAVIES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.** *Telephone: Mayfair* 5011.

Flying Standard

BRITISH CARS ARE BEST—IN THE LONG RUN

4K

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

AUSTRALIA is a very long way off, and the vinegrowers of Australia have a very different outlook from that of the majority of those of Europe. In Europe, the grower's chief interest is to make as much wine as he, his wife, his children and friends can drink from one vintage to the next; also, but it comes second, to make as much and as good wine as he can sell to merchants who will pay for it and distribute it among the thirsty masses cooped up in large cities or beyond the seas.

This is not the outlook of the average Australian vinegrower. To begin with, he rarely if ever drinks wine himself, his wife and children never; tea is the family tipple. So that from the start he has not the same personal interest, nor the same inside knowledge. What he wants is to make all the money he can out of the craving for strong drink which exists among a large class of the population in the Mother Country, England.

Hence, when we look at the official statistics of the production of wine in South Australia, the State that is responsible for four-fifths of the total Australian yield of wine, we find that the wine made during the fiscal year 1936 37 was 15,000,000 gallons, of which 7,592,332 gallons were wines sent to the still and only fit for distillation; 6,115,515 gallons were "fortified" wines, blends of wines and brandy; and only 1,318,655 gallons were "unfortified" wines, or natural wines destined to quench the thirst of men, women and children. For the year 1938 the official estimates of the Australian wine yield are as follows:

South Australia	16,400,000	gallons
Victoria	1,364,000	,,
New South Wales	2,659,000	,,
West Australia	400,000	,,
Queensland	25,000	,,

The principal centres of wine production in Australia are as follows:

(*a*) The Hunter River district, in New South Wales and the Great Western and Lilydale districts of Victoria, which produce the best beverage or natural wines.

(*b*) The irrigation areas, where the greatest quantities of the worst wines are produced which are unfit for consumption as wines and are sent to the still and made into brandy used for "fortifying" other wines.

(*c*) The Rutherglen and Corowa districts, which produce some of the best "sweet" or dessert wines.

(*d*) The Watervale (Springvale) and other districts of South Australia responsible for the largest quantities of wines suitable for export.

(*e*) The Queensland and Perth vineyards, which produce a limited quantity of beverage and sweet wines.

Climatically and geologically, Australia is capable of producing, and has produced, wines of fine quality, but it is not apparently the type of wine which Australian vineyards are mostly made to produce at present.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of September 29th, 1888.

SHOOTING to Spaniels.—"Where any dog was specially reserved for the purpose of retrieving only, that dog was invariably a spaniel. Some sportsmen used to boast teams of spaniels so well broken that when a bird fell not one would run in to retrieve it till bidden, and then only the dog which by name was singled out and told to do the duty. But with dogs the substance of the spaniel, the task of lifting a hare, especially a struggling one, was no easy one: hence, when the retriever breed was invented, the value of it for this particular detail alone gave it pre-eminence. Besides, the restriction of the duties of the animal to one alone, that of retrieving, made it steadier and more easy to break than an animal who had to do the double duty of first finding and subsequently retrieving."

The Australian Tour.—"With a record of nineteen victories and fourteen defeats, the eighth Australian tour ended last Saturday. The programme extended over 20 weeks, during which 40 matches were played, and the fact that only seven of these were drawn, shows what work the team went through. It was fortunate for them in some respects that the weather was more or less wet for most of the time, and the wickets all against long scoring. . . . The wet may have robbed the tour of much of its pleasure; but judging from the experience of past years, it probably helped to swell the list of wins, for Australians have always proved comparatively better than English elevens on bad wickets."

THE FALLEN CITY

A section of one of the tapestries in the Rufford Abbey Sale

IN THE SALEROOM

REFERENCE has been made in these columns to the great ten-days sale of the contents of Rufford Abbey, which starts on October 11th. A magnificent catalogue of 202 pages has been compiled by the joint-auctioneers, Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley, and Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, detailing the furniture, silver, antiques and effects which have been acquired by the ancestors of the Savile family over a period of three centuries. The tapestries are a great feature of Rufford Abbey, and the illustration given above shows part of one of a series of three Brussels tapestries. It depicts a fallen city (apparently in the act of falling), with a ceremonial procession in the centre and a hunting scene in the foreground.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

THE other day I went to Whipsnade, which is a thing I do fairly frequently, but one of the great joys of Whipsnade is that every visit produces something new to see. That, of course, is true to a certain degree of the London Zoo, but there you have got to walk past the same new specimen exhibited in a cage which you have seen many times before, even though at those times it held some other creature.

* * *

At Whipsnade there is almost always some new animal or bird to be seen, and if there is not there is always something fresh about the scenery. The great sweep below the bluff of the downs by the marmot enclosure is never the same. I have seen it on a cold November day with the rain beating in hard sheets across the down, and the valley shrouded in a mist so that it looked not altogether unlike Lake Como in a mist; I have seen it in spring with the fields a chequer board of greens and browns, and the little church tower in the middle distance standing out like a sundial placed in the centre of some ornamental garden; I have seen it as summer draws to a close with the crops golden beneath the high sky, and the poppies redder than any poppy of Flanders. And I saw it the other day in all the beauty of a very hot day with a haze that made the horizon dim and the fields below dance so that the glasshouses in the distance seemed like a great still pond.

* * *

And, of course, I saw things that I have not for some reason seen before. I saw the raven flying. I have often seen the raven at Whipsnade before, but never in flight. He flew on the edge of the down from the bison enclosure to the porcupines and back again. He did circles and sweeps, and his long but very ragged wings were yet powerful enough to recall just for a moment memories of the gorgeous flight of ravens by the cliffs of Pembrokeshire. And he was ridiculously tame. So tame that he would hop about at your feet, giving ridiculous little sideways flaunts just before he accepted a monkey nut with powerful, but gentle beak. By the way, he did not like his monkey nuts fully dressed. He looked at them with great disdain in that condition. But taken from their shell and peeled, and split in half, they were very acceptable. But he did like dog biscuit, and the last I saw of him was perched on the wire of an empty enclosure with a large biscuit in his beak.

* * *

And, of course, there were birds. All the parrakeets that built the large communal nest in Sanctuary Wood, just by the entrance, had left, and were high up in the trees above the elk, filling the air around with their gossip and slander. And there were young birds, too. A young crane which, when I last saw him, was just a round ball of down, is now almost as big as his parents, and, so I think, very much more beautiful with his beige-coloured head and neck. And I saw a sparrowhawk driving through the scrub below the lion pit, and causing consternation among all the many small birds who live down there.

* * *

It is really astonishing how extraordinarily tame the inhabitants of Whipsnade have become. Almost it would not be an exaggeration to say that it is the human beings walking on their views between the wire fence that are caged, and the animals free. Certainly, many of the animals have far better manners than those that go to see them. And also it is astonishing what tastes the animals have acquired. I know a black buck that likes chocolate biscuits, but not other sorts of biscuit. The wombat has a passion for ice cream, which he puts into his mouth, paper and all. There is a long pause, while the jaws work frantically, and then the paper, long and straggly and very wet re-appears. But, just before it is entirely pushed out of the mouth, it is sucked back in again and subjected to a last comprehensive lick before being discarded. The wombat on Sundays—and presumably holidays—disdains other forms of refreshment, though I did see him accept Mackintosh's toffee from a small boy. During the week, however, the wombat is quite pleased with the common monkey nut, and will not say no to bread and butter.

* * *

Whipsnade improves year by year, week by week. The lay-out of the grounds is little short of marvellous. The hideosity which was the new Elephant House has tuned into its surroundings so that it now looks no more than a rather refined gasometer. The service in restaurants and kiosks is beyond praise. Only the Fellows' Pavilion remains an eyesore, and it is not altogether surprising to find a small group standing outside the wire searching earnestly for queer creatures inside. Even the manners of the keepers, which, to begin with, compared very unfavourably with those of the London Zoo, have improved. B. V-F.

Whither Photography?

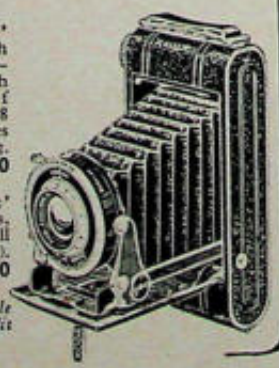
The more cameras improve nowadays (complain some advanced amateurs) the smaller the picture becomes. That, fortunately, is not altogether true, *vide* the new '*Kodak*' *Special*. This excellent camera gives you all the advantages of compactness and high performance, plus a really good-sized picture. Folds to pocket size; beautifully finished in chromium and leather.

Ask your photographic dealer for his 1938 Kodak catalogue, or write to Mr. F. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. *Tel.: Holborn 7841.*

The Six-20 'Kodak' Special (illustrated), with f 4.5 Anastigmat lens, 9-speed shutter (1 to 1/400th sec.) and jerk-proof shutter-release, takes 8 standard-size pictures (3½" x 2½") at a loading. **£13.10.0**

The Six-16 'Kodak' Special with similar lens, shutter, etc., gives a still larger picture (4½" x 2½"). **£14.10.0**

Deferred terms available under Kodak's new 'Credit Account' plan.



SIX-20 and SIX-16

'KODAK' *Special*

THE RIGHT FILMS. Kodak's famous '*Panatomic*' film is specially recommended for pictures of Exhibition quality with these and other cameras. Its smooth 'gradation' takes care of every subtle distinction of shade. Fast, panchromatic, and so fine-grained that big enlargements present no technical difficulty at all. If extra speed is needed—Kodak *Super Sensitive Panchromatic* (30°) is available.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HALICHOERUS GRYPUS

SIR,—We were out deep-sea fishing from two boats early this September in 30-35 fathoms in the hope of catching what ling and conger the long-liners had left us, when there appeared in our midst a large great grey seal bull with a conger in his mouth at about 60yds. range. The seal had the conger by the head, and the tail of the conger was lashing round and round in the air and round the seal's neck. After a few minutes the seal gave the *coup de grâce* to the conger (about a 15-pounder).

It is an interesting evolution, for although I have often seen seals dealing with conger before, I have never been able to witness the whole struggle from first to last.

When the seal has sufficiently quietened the conger, the process of skinning begins. The seal holds the conger in his flippers and tears away with his teeth about a foot of the skin nearest the neck, pulling down with his flippers and up with his teeth till the head is vertical. When this part of the operation is complete the seal takes the head of the conger between his teeth: then, inserting the claws of his flippers into the top of the skin, pulls as before, and the whole of the rest of the skin is torn right off in one act and floats away. The performance of this almost scientific operation takes roughly six or seven minutes. The conger is then eaten, the seal biting off great chunks until the whole is consumed. The seal dived many times after we had first seen it and on four occasions came up with a conger. It spent about four-and-a-half minutes under water on each occasion, and the longest time down was five minutes, when it came up without a fish. On one of the occasions it came up within 15yds. of us and we could see the whole skinning operation perfectly.

Once it came up about 30yds. off us and right between the two boats with what seemed to be a huge ling. As I could not stand this, I sent away the dinghy with two lads and a gaff to dispute the ownership. They rowed up to the seal, and my son gaffed the fish, when the seal slowly dived again after being abruptly told to let go. Instead of a ling it had got a large angler, *Lophius piscatorius*, weighing, as we discovered later, 42lb., which the seal had already ripped open.

There was always a great deal of puffing and blowing made by the seal when it came up, and for some time after arrival on the surface, as if to get its wind again. But it is remarkable that it can go diving to such a great depth. Both conger and angler are bottom-feeding fish. The seal had a conger in its mouth when we left the ground and was then some 200yds. away and for all I know may still be eating. Anyway it had consumed four conger, and would have eaten the angler, while we were looking. Yours faithfully,

Tresco Abbey, Isles of Scilly. ARTHUR A. DORRIEN SMITH.

A NEW CRICKET RULE?

SIR,—Will you permit me to endorse Mr. Neville Cardus's condemnation of slow cricket in a recent issue of the *Field*. Hutton's huge score was compiled at the rate of 26 runs per hour.

County matches are frequently as dull and financially unprofitable as baseball would be if, in that game, each batsman were permitted to continue batting until he succeeded in making a stroke which ensured a safe run to first base. Cricket's "go as you please" method of scoring is unquestionably the cause of its decline. It needs both speeding up and making more decisive to bring it into line with other sports, and the adoption of less perfect wickets would, I believe, in that they would make the batsman's task harder, and for that reason make him more cautious still.

Incidentally, baseball is one of the many recreations which are ousting cricket from public favour. In 1900 there were 10 baseball teams in the British Isles, in 1935 150, in 1936 300, in 1937 470. To-day there are 750 teams, and many schools—both Public and elementary—are seriously taking to the game. I am indebted to the secretary of the National Baseball Association for these figures.

Cannot county cricket be saved from the creeping paralysis which is overtaking it? Unfinished matches would be comparatively rare were it not for the anomaly of the rules that a decision is only possible if *two* innings have been played, but if full points were awarded for first innings victories, it is certain, *with the rules as they are*, that the side going in first would try, by slow and careful batting, to play itself into an unassailable position. This difficulty could, however, be overcome. May I suggest that wickets be reduced in height and width and the following rule be tried:

"An extra shall be added to the total for every ball scored off (including wides, byes, &c.), and an extra deducted for every ball not scored off."

In order to escape penalty the batsman would have to score a minimum of three singles off any one over—a rate of scoring often maintained even with the larger wicket introduced nine years ago. The "extras" could be quickly calculated from the analysis after each over. They would be entered, not after each delivery, but upon the completion of each over. As an illustration, the analysis of five imaginary overs is appended.

• 1	1 1	• 2	• •	4 1
2 (+2) •	• (Nil) •	1 (-2) •	• (-6) •	1 (+6) 2
1 2	1 •	• •	• •	1 1

Under this rule full points could be awarded for first innings victories, for there would be no persistent stonewalling. The possibility of scoring, in any over, six extras "above the line" should help to liven the game.

Yours faithfully,

Andover. W. A. POWELL.

LONG-DISTANCE RACING

SIR,—The results of the recent European Athletic Championships showed Great Britain finishing with a modest fourth place. Though there is still a school of thought in England which may hold that such a place is quite good enough, because we did well on the track and that we need not worry about field events at all, there is no school of thought which can regard with equanimity the fact that we were not even fully represented on the track, and that in two track events in which Britain used to excel we took no part at all.

I refer to the 10,000 metres flat and the 3,000 metres steeplechase. In short, middle and long-distance races, and in the steeplechase, we used to have runners of Olympic standard. We still have them of this standard for the short and middle distances, so surely we might expect to have them for the longer races?

I maintain that we still have men of the required ability in the country, for one only has to look at the results of the international cross-country races of the past few years to see how England still holds a leading position in this winter branch of athletics. It is among the cross-country runners that the long-distance track and steeplechase men are found, so it seems reasonable to suggest that a bigger effort should be made to encourage the leading cross-country men to run on the track.

I am aware that C. A. J. Emery, and others of our best cross-country men, do run in the summer, and run very well, but I am sure that if a strenuous effort was made by those responsible for our track teams to enlist the support of all our leading winter season runners, then we would once again have a selection of men in the steeplechase, three- and six-mile races who could hold their own with all comers, even the redoubtable Finns.

Perhaps I may suggest three ways in which the governing body might encourage these men to follow their sport in the summer?

1. Circularise all cross-country clubs and the leading cross-country runners personally, as to the need for cross-country men in our track teams.

2. Urge athletic clubs and county associations to stage as many steeplechase events as possible, and to include an occasional six-mile instead of a three-mile race in their sports programmes.

3. Introduce the steeplechase into every international match and into all fixtures of the A.A.A. first and "A" teams, and include a six-mile race whenever possible. Yours faithfully,

Lyme Regis, Dorset. F. W. COLLINS.

WEIGHT OF AFRICAN GAME

SIR,—In some recent issues you published some correspondence regarding the size and weight of large game animals of Africa. I was much interested and was in hopes that the correspondence might be extended even farther afield.

Record weights of the large game animals of the world, and especially of East and South Africa, have constituted a subject in which I have been considerably interested for some years, and a vast amount of reading has thrown comparatively little definite light on the subject. Most of our mighty hunters have contented themselves with superlative adjectives, quite exhausting the English vocabulary—great, enormous, huge, gigantic—leaving the reader in considerable suspense as to whether the oncharging monster weighs half a ton or a ton, or more. Even when it has not been possible to secure any weights, the narrator may not even use a dependable yardstick, such, for example, as a comparison of a giant eland with a very large ox, which any farmer or farm boy at least will visualise at perhaps 1,600lb. or 1,800lb. We all know that a big Clydesdale weighs a ton or more, but I have never seen this animal used as a comparison with an African buffalo or an American bison.

I would like to know the general conception of big-game hunters of the weight of a large or record black rhinoceros; also a white bull rhinoceros.

This last brings up a question for which I have in vain sought a definite answer:

What is the second largest land mammal; the African elephant being first and disregarding other elephant species, is it the white rhinoceros or the hippopotamus?

The scientific mammologists can furnish all kinds of information about size of teeth and other details, but what is the height, size and weight of the huge, gigantic, enormous, tremendous onrushing animal which will trample the hunter to death unless he is able to get in one well-placed bullet? Of course, the hunter does not care whether the creature before him weighs two tons or three tons; in either event he has got to be stopped, but the armchair hunter would like to know, I am sure.

Some phases of big-game sport are very carefully measured, such as the length and size of horns, tusks, the weights of big fish and the length of lion skins; but why not the poundage of the creatures, the same as you would try to guess the weight to a nicety of a fine horse or a marketable steer?

I think this whole idea started with me in trying to get the relative weight of a very large black rhinoceros and a very large bull giraffe. My final conclusion was that the giraffe, in spite of his apparent slenderness, weighs as much, and probably 500lb. in excess of the largest bull black rhinoceros. Some correspondence among naturalists gave me a range of estimates for a large bull giraffe from 1,200lb. to 3,500lb.

The usual reply to a request for weights of great animals is that you cannot weigh them in the field. But why not? A million dollars may be spent on the safari, and if it is of any importance at all to know, before the great white rhinoceros is extinguished, which is the second largest animal in the world, it seems to me that it would not be very difficult to dismember such a creature in the field and get the approximate weight.

Will our posterity—that is, another generation from this one—be unable to say, as we are, which was the next largest land animal to the elephant?

Would it be of possible interest to your readers to submit a list of the probable eight or ten largest African game animals and get some of your readers to indicate their estimates of the relative weights?

Yours faithfully,

GUY E. MITCHELL.

United States Department of the Interior, Geological Survey, Washington.

IRISH LAKES

SIR,—I was most interested in "O. M.'s" letter in the *Field* of August 20th as I have fished extensively in Ireland since 1908. I am afraid that his conclusions are only too true.

All sorts of excuses are made, some of which he has given. The other classic one is the awful depredation made by pike. This I think will not hold water, as any serious pike-fisher will tell you that most of the big lakes are hardly worth while fishing now—at least for good fish.

But this is not even the end of the tale. Not only have the great mayfly lakes gone off to such an extent as to be hardly worth the trouble, but the tiddler fishing has suffered as well. By this I mean the thousands of lakes in which great sport could be had with trout of three to the pound average, with the occasional pounder. These have become but a shadow of themselves all over the country.

The reasons, if anglers would only be like "O. M." and face it, are obvious. They are: (1) over-fishing: (2) poaching and illegal fishing.

The first is not half so serious in Ireland as the second. It must be remembered that, except for local fishing associations, the brown trout is nowhere represented. The various boards of conservators deal merely with salmon. Sea trout come under their government, but their interests are usually ignored. In nine cases out of ten the board is controlled by netting interests, whose sole idea is to kill as many salmon as possible.

The poor brownie is utterly ignored, and in one case I know there was no winter watch placed on any of the main brown trout spawning ground last year at all. Yours faithfully,

Angler's Hotel, Pettigo. F. R. EUSTACE.

JACOB'S SHEEP

SIR,—When reading Mr. Hardy's interesting note about wild cattle I was reminded of an advertisement I saw recently in a back number of a magazine offering for sale two Jacob's sheep, and I am wondering if Mr. Hardy or any other reader has any historical notes about them. It would be interesting to know how they compare with the sheep of the Bible, and also how many flocks there are still in this country.

Yours faithfully,

Rossett, Wrexham, Denbighshire. J. F. BOYDELL.

"ONE HAND ONLY MUST HOLD THE REIN"
(See letter "The Calgary Stampede")

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

SIR,—I read with interest the article appearing in the *Field* of September 10th on the Calgary Stampede, and I enclose a photograph which shows quite clearly how that "one hand only must hold the rein . . . the other hand must stay high in the air." The illustration shows a rider, Pete Knight, scratching forward on Pistol Pete.

Yours faithfully,

Bombay. A. M. MACKIE.

DESTROYING BRACKEN

SIR,—Your correspondent H. F. Thomas, in your issue of September 3rd, states that bracken cannot be killed by cutting. This is quite untrue. On my estate in Radnorshire I have entirely killed it on many acres of hill land simply by cutting, and it does not come back—except by the roots gradually spreading in from the edges of the cleared land. I experimented for some years to find the best method of dealing with it, and the secret is to wait to cut it until the leaf is almost entirely unfurled—in Wales generally in mid-June—and then to cut it again the third week in August. One year of this treatment will weaken the plants very considerably, and the second year nearly kill it all.

The third year what survives should be pulled by hand—but it will be a very small remnant.

There is another matter I intended to write to you about.

Our drive here consists of a long beech avenue, and at one point for about 40yds. the chalk is exposed on the sides of the road, as a bank about 3ft. high. For many years now the woodpigeons have settled on this exposed chalk, and apparently peck it. Nearly any day one will find two or three clinging to the chalk—the other day there were a dozen or more. I have never seen woodpigeons do this on any other spot, and there are many places here where the chalk is exposed. Can any of your readers explain this?

Yours faithfully,

Dalham Hall, Newmarket. LAURENCE PHILIPPS.

SIR,—If the writer of a long letter on bracken in the *Field* of September 3rd will cut this plant in second or third week of June, when the stems are about 6in. high, and the fronds uncurled, and repeat this for the following one or two years, the roots will be entirely destroyed. This is a well-known fact which I have proved myself for many years, and the work is most easily done. To cut in autumn is quite useless and has no effect on the roots.

Yours faithfully,

W. STEUART-MENZIES OF CULDARES.

Arndilly,
Craig Ellachie, Scotland.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

PINE MARTENS

SIR,—In your issue of September 3rd, 1938, I noticed a letter from the Duke of Portland as regards the trapping of a pine marten at Langwell in Caithness. The Duke says he understands that, except in one district, the pine marten is considered to be extinct. In the north-west of Sutherland, the marten would appear to be increasing. Three were trapped on one estate during the last twelve months. The trapping was unfortunate, and resulted from the fact that a greatly increased number of the destructive wild cat have caused keepers to set traps in places where, unfortunately, the marten is apt to frequent. The supposed increase of martens, therefore, might be due to the increased number of traps being set in order to trap cats. One will realise that it is almost impossible to deal with the wild cats without running the risk of catching the martens.

Yours faithfully,

Hope. J. D. MILBURN.

SIR,—Letters occur in the *Field* from time to time on the supposed occurrence of the pine marten in the south of England. In nearly every case recorded, the animal has been seen but not secured.

Might not these supposed martens be escaped minks from some fur farm?

On the other hand, there is no reason why the pine marten should not have become commoner and be extending its range in the same way that the grey squirrel has done, there being hardly a county—if any—where this alien has not found a footing.

Quite recently a gamekeeper reported having shot a pine marten on a Sussex estate not many miles distant from Brighton. On being asked what he had done with the corpse, said he had thrown it away. This, too, might possibly have been an escaped mink from a fur farm established in the neighbourhood. The pine marten is an exceedingly shy and wary animal, and in some of the woods of southern England may still exist though quite unsuspected. Their exceeding wariness and habit of utterly vanishing on being detected struck the writer on the only occasion on which he has seen the marten in the wild.

Both the polecat and the wild cat increased during the War period, and the years immediately following it.

Reports of the former in southern England occur at intervals, but in nearly every case these turn out to be feral polecat ferrets.

Mr. Eric Parker, however, records one instance of a genuine wild polecat having been seen in Surrey during the early days of the War.

Yours faithfully,

J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

Horsham, Sussex.

SPARROW HAWK AND GROUSE

SIR,—Recently while grouse driving on our hill my son saw a covey settle about 70yds. in front of his butt. A sparrow hawk settled in the heather among the grouse, and my son saw a struggle and the sparrow hawk fly away, when it was shot from the butt by my son. Coming along with my spaniels with the beaters I picked up the grouse and the sparrow hawk. The grouse was a well-grown bird and the back and top of its skull was fractured. Retribution was swift. Is this a very unusual occurrence? I have never seen a sparrow hawk kill a full-grown grouse before.

Yours faithfully,

Plas Llwyn Owen, Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire. WINTRINGHAM N. STABLE.

GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—I should be obliged if anybody could inform me of what I have some reason to think may be a redeeming feature in the character of the grey squirrel. I am aware of the destruction he creates among small birds while in the nest, and of his liking for eggs of all sizes; also of the damage he does in gardens. But I have noticed that he has a habit of planting in holes some of the nuts, acorns, &c., that he gathers from trees, and I should be glad to know if there is any evidence that such planting ever results in seedlings coming up. Also, although this district has been infested with grey squirrels for many years now, I have no first-hand knowledge of this squirrel biting off the tops of the leaders in young plantations.

Yours faithfully,

Savernake Forest, Marlborough. AILESBURY.

THE SCORPION ORCHID

SIR,—Perhaps your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of one of the Malayan orchids, Renanthera (Aracanthe), or Scorpion Orchid. It blooms two or three times a year, and one spike may have 50 or 60 flowers on it all out at the same time.

The flowers are pale green with crimson markings, and although they do not look very much like scorpions on the stalk, a single one lying on the grass at dusk can be horribly life-like.

Yours faithfully,

5, Royal Road, Alexandra, Singapore. (Mrs.) E. F. WATKINS.

"THEY CAN BE HORRIBLY LIFE-LIKE"
(See letter "The Scorpion Orchid")

You can't always be hole-high, but you can make sure of enjoying the 19th if you always ask for Johnnie Walker by name. All the finest whiskies in Scotland, fully matured after years in the wood, go to make the famous round blend of Johnnie Walker. No wonder

Johnnie Walker

walks away with it!

Born 1820—still going strong

HAWARDEN CASTLE

SIR,—I think that Hawarden Castle is known sufficiently well in connection with the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to warrant this letter and illustration. The Castle was long in the possession of the Earls of Chester, and after several changes it came into the hands of the Stanleys, only to be sold by them in 1653 to Chief Justice Glynne, whose family afterwards added greatly to the beauty and value of the estate.

The old castle of Hawarden was originally of a like nature to the "peels" of the Borderland, and served a similar purpose in watching over and guarding against the wild mountain freebooters from Wales. Owing to this situation and purpose, the old castle several times suffered assault, and on one occasion, in 1281, a Welsh incursion in a night attack took it by storm and partly burned the old place. Though this outrage was repeated, even after the complete subjugation of Wales by Edward I some time later, a complete end was not put to these experiences till the Civil War, the castle falling into the hands of the Parliamentarians. A force of Royal troops from Ireland then laid siege to it, but the garrison held out till assistance came from Chester to aid the Royalists, when the castle yielded after a fortnight. The Royalists held possession till the surrender of Chester to the Parliament, when the old castle was obliged to capitulate. Shortly after, the new Government ordered the disgarrisoning and dismantling of many of these fortalices on the Welsh border, and Hawarden Castle is now reduced to the dimensions of a ruinous tower covered with ivy, but still an object of historical interest. The modern Hawarden Castle dates from 1752.

Yours faithfully,

3, San Remo, Hove, Sussex. (Mrs.) KINGSLEY BUTT.

"A RUINOUS TOWER COVERED WITH IVY"
(See letter "Hawarden Castle")

ISABELLINE WHEATEARS

SIR,—A pair of isabelline wheatears were seen by my daughter and myself on September 13th in open country below Sussex Downs (beyond Portslade) on a mass of rough stones; the hen flew away, but the cock remained sitting on the stone for a long time, and we were able to approach and watch it at such close quarters that the glasses were unnecessary. It repeatedly made small flights and returned to pitch on the stone again. I see that Coward, in his book, mentions that the isabelline wheatear was last seen in spring of 1911 and 1912, also in Sussex. I thought this may interest readers of the *Field*.

Yours faithfully,

L. A. LUTHER.

51, The Drive, Hove, Sussex.

AN ALBINO WILD RABBIT

SIR:—A short time ago a correspondent remarked on some unusual birds' eggs he had found in Essex, and I am now sending a photograph which shows what this county can produce in the way of rabbits.

I discovered this albino in a warren amid a wilderness of brambles and broom, a long way from any houses. As far as I can discover nobody has liberated any tame rabbits in the neighbourhood and, as it was seen there when quite young, it was probably born in the warren and is therefore a genuine wild albino, with pink eyes. One does not realise how inconspicuous rabbits are until one sees a white one in a wild state. As might be expected, it was very shy and a good deal of patience was required to get a photograph of it.

Yours faithfully,

Hartford End, Near Chelmsford, Essex. (Miss) D. J. BROOKS.

VERMIN AND THE FORESTRY COMMISSION

SIR,—I feel I cannot let the two letters pass, which have recently appeared in your columns above the signatures of John McNab and H. Mortimer Batten, without having my say.

For many years now I have stalked roe with a rifle in England, Scotland, Poland and Austria, and the one thing that stands out in my mind is the difference with which this very sporting little animal is treated on the Continent and here. The roe is classed in Europe as a fine trophy worthy of any true sportsman's skill—here it is labelled vermin and treated as such.

I know it is not popular to compare European sportsmanship to our own, but you cannot evade the facts.

Why all this continual talk about destruction to trees, &c.? Are not the Continental forests pretty good? Roe are not butchered there with shotguns and snares.

I blame the rabbit for 90 per cent. of the damage attributed to the roe. Strangely enough you do not see the rabbit population abroad that you see here. It makes one think.

Yours faithfully,

East Riding, Morpeth, Northumberland. H. STUART TEGNER.

"ONE DOES NOT REALISE HOW INCONSPICUOUS RABBITS ARE UNTIL ONE SEES A WHITE ONE"
(See letter "An Albino Wild Rabbit")

LIGHT BLUE WITH BLACK SPOTS
(See letter "Tern's Spotted Eggs")

TERN'S SPOTTED EGGS

SIR,—A recent correspondent mentioned having found a common tern's nest with one white egg in the clutch. We enclose a photograph of a common tern's nest with three light blue eggs with black spots. This was found on Mew Island, one of the Copeland Islands, in June, 1937. On the same afternoon we found two other clutches each with two normal eggs and each having one egg similar to those illustrated in the above nest.

Yours faithfully,

M. N. and D. H. RANKIN.

11, Hopefield Avenue, Belfast.

THIS BY-PASS BUSINESS

SIR,—Personal experience is that the Restriction of Ribbon Development Act, 1935, has achieved very little in the way of preserving the amenities of the countryside.

The idea of restricting development on the principal roads started life as an attempt to preserve the amenities of the countryside. During the propaganda period it was found that the word "amenities" had been so misused that thoughtful people were disinclined to take it seriously. Someone had the brilliant idea that the same end could be achieved by contending that ribbon development was dangerous in its relation to swift-moving traffic. The idea bore fruit, and the Act of 1935 saw the light of day as a Ministry of Transport measure rather than, as at first intended, as a Ministry of Health measure.

The result is that, according to the wording of the Act a highway authority's refusal of an application to build adjoining a main road must be based on the ground of substantial detriment to the highway. This principle appears again and again in the Minister of Transport's Review of Decisions, referred to in your leading article.

This question of interference with the traffic has been met in most cases by the provision of subsidiary building roads running parallel and close to the main road. This, whilst meeting the needs of the traffic, does not, and cannot, prevent the encroachment of houses in the form of attenuated spiders' legs along the main roads into the countryside.

This undesirable practice is still continuing, although it is true that highway authorities now refuse applications (and the Minister of Transport upholds their refusal) to build single houses adjoining main roads right out in the country.

May I, therefore, give very full support to the sentiments expressed in your editorial?

Yours faithfully,

East Grinstead, Sussex. REGINALD DAVEY.

Where should a Father draw the line?

"Give and take" in the home is all very well—until it comes to taking all Father's Gold Flake. They mean so much to a man, you see. The distinctive flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos has made them his good companions for years. Now that women appreciate that flavour, too, Father has decided to draw the line and insist that the girls buy their Gold Flake themselves.

WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

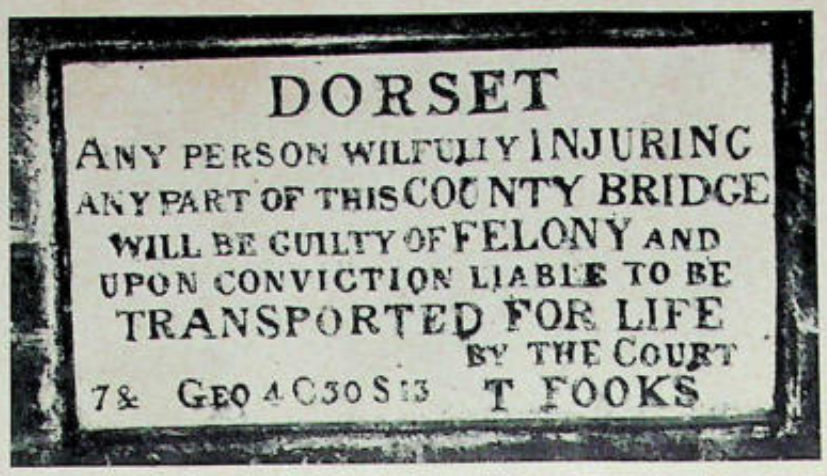
G.F.B.548

A WARNING TO TRIPPERS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an old notice on a bridge in Dorset. I took the picture when on a recent holiday in that county, and feel that it would be of interest to your readers.

Yours faithfully,
A. W. J. COBHAM.

81, Warwick Road,
Earl's Court.



TRANSPORTATION FOR AUTOGRAPHING
(See letter "A Warning to Trippers")

STOAT'S LONG SWIM

SIR,—Quite recently, when fishing Loch Veyatie, in West Sutherland, near Inchnadamph, we noticed a stoat swimming across the loch which, at that point, was approximately three-quarters of a mile wide. It passed quite close behind the boat in which we were drifting and kept a straight course over to the other side. There was a slight ripple on the water at the time. Through field glasses we watched it land on the other side, apparently quite undistressed, as it immediately commenced to hunt the clefts in the rocks near the water edge.

We are wondering if this is a somewhat unique, or just an ordinary occurrence, and shall be glad to know your opinion. To us it seems amazing that so small an animal could not only swim the distance but also keep direction and land so undistressed.

Yours faithfully,
T. P. PARMETER.

31, Mosley Street,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

HOOKED THROUGH THE GILLS

SIR,—I had a similar experience with a sea trout several years ago. It was too early to start night fishing, but I made one short cast into the pool to let the gut soak, and left the rod lying on the bank. Some time later, when I picked up the rod, I was surprised to find a fish on, and in due course landed a sea trout of 2lb. The fly had gone in at the mouth and out by the right gill, and the hook had then looped itself over the gut, securely noosing the fish.

I suggest that Mr. Reid was fishing a very loose line, and the salmon, instead of turning down at once, came forward some distance after taking the fly, and so he felt nothing. I have had this happen when spinning, but in this case one feels the sudden cessation of any tension from the resistance of the bait. I mentioned this in my last book, *Modern Salmon and Sea-trout Fishing*. Alternatively, the salmon may have taken the fly fished deep without moving from its lie. It seems to suggest that fish, when they reject something taken, do not invariably "spit it out," but allow it to pass on through the gills.

Yours faithfully,
WEST COUNTRY.

Devon.

CHARTLEY CATTLE

SIR,—Mr. Eric Hardy says the Chartley cattle were never crossed. I have the head of one shot in Chartley Chase by my father. He said that it was from Lyme Park, Cheshire, and that it was an ox—which it looks like. The only reason I can think of for a Lyme Park ox to be in Chartley Chase is that its dam in calf was introduced for fresh blood, and that producing a bull calf, the purpose of this was to prevent too great admixture. There were only three of these wild cattle left at Lyme Park when I was a boy.

Yours faithfully,
G. E. MOULD.

The Grange,
Kimberworth,
Near Rotherham.

THE SPORTING DOG AND FIELD TRIAL CLUBS

SIR,—May I suggest that your readers refer to Volume VIII of the *Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book* for 1880, published 1881. Page 121 shows the club mentioned in the letter appearing in the *Field* of July 9th as the owner of the black and tan setter bitch, Belle II, and the club is stated to be at Kilvington, Thirsk, Yorks. On page 43 of the same volume is an account of Thirsk Field Trials, held by the Sporting Dog and Field Trial Clubs.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID WAGSTAFF.

Tuxedo Park,
New York.

HUNTING ON SNOWSHOES

SIR,—Is it possible to wear shoes with hobnails in the soles when using snowshoes? I am aware that in Canada moccasins are used, but in Scotland in deep snow snowshoes would, in places, be useful getting out after hinds, if one could wear brogues as well when one came to stony areas of hillsides, and had to climb.

Yours faithfully,
ENQUIRER.

Southampton.

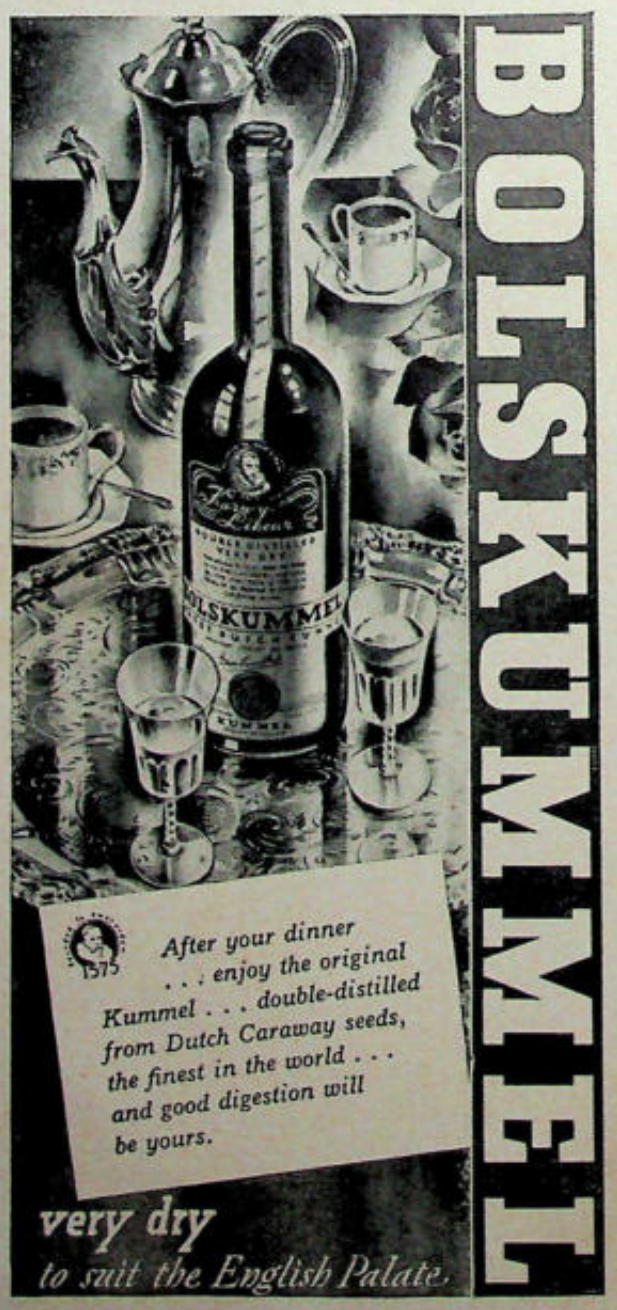
CLIMBING EELS

SIR,—If your correspondent wishes to assist the eels up the concrete dam, all he has to do is to fix a hay or straw rope at the edge of the stream at the top and let it reach to the water below and let the water run down it. This is the method used for helping the young eels, or elvers, up much higher walls.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM COATES.

Wellington Hotel,
Harrogate.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask your help for two sisters, well over 60, who are in great distress. For many years they ran a seaside apartment house with the aid of their younger sister, but after her sudden death they were forced to give up the enterprise. Lonely, without income and with rapidly dwindling savings, their situation is most precarious, for they have to wait three years before the elder lady is eligible for her old age pension. She, poor soul, is practically bedridden, and is devotedly nursed by her younger sister, who also does all the housework. With undaunted courage they are even trying to let their extra bedroom, for they are in terror of the future. The sum of 10/- weekly is urgently needed to keep these two poor ladies, and we plead for at least £20.



IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

IT is amazing how Stock Exchange prices react to industrial news according to the mood and temper of the markets. There has been clear illustration of this quite recently. In the first place I will mention interim dividends which came from Cammell Laird and Vickers, Ltd.

Standing on their own, interim dividend statements may not be highly important. They do, however, give some indication of the earning power and the view which the board of directors adopts concerning results for the twelve months. The two interim dividends I have just mentioned were rather exceptional.

In each case they were the first interims paid for many years. That, in itself, must be pleasing to holders of the securities, for they do get some indirect insight into the affairs of the concerns, although no profit statement or remarks are made by the directors.

When these interims came along markets happened to be in a very despondent mood due to political tension. The result was that the statements passed almost unheeded. Naturally investors in the companies derived some satisfaction but had no compensation in seeing any particular move in the price of their securities.

These dividend statements were followed a few days later by an increased dividend on the ordinary capital of United Steel Companies, Ltd. That came on a day when markets were in a more responsive mood. The immediate effect was to raise the price of the £1 ordinary by 3/- to 24/-. That move straightaway added £1,323,273 to the market capitalisation of the ordinary stock.

Current prices for iron and steel shares appear beggarly in comparison with those ruling in the early part of 1937. It is admitted that in practically every section of the Stock Exchange prices have tumbled seriously from the giddy heights of 1937. That has been only partly due to disturbed politics. Much has been made of trade recession in this country and it certainly looks as if current ideas of iron and steel values are far too low to-day even allowing that the tops of 1937 represented undue optimism.

United Steel Companies dividend for the year to June 30th is 10 per cent. against 8½ per cent. in the previous year. The Cammell Laird interim is 4 per cent. against 8½ per cent. for the whole of 1937. Vickers interim is also 4 per cent. Total dividend on Vickers ordinary for each of the previous two years was 10 per cent.

These distributions do not suggest recession on the part of the organisations. As a matter of fact they speak encouragement. It can be accepted that the directors would refrain from distributing profits if they considered the position and outlook adverse.

Yet we find United Steel Companies £1 units at 24/3 compared with 34/6 as the top last year. Vickers 10/- units are about 20/9, a level which compares with 39/3 as the best in 1937. Cammell Laird 5/- units are about 7/9 with a top last year of 17/7½. The inference is that those with courage to buy at current prices should see capital appreciation when markets become more normal.

These examples by no means exhaust the list of undue capital depreciation. I find in several quarters an opinion that John Brown 10/- ordinary are worth investment attention at a price of 28/9, which compares with 41/3 as a top in 1937. The company paid 17½ per cent., free of tax, for the year to March last against 15 per cent. the preceding year.

Many can be found who regard Hadfields 10/- ordinary as worthy of speculative investment attention at a price of 27/3. Here is a company known to be particularly well engaged on armament work. Distribution for 1937 was 22½ per cent. with earnings of about 32 per cent. The top price for the shares last year was 42/4½.

BREAKING CAMELS

IT has always been the custom of the Bactrian, or two-humped, camels at the London Zoo to work for their hay by giving rides to young visitors between their humps. To carry a burden is nothing new to these beasts, for, in the East, unlike their single-humped brothers, they are used as pack animals. Now, however, the authorities have decided to train one of their Arabian racing camels for the same purpose, and Sheik has been taken into hand by his keeper and is being prepared by stages for his ultimate task in life. At the moment he is being led about to accustom him to a bit, but the fun may begin when his dignity is insulted by having to carry his keeper. Breaking a horse to the saddle is not an unknown art to *Field* readers, but, much as we praise the Zoo's efforts to tap their natural resources, we are extremely glad that the breaking of racing camels does not come into our line of work.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN Kolkata 701227 Acc. No. 577 15/12/06

HEIGHT AND GOLF

Hitting, a Question of Forearms and Wrists

By E. R. TIPPLE

IS it necessary to be tall in order to be a good golfer? Is physical strength important? And, if so, where should one be particularly strong? How do professionals train for the game? These and other questions are being discussed as a result of the success of D. J. Rees in the recent *News of the World* match play tournament.

For the second time in three years this diminutive Welsh golfer has become the unofficial match-play champion of Great Britain. With the solitary exception of the Open Championship, no tournament is so difficult to win. Qualifying medal rounds are held in various parts of the country, then follow four consecutive days of matches. It is a gruelling test.

Rees must be one of the smallest first-class professionals in the world. His height is about 5ft. 6in., and he weighs very little more than 9st. Yet he contrives to hit the ball farther than most normal-sized persons; indeed, few golfers can outdrive him by many yards. It would appear that height is of little importance so far as playing really good golf is concerned. Braid, Compston, Barnes and Boomer are exceptions. They all were in the first flight in their time, and they all measured around 6ft. On the other hand, one can remember scores of little men who possessed outstanding playing ability. As examples, in addition to Rees, take Gene Sarazen, Bobby Cruickshank and P. J. Mahon. Lack of inches did not prevent them from being particularly successful. And they are not finished yet by any means. Those who saw the genial "Italian wizard," Sarazen, win the Open Championship at Prince's, Sandwich, in 1932, will never forget his astonishing display of skill over a links which has defeated many a big hitter.

It has been said that it is better "to be a good little 'un than a good big fellow." There seems to be some truth in that. No doubt the small golfer can keep his balance more easily when a wind is blowing than the tall man can. Height does not necessarily mean great length off the tee or with the iron clubs. I saw Rees reach the new thirteenth green at Walton Heath with a drive and a No. 2 iron, and that hole measures 530yds. in length.

Sarazen at his best was a master of the low iron shot. He used to astonish the spectators just as Rees amazes those who follow him to-day. How is this length obtained? What is the secret? Correct timing, velocity of the club-head at impact, tremendous strength in the forearms, wrists and hands. If you did not know that Rees was an expert, you would say that he ducked his body during the downward swing in a manner likely to produce ill results. This is a personal mannerism, so need not be regarded seriously; certainly it would not be worth copying. Rees swings the club quickly, but with absolute control, and he lashes at the ball with youthful vigour, always following through decisively.

All first-class professionals, whatever their size, have powerful forearms and wrists. Previous occupations have helped some of them in this direction. The brothers Whitcombe and S. C. King came of farming stock; Vardon, J. H. Taylor and Mitchell were at one time gardeners; Braid used to be a carpenter. No farmer, no gardener and no carpenter ever had weak wrists or lacked strength in the forearm.

The average player's physical powers are undeveloped. How can he obtain this desired extra strength and so improve his play? Henry Cotton believes that "The best exercise for golf is the golf swing." That advice is practical and sound. Many of us, however, cannot find the time to practise our swings with an ordinary club during the winter months. At home there is often little room to spare for such exercise. Short clubs, not 3ft. in length, can be obtained with the head specially weighted and when these are swung all the ordinary movements can be made. Thus practice can be carried out in confined areas, and if this method is regularly adopted the individual will be surprised at the beneficial results.

The professional golfer uses his left arm and hand, few amateurs do so properly. The right hand and arm are invariably the stronger, and so are apt to take command during the swing. To develop the left hand and arm the best exercise is, again, the swing. I remember watching the Open Champion, R. A. Whitcombe, practising in his shop at Parkstone. He swings a club daily for several minutes, gripping with the left hand only. He does not do this slackly, but concentrates on carrying out the swing correctly just as if he were using his ordinary double-handed grip.

The best and most used exercise for increasing the power of the wrists is to practise swinging two or three clubs at the same time. One word of warning. This should not be carried out for any long period of time. A little goes a long way, and it is as bad a mistake to practise too much as not to practise at all.

Strong wrists and forearms not only help the player in the long game, but are of great assistance for those awkward short pitches and run-up shots. Rees is an adept around the greens. At Walton Heath he saved himself time and again with wonderful pitch shots, often from very difficult positions, the ball stopping within a few feet. Such strokes cannot be played with slack wrists. The ball must be hit crisply, and there is never anything indecisive about Rees's game. The ordinary golfer, either through lack of physical strength or just because he cannot make up his mind to be bold, is rarely firm enough with strokes of this kind.

Never before in the final of any important tournament have there been two such small opponents as Rees and E. E. Whitcombe. Both sons of professionals, both only recently appointed to clubs themselves, and both exactly the same age, they have something else of far more importance in common—outstanding skill with the putter. Lest it be thought that I have laid too great a stress on long driving and physical powers, I would point out that without their astonishing displays on the greens, these two young experts would not have reached the final.

Against his uncle, the champion, young Whitcombe played in such a disrespectful manner and with such assurance that one would have been pardoned at concluding that he was the title-holder himself. Putts of all lengths went down with ease, and his new club—with the popular square grip—certainly achieved a worthy baptism. Rees treated his opponents in a similar manner. The little men on the links have a champion whose example can be copied.

IN TOUCH

A Preparatory School Homily

LAST week railway termini all over the country were brightened by every variety of multi-coloured cap, tie and blazer, for young Britain had come to an end of summer holidays and was in the throes of making its way back to school.

Although it has absolutely nothing to do with Rugby football, I cannot resist remarking upon the queer scene a school train presents, with its freight of young humanity. There is the wretched new boy going to his Preparatory School, trying hard not to weep in front of his sisters; the rather scared annoyance of another who, on his departure for a first term at a Public School, objects strongly to his mother's constant warnings as to the inadvisability of lying on the damp ground after a hot game. A third—and I may say the most unpleasant—is he who has found his feet, and therefore becomes a lordly, all-sufficient young snob, smiling cynically at the various "new bugs" who are to have the misfortune of travelling in the same compartment as himself.

Lastly, of course, there is that exclusive coterie of young gentlemen—captains and kings when they enter their houses once more—who stand somewhat apart and argue dogmatically, from a most imperfect knowledge of the salient facts, as to whether So-and-so is likely to get a blue at Cambridge.

I remarked that this has nothing to do with Rugby football. Perhaps I am wrong, for among this motley crowd stands potential Rugby brilliance. The homesick youngster who does not wish to weep before his sisters may yet thrill these same maidens by a glorious try at Twickenham; or at least he may prove himself to be a useful member of a first-class Club side, providing he is properly trained during his schooldays.

Now here is the whole problem. By "properly trained in his schooldays" I do not only mean training when he arrives at his Public School, for by then he has quite probably been made or marred.

It is on the "five hundred acres of parkland high up in the Dorset hills" which surround his Preparatory School, and where the game is constantly in abeyance that the blood and tears of early efforts may be assuaged, that the International is born.

If a small boy starts Rugby rightly he will progress, but once allow him to become frightened, and then bawl at him for shirking a tackle, or leave him in doubt as to why he should keep behind the ball and not go plunging all over the field, and he will probably never rise far.

A youngster is much more reserved and shy than some people realise, and as often as not will say he understands what is expected of him if he thinks he may appear foolish by admitting his ignorance, when, in fact, nothing is farther from the truth.

It is like a snowball. Because he does not understand, he thinks he dare not ask; because he dare not ask, he goes wrong again; because he goes wrong again, he is shouted at; and because he is shouted at, he is even more fearful of inquiry. Thus, by the age of fourteen, he has learnt to perfection the art of imitating others and of keeping well in the middle of a hurly-burly in the hope that he will kill two birds with one stone by appearing to be doing some stout work in the maul, and by keeping clear of anything which needs individual brilliance. All these years he has been learning to sing in his heart a song I once heard, containing the words:

"I don't like rugger a bit,
I don't like rugger a bit—
My mother was right when she said it was rough,
Others may like it but I've had enough.
I don't like rugger a bit."

The boy goes to his Public School with an inferiority complex which condemns him to the slough of the "C's" and "D's", where he remains with other unfortunates, bereft of all enthusiasm, until he makes an inglorious Rugby exit from school life. Quite naturally, now that it is no longer compulsory to play, he drops out of the game altogether, and is lost to his Old Boys' team or to one or other of the nearby Clubs.

Quite understandably, at the beginning of schooldays, it is the best developed boy and the most courageous (the latter quality is so often born of the former) who soars into the lead, and it is all too easy to neglect the careful groundwork of the majority, for an over-interest in the few paragons. Brawn and courage are valuable—indeed, the latter at any rate, is essential—but they are both of little value without intelligence, and that is a quality which does not always go in partnership with the other two. The more slightly built lad may possess the brains his more exuberant fellows lack, and when he has broadened out, may eclipse them all.

The task of the Preparatory schoolmaster is exacting, and, quite frankly, seldom very inspiring—he sows where others reap. None the less, he may justly claim the gratitude of the Rugby football world if his task is well done. Praise is given to the Public Schools for many outstanding players of the day, praise which more rightly belongs to those who first hacked and hewed at the raw materials.

L. N. R.

Obtainable from all leading Hotels, Restaurants and Wine Merchants.

New Books

THE FUTURE OF URBANISM

A History of "The Good Life"

The Culture of Cities. By LEWIS MUMFORD. (Secker & Warburg; 21/-.)

"MEN come together in cities in order to live; they remain together in order to live the good life." Aristotle spoke these words a very long time ago. They are noble words and in Aristotle's day they clothed a noble ideal. To-day? Well, any man who spoke those words to-day would be a cynic beyond reform. For to-day we know that but the smallest fragments of that ideal are fulfilled in the modern world; to-day we know that barbarism and despair are rife in a world which has substituted ideology for ideal.

But Mr. Mumford takes those words as the starting point of his book and he ends with them. His book is a noble book, as noble in its concept as the ideal which Aristotle put into words. He starts with a full-length description of the mediæval town. Towns then were dominated by the cathedral and the market square. The church and trade ruled. Learning, to a very large extent, went hand in hand with commerce. The mediæval town had few ideas on sanitation, and the church rigid ideas on commerce, but the town then was not too bad a place. That town gave place, with the rise of national spirit, to a city ruled by the army and the army's rulers—the bureaucracy. And that one can well imagine was not a pleasant city for the ordinary civilian. And then came the industrial revolution and what Mr. Mumford calls Coke Town. This is really the key section of the book. It was then that men first went mad for money. But a few made the money—millions suffered for the madness. These industrial cities are not cities at all—but dung-heaps of brick and mortar, thrown up not as refuges for the people living in them, but as offerings to the machines that feed on them. And after Coke Town (but Coke Town has not vanished) came what Mr. Mumford calls Megalopolis—the city of prestige, the city of credit finance, the bastard child of Coke Town—London, Paris, New York, Berlin, Chicago—congested, decivilised, devitalised, barren of light, air, health, initiative.

And after Megalopolis? Whither go we? To Tyrannopolis? That Fascist city of straight lines and straight rules, that cubist nightmare of rigidity in thought and action that a few years back seemed impossible; and now is not so impossible? Perhaps. And thence to Necropolis, the city of the dead, along the broad highway of war and revolution and starvation and disease. And again perhaps.

But Mr. Mumford sees another city. He stands as the prophet of a new world. He sees a new creative order, a city abundant in life, a city thriving, instead of throttling, on the technical advances of modern science. And that is his book.

I have said it is a great book. I could go on saying that, and yet never convey what it is that I really feel about the book. It is a book that makes you think, a book that you put down but cannot forget even for a moment, so that almost immediately you are picking it up again and reading enthralled. A great book. Yet in some way a disappointing book, for to my mind too little stress has been laid on the human element—and even that may have been deliberate.

That this modern city of ours is indefensible is surely beyond contradiction. You have but to live in London, to travel in London tubes in rush hours, to board London buses, to realise just how indefensible. You see young men and old, young women and old, herd on and herd off; you see tired faces, dull unintelligent eyes, bowed shoulders and flat feet; you see human machines. You see the progeny of Coketown living in Coketown's progeny Megalopolis. You see—if you have eyes to see—all the elements of tragedy. The results of that tragedy can result—in this age of civilisation—only in Tyrannopolis and then Necropolis. It is easy enough to talk of new cities and new creative forces. The elements of the tragedy lie deeper than that. You can remove the elements of tragedy only by removing the Coketown complex—and that is a greater problem. At the moment science has conquered men. Mankind must conquer science; all mankind—the little man in the bowler hat, the little typist with her rouge and her high heels and her "boys," no less than the big man behind his cigar.

Mr. Mumford is not as concerned with this human element as I, for one, would wish. And yet it is through the reading of his book that I am so conscious of the human element. I have been unconsciously conscious for a long while, for I, a countryman, have been pitchforked into the stress of tube strap-hanging and have not yet entirely lost the independence of mind that belongs to the high downs and the changing seasons. But it was Mr. Mumford that brought home to me the greatest sore in the "great wen."

I can only say, again, a great book.

B. V-F.

* * * *

Nothing but Dogs. By A. F. BARKER. Illustrated by the Author (A. & C. Black; 10/6).

Whether or not you already know a good deal about dogs, you will find here a book of enthralling interest. Mr. Barker knows his subject about as well as it can be known, and deals with most breeds from dachshund to deerhound, or perhaps I should say from papillon to bull mastiff. Not only are we given in most readable form a great deal of information about the feeding and care of dogs of all kinds, but the author has also dealt in some detail with the characteristics of each individual breed, and this will be of great assistance to any prospective dog owner. I am sure his excellent drawings of all dogs, especially the adorable ones of puppies with their "trousers" falling off, will appeal greatly to all dog lovers, grown-ups and children alike.

V. R.

* * * *

Introducing Britain. By various authors. (George Allen & Unwin; 7/6.)

We have lately had a glut of books on Britain. The more urbanised we become the more we look to the country; the more we long to get there; the more we turn to the countryside writer. As a result, countryside writers have increased vastly and countryside books are legion. This is certainly not an outstanding one. It is no better than some, no worse than others; it is, indeed, saved from mediocrity only by the writing of Thomas Burke—on London!—and the few, but remarkable, photographs. Two years ago this would have been a very good book. To-day it is by no means a bad one. As propaganda for tourists it is no doubt excellent.

C. N.

* * * *

Grassroot Jungles. By EDWIN WAY TEALE. (Putnam; 15/-.)

Have you ever thought of exploring in your own back garden? It is quite good fun—even in a London suburb—and with Mr. Teale it is jolly good fun. You see, Mr. Teale has a much more entertaining garden than you will find anywhere in England, and Mr. Teale has a camera and a very good camera at that, and he can (plenty of people with good cameras can't) take jolly good photographs. So far so good; but there is more. Mr. Teale is a first-class entomologist, and you cannot (unless, I suppose, you are yourself a first-class entomologist) read one page of this book without enlarging your knowledge of the insect world. And that surely is the hall-mark of any serious work on natural history. For English readers, whose main interest naturally lies with English insects, there is much in this book about insects which is beyond the scope of our island wild life. For true naturalists that will prove to be but an added incentive to buy the book. By-the-bye, this is most definitely a book to buy—if you borrow it from a library you will certainly find yourself paying for it sooner or later—if only for the photographs. The photographs are by far the best of their kind I have seen—and there are few I have not seen.

B. V-F.

* * * *

We Were in the Ark. By GEOFFREY HOLME. (Studio Publications; 6/-.)

This is, at first glance, a volume more suitable for the nursery than the library; but on closer investigation it is obviously a book to be enjoyed by everyone from the age of seven or thereabouts upwards.

What must be the oldest club in the world was inaugurated, it appears, at the time of the Flood, when feeling among the animals ran high owing to widespread discontent with the treatment accorded to them by Man. This discontent was forcibly, but in strictly alphabetical order, expressed at the Extraordinary General Meeting of the Ark Club, and the record permits us to see ourselves as a number of the leading members see us. The meeting, under the chairmanship of Mr. Lion, was a very lively one, and it is to be regretted that the proceedings were brought to such a very disorderly conclusion.

We are indebted to the author not only for some very frank opinions of Man, as expressed by the animal fraternity, but also for some excellent portraits of the club premises and of some of the more distinguished members.

This book is really great fun, and can be heartily recommended to anyone who can join in a laugh at his own expense.

V. R.

* * * *

Right into the Heart of the Amazon. By EARL PARKER HANSON (Gollancz; 12/6).

Mr. Hanson's expedition to Manaos was a scientific one. He was sent by the Carnegie Institution to study at various given points (set up many years previously by other explorers) "terrestrial magnetism." A host of knowledge lies in those two words, but the author has refrained from writing upon the subject. Only in his last chapter does he lightly explain why terrestrial magnetism should be studied.

But Mr. Hanson made a very interesting journey, apart from his work. He travelled in 1931-33, a time when Venezuela and Brazil were undergoing most disturbed conditions. Mr. Hanson, in addition to the normal difficulties of a traveller, was encumbered by much luggage of a valuable nature. He made his way along the Negro River from place to place, gathering his food and credentials as he went, and struggling to keep his health, or at least sufficient strength to work his instruments. He was appalled at the state of malnutrition among the whites and natives all along the river. His own supply of quinine could have been used many times, and he suffered for his generosity. Lack of fresh foods is the author's reason for this state of ill-health, and he visualises improved conditions with the reed land used for food production and the "white" man ready to colonise in the true sense of the word: at present his position is decadent, the civilisation is falling back, and the boom of the rubber kings, with their mansions built with stone from Europe, has long since fallen.

Here, too, is probably the first real account of that romantic figure, Tomas Funes. His name is still too great a terror in the Orinoco territory for anyone to speak freely of him, but Mr. Hanson gleaned a little knowledge of his reign in power, and has since been able to add to his supply. It is the tale of a remarkable "dictatorship" which makes particularly interesting reading to-day.

This is most definitely a good book. It is written by an American who was seeing the country with fresh eyes. Missionaries, the British, Whites and Blacks, are all examined, weighed and summed up with an open mind. Here is the spirit of wide vision which is not easily developed in Europe to-day.

C. N.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Rather a grim little play is *Frozen Glory*, by Leslie and Sewell Stokes (Secker & Warburg; 3/6). The situation is not very original—six stormbound with their food supplies almost exhausted. But the play grips and the characters are good. An opportunity for fine acting.

Once again the Annual of Camera Art—(*Modern Photography*, 1938-9, edited by C. G. Holme (Studio; 7/6)—has made its welcome appearance. Comparisons are odious, but this number has some truly exquisite pictures which outshine their predecessors. The colour film work is intensely interesting and the commercial subjects show a striking presentation of facts combined with beauty.

POINTERS AND SETTERS AT PYNES

FINE weather favoured the Devon and Cornwall Pointer and Setter Society's working trials on September 14th and 15th. They were held on Lady Rosalind Northcote's and adjoining estates, at the Pynes, near Exeter. Mr. W. East and Captain Conway Williams were the judges, and Major Anstey and Major Knight Bruce were the official guns, with Mr. H. Tresawna, the secretary.

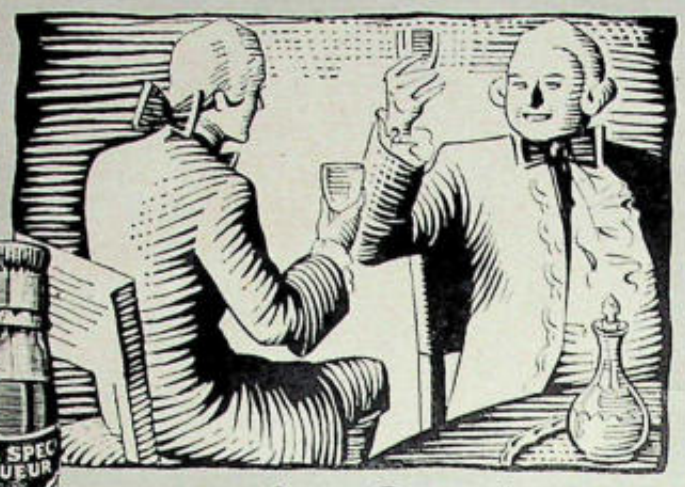
The Novice and Brace Stakes were run on the first day, and the Open and Qualifying on the second day. Mrs. R. M. Foot's Beorcham Welcome, winner of last year's Field Trial Championship, won the Open event. Welcome ran a perfect trial, showing pace, nose and style, and being absolutely obedient to its handler's orders, and gave the spectators a real treat in setter work in his second round. Placed second was Mrs. F. Nagle's Irish setter dog, Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or, Field Trial Champion this year, who worthily upheld his great reputation as a game finder and gundog. In each of his heats he showed nose and perfect breaking. Carswell Orangeman, Mrs. A. Badenach-Nicholson's English setter, and a winner in the Kennel Club this year, was placed third. He gave a fine display, always going sensibly and looking for game, and showing nose in a most charming style on point. Reserve was Tiverton White Cloud, Mr. Miller's and Miss Moir's pointer, a dog just out of puppyhood, but of the highest class, both in work and looks.

In the Novice Stake, birds were rather scarce at the start, but improved later. First, Captain Colville's pointer Penheale Donald found a covey in very fine style in the first round in a root field. He also got in a very nice point in the second heat and won the stake. Close behind him was Mr. Miller's and Miss Moir's pointer bitch Tiverton White Coral, who did some perfect work, but the winner just beat her. Another nice pointer was Penheale Vixen, placed third. Mrs. A. Badenach-Nicholson's pointer bitch, Carswell Pride, was reserve.

Mrs. Nagle's Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or and Sulhamstead Vie D'Or were first in the Brace Stakes, with Mrs. Holt's Keane O'Moy and Rosina O'Moy second; both braces Irish setters. The pointers, Tiverton Falcon and Tiverton Bronze, were not as well matched and want more brace experience.

Mr. Braddon's red Irish setter, Red Guide of Ide, was awarded a working certificate. The cup for the best handler went to Mr. G. H. Abbott.

ESTABLISHED 1760.



for Quality

Should you enjoy the better things of life here is one that costs no more than its inferiors. Insist on

SANDEMAN'S

V.V.O. SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

If your merchant does not stock it write direct to Messrs. SANDEMAN & SONS, Ltd., 25-27 Forth St., EDINBURGH

THE "WESTFIELD" SPORTING JACKET

Specially designed for **SHOOTING, FISHING and OTHER FIELD SPORTS**

APPEALS by reason of the distinguished simplicity of its design and the delightful sense of Comfort and Freedom that waits on all Arm and Shoulder movements.

WORN with Knickers, it is equally suitable for Shooting, Golfing, Fishing, &c. — whilst there is nothing to mar its fitness for ordinary countryside wear — with trousers it makes an ideal Travel Suit.

Illustrated List on application

WEST & SON, LTD.

ORIGINATORS OF "PLUS-FOURS"

FIELD HOUSE, 152, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: "PLUSFOURS, WESDO, LONDON." Cables: "PLUSFOURS, LONDON."

"Most ornithologists are bores, even, one suspects, to other ornithologists, but Ernest Lewis was not."—V. S. PRITCHETT (*Bystander*).

IN SEARCH OF THE GYR-FALCON

An Account of a Trip to North-West Iceland

By *ERNEST LEWIS*. 12/6d net.

With a Memoir of the Author and 24 Photographs.

Birmingham Post.—"To naturalists the book is of value, for he was able to observe a large variety of rare sea-birds. To the reader with a taste for travel this journey presents a first-rate tale of adventure."

Constable

FIRE PROTECTION

Are you sure that your fire-fighting and life-saving arrangements are adequate? If there is a doubt, consult

MERRYWEATHERS

63, Long Acre, W.C.2

Experienced Fire Protection Engineers will attend to advise

Are you well dressed BENEATH YOUR SUIT?

A man who takes pride in the thought that he is well dressed pays just as much attention to the fit, quality and workmanship of his underwear as he does to that of his suit. Braemar are makers of fine underwear that comes up to the well-dressed man's standards. Braemar Underwear for Men is sold at most good shops and stores at prices from 10/6 a garment.

PLEASE SEND ME *the new leaflet* 'Why You Should Wear Wool,' *containing full particulars of Braemar Underwear for Men.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

F. 1/10/38

BRAEMAR

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

AND AT AXTELL HOUSE, WARWICK STREET, LONDON, W.1

You will be well in wool

KNIPHOFIAS IN THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS AT WISLEY

The Country House

THE OCTOBER BORDER

Colourful Late-Flowering Plants

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE October border is becoming a feature in many gardens, especially as August and September are holiday months. It is a comparatively modern development, for the glory of the herbaceous border used to be over by the end of September.

The late-flowering Michaelmas Daisies are very fine. One of the best of the newer varieties is Wonder of Staffa. It is a hybrid of *A. Frikartii*, but it is larger and better and quite a foot taller. I think it will soon be in every garden. Although listed for so long in most catalogues, *A. Thomsonii* is still far from commonly grown, yet this delightful Aster has the merit of flowering continuously from July till November. A first-rate front-row plant growing about 15in. to 18in. high, with big pale blue flowers, it associates delightfully with Gladioli.

Amongst the tall-growing Asters the pick of the late-flowering new varieties are Blue Gown, which grows nearly 6ft. high with branching stems and rich blue flowers, and Spire, with flowers quite 3in. across and a beautiful pyramidal habit of growth. In common with all varieties of branching growth both these need plenty of space and should never be allowed to produce more than a few stems to each plant. If only three stems are left to develop, Spire flowers right down to the ground, a much more attractive sight than a mass of stems bare of flowers except at the top. Mulberry, which is perfectly described by its name, grows 4ft. high. Amongst the other October flowering Asters the following are, I think, the best: Ruby Tips, Maid of Colwall, Queen Mary, Rosette, Brightest and Best, Harmony, Taplow Spire (generally regarded as the best of the new pinks), Heather Glow. All of these grow about 4ft. high. The new Petunia grows only about 3ft. high and associates well with the lavender flowers of Owen Wells, which grows about the same height.

Kniphofias always look well with Asters. The old *K. maxima globosa* is grand, attaining quite 7ft. and flowering throughout October and November. It associates well with late-flowering tall Asters such as the universally grown Climax, King of the Belgians and Sam Banham (a white seedling of Climax). *K. erecta*, which grows a little over 3ft. high, begins flowering in August, but it goes on usually till the end of October; so do the semperflorens hybrids.

The latest flowering Heleniums are Chipperfield Orange and *H. rubrum*. Crimson Beauty, though it grows only 18in. high, is invaluable, for it flowers from June to the end of October. *Heliopsis incomparabilis* is also indispensable. Then there is that fine old Lobelia, *L. cardinalis*, which, unlike the new hybrids, usually flowers all through a fine October. It associates well with the late-flowering Gypsophilas, *G. Oldhamiana* and *G. pacifica*. Both these Gypsophilas are pink flowered and both grow the same height as *L. cardinalis*, *i.e.*, about 3ft. *L. cardinalis* needs to be put in groups to look effective. *Aconitum Wilsoni* is in most gardens, the best form being Barker's, which is taller than the type and has richer blue flowers. Gaillardias are always showy, the best being the Monarch hybrids. The tallest growing, however, is The King. The latest flowering Rudbeckias are *R. nitida Herbstonne* (6ft.) and the new Monplaisir, which has flowers nearly 5in. across (3ft.). The Japanese Anemones are dubbed as weeds by many folk, but in October one is thankful for them, and the white varieties help to lighten the border. The white-flowered single kind is always lovely and Kriemhilde, with pretty semi-double red flowers, grows quite as tall. Most of the red and pink kinds are not so tall-growing.

Anthemis Sancta Johannis is amongst the indispensable border plants, for it flowers from May to October and into November in a mild season. The best form is Well's variety, which grows well over 2ft. high with flowers about 3in. across. *Salvia azurea grandiflora* is an old favourite that might be more commonly grown. Its long racemes of rich blue flowers are always attractive and the plant has a pleasant old-fashioned look. *Scabiosa caucasica*, both the type and the white variety, usually flower well into October, but the lovely powder-blue Constancy does not last as a rule longer than September.

The Geums usually flower well through October, notably *G. Borisii* which, on our sandy Surrey soil, goes on till nearly Christmas. *G. rivale*, Leonard's variety can, as a rule, also be relied upon to flower at least till the end of October. The only trouble with *G. rivale* is that it increases so rapidly and has to be divided up every two years. It is a first-rate front-row plant because its foliage is so handsome. Senecios are rather too coarse growing for the average border, but *S. pulcher* is valuable not only for its late flowering (usually till nearly the end of October in the south) but also because it grows not much over 2ft. high and the flowers are so striking.

On light soils Pentstemons go on flowering profusely till well into November and look particularly well if the cherry red and mauve varieties are grown together. As for the cheery little button Chrysanthemums, they usually flower when every other flower is dashed with wind and rain till the middle of December.

THE ART OF THATCHING

OF all rural occupations the most mysterious and highly skilled are perhaps thatching, charcoal burning, hedge laying and timber felling, and these trades are said to be declining.

Regrettably true, but are the arts to be lost for ever? Of course not; one of the things that we have learnt in the twentieth century is that progress and knowledge lies in the future and not in the past.

Charcoal burning during the War was carried out under the direction not of a skilled burner, but of an observant and intelligent officer. Thatching in a similar manner is equally capable of being undertaken by the intelligent though inexperienced.

Except in Norfolk, where reeds are used, the materials required are wheat straw (it takes 7cwt. per square of roof surface), tarred string of the thickness of binder twine, cleft hazel cut to the size of bean sticks and cleft into two or three wands.

The tools required are a pitchfork to handle the straw, an iron needle 1ft. 6in. long with an eye large enough to take the string, a pair of sheep shears to trim the eaves, a ladder capable of reaching to the ridge of the building to be thatched, and a special rake made like a large hair comb of a length of 3ft. with wire teeth set ¾in. apart and continuing for half the length of the rake. This rake is used to comb the loose straw from the finished roof.

Methods vary considerably in different parts of the country, and while the best methods give a roof lasting 20 years or more, the inferior methods result in a life of little more than half this period. To decide the best method to adopt it is necessary to consider the theory of thatching.

When a hay stack or straw rick is thatched the layer of straw is held in position by rows of thatch rods traversing the roof in a horizontal direction, usually two at the ridge and two or sometimes one at the eaves. In addition rods are placed in three or four rows round the hips or gables. These rods are held in position by hazel staples formed by taking a piece of rod 1ft. 6in. long, giving it a twisting bend to form a U shape, sharpening the ends and cutting the rod partly through to form barbs, so that when the staple is placed over a rod and then pushed into the rick it is retained in position by the barbs.

When thatching a building it is possible to have access to the under side of the thatch, so that the rod method of securing the thatch can be augmented and to a large extent replaced by the stronger method of securing the straw to the rafters and battens by sewing with string.

The principle of thatching buildings is, therefore, to commence at the eaves and lay a continuous carpet of straw, which should be from 7in. to 9in. thick, and when the ridge is reached the top layers are butted together and secured with rods, or the ridge is capped over with straw and secured with rods as will later be described. The important point is that the roof straw is firmly sewn on to the rafters.

Thatch has two great enemies. The wind is the more serious. A light material like straw is very liable to be lifted by the wind. This lifting tendency is most noticeable on a flat surface, which aerodynamic research has proved to cause eddies that are not produced on a curved surface. This is the modern justification for the age-old custom of the best thatchers to vary the thickness of the thatch, increasing it in the middle of the roof slope so that the finished roof presents a curved and rounded appearance like the bellying of a yacht's sail.

The other serious enemy of thatch is birds and small rodents, which burrow into the thatch for nesting purposes. To combat them all thatch should be covered with ¾in. mesh wire netting.

Penetration of water into a well-thatched roof is not considerable. None will pass right through, but on a wet day inspection at the eaves will show that penetration into the thatch itself is confined to the uppermost 4in. This indicates that at about the middle of the roof only the top 2in. or so will be saturated, but this depends upon the slope: 45 degrees is the best angle, but 40 degrees is quite satisfactory, any slope less than that requiring an extra thickness of thatch.

A future article will describe the process of thatching and the special treatment of eaves, hips, ridges, gables, verges, valleys and abutments of chimney breasts. Before considering details there is a word of warning with regard to the straw. Use only wheat straw. Oat and barley straw are neither so stiff nor so resistant to decay. Get the best and longest wheat straw and lay it on the roof with the stalk ends and *not* the heads protruding.

The practice of some thatchers to mix the straw and have some heads and some butts protruding has nothing to recommend it, and increases the risk of wind damage.

REGINALD DAVEY.

NOTABLE NUMBERS

THE HOUSE OF AGNES — 71, St. Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, traditionally associated with Charles Dickens and said to be the original of Mr. Wickfield's "very old house, bulging out over the road."

Notable, in matters of smoking, is that other famous number—Player's No. 3. It is a number with definite associations . . . the mellowness, the distinctive flavour and aroma of a *finer quality* cigarette.

PLAYER'S No. 3 are supplied either plain or cork-tipped so ask for which you prefer.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

Men's CHILPRUFE UNDERWEAR

There are Vests, with short sleeves and button front, several athletic shapes. Pants, several styles in Trunk Drawers, also Combinations and Pyjamas.

It's a man's underwear, is CHILPRUFE. Friendly, but knows its place—and keeps it. Doesn't remind you of its presence by discomfort or restriction. Feels good . . . looks good. Soft as silk, but wears like whipcord. And comforting! Why, with CHILPRUFE PURE WOOL next the skin you just lose interest in the prevailing wind.

What else do you want to know? Well, does it mean anything that each garment is *cut and completed by hand?* There's fit . . . there's finish, if you like! Three weights of fabric, too—and a choice of colours. Try it? Good!

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT.

Please ask your Outfitter for the NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

CHILPRUFE LIMITED

Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
Managing Director: GEO. E. HUBBARD

LEICESTER

CORDINGS

WATERPROOF BOOTS

For shooting, fishing, and for general country wear

"I walked in my 'Newmarket' Boots yesterday for 6 hours in pouring rain on moors and through bogs, etc., and was the only person with completely dry feet at the end of the day."—H. L.

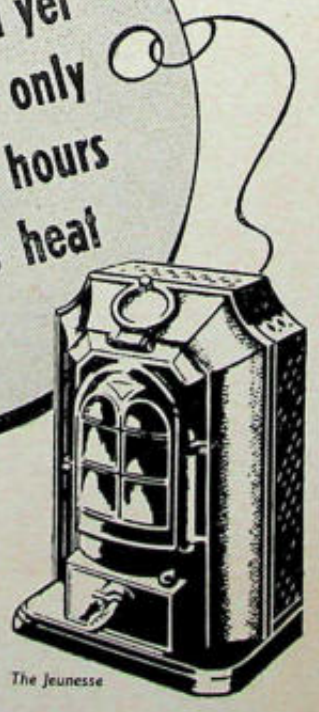
THESE BOOTS SAFEGUARD HEALTH

The tops are made of a tough-wearing tan twill interlined with a stout layer of pure rubber. Special tan leather covers the foot-part and the sole leather is the very best.

May we send you our boot list or a pair of our Newmarket Boots on approval? For size please give pencilled outline of foot in sock or state size of boot worn.

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

It is worth a lot to be REALLY WARM yet with an ESSE it only costs 3d for 24 hours continuous heat

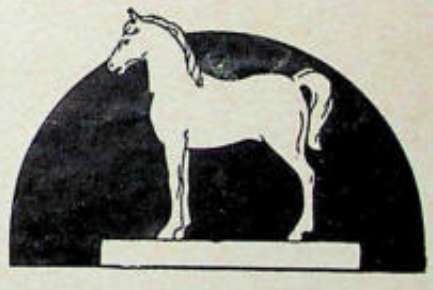


The Jeunesse

ESSE PATENT STOVES

ESSE slow-burning Anthracite Stoves provide the cheapest method of heating known. They are trouble-free, with no smoke, fumes or dust. ESSE stoves are available in various styles, colours and finishes. Write for illustrated catalogue and details of ESSE hire purchase plan to Dept. F.S.2

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
Established 1854
LONDON: 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4 & 63 Conduit Street, W.1
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place.
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place. GLASGOW: 11 Dixon Street, C.1



Ask for WHITE HORSE as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

GARDEN POOLS—II

Preserving a Balance Between Animal and Vegetable Life

By F. AUSTIN WATSON

I ENDEAVOURED to explain in my last article the necessity for preserving a balance between animal and vegetable life in a garden pool, in order that the whole community may remain happy and healthy in clear, sweet water, the aim and object of every pondkeeper. Much depends upon the type of life chosen, of course, and I propose to deal more intimately with that now.

I stressed the necessity for oxygenation by plants. The best plants in a fairly wide group for this work are *Elodea crispa* and *Myriophyllum spicatum*, both of which grow entirely submerged and, apart from their invaluable contribution to the self-management, offer admirable shelter to baby fishes when these come along in the normal course of events. Common names for these two are Canadian Water Weed (though this should, more correctly, be applied to *Elodea canadensis*, of which *crispa* is a sub-species) and Milfoil respectively. The *Elodea* has very long stems, occasionally branched, with narrow reflexed leaves thickly clothing them, while the Milfoil has even denser, hair-like, finely-divided leaves.

Somewhat resembling the latter in its submerged foliage, but most distinct in its aerial foliage and flowers, is the Water Violet, *Hottonia palustris*, which is an excellent oxygenator so far as its submerged foliage is concerned, while giving an added attraction with its white to lavender flowers thrust anything up to a foot above the surface. The latter prefers a depth not exceeding 18in., whereas the two former will tackle almost any depth. There are many others, of course, but these three are in popular use owing to their great efficacy, and do not come into the category of plants chosen for their beauty so much as utility. Oxygenation is the one point to bear in mind with these submerged plants, many of which have no decorative value whatever.

Then comes the question of sub-aquatics. The usual procedure is to allow the same number of plants as there are square feet to the surface area, dividing this number into three or four, allowing a third or a quarter submerged plants, and the

THE MARSH MARIGOLD (*CALTHA PALUSTRIS*)
Also known as King Cup, this most attractive plant has bright green foliage and golden yellow flowers, being a most excellent plant for carpeting between taller aquatics

remainder sub-aquatics. This term is applied to a tremendous group of plants which root in soil with their crowns submerged under a certain depth of water. The majority prefer shallow water, 6in. or so being admirable, while certain of them, such as Lilies and the nuphars, will stand from 2ft. to 4ft. of water.

Their value in the pool cannot be over-estimated. Their powerful roots and great appetites account for most of the waste matter in a pool, the roots converting the rubbish such as falling leaves, fish excreta, &c., into a harmless detritus after extracting their own nourishment therefrom. It is almost impossible to use too many of them, though Water Lilies should be chosen with circumspection, for many are too powerful for one another, and in most smaller pools it is better to rely upon one or two only for central pool attraction and surface shade, innumerable upright sub-aquatics being stocked round the shallow planting border to which I referred in my last article.

Such a large choice is available, and most people have their preferences for colour and character, that it is difficult for me, in the space available,

THE FLOWERING RUSH (*BUTOMUS UMBELLATUS*)
Sometimes referred to as the Water Gladiolus, this is a magnificent sub-aquatic adapted for 6in. or so of water. Its foliage is dark green and triangular, while its delightful rose-coloured flowers are carried in large umbels at the heads of bold leafless stems

to refer to many, but chief among the most delightful of sub-aquatics are the Sagittarias or Arrowheads, with spearhead leaves and lovely white flowers, *Macrophylla* and *Japonica plena* being particularly lovely. *Thalia dealbata* is noteworthy for its magnificent foliage of glaucous blue, carried on stems from 4ft. to 6ft. high, while *Glyceria spectabilis variegatus*, with its yellow, white and green striped foliage, should never be overlooked.

The Zebra Rush (*Scirpus zebrinus*) is very attractive also, possessing the most unusual (in plants) feature of being striped horizontally in pale green and yellow bands. Many of the Irises are essentially sub-aquatic in character, too, while the native English plants *Acorus calamus* (Sweet Water Flag), Flowering Rush (*Butomus umbellatus*) and Water Plaintain (*Alisma plantago*) are always worthy of a place. The Bog Bean is a useful carpeting plant, as is the always lovely little *Mimulus ringens*, for filling in the gaps between the taller sub-aquatics, and our native Marsh Marigold has some lovely varieties, notably *Caltha palustris plena* and *alba*, to serve the same admirable purpose. Touching on the loveliest of all, the Water Lilies, by expressing my inability to discuss this terrific subject in the space at my disposal, I cannot leave the plant subject without a reference to *Pontederia cordata*, a lovely sub-aquatic possessing that rare virtue among water plants, blue flowers.

Fish are not so large a subject. Many of our native fish such as perch, pike, &c., do not make good pool fish, and have little attraction about them. The Continental species and varieties known as "coloured domesticated fish," stand, and have always stood, pre-eminent for their beauty, hardiness and tameness. For those preferring the common goldfish, much too well known to need description, I would say that on purchasing them make sure they are well acclimatised, for thousands die off in their first few months in this country.

The golden orfe, finest of all pool fish and the hardiest, with his regal bearing and salmon yellow body reaching a length of up to 20in., always looks magnificent when cruising barely submerged, snapping at flies, &c., as is the habit of all surface feeders. The golden carp, resembling the goldfish but distinguished from it by its barbels, is as good, if not better, than the goldfish, but possesses the same, to me, bad habit of submerging deeply too much, a thing the orfe does not do. Much smaller, but infinitely attractive and possessing the advantage of being bred in England and needing no acclimatising, is the shubunkin, offshoot of the goldfish, available in a myriad colours—pink, white, red, gold, black, blue and every variation of these.

Remember the rule of stocking with ample vegetation, and go to the other extreme in stocking with fish. To be really safe, and ignoring all rule-of-thumb methods once relied upon, reckon the size of every fish when full-grown, irrespective of its size when purchased, and allow double the number of gallons for the fish. Then you can never go wrong, and a few healthy thriving fish are better than a larger number of overcrowded unhealthy fish.

(Concluded.)

NORTHERN AND MIDLANDS' SPANIEL CLUB.—It is announced that Mr. W. McCall will be unable to judge at the above club's forthcoming Field Trials to be held at Kinmel Park, Abergele, on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 1st and 2nd. Mr. H. L. May has accepted the invitation, and will act as one of the judges, along with Mr. R. R. Kelland.

RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK DOGS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

ANY little peculiarity exhibited in a breed is sure to excite attention, whether it be in conformation, size, colour or distribution of coat; and many, who have not had practical experience of the possibilities of creating new forms in a comparatively short time, express surprise that domesticated dogs should all have sprung from the wolf, and possibly one or two species of jackals. It is difficult to believe that a tiny creature weighing not more than 3lb. or 4lb., or the dogs with massive heads and practically no muzzles, should have all had the same origin as mastiffs or Great Danes.

Ordinarily, the Rhodesian Ridgeback dog has nothing to distinguish him from the common run of others of the same size. He may stand about 26in. in height and weigh up to 70lb. His smooth coat is usually wheaten-red or fawn, with perhaps white points, and he is sturdy and muscular in build. Just a good, honest working dog without any fireworks or any special beauty that will make the ladies exclaim on seeing one. For all that, he has aroused enough conjecture to make the scientists talk about him, simply because he has one peculiarity entirely his own. That is the characteristic ridge of hair that runs along the back in the opposite direction to the rest of the coat.

The standard of the Rhodesian Ridgeback Club of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, explains that "this ridge, which must be regarded as the escutcheon of the breed, is broad behind the shoulders and tapers off towards the root of the tail. It should be clearly defined and start immediately behind the shoulders, and continue up to or over the loin. A dog without a clearly-defined ridge is not recognised as belonging to this breed." Evidently, no ridge, no Ridgeback. This seems to be rather a hard saying because, as we know, dogs that are pure bred in every respect sometimes fail to conform to a point laid down, although they may be useful for breeding from, not passing on their fault.

How did this strange peculiarity arise? No one seems to know, and the matter was brought under the notice of the British Association eleven years ago by Professor J. L. Myers. The booklet published by the Rhodesian Club mentioned remarks that the most generally accepted view of the origin of the breed seems to be that it is the result of a cross between the Cuban bloodhound and the Hottentot hunting dog, the latter supplying the ridge. Theal, in his *History and Ethnography of South Africa*, refers to the dog of the Hottentots as having been an "ugly creature, his body being shaped like that of the jackal and the hair on his spine being turned forward."

It has been said that this dorsal eccentricity is to be seen on the dogs of the Island of Fu Oc in the Indo-China Sea and in a part of Malaya. There is a possibility that the Hottentots may have settled in South Africa from Asia and taken their dogs with them.

Mrs. Edmond Foljambe, of Osberton, near Worksop, when on safari, used some of the Ridgebacks, and brought several home with her, which was the start of the breed in England. That was some ten years ago. Since then a few exhibitors have added them to their kennels and some are often seen at the principal shows. They give one the impression of being a good type of working dog, and it may be that their admirers will increase in numbers. At first they went under the name of Rhodesian Lion dogs, and that, though incorrect, is still used occasionally. They are "lion" dogs in the sense that big-game hunters use them. Selous, Van Rooyen, Waller of Nairobi among the rest. Their job is to worry the lions by pretending to attack them until they are brought to bay, and that enables the hunter to get a steady shot at close range.

The club booklet referred to declares that there is no finer pal for a man, and that the dogs can be trained satisfactorily for the gun, as they have excellent noses and are teachable. They are also valuable for clearing baboons off the farm. Perhaps they have not the qualities that appeal to exhibitors so much as those shown by many other breeds, but those who have kept them have told me how very satisfactory they are in every way. I never care to predict, however, as to what is likely to capture the fancy of the public, for the popular mind works in a peculiar way.

[From time to time we are asked where Ridgebacks are to be had in this country, and will be pleased to supply information as to the various breeders.—ED.]

MR. W. J. WALLACE, SHEDDING THE SHEEP DURING HIS WINNING TRIAL WITH JED

SHEEPDOG TRIALS AT SOUTHPORT

Northumbrian Handler Takes the Honours

THE greatest pastoral event of the year, the International Sheepdog Trials, which are held alternately in England, Scotland and Wales, took place on the Municipal Golf Course, Southport, on September 14th, 15th and 16th, when a Northumbrian handler, Mr. W. J. Wallace, of East Otterburn, scored a great personal success.

Not only were his two dogs, Jed and Foch, placed first and second respectively in the supreme championship on the final day—the first time since the War that any one handler has held these positions—but he also managed to secure second and third placings in the International Farmers' Cup contest on the preceding day, was the winner of the "Land of Burns" Cup for the highest points at the national and international trials together, and was placed fourth (with Jed and Fly) in the brace, or "doubles," championship on the opening day. In addition, he had the satisfaction of seeing his dog Foch establish a record for the shortest time ever run in an international, namely 15min. 56sec.—a wonderful feat when it is remembered that the course for this event entails the collie in runs totalling some two-and-a-half miles, as well as a great deal of difficult technical work.

The course was one with many difficulties. Golf courses have been used for these contests before, but in the general opinion of the competitors few have presented the same obstacles and required more careful and closer driving and following. Sand dunes and bunkers were sprinkled liberally about, and in many cases the handlers found that they were unable to see either sheep or collie. In one instance, a Welsh handler gave an entirely wrong command through working in the "blind" at a critical moment in the course.

On the final day, when the full course of 675yds. was being used, a morning haze had its effect on the morning's work, although conditions bettered themselves as the day went on. Few perfect runs were made, however. For the qualifying contest, with which is incorporated the International Match, on the preceding day, conditions were very good, but on the first day heavy drizzle in the morning considerably hampered the work of the hired shepherds and in the afternoon a strong breeze meant that the collies engaged in the brace championship were many times unable to hear their masters' commands.

It was not until late afternoon on the final day that Mr. W. J. Wallace came on with what was to be the ultimate winner and his Jed, an eight-year-old bitch which has represented England six times in these contests, made a delightful run. After a rather wide outrun, she made a perfect gather of the first batch of sheep and then returned to fetch the second batch in first-rate style. Good driving and really clever shedding made this one of the best runs of the day, and it was obvious that only exceptional work from either of the two Welsh handlers that were to follow could wrest the winning position from Jed. When the final result was announced, it was found that the three judges had only deducted 10 points, and she secured 170 out of the maximum of 180.

Earlier in the day, Mr. Wallace had a wonderful round with his two-year-old Foch, who gathered both batches of sheep without hesitation, following this with a good drive and assisting his master to make what was easily the fastest shed of the day. Foch obtained 162½ marks.

One of the outstanding features of each dog's performance was the wholehearted obedience to command and Mr. Wallace never had the slightest difficulty in making either of them understand his wishes. His somewhat unusual "Walk" is obeyed almost instinctively by his collie slackening pace.

JED, WHO GAINED THE SUPREME CHAMPIONSHIP AND (RIGHT) FOCH, WHO TOOK SECOND PLACE

The son of Mr. W. W. Wallace, who was winning trials 50 years ago, and who, despite the fact that he is now approaching 80 years of age, competed in the English National trials at Ilkley some weeks ago, "W. J." reveals many of his father's characteristics, and it is obvious that the name of Wallace is going to be heard in sheep dog circles for many years to come.

Mr. W. B. Bagshaw's Glyn, which was the first runner, secured third place. He ran a steady course, but missed the second gate and was a trifle uncertain in the shedding. Glyn is, of course, the "Owd Bob" of the famous film, and throughout the trials was a great favourite with both spectators and cameramen.

Another feature of the contest was the eclipse of Mr. James M. Wilson's Roy, winner of three supreme championships. In the qualifying trials, Roy, who in addition to the fact that he is blind in one eye, was severely handicapped by lameness, was unable to find a place in the first twelve, but Mr. Wilson did much better with his Jimmie, a two-year-old dog from Yorkshire, who, in the qualifying contests, shared fourth position with Mr. J. Walker's Risk. Jimmie made a brave show in the final championship, revealing fine form in gathering and driving, but having his efforts frustrated by the stupidity of one sheep who refused to leave the others at the shed and allowed the time to run out. Mr. Wilson was awarded the "Hard Luck" for Jimmie's heroic effort.

The winner of the Farmers' Cup in the qualifying contest, Mr. T. Roberts, was unable to reproduce the same form in the supreme championship, and his Jaff II had to be content with sixth place, and Mr. A. Storie, who was the only hired shepherd to compete on the final day, could only secure ninth place with his Queen. Mr. Storie won the Challenge Cup for the highest placed shepherd in the second day's event.

Of the three national champions, only Mr. W. F. Miles, of Treharris, South Wales, got through the qualifying tests, both Mr. J. M. Renwick, the English champion, and Mr. David Murray (Scotland) being eliminated.

In the competition for the Team Shield, Scotland was handicapped by the fact that only ten of the twelve dogs were able to start, and the English team scored a decisive victory. Wales was second, over 200 points below the winners.

Mr. James M. Wilson had the satisfaction of retaining the brace championship with his clever pair, Roy and Nell, but he had only half a point to spare from Mr. D. C. Morgan, of Aberystwyth, whose Lad and Meg put up a fine fight. Another Welshman, Mr. Ted Jones, of Carrog, winner of this year's Welsh national, was third.

Mr. Andrew Templeton, of Girvan, with York, won the special hired shepherd's class on the opening day, and Mr. John Jones, of Trawsfynydd, with Blackie won the driving competition in which 50 sheep had to be driven by one dog.

In this Driving Competition, 50 Swaledale sheep had to be driven 800 yds. from the handler and through three gate obstacles, Mr. John Jones, as stated, won the first place with Blackie, Mr. David Murray the second with Sweep, and Mr. J. M. Renwick the third with Kep.

At the conclusion of the event on Friday, Mrs. Anthony Lowther, M.F.H., presented the awards, Lord Mostyn, the President of the International Sheepdog Society, presided.

SYDNEY MOORHOUSE.

THE DAIRY SHOW

The Present Position of the Average Farmer

ONE afternoon twelve years ago Lord Baldwin, or Mr. Baldwin as he then was, found himself faced with the threat of a General Strike. Instead of sitting in Downing Street to seek a solution, he betook himself for the afternoon to the London Zoo. I discovered his wisdom this week at the Dairy Show; there is something eminently satisfying and reasonable about cattle after the very artificial and improbable world which we have created for ourselves.

The Dairy Show, organised by the British Dairy Farmers' Association, this year reaches its sixtieth anniversary. It is a great tribute to their courage and pertinacity that in spite of the unsatisfactory state of the industry as a whole the Diamond Jubilee Show should be one of the largest and best in the history of the association. They have, indeed, in Mark Tapley's words, "come out strong."

There have been several important alterations. A year ago, when conditions were only a little worse than they are now, the courageous decision was taken to hold the show at Earls Court. Those who remember the intense—but always friendly—jostling of former years, found themselves walking comfortably in the vast halls of the new building, in which it is amazingly easy to become lost in no time. The opening of the show in September instead of October necessitated the introduction of a new class for cows in calf, and another important innovation was the institution of a horticultural section. Indeed, the variety of exhibition made it quite clear how much of an indivisible whole farming is becoming.

No branch of farming is more mechanised than the milk industry. As the Dairy Show comes round year by year it makes the position of those who would prefer the old methods more and more obviously untenable. There are, of course, few farmers who would wish to ignore this mechanical progress, for it proves in full the wisdom of J. L. Motley's words: "Durability is not the test of merit in human institutions." In a few more years the present methods will doubtless have undergone unrecognisable improvements.

Yet the average milk farmer must experience some strange emotions as he walks round this show. All around him are the necessary means to prosperity, and many of them are just as far beyond his financial grasp as were the blue grapes beyond the reach of Tantalus. He must reflect that he has ample cause for self-congratulation if he can pay his bills and keep his old cowhouses and equipment reasonably clean. Nor is the average farmer to be blamed. Indeed, few things call for more admiration than the dauntless spirit which he invariably exhibits under conditions which weekly drive the less courageous from the English soil. More and more milk is being sold every year. Would it not be a reasonable thing if a greater proportion of the profits found their way into the pockets of the producers? The present year has been an exceptionally hard one for the dairy farmer, ever since the spring drought forced many of them to continue winter feeding well into the summer, and to open and use for grazing fields which had been set aside for other purposes. I talked with many farmers at this show and was struck with their spirit, but it might be well for the Government to remember that everything has an end—even the patience of a farmer. And in time not even that quality can conquer insuperable odds. It appears to be a very strange thing to me that in an industry of actual and potential prosperity many of those who are responsible for its success receive the least from it, and are often compelled to work with hopelessly out-of-date machinery.

Another reflection which occurred to me with some force was the possible danger of the record-breaking cow. It can so easily be forgotten that the whole of the milk industry is founded on the unnatural production of vast quantities of milk. Every device is considered which might maintain or increase this yield. At the present time there is a serious shortage of hay, and many formulas are being suggested which might take its place without causing a loss of milk. The 2,000 gallon cow is a financially useful animal, but it may well be questioned whether the stamina of the breed will not eventually suffer. Many of the leading and most successful breeders are beginning to realise this possibility, and few of them care to exploit the milk yield up to this level. If that is the attitude adopted by the large and successful breeders, still more should it be the policy of the smaller farmer. For it is no part of his duty to produce records. He exists to give a satisfactory yield of milk from a sufficiently strong and useful animal. Yet this ideal is impossible in the present conditions of the industry, where everything tempts the farmer to produce as much milk as possible without thought for the well-being of his herd. Until the Government's policy envisages and makes possible the conception of a prosperous farming community, the state of the industry can only essentially deteriorate, however much subsidies and agreements about the price of milk may afford a temporary relief.

The Dairy Show has really two objects. The farmers have learnt over a great number of years to look to the show as a place in which they may learn something of profit to themselves. Their support is therefore certain, and never before has the show contained so much calculated to assist them. But there is also a wider purpose—that of increasing the interest of the townsman in the affairs of the countryside, and the problems and welfare of the farmer. International crises have done much to impress the town dweller with the importance of the produce of the land as a vital element of defence. They are, in fact, much more considerably impressed by that reflection than the Government appears to be. But however that may be, it remains true that the best way of increasing this public interest lies in persuading them to attend shows of this kind. Yet the public cannot be expected to appreciate the highly technical and mechanised state of modern farming, and it is therefore very much to the credit of the president, Major G. Miller Mundy, and his colleagues, that so much of a more general but related interest was included in the programme of the show.

Most important of these features was the horticultural section, and it speaks well for the enthusiasm of the exhibitors that no fewer than 34 firms of repute organised the section in two weeks. Cattle, all of which had, for the first time in the history of the show, passed the tuberculin test, and of which there were no fewer than 340 entries, were rightly given the most important position in the show, where they attracted much public interest and attraction.

Very few of the public have any idea of the steady progress of the milk industry brought about by continual research. Some conception of the gradual steps which have led to the present technical condition was given by a well-chosen series of some 50 photographs, prepared by the Sparsholt Agricultural Institute in Hampshire. The health-giving value of dairy products is a subject on which most people are well informed, but an instructive lecture gave many interesting details, as did the account of the many and various articles which are made out of casein.

It is still true to say that farming is the most important industry from the economical point of view in any country, and one essential to its success is a public interest in its problems and ambitions. It cannot be doubted that this show—even though it came at a time when interest was largely centred elsewhere—has greatly contributed to that end.

It is impossible to think of the Dairy Show without enquiring as to the future of the industry. At present discussion is more concerned with prices and the best manner of distribution—in which there seems to be a certain amount of avoidable waste—than with the actual production of milk. There are those who argue that prices should be fixed on a national basis, and although opponents of such a scheme are not wanting, the arrangement would do much to end the bitterness which exists between farmers in the east and the west. It cannot be maintained that the present arrangement of the compensation levy has been as successful as had been hoped.

More serious is the attitude which is spreading through the farming community towards the Government. If a ceaseless grumble is ascending from the farms of England, it is only after the farmers have done their best to co-operate with the Government's plans and have sincerely endeavoured to follow out official instructions. The great failure of agricultural policy at present lies in its lack of breadth and cohesion. One scheme is started which admittedly benefits one branch of farming, but at the same time it injures perhaps two others. Is it impossible to consider agriculture as a whole, and to work out some comprehensive and balanced scheme which will put the industry on a sound and lasting basis? Such a question should certainly be considered and answered before the next General Election. CREAGHT.

SOME OF MR. A. F. LOYD'S GUERNSEY HERD AT LOCKINGE PARK, WANTAGE

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW BETWEEN MOFFAT AND LEADBURN. THE CAR IS A TWO-LITRE M.G. SALOON

OVERLOADING THE PRIVATE CAR

"Penny Wise and a Pound Foolish" Policy

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

NEVER have I seen so many overloaded cars as when motoring to the coast last August Bank Holiday. In practically every instance the vehicles so overburdened were of the 7 h.p. to 10 h.p. variety, and were therefore of the type that are least able to withstand this kind of rough treatment.

In many cases I passed cars that had been designed, at the most, to seat four persons, carrying six, and in one instance seven, but even worse possibly than this was the manner in which heavy luggage was carried in addition.

For many miles in a long, and what appeared at first an apparently unending line of traffic, I followed behind a small car containing five people, on the grid of which was a huge trunk, so large, in fact, that it completely covered the rear light. On each occasion the car went over a bump, the grid could be seen flexing, and every moment I expected it to break and deposit the trunk and its belongings in the road immediately in front of me.

Now this kind of procedure is fraught with danger, as had the brackets given way, other cars following might quite conceivably have become involved in an accident. In any case, the driver's rear vision was so completely obstructed that, during his entire journey, he was unable to see when other vehicles were about to overtake him. I made a point of noticing that he had no outside mirror and therefore, by obstructing his vision in this manner, he was guilty of breaking the law, and the police would have been in order had they stopped him.

As the law stands at present, the mere fact of overloading a private car with luggage is not an offence, unless the police can prove that it constitutes a danger—a difficult matter to establish in a court of law. As far as I understand, no action of this kind has been brought in recent times, and the police have not been instructed by the authorities to look out for instances of this nature.

I really cannot understand why some people are so short-sighted and have so little consideration for their car, by overloading it in this manner; I can only conceive that they do not realise what effect it is having on the ultimate life of their vehicle.

A FLAGRANT EXAMPLE OF OVERLOADING

The policy of a penny wise and a pound foolish is never to be recommended, and although a small sum of money is saved through not consigning the heavy and bulky luggage to its destination by train, the owner will eventually find that it would have cost him far less had he adopted this course.

Every car is designed to carry up to a certain load, with an ample margin, since the weight of an adult passenger may vary from 130lb. to as much as 280lb., although it is, of course, unlikely that four persons, each weighing 20st., would be accommodated in a light 8 h.p. or 10 h.p. car at the same time. If, therefore, the carrying load is greatly exceeded, the suspension of the vehicle must ultimately suffer, as well as certain other parts of the mechanism, and the tyres.

It is interesting to note that one of our most famous firms who build luxury cars, always insist on ascertaining the maximum number of passengers that will ever be carried in the car, when the order is placed, and the exact weight of the body, so that they are able to mount the correct type of springs to suit the particular chassis, before it is delivered to the coachworks. If, therefore, this successful firm is so meticulous in matters of this kind, it is obvious that grossly overloading a light car must have severe effects.

Whilst on this subject, I would point out that considerable damage can be done to the upholstery if luggage is carelessly placed on the back seats of a car. Nothing looks worse on a car than spoiled upholstery; moreover, it is impossible to rectify the damage, once it has taken place, short of replacing the leather, which is a most expensive business.

If the interior has been affected in this way, it will certainly reduce the value of the car enormously when the time comes to dispose of the vehicle; so this important consideration should always be borne in mind. I always make a point of never carrying bags on the back seat if it can be avoided, but if I do have to adopt this procedure, I always place a rug on top of the seat, and wedge another at the back, to ensure that no damage is done.

Incidentally, I often wonder why motorists do not invest in a small trailer, so that this can be used when the family is going away to the seaside for their summer holidays. These very useful adjuncts are comparatively inexpensive to buy in the first instance, they will last almost indefinitely, and need never be sold, even when the car is being changed for a new one.

The only drawback to using a trailer is that speed must be limited to 30 m.p.h., but as soon as one's destination has been reached, the trailer is detached, and not used again until the homeward journey is made.

I venture to suggest that the saving of damage to the interior of the car alone will soon be sufficient to reimburse the motorist for the actual cost of a trailer, and it must not be forgotten that if luggage is carried by this method, the full complement of passengers can be accommodated without discomfort.

UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES.—Parking cars in London is an increasingly difficult procedure, and those whose way leads them towards the Strand will rejoice to hear that a new garage has recently been opened, with accommodation for 500 cars, under the management of the Savoy Hotel, known as the Savoy-Adelphi Garage. It lies between the Strand and Savoy Place on the site of the old Adelphi.

INTERNATIONAL AVIATION DAYS AT LUGANO
A competitor leaving for England after the flying competitions

GIANTS OF THE AIR

How the Aeroplane Continues to Grow Up

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

THE eagerly awaited Ensign air liner has at last been delivered to Imperial Airways and taken into service. This, as is generally known, is a landplane designed to give an equivalent comfort and speed to those of the Empire flying boats. It is a monoplane of beautiful streamline form and carries 40 passengers in the European version, and 27 with 1¼ tons of mail and freight in the Empire variation, at a speed of round about 200 m.p.h.

On seeing this machine for the first time, the spectator is impressed by its great size. The length of the fuselage is 114ft. and the wing span as much as 127ft. The landing wheels, the largest ever made, are each 6ft. in diameter.

This fact is testimony to one of the most remarkable trends of aeronautical design in the past few years; that towards ever-increasing size. The growth of the aeroplane has been beset by many difficulties, and it is not so long ago since many well informed engineers contended that there was some kind of limiting size, beyond which progress might be impossible.

The argument then ran that the structure weight would increase disproportionately to the lineal dimensions; thus the large machine would become increasingly inefficient until a point was reached at which further advance would be impracticable or, at least, uneconomic.

This view is no longer held, and, indeed, it was never uncontested. New methods of construction, greater knowledge of aero-dynamics, new materials, progress in power plants—these and many other factors have contributed to the now generally expressed opinion that theoretically at any rate the limits of aircraft size cannot be forecast, if, in fact, any do exist.

Yet the efforts of the aeroplane to grow up have been beset with many difficulties, and practical experience suggested for a long time that the large aircraft could not attain real success.

During the War, machines of wing span of 100ft. and more were produced and seemed to indicate that great size was attainable. In 1919, the Tarrant triplane, then the largest machine ever built, at any rate in this country, was completed. The tragic crash that attended the first test flight, in which the machine overturned, cast doubts not only on the soundness of this individual design, but of the idea of size altogether.

Another large machine built in this country some ten years ago or more was the Beardmore Inflexible. Here, again, practical experience was not encouraging, and though the average size of aircraft was already tending to increase, the outstandingly large design continued unpopular.

It was the famous Dornier Do.X that first drew practical attention to the merits and possibilities of the very large aircraft. This vast machine—the largest of her kind in the world at the time—successfully made an Atlantic crossing. Her success was not altogether unqualified, but, like all pioneer efforts, she demonstrated an important principle. From that time, progress in aircraft sizes has been continuous, and great advances on existing machines are envisaged, not merely as possibilities of the remote future, but as practical proposals for immediate construction.

Particularly in regard to flying boats is the practicability of very large machines established. The successful Empire boats weigh 40,500lb. fully loaded, and a 60,000lb. type is under construction. Boats of 100,000lb. have been under discussion for some time. Several designs of this size have been projected in America. The Boeing 314 now under test weighs as much as 82,500lb., and has a wing span of 152ft. The possibility of starting work on a 100-passenger development of this machine is already under consideration.

Interest in large flying-boats is very strong in America, and the seriousness with which they are regarded is seen from the fact that the Glenn Martin Company have done initial design work on a machine weighing as much as 250,000lb. and have built an assembly shed capable of housing a wing span of 300ft.

For large machines, the flying boat seems to offer special advantages. These relate particularly to the problems of taking-off and landing. No artificial boundaries are imposed on the length of run open to a marine aircraft. On the other hand, a landplane of great weight demands specially constructed aerodromes, and the dangers involved in forced landings are, naturally, great. It is not merely that the surface of the land must be specially prepared to operate machines of great weight; the difficulties of designing and constructing undercarriages, especially if retractable, capable of sustaining not merely the dead-weight of a large machine, but the enormous stresses involved in landing, are obviously very considerable indeed. One objection urged against the large landplane is that, apart from these handicaps, it must necessarily demand a long run, which, in turn, requires aerodromes of vast size. Recent progress in aerodynamics and experience with fuelling in the air tends to weaken this argument.

That the difficulties in the way of the large landplane are not insuperable is apparent. The Ensign weighs some 46,500lb. when fully loaded, and her tests seem to have been eminently satisfactory. The construction of proper aerodromes for even larger and weightier machines would seem to be no more difficult than the provision of docks to take such liners as the Queen Mary. In time, the slight danger of forced landing will disappear.

Altogether, it is obvious that the aeroplane, which has made such remarkable strides in size recently, will continue to grow up, and that the machines we regard as giants to-day will seem singularly unimpressive in a few years' time.

Chas. E. Brown

"THE EAGERLY AWAITED ENSIGN AIR LINER HAS AT LAST BEEN DELIVERED TO IMPERIAL AIRWAYS. . . . IT IS A MONOPLANE OF BEAUTIFUL STREAMLINE FORM AND CARRIES 40 PASSENGERS IN THE EUROPEAN VERSION, AND 27 WITH 1¼ TONS OF MAIL AND FREIGHT IN THE EMPIRE VARIATION"

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BIGGEST LAND 'PLANE IN THE WORLD, THE ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH "ENSIGN"

Patrons: Their Majesties The King & Queen.

32ND INTERNATIONAL

MOTOR EXHIBITION

Private Cars and Carriage Work; Car Radio; Boats and Marine Engines; Caravans and Trailers; Service and Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories and Tyres; Working Exhibits.

OCT 13-22

DAILY 10 till 10
ADMISSION - - - - - 2/6
except Thursdays and Tuesday before 5 p.m. - - - - - 5/-
LADIES' DAY, THURS. OCT. 13. The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.

Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
EXTENSIVE CAR PARK
controlled by the R.A.C., adjoins the Exhibition.

EARLS COURT

LONDON, S.W.5

C.D.C.

ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

"The Best Training Ground in the World"

A SHERANNI FROM THE ZHOB VALLEY

PASSING over Attock bridge, the deep rumble of the train mingled with the roar of the turgid Indus swirling through the rocky gorge far below is the usual accompaniment of the visitor's entrance into the North-West Frontier Province of India, and the long low Mogul fort topping the cliffs a mile higher up, opposite the junction of the Kabul River, gives some kind of hint of the ancient importance of the crossing.

Peshawar seems peaceful with its broad roads and lovely rose-filled gardens, and the comfortable hotel and glorious cold weather days are apt to lull any sense of insecurity, until perhaps shots in the night or the report of some daring armed dacoity remind one that the peace is only superficial.

The romance of the frontier has been stressed by too many writers. There is little romance in murder and treachery, in raids and torture, or the kidnapping of trembling Hindu banias for ransom; and such things are frequent happenings there. Nor have I ever been able to discover any romance in being sniped from behind some undeterminable rock while walking abroad peacefully and unarmed.

The Khyber, with its railway, its broad triple road and stream of motor vehicles, is well worth obtaining a permit to visit up to the Afghan frontier at Landi Kotal; and still the caravans of great shaggy camels, laden with goods from Central Asia, sway down their own allotted road to the walled city, Persian kittens often perched upon the bales, led by hook-nosed bearded ruffians accompanied by straight-limbed youths and girls often as blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked as any from my own West Country.

Therefore the North-West Frontier is no place for our own womenfolk, except in heavily wired and patrolled cantonments, where even then they are not always too safe. Therefore I adjure every visitor to follow local instructions and advice with the greatest care, lest friends curse him for his disobedience and arrive too late except to avenge him. Also there are no hotels and few dak bungalows on the frontier, and while the good word of friends will pass him from camp to camp, without friends he will be homeless and unwanted. There are few idle folk between Peshawar and Quetta.

From Peshawar the Malakand Pass may be reached in a day; forty miles to the home of the Guides at Mardan, thence to Dargai, with the jagged Buner hills on the right of the road, and the more rounded ranges of the Mohmand country farther away to the west, and then a nine-mile climb to the fort on top of the pass.

This is the road to Chitral, and it winds across the fertile valley of the Swat River for another nine miles to the mud fort of Chakdara which guards the iron bridge across the river, famous for its mahseer fishing.

Nowadays, as the result of our "forward policy," good roads have been made through much of the debatable land between the Indus and Afghanistan, and one can motor from Peshawar to Quetta without re-crossing the river; but everywhere these squat mud forts remind one of the insecurity of the land, the inhabitants of whose barren hills have always lived by raiding those of the fertile plains below them.

From Peshawar the frontier runs south-west, through the Afridi country to Kohat, which lies at the mouth of the Kurram Valley. On the way, by currying favour with local authority, may be seen the famous Kohat Pass rifle factory, where Pathans turn out weapons quite efficient for their purpose, which are mostly used against our own people.

If it be the harvest season it may be noticed that the fields have white stones erected on their boundaries. These indicate that a blood feud is temporarily in abeyance, and will be resumed when the stones are removed on completion of the harvest.

At the head of the Kurram Valley lies Parachinar under the loom of the snow-capped Sufed Koh. It is the headquarters of the Kurram militia, and its aerodrome is only 80 miles from Kabul as a 'plane flies, which may explain why we have had so little trouble with the Afghans of late.

The frontier is seamed with a succession of big valleys running from west to east, and the next to the south is the Tochi, with Bannu at its mouth, and here we come to the most troublous country of all—Waziristan.

The great tribes of Wazir and Mahsud have given us more hard fighting and anxiety in the last 20 years than all the others put together, and were it not for the "circular road," with Razmak and its brigade at the far edge of the circle, 6,000ft. above the sea, the trouble would be worse.

Through the centre of their country flows the Takki Zam, passing through a series of narrow gorges, which are called "tangis," in its passage from 11,000ft. Pir Ghal to the plains of the Derajat, and scene of much bitter fighting in the years just after the Great War, and more recently.

Then comes the Gomal, which sweeps round from within Afghanistan northward and then eastward to its junction with the Zhob near Kajuri Kach, the "plateau of dates." The Zhob is in Baluchistan, and to the south of Kajuri Kach the great mass of the Kaisar Ghar and Takht-i-Suliman overhangs the Derajat. The tribes are not reckoned such good fighters hereabouts, and the Sheranni, though just as treacherous, is more fearful of the consequences of his desire to murder.

Our domination is dependent on the roads, now that the Pathan has modern weapons, and the old camel convoys have given place to lorries. We have the aeroplane and the armoured car, but the first can see little in broken rock and bush of the hillsides.

New roads are constantly being made, and with them comes greater facility for transporting troops rapidly to raids and risings, and each road means more fighting and sniping, with perimeter camps strung out like beads along the cord of the road, and sangared pickets crowning the hills about them to keep the Pathan from lying in ambush for the motor convoys; while the pickets themselves have to watch that they are not ambushed in the course of a relief.

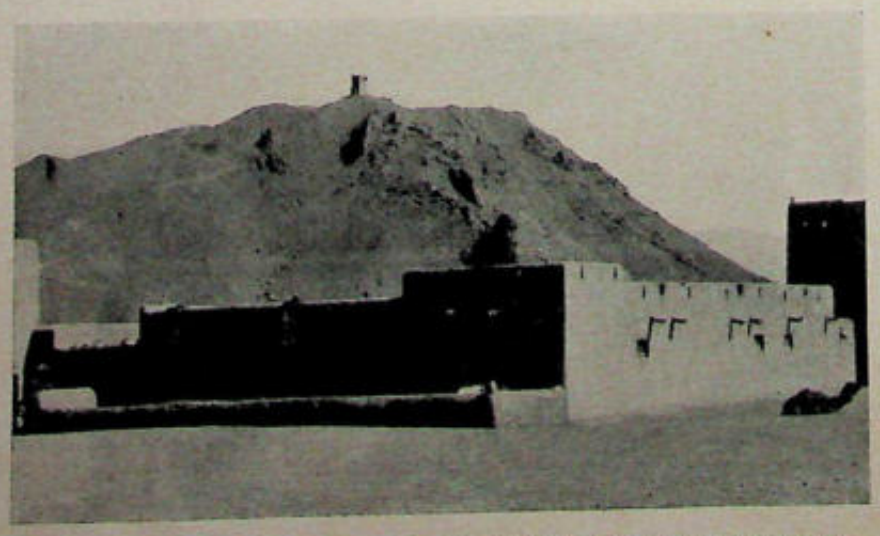
That is frontier warfare—eternally trying to outwit the other side in minor tactics. Never making a habit of any movement, or using the same track more than twice running when relieving pickets, except under adequate protection.

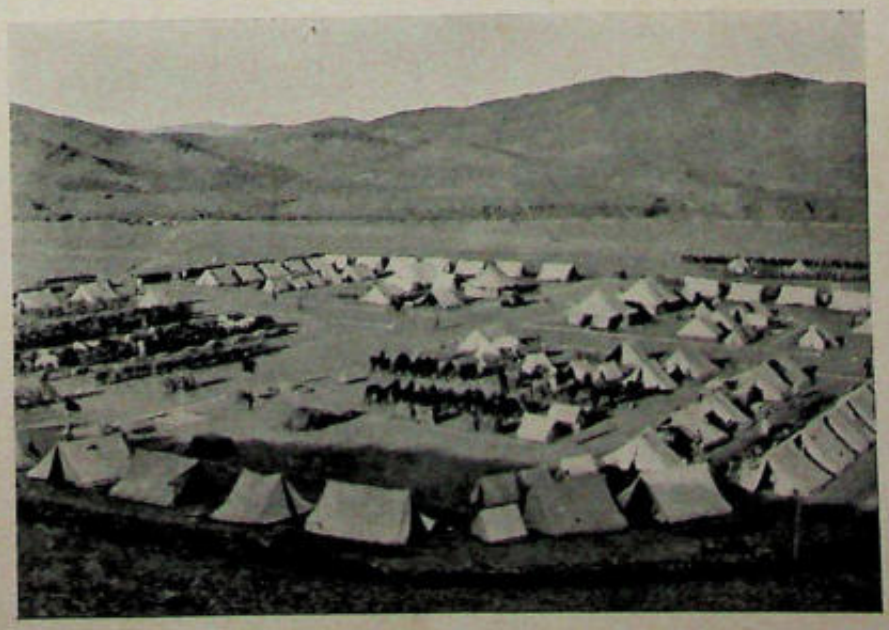
In perimeter camps, stonewalled to give cover from bullets and a forming point for the line in the dark, no lights can be shown at night or the sniper will use them as an aiming point to shoot into mess or canteen. Sentries shoot at anything doubtful without challenge; for only those with evil intentions are abroad at night in frontier country, and the honest man will call to the sentry to give warning.

The frontier is the best training ground in the world, for the Pathan is ever ready to point out tactical errors. I have called him savage and a murderer and treacherous, and so he is. But one cannot help liking the cheery ruffian, whose ideas and upbringing are not ours, and many a good day's sport I have had in their company; fishing or lying out in bivouac after markhor or oorial, listening to tales of rapine and bloodshed, salted with a crude humour, hardly suitable for a drawing room or the ears of the too civilised, but typical of the man and his hardihood.

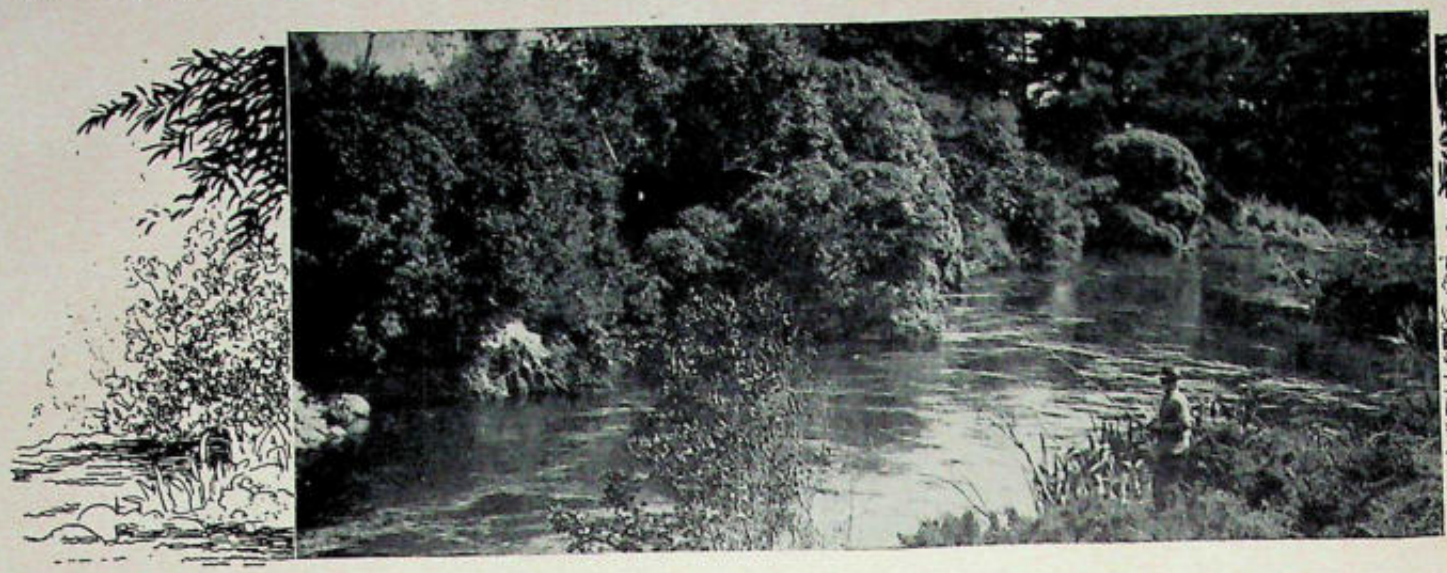
C. H. STOCKLEY.

A POWINDAR CAMP: THE POWINDARS ARE A NOMAD TRIBE WHO LIVE AND GRAZE THEIR FLOCKS BOTH IN INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN





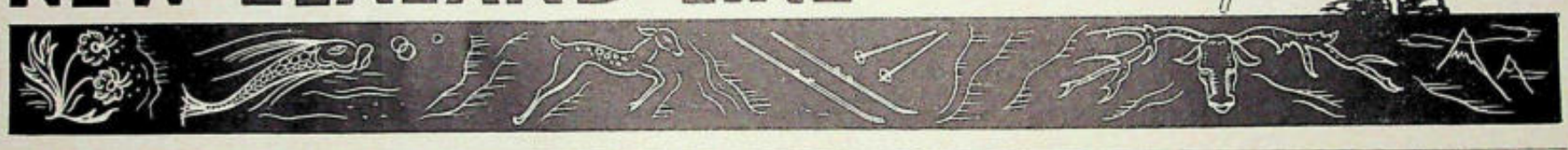
A MUD-WALLED FRONTIER FORT (ABOVE) WITH A PICKET TOWER ON THE HILL BEYOND, AND (RIGHT) A PERIMETER CAMP FOR HALF A BATTALION OF INFANTRY AND A SECTION OF MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY



NO country in the world within the relatively small compass of 100,000 square miles, or less than the area of the British Isles, can offer its visitor such a diversity of sport or wealth of scenic attractions as the Dominion of New Zealand. Nowadays it takes but 34 days to reach this "Sportsman's Paradise" and a Round Voyage allowing 30 days in New Zealand waters can be achieved in 98 days at a cost of £155

Apply: N.Z.S.Co., Ltd. (Agents, J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd.), 138, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or Trans-Pacific Passenger Agency, Ltd. (W. L. James, General Manager), 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, or principal Travel Agents.

NEW ZEALAND LINE



R

in the Month

Autumn delicacies appear on an impeccable menu. The sun retires earlier, perhaps because it works harder. Otherwise Summer would seem still to linger.

One swims, plays golf, tennis, squash, or one just dances and is unrepentantly idle.

Anyway, it costs no more to enjoy the unparalleled amenities at the Palace—we merely insist on the unbridled enjoyment of bed and board. Please yourself whether you use the gymnasium or not.

Phone: Torquay 2271

Palace, Torquay

P.S. Are you going to enjoy Christmas or will you write to us too late?

FOR RIDING ON THE GLORIOUS SOUTH DOWNS

Stay at the New and Wonderful

OCEAN HOTEL

SALTDEAN, BRIGHTON

Inclusive weekly terms - - from **£4:4:0**

A WEEK-END FOR £1:5:0

AERIAL VIEW OF THE OCEAN HOTEL

The Saltdean Riding Stables have horses always available for riding on the gently undulating Sussex Downs. Also excellent hacks for hunting and coursing over some of the finest sporting country in England, which is within easy reach of the Ocean Hotel. Miles of Downland with bridle paths open to guests.

- **MAGNIFICENT FULL-SIZE TILED SWIMMING POOL**
- **MORE THAN 400 BEDROOMS**

First-class cuisine. Licensed, with American Bar. Every bedroom furnished with most comfortable box spring bed, central or electric heating and running hot and cold water. Full sunbathing facilities for all guests. Ballroom dancing on one of the finest sprung floors in England. Tennis, Billiards, Exercise Room, Hairdressing Saloons, Children's Nursery and Paddling Pool. Near Golf Courses. Excellent Garage Accommodation.

Take Streamline Taxi or 12B Southdown 'Bus from Brighton Station direct to Hotel.

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE FROM MANAGER

OCEAN HOTEL

SALTDEAN, BRIGHTON

'Phone: Rottingdean 9272 (5 lines)

WHERE TO STAY

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

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.
SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER — Grouse, partridge, duck and snipe shooting. Salmon, sea-trout and trout fishing on the Eden and Border Esk.
Tel.: 41 and 48.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales.
1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 758

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
7,000 acres good Mixed Shooting.
14 MILES OF EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING.
Electric light; h. and c. in bedrooms.
Telephone: Lifton 4.

If you are keen on **WILD FOWL SHOOTING** write to The Manager,
Chequers Hotel, Holbeach, Lincs.,
for particulars. Moderate Tariff. Exceptional Comfort. H. and C. all rooms. A.A. and R.A.C.

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

DEVON.—Modern COUNTRY HOUSE as Residential Hotel. Grounds, paddock, stables. Tennis court; garage. Accommodation available from October 1st. Hunting three packs, rough shooting. Terms from 3½ guineas.—Apply THE SECRETARY, Part Lees, Belstone, Okehampton.

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartnoll" Country House Hotel, Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton, Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

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

NORTH DEVON.—Limited number of GUESTS RECEIVED in charming old COUNTRY MANSION. Shooting over 5,000 acres, well stocked with Pheasants and fair number of Partridges. Hunting with three packs and hacking available. Terms moderate.—Hudscott House, Chittlehampton.

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

SWAN HOTEL, THAME, OXFORDSHIRE; centre of hunting country; easy reach of London; excellent stabling. Terms 3½ guineas weekly. Telephone: Thame 163.

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton–Minehead; centre of staghunting; fishing, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3207, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COBDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, CONNEMARA, Co. Galway.—SALMON and SEA TROUT FISHING opened March 1st. Electric light, private suites; excellent cuisine; beautiful scenery; good roads.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

SALMON FISHING IN THE GLENARM RIVER
is open for TWO RODS DAILY by arrangement to guests at Antrim Arms Hotel and Ballygally Castle Hotel.
Residents 10/–.
Non-residents £1.
Particulars from Mr. and Mrs. ARNOLD WAEFFLER, Resident Managers, Ballygally Castle Hotel, Co. Antrim.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

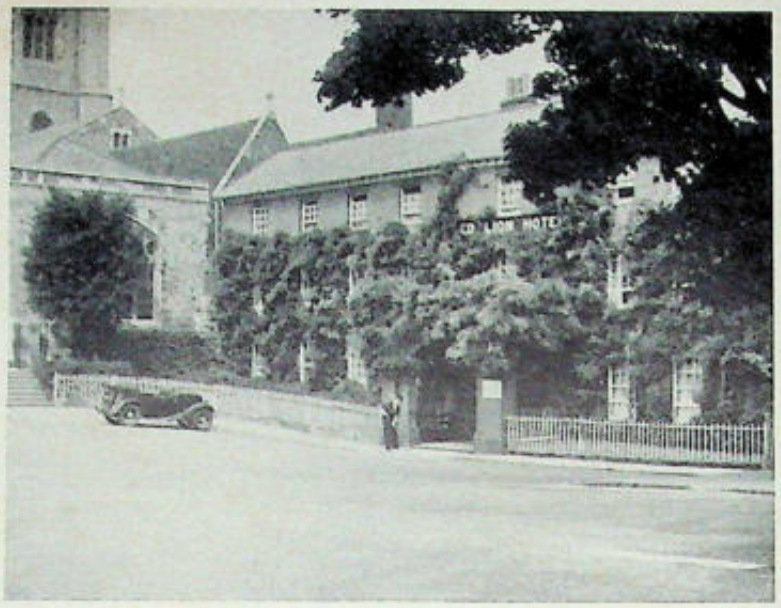
PARIS
HOTEL DE FRANCE ET CHOISEUL, 239–241, Rue St. Honore (Place Vendome) first-class; large inside garden; 125 suites and rooms. Rooms from 10/–.
RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

HOUSE ISLA, AROSA.—Newly, first-class. Family Hotel, particularly well protected, sunny, woodland surroundings, up-to-date high-class cooking. Inclusive terms during summer from Fr.14; during winter from Fr 16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



"TIS A FINELY-TONED, PICTURESQUE, SUNSHINY PLACE"

IF you acquired a copy of Mr. E. K. W. Ryan's pleasant book, *The Thames from the Towpath*, you would see that he refers to the Red Lion Hotel at Henley as "one of the largest and most comfortable hostelries on the Thames."

> "'Tis a finely-toned, picturesque, sunshiny place,
> Recalling a dozen old stories;
> With a rare British, good-natured, ruddy-hued face,
> Suggesting old wines and old Tories."

Certainly it is a most charming place to come by on your travels. It was a hot August morning when I first made acquaintance with the hotel, and it was pleasant indeed to sit in the spacious lounge and find myself with plenty of breathing space and an ice-cold drink. During the morning I had driven down from town in a small open car, so that my first view of the hotel was really taken in a hurried glance across the Thames from the Maidenhead bank.

Crossing the bridge—there are records of a bridge at Henley in 1232—you find the hotel on the other side immediately on the right. It is an historic place, and you have only to see it from the yard to realise its age. As long ago as 1632 Charles the First paid it a visit, while he again stayed there in 1642 with Prince Rupert. In later years the hotel was again visited by Royalty when in 1788 George the Third and his Queen came to Henley. We also know that George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, dined at the hotel.

And I must not fail to tell you that the great Duke of Marlborough stayed at the Red Lion on his way from Blenheim to London. This refers, of course, to Blenheim Palace, granted to the Duke after his famous victory. He was, however, battling on the Continent most of his life, and he can thus have had little time to enjoy the fruits of his labours.

In 1899, during restorations at the hotel, a Royal coat of arms painted over the fireplace in 1632 (nearly a century before Blenheim) in one of the upstairs lounges was brought to light. This is now preserved behind a glass panel and provides a most interesting link with years gone by.

Mention of glass reminds one that it was at the Red Lion that Shenstone was supposed to have written his famous verses in 1750 on one of the window panes. You may recall the best known lines:

> "To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
> From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
> Nor art thou found in mansions higher
> Than the low cot or humble inn"

That was the vein Shenstone commenced in, and his final verse went:

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

so that it was obvious the poet had received the very best attention wherever it was he was staying at the time. That is what makes me think it was the Red Lion at Henley; yet there is no sign of the window in question, and it seems strange that any proprietor should have destroyed so valuable an heirloom. Possibly, however, it has been sold to an American visitor at some time or other, or else Shenstone was writing somewhere at Henley-in-Arden.

However, the point about receiving a warm welcome at an inn holds good for the Red Lion to-day. Bedrooms are comfortable and furnished in a style compatible with modern requirements, while the cuisine leaves nothing to be desired by those trained in "the art of good living."

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

London

¶ Brown's Hotel still maintains the respect for tradition that has made it the favourite resort of an exclusive society . . . here, as a matter of course, is to be found both comfort and convenience and that rare personal touch that is everywhere identified with the idea of distinguished perfection.

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

Rooms and suites with or without central heating.

Brown's Hotel
DOVER STREET AND ALBEMARLE ST., W.1
Telephone: REGENT 6020 (15 lines)
Telegrams: BROWNOTEL, LONDON

MENDIP HOTEL
BLAGDON, Nr. BRISTOL Blagdon 54
TROUT FISHING - BLAGDON LAKE
1937 Average weight 2¼ lbs.
Approximately 1,000 fish caught
Heaviest weight 6¼ lbs.
Expert Riding Lessons arranged
Modern cuisine and appointments
Write or 'phone for terms

FINANCIAL INVESTMENTS, PARTNERSHIPS, ETC.

The Trustees of a permanent Fund desire
MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS
ON
FREEHOLD LANDED ESTATES
OR
FREEHOLD PROPERTIES in established centres
IN AMOUNTS OF £20,000 AND UPWARDS AT 4 PER CENT. INTEREST.
Several million pounds available.
Address in first instance, H. E. FOSTER and CRANFIELD, 6, Poultry, E.C. 2.

Welcome in Switzerland
LOCARNO HOTEL REBER AU LAC
The first-class hotel with its own big tropical garden direct on the lake. Own beach. Full pension terms, all including, from Swiss frs. 13.50 up. Manager and proprietor, A. REBER.

EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITY OF LAUSANNE
Theology — Law — Medicine — Philosophy — COMMERCIAL COLLEGE — Police Research — Lectures in French — Technical College for Engineers — National Economic Consular Courses — University Library of 430,000 volumes.
Winter Term beginning October 15th.
Apply to:
UNIVERSITY SECRETARY, Palais de Rumine

BRIDGE

DIFFICULTIES REAL AND IMAGINARY

Some Elementary Points

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

THIS week I propose to deal with some of the questions submitted recently by correspondents, and I think the best way is to put them in the form of question and answer.

(1) *Why do you say that you should not raise partner's initial bid of one of a suit unless you hold three of it with an honour or four without an honour? Surely with A, x or K, Q only you are justified in raising, since these may be the cards required to fill it out.*

Answer: The reason for not immediately raising is that Declarer may have opened on a suit of four only. If you supply two only you then have only six between you, and it is improbable that the best contract has been found. If, however, you raise on three you know you have at least seven trumps in the joint hands. Four small cards qualify, but three do not unless one of them is a Queen or a King or an Ace.

(2) *Holding support in my partner's suit, should I raise immediately or show my side suit?*

Answer: After an initial bid of One of a major suit, a good minor should be shown if it is headed by Ace, King or Ace, Queen. But, after a bid of One Spade, it is not right to bid Two Diamonds holding K, J, x, x, x in the suit and nothing else of value except support in Spades. The bid of Two of a minor over a major is ambiguous, as it may be a take-out to show absence of the major. A bid of Three of a minor is, however, encouraging and provocative. It promises game. Immediate minimum raise of partner's suit is mild encouragement, but does not suggest game possibilities on the part of the bidder. Distinction must, however, be made between majors and minors. After an opening bid of One Club or One Diamond you should make a bid of One of a major on a five-card suit even when you have support for the minor. The reason may be briefly stated. An opening bid of a major *invites* support. An opening bid of a minor *offers* support.

(3) *If a minimum bid of a minor over a major may be made as a take-out or warning how is opener to recognise it?*

Answer: He may not be able to know for certain immediately. But the "context" of his own hand generally will enable him to diagnose the position if there are no intervening bids by the opponents.

Thus: Z, One Spade; A, No bid; Y, Two Diamonds; B, No bid. It is possible here that both opponents like or do not object to Spades or Diamonds as trumps. But neither Hearts, Clubs nor No Trumps have been mentioned. Z, in this position, should re-bid if he can, and it looks as if he can. He should argue in this fashion: "My partner has made a minimum response in a minor suit. He cannot hold great length or strength in it as otherwise he would have bid Three of it." Z has several choices. He may re-bid his Spades if they are long enough. He may support the Diamond bid or try Two No Trumps with guards in Hearts and Clubs. But he should not pass, as Y may be able to show support of Spades on second round.

(4) *How far should partner of player who has opened be influenced by an interposing bid?*

Answer: This is a difficult question to answer briefly because there are many considerations. As a general principle partner should bid as he would have done if the interposing call had not been made. Or if this is impossible he should stretch a point. To make this clear: Z opens with One Spade, A bids Two Hearts. Y has support in Spades Q, x, x. He also has five Diamonds to A, K. A bid of Three Diamonds is sound and does not *deny* Spade support. It is better than an immediate raise of Two Spades, which tells opener nothing about the Diamond suit. The point to realise is that Y is trying to help his partner and not deter him from further bidding.

(5) *The bidding has been: Z, One Spade; A, Two Hearts. Y holds: ♠ J, 7, 4; ♡ A, J, 9; ◇ A, 8, 7, 3; ♣ J, 6, 5. What should he bid?*

Answer: Two No Trumps. This shows a good guard in Hearts, and is not a denial of support in Spades. If Z has his quota game is likely in Spades or No Trumps and Z should not pass. Actually, my correspondent writes, Y bid Two Spades and Z, having little more than a minimum, also passed, although game was makeable in No Trumps or in Spades.

(6) *In the bidding Z shows two suits. Partner's holding in both is equal. Which should he support?*

Answer: The first. As a rule the longer suit is bid initially, and partner is entitled to assume that this is the case. But here again distinction must be made. If Z has opened with One Diamond and then on the second round, after partner's support or opponent's intervening bid, calls Spades or Hearts the Diamond may be short "tops" and the Spades or Hearts long without tops.

When partner bids first one and then the other major suit he is showing a two-suiter, and partner, with equal length in both, should support the first.

Another situation: Z bids One Club; A, One Diamond; Y, Two Clubs; B, No bid. Z now bids Two Spades; A, No bid. Y with ♠ Q, 5, 4; ♡ Q, 6, 5, 2; ◇ J, 8, 6; ♣ K, J, 7 should bid Three Spades, not Three Clubs. It is true that his hand is weak. But as Z has shown two suits he should keep it open.

BUXTON CONGRESS

For the third time the British Bridge League, in co-operation with the Buxton Corporation, is holding its Autumn Congress at Buxton from October 7th to 10th.

The Congress is not mainly for experts. Newcomers are welcome and all those who have not taken part in Duplicate contests before. Everything is made easy for them. The Congress is not confined to members of the British Bridge League. There are numerous prizes and trophies; no money stakes.

Although you can enter for any of the Open Pairs Contests when you arrive it is better to send in your entry at once to Mr. J. E. Boddington, Thermal Baths, Buxton. Entrance fee for all events, 10/-.

CHESS

A NEAT FINISH

The following game, from the fifth round of the Premier Tournament at Plymouth, shows a neat finish by Dr. Alekhine.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. H. V. Mallison.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. H. V. Mallison.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	26. B P takes P	Kt to B 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	27. R to K Kt sq (*l*)	Kt (4) to R 5
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	28. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
4. B to R 4	P to Q 3 (*a*)	29. Q to K 3	P to Q Kt 4 (*m*)
5. P to B 3 (*b*)	Kt to B 3	30. P to R 3	Kt takes B
6. P to Q 4	B to Q 2	31. P takes Kt	Q to R 2
7. Castles	B to K 2	32. K R to K sq (*n*)	Q to B 4
8. R to K sq	Castles	33. Q takes Q (*o*)	R takes Q
9. Q Kt to Q 2	B to K sq (*c*)	34. R to K 3	Q R to Q B sq
10. Kt to B sq (*d*)	Kt to Q 2	35. P to Q R 4 (*p*)	P to Kt 3
11. Kt to K 3 (*e*)	Kt to Kt 3	36. P takes P	R takes Kt P
12. B to Kt 3	K to R sq	37. Kt to Kt sq	P to B 4
13. Kt to Q 5	B to Q 2	38. P to B 3	P to B 5 (*q*)
14. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	39. R to K 2	R takes B P
15. B to K 3 (*f*)	B to Kt 5 (*g*)	40. K R to R 2	P to R 5 (*r*)
16. P to K R 3	B to R 4	41. K to Kt 2	B to K sq
17. P to Q 5 (*h*)	Kt to Kt sq	42. Kt to K 2 (*s*)	R to K 6
18. P to Kt 4	B to Kt 3	43. R to Q B sq	P to R 6 (*t*)
19. B to Kt 5 (*i*)	P to K B 3	44. R to B 8	R to Kt 7
20. B to Q 2	B to B 2 (*j*)	45. R takes B, ch	K to Kt 2
21. K to R 2	Kt (Kt sq) to Q 2	46. R takes R (*u*)	P takes R
22. Q to K 2	P to B 3 (*k*)	47. Kt to B 3 (*v*)	R takes Kt
23. P to B 4	P to Q R 4	48. R to Kt 8	R to B 7, ch
24. B to B 2	K R to B sq	Resigns.	
25. B to B 3	P takes P		

(*a*) Dr. Alekhine's favourite defence to the Ruy Lopez.

(*b*) Alternatives here are 5. B takes Kt, ch (to be followed by 6. P to Q 4) and 5. P to B 4.

(*c*) The Kecskemét variation, Dr. Alekhine's own invention. The Bishop makes way for the King's Knight to go via Q 2 to Q Kt 3 and the removal of the Knight from K B 3 allows P to B 3, if necessary.

(*d*) If 10. B takes Kt, then 10. . . . B takes B; 11. P takes P, P takes P; 12. Kt takes P, B takes P; 13. Kt takes B, Kt takes Kt with an even game.

(*e*) Kt to Kt 3 is, we think, to be preferred. After the text-move White has no good square for the Queen's Bishop.

(*f*) P to K R 3, to prevent B to Kt 5, seems better.

(*g*) This pin is annoying and eventually induces White to weaken his King's side (see move 18).

(*h*) If he intended to play P to Kt 4, he might as well have done so at once and replied to B to Kt 3 with Kt to Q 2 followed by P to B 3. The text-move has several disadvantages: (1) It reduces the scope of the King's Bishop; (2) it abandons control of Black's Q B 4, a fact of which he takes advantage later on (see move 26); and (3) it allows Black to force open the Queen's Bishop's file.

(*i*) Loss of time.

(*j*) Played so that he can reply to Kt to R 4 with P to Kt 3.

(*k*) Beginning an action on the Queen's side which forces the opening of the Queen's Bishop's file and eventually leaves White with weak Queen's side pawns.

(*l*) K R to Q B sq is better.

(*m*) Threatening P to Kt 5 followed by Kt takes P.

(*n*) After 32. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 33. K R to Q B sq, Q R to B 2 the Queen's Bishop's pawn falls.

(*o*) There appears to be nothing better.

(*p*) If, instead, R to Q B sq, then P to Kt 5.

(*q*) A strong move. If now 39. R to Q 3, then 39. . . . R to Kt 7, ch; 40. K to R sq, R to B 4 and White is helpless against the threat of B to K sq followed by P to R 5 and B to Kt 4.

(*r*) A neat move. If now R takes P, then R to Kt 7, ch, followed by R (B 6) to B 7 and wins.

(*s*) Not R takes P because of R to Kt 7, ch, followed by B takes R.

(*t*) A good move, threatening R to Kt 7. If now R (B sq) to B 2, then R (Kt 4) to Kt 6, to be followed by B to Kt 4.

(*u*) If 46. R to R sq, then 46. . . . R (K 6) takes Kt, ch; 47. K to B sq, P to R 7 (threatening R (K 7) to B 7 followed by R to Kt 8, ch); 48. R to Q B 8, R (K 7) to B 7; 49. R takes R, R takes R (threatening R to Q Kt 7 followed by R to Kt 8, ch) and wins. If, instead, 46. R takes R P, then 46. . . . R (Kt 7) takes Kt, ch, and mate in two more moves.

(*v*) If R to Q Kt 8, then R takes Kt, ch, followed by R to Q B 7 and wins.

A GOOD GAME BY PIRC

The following game, from a tournament at Bad Harzburg in June, was well played by the Jugoslavian master, V. Pirc.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. V. Pirc.	WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. V. Pirc.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	20. B takes B	Q takes B, ch
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	21. R to Q 4 (*g*)	Q Kt to Q 2 (*h*)
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	22. P to Q Kt 4	Q to B 2
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	23. P takes P	Q Kt tks P (*i*)
5. Castles	B to K 2	24. P to Q R 4	R to K sq
6. P to Q 4 (*a*)	P to Q Kt 4	25. Kt to R 3 (*j*)	Kt to B 3
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	26. R to Q 2	R to K 4
8. P to B 3	B to Kt 5 (*b*)	27. Q to B 3	Q R to K sq
9. B to K 3	Castles	28. R to K sq	P to R 3
10. P to K R 3 (*c*)	B takes Kt	29. K to R sq	R to Kt 4
11. Q takes B	Kt to Q R 4	30. P takes P	P takes P
12. B to B 2 (*d*)	Kt to B 5	31. P to K 5 (*k*)	R (Kt 4) tks KP
13. B to B sq	P to B 4	32. R takes R (*l*)	Kt takes R
14. P to Q Kt 3	Kt to Kt 3	33. Q to Q sq	Kt (K4) to Kt 5 (*m*)
15. P takes K P	P takes P	34. P takes Kt	Kt takes P
16. R to Q sq	Q to B 2	35. P to Kt 3 (*n*)	Q takes P
17. B to K 3	P to B 5 (*e*)	36. Q to K B sq	P to Kt 3 (*o*)
18. Q to B 5	K R to Kt sq	37. Q to K Kt sq (*p*)	Q to R 6, ch (*q*)
19. P to B 4 (*f*)	B to B 4	Resigns.	

(*a*) The usual move is R to K sq.

(*b*) Not Kt takes K P because of B to Q 5.

(*c*) P to Q 5 is better.

(*d*) After this move White gets seriously behind in development. He should, instead, play Kt to Q 2.

(*e*) A good move.

(*f*) Very risky, for it creates a weakness in the diagonal from his K Kt sq to Q R 7.

(*g*) If, instead, K to R sq, then Q to B 7.

(*h*) Guarding the Queen and so threatening P takes R.

(*i*) Black has now a strong square at his K 4, and in the subsequent play he makes good use of it.

(*j*) Not Kt to Q 2 because then Kt to B 3 wins the exchange.

(*k*) White decides to sacrifice a pawn in the hope of freeing his game.

(*l*) Not good. He should, instead, play R (Q 2) to K 2.

(*m*) A very good move to which White has no satisfactory reply.

(*n*) Not R to Q 6 because of Q takes R, followed, if Q takes Q or Q takes Kt, by R to K 8, mate.

(*o*) Threatening R to K 8, which, if played at once, would be refuted by R to Q 8, ch and mate next move.

(*p*) There is nothing to be done. If 37. R to Q sq, then 37. . . . Kt to B 7, ch; 38. Q takes Kt, Q takes Q, threatening R to K 6. If, instead, 37. R to Kt 2, then 37. . . . Q to R 5, ch; 38. K to Kt sq, R to K 8.

(*q*) Stronger than R to K 8.

PROBLEM No. 3981

By V. FÜHRER.*

WHITE (11 pieces): King at Q R 2, Queen at Q R 4, Rooks at K sq and Q sq, Bishops at Q Kt sq and K R 2, Knights at Q B 2 and Q Kt 4, Pawns at K Kt 2, Q Kt 3 and Q 4.

BLACK (12 pieces): King at K 5, Queen at K R 3, Rooks at K B 5 and K 7, Bishop at Q B 8, Knight at K Kt 8, Pawns at K B 2, K 3, Q 3, K B 3, K B 4 and Q B 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Deuken und Raten*, 1932.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3980

1. Q to Q B 6 (threatening 2. Q to R 4, ch). If 1. . . . R to Q B 5, then 2. B to K 4, &c. If 1. . . . R to K 5, then 2. B to B 4, &c. If 1. . . . R to B 6 or R to Kt 6, then 2. Q to R 4, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to K 5, then 2. Q to B 6, ch, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 484

ACROSS.—1, Farmer who has little; yet has all 6, Both halves are essential to this game. 7, Shoots—mostly birds. 10, Dine at seven for this. 11, Back out of 6 across. 13, Subject of the Mediterranean. 14, The common herd. 17, With which the angler has fed even grown-up fish! 18, Lariat that always causes a tear. 21, Vegetables put in sport. 22, May be one of any stag party. 24, Empty. 25, An enclosure. Or a rural measure perhaps. 26, Ideal ground for needy farmers.

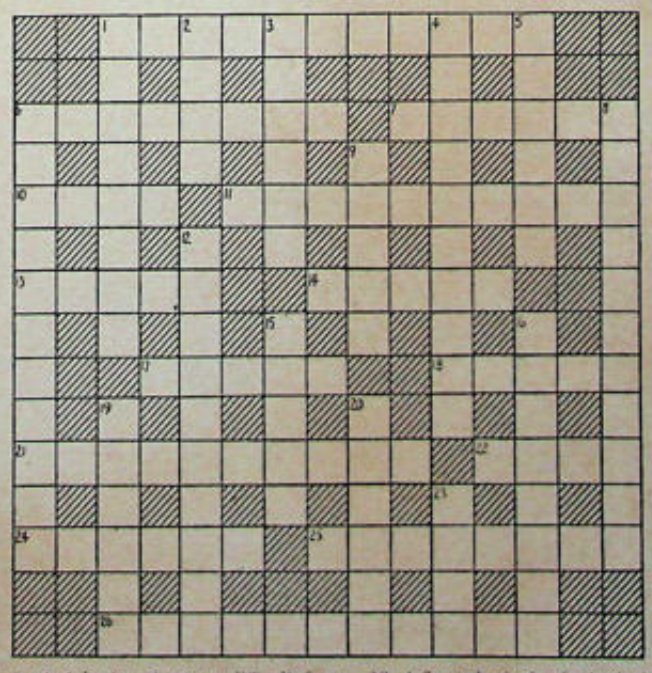
DOWN.—1, A surgical boot for this fielder? 2, A short weight worn by priests. 3, Flowers deceptive towards the end. 4, The key to this vehicle is within. 5, Should help one keep to the grain. 6, Could a Navy runner be thus described? 8, Tender—as is a young cabbage. 9, The best step to take to get over a difficult fence. 12, A flower beginning in Ancient Greece. 15, Naturally underneath 12. 16, Vehicles in vehicles. 19, Hedge split in the middle. 20, A plot in hilly country. 23, "It's me!" exclaimed the bird here.

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. 483

Published September 24th

■	H	A	R	V	E	S	T	M	I	T	E	S	■	■
■	■	■	O	A	E	■	I	■	C	■	R	■	■	■
S	W	A	L	L	O	W	T	A	I	L	■	L	O	■
E	■	■	E	■	S	■	G	■	E	■	E	■	U	■
A	P	E	S	■	S	H	I	R	E	■	B	R	A	N
S	■	L	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	J	■	O	■	D
C	R	E	E	P	E	R	S	■	P	A	M	P	A	S
O	■	C	■	P	■	K	■	B	■	P	■	A	■	U
R	A	T	T	L	E	■	F	I	N	E	B	R	A	N
P	■	R	■	E	■	I	■	O	■	S	■	E	■	F
I	B	I	S	■	A	N	E	L	K	■	K	I	W	I
O	■	C	■	C	■	S	■	O	■	C	■	■	■	S
N	■	R	■	A	S	O	N	G	T	H	R	U	S	H
S	■	A	■	L	■	U	■	I	■	I	■	■	■	■
■	■	Y	C	L	E	P	T	C	U	C	K	O	O	■



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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Fish Dying in a Pond.—The fish you sent for examination only showed signs of trouble in the gills. It is probable that with the continued drought the water level has fallen and with the rising temperature the bed of the pond has been giving off gases due to fermentation composed largely of sulphuretted hydrogen, and that this has poisoned the fish. The gills showed clearly that they had been affected; they were very much swollen and intensely red. When the bad gases have escaped the remaining fish should be safe. The dead fish ought to be removed from the water as soon as possible.—*S. G. C., Sussex.*

Cats

Persian Cats.—The name and address of the breeder about whom you inquire are Miss Langston, 8, Cranfurd Road, Maidenhead.—*G. A., U.S.A.*

Garden

Cultivation of Wild Rice.—"Canadian wild rice" (*Zizania aquatica*) is a native of Eastern North America; it is an annual grass, growing only in fresh water. This aquatic grass has grown well at Kew and some years ago efforts were made to acclimatise it in the country; seed obtained from Canada being distributed to various estates. During the winter it is necessary to store the seed in water, and when it is required to import fresh seed it is advisable to convey this in water or pack so as to keep it quite moist. Messrs. Vilmorin-Andrieux & Co., 4, Quai de la Megisserie, Paris, stock seeds of *Zizania*. Full particulars of the cultivation, &c., are given in *Kew Bulletin* No. 9, 1909, pages 381 – 390 — including information on "Manchurian Water Rice" (*Zizania latifolia*), an aquatic perennial which grows well at Kew on the margins of the lake. See also "Wild Rice" in "Propagation of Wild Duck Foods," by W. L. McAtee, *U.S. Dept. of Agric. Bulletin No.* 465, 1917. Seeds are not dependable every year and fresh seeds are usually obtained annually from Canada for sowing at Kew.—*H. V. T., S.W.* 1.

Kennel

Treatment of Sores.—It is possible that the sores or ulcers are of a malignant nature and may refuse to heal, but try the effect of painting them once daily with a 1 per cent. solution of picric acid in water.—*E. R. D., Southwold.*

Haziness of Eye in Dog.—We should suggest placing a very little of the yellow oxide of mercury ointment B.P. under the upper eyelid twice daily, closing the lids and giving gentle massage with the tip of a finger, to distribute the ointment over the cornea. Whether the haziness will clear up or not remains to be seen, as it depends upon the original cause, but the use of silver nitrate is liable to render it permanent.—*P. G. P., Lyndham.*

Treatment for Hysteria.—The general line of treatment for hysteria is to place the subject on an easily digested and suitable diet, such as raw meat 80 per cent., stale brown or wholemeal bread, fed dry; clean cold water to drink *ad lib.* To keep the bowels regular with doses of medicinal paraffin. To avoid all undue excitement and fatigue. To remove such exciting causes as worms, parasitic ear canker, &c. To give a course of sedatives, bromide of sodium or potassium.—*E. J. G. H., Bristol.*

Legal

Lights on Horse-Drawn Vehicles.—In this case the law is the same as for motor cars; you must have two white lights in the front and one red to the rear. There are, however, these two exceptions. If the vehicle has one axle, your two white lights must be level with the axle or in front of it, while if it has two they must be fixed not more than 18in. behind the front axle. Actually there is no need for you to have a separate red lamp in the rear if the white lamps in front show red in the rear; but it then makes its way out on the ground or vegetation. They are sometimes found in large quantities in gardens.—*E. B., Breconshire.*

Caterpillars Identified.—The caterpillars are those of the pine sawfly (*Lophyrus pini*). Often causing great damage to fir plantations, unless checked they multiply year after year, ravaging large areas. As the caterpillars form cocoons in the litter under the trees to pass the winter, the litter should be collected into small heaps and burnt, which is the best prevention.—*A. P. G. C., Forres.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Capillariasis of a Pheasant.—A second-year cock pheasant was picked up dead through the threadworm infection of the bowels known as Capillariasis. This disease is spread through contamination of the food and ground by the worm-containing droppings of infected birds, *e.g.*, poultry, partridges and other gallinaceous birds.—*J. M., Renfrewshire.*

Overgrown Incisor Teeth of Rabbit.—Illustrated notes on the overgrowth of incisor teeth of rabbits were published in the *Field* of February 15th and 29th, 1936. A keeper has sent us the head of a wild rabbit, whose upper and lower incisor teeth were elongated and incurved, resembling those illustrated in 1936. The lower molar teeth on either side were irregular, and their inner borders were sharpened, thus having a resemblance to the "shear mouth," which used to be met with in commercial horses in the "old days." Despite the malformation of the teeth, all the affected rabbits we have had the opportunity of examining have been able to eat sufficient food, and were in a good state of nutrition.—*G. L., Notts.*

Feather-mites of a Woodpigeon.—Enclosing five flight and tail feathers of a woodpigeon, a correspondent reported that about nine months ago her dog picked up the pigeon. It was unable to fly, so she put it into a large aviary containing doves and cardinals. The pigeon now appears to be in very good health and perfect feather except for its flight and tail feathers. The specimen feathers were heavily infested with feather-mites, *Falculifer rostratus*, which are barely visible to the naked eye. The mites reproduce at the base of the quills and feed on the tissues of the feathers, particularly of the tail and wings. In the earlier stages of the infestation tiny holes, like pin-pricks, are seen when the affected feather is held in front of a strong light. Later the feather loses its sheen; it is ragged owing to the loss of so many barbules; and it is readily fractured. Feather mites are commonly found on pigeons and doves, as well as other species of aviary birds, which are kept in improperly managed lofts and aviaries. The living quarters of any species of birds should be regularly cleaned out, and this means the burning of droppings and litter together with a thorough scrubbing with hot soda water and soft soap of the entire interior and all its fittings. Water baths or sprays should be provided for the birds, and these require daily cleaning. Nest boxes should be thoroughly scrubbed out after each nest, and should be removed for storage outside the breeding season. Ornamental aviaries, however much they may satisfy the æsthetic sense of the owner, are to be condemned as living quarters for birds, since their shrubs, fancy rockeries, plots of grass, &c., prevent any owner applying the rudimentary measures for cleanliness. Fixed aviaries should be provided with an impervious properly drained floor (*e.g.*, of concrete), and their fixtures (perches, trays, baths, nest-boxes, &c.) should be of simple design permitting thorough cleaning at regular intervals, preferably not less than once per week. In his book on parrots, Lord Tavistock describes the principles of a very good movable aviary, which necessarily must be small enough for moving on to fresh patches of ground at regular intervals, and thus plenty of land must be available. To return to the wood-pigeon, its inability to fly when caught was not due to feather-mite infection; the disease is a blemish for exhibition purposes and an irritant particularly during the nesting season; but it does not prevent flight. In this case we are of the opinion that the wood-pigeon contracted the mite infection from the aviary.—*A. J. C., Ireland.*

Naturalist

Eggs Identified.—The eggs are the eggs of a moorhen. We can only imagine that either there was a stream in the neighbourhood of the barn or that someone had taken the eggs and placed them on the chaff.—*G. E. S., Lewes.*

Worm Identified.—The specimen is a hair-worm (*Gordius aquatis*). In the earlier stages it is parasitical on small insects, gnats, &c.; it then makes its way out on the ground or vegetation. They are sometimes found in large quantities in gardens.—*E. B., Breconshire.*

Caterpillars Identified.—The caterpillars are those of the pine sawfly (*Lophyrus pini*). Often causing great damage to fir plantations, unless checked they multiply year after year, ravaging large areas. As the caterpillars form cocoons in the litter under the trees to pass the winter, the litter should be collected into small heaps and burnt, which is the best prevention.—*A. P. G. C., Forres.*

Miscellaneous

Cleaning Swimming Bath.—The trouble experienced with the bath is probably caused by the growth of algæ, and can most conveniently be stopped in the small pool by the use of chloros—a hypochlorite containing 10 per cent. available chlorine. To obtain the best results, the bath should be emptied and the walls cleaned of slime by applying a solution of 1 quart of chloros in 2 gallons of water, allowing this a few minutes' contact, then scrubbing off with a stiff brush and rinsing with water. After this, add ½ pint of chloros to the clean water as it runs into the bath, taking care to ensure its thorough distribution. If this cannot be done, dilute the ½ pint of chemical with about 20 times its volume of water, and sprinkle the mixture evenly over the surface of the pool by means of an ordinary watering can. When both bath and water are clean, one surface sprinkling in the week will keep it so, but in warm weather it may be necessary to spray twice weekly. Regular treatment in this way will keep the pool sterile and free from algæ. Treatment will not in any way affect bathers. When the chemical has done its work only a little common salt remains in the water. A booklet describing the uses of chloros for the sterilisation of swimming bath water can be obtained free of charge from Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., Millbank, London, S.W. 1.—*Mrs. H. O. C., Bordon.*

Motoring

Racing on the Road.—Of course, racing on a public highway is illegal, and anyone promoting a race or trial of speed is liable to be prosecuted. So even if the drivers were only having a friendly race they were running a risk.—*C. B. D., Annan.*

Silencers necessary.—It is essential that the engine of your car should be fitted with a silencer. The only legal specifications of the silencer are that (*a*) it must be "suitable and sufficient for reducing noise as far as may be reasonable," and (*b*) the silencer must be fitted in such a way that the exhaust gases cannot escape into the air without first passing through the silencer.—*H. D. G., Darlington.*

Speed Limits.—No, there is now no universal speed limit for cars and motor cycles if (*a*) all wheels are fitted with pneumatic tyres; (*b*) the vehicle is adapted to carry not more than eight passengers, including the driver; and (*c*) it is not a heavy motor car, *i.e.*, weighs not less than 2½ tons unladen. It is only cars that are not fitted with pneumatic tyres that are limited to a speed limit of 30 m.p.h. There are, of course, local regulations.—*W. G. K., Brighton.*

Shooting

Coverts in Flat Country.—If you are going to drive birds out of covert in flat country, you must try and make flushing points some little way inside your coverts and with some sort of a belt of trees in front of them. For this purpose, we would suggest planting *Lonicera Mitida*. Very good results have been obtained at one shoot which we know of by flagging the birds with men holding flags in front of the coverts, but we, personally, think this savours too much of the artificial. But undoubtedly the best way of getting high birds in flat country is to block the birds out of the coverts where they are fed into gorse or out on to the roofs and then put them back into their coverts, the reverse process of what normally happens. They are doing this at Euston with great effect, and we believe the King is going to try the same thing at Sandringham. The guns then stand in front of the covert, and the birds should be put up some way from them; thus they gain considerable height and will offer fairly sporting shots, as they will be in a sort of "plane" by the time they pass over the guns.—*A. T. C. L., Ipswich.*

Cartridge Tests

The "Bond" loading machines have not been made for the last 20-25 years; the firm who manufactured them are not now in existence. We understand Mr. Monk, gun-maker of Chester, was interested in the patent and may be able to assist you; the present whereabouts of Mr. Bond is unknown.—*R., Dumfries.*

Your violet cartridges contained 33 grains of a smokeless powder of the appearance of Walsrode and a bare 1⅛oz. of No. 6½ shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,074ft. per second. Recoil slightly heavy for a gun under 6¾lb. weight. Pressures normal. With one exception the results obtained were very regular and they should prove effective against game at normal range.—*A. J. C. L., Westerfield.*

Your blue cartridges contained 32½ grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and 1⅛oz. No. 5 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,100ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns were even and averaged 60 per cent. (full choke barrel, 30in. circle, 40yds.). It would have been more satisfactory had you sent a larger quantity, four being inadequate for testing velocity, pattern and load; however, from the results obtained it is apparent they should kill well.—*F. S. M., Lochboisdale.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	*Canada.* £ s. d.	*Elsewhere abroad.* £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Oct. 1, 1938

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4476. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3½D.

THE WINNER OF A GREAT DUEL

Captain G. E. T. Eyston who, in reaching a speed of 357.5 m.p.h. at Utah in his car "Thunderbolt," has retained his title as holder of the World's Land Speed Record, which had been endangered by his fellow countryman, John Cobb

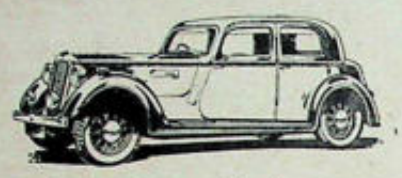
"The Sporting and Dramatic News"

says

"There was the same effortless silence and calmness at 70 m.p.h., only one's vision of the flying road and the hum of the tyres marking a difference from the dream-like gliding of the car at 30."

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



The Rover Company, Ltd., Coventry.

cvs—273

THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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

Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 819
THE MAN AND THE MOMENT 819
DANGER WHICH THREATENS THE AVON . . 820
RACING AND THE CRISIS 822
STABLEMEN AND MASTERS 823
SOME SERENGETI CONTRASTS 824
A FEW ACRES AND SOME GROUSE . . . 825
LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS 826
FATA MORGANA 828
THE SONG THRUSH 830
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 832
FIFTY YEARS AGO 832
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 832
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 833
IN THE CITY 838
NEW BOOKS 839
LIGHTENING THE CADDIE'S BURDEN . . . 840
PLANNING EARLY SUMMER BORDERS . . . 842
THATCHING PRACTICE 842
INDOOR FLORAL DECORATION 844
ASPECTS OF THE POTATO HARVEST . . . 846
SPEED OR SPACE? 848
A WINTER PLAYGROUND 849
CARDS AND CHESS 851
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 852
AND MOTOR SHOW SUPPLEMENT

A LESSON TO LEARN

THE news has just come through—and by the time this is read will be stale—of agreement reached in Munich. The relief occasioned by that news can be seen clearly on every face, and in the walk of the people in the streets, and in the lightened atmosphere generally. The shadow of immediate war, and all that modern war must mean, has been lifted. We have stood in these last days on the edge of a precipice; we have seen all too clearly the dread spectre of that savagery which would ruin our civilisation. It is natural that in so great a reaction we may think that much which we have passed through we imagined and that the future holds no horrors.

But from this crisis we should surely learn a lesson. It is the same lesson that we should have learned from our national experiences of the years 1914–1918—a lesson that we did not learn. It is this, that the days when it was possible for England to muddle through are past. Communications are too rapid, frontiers too nebulous for such an outlook to carry any consolation in the future. It must be plain to anybody, who seriously thinks about the events of the past few weeks, and particularly of the events of the past few days, that we must readjust our ideas. There was a very great difference between our conception of national defence before 1914 and our conception of national defence in this crisis; there must be just as great a difference between our present conception of that state of the nation and our ideas for the future. That we were better prepared than in 1914 is, I think, beyond dispute. But we were better prepared only because we had made a great national effort rather too late, and we were certainly not so very prepared as we should have been had we made that national effort sooner and over a longer period of time. That is the lesson.

Some form of national service seems to be indicated. For a free people such as ourselves compulsory national service seems to be abhorrent, but there are democracies in which that service is undertaken and which remain no less democracies. Moreover, national service does not necessarily mean national military service. Indeed, it should go far beyond that. It means in its widest conception that the nation should have at its disposal at any time the best in its land, whether that best be physical or mental. There was a saying in the last war "The farther from the front the greater the reward," and that saying was horribly true. There were men in the last war who made fortunes because others were willing to subordinate their interests and their lives in their country's defence. Such a state of affairs, a horrible and degrading state, could not exist were there some form of national service.

In this present crisis we were as prepared as years of indecision would allow. But our agriculture was in no state to stand a sudden national emergency and agriculture must have been but one of many departments of the national life. Crises in these days grow very quickly. This particular one was punctured but a few hours before it would have burst. And though we have every hope and have every right to hope that in our time there will be no other crisis of such a nature, it would be the height of folly to sit back now and indulge again in the form of idealism which in the long pleasant years following 1918 led Europe to the brink of tragedy and civilisation within measurable distance of destruction.

WIRELESS AND WAR

IT is a matter of interesting speculation as to whether the whole course of history might not have been changed had there been wireless sets beside the family hearths in 1914. The power of wireless made itself felt during the period of the Great Strike, and the last few days have shown it to be a vital force during a crisis. In the hands of a Government determined to use it to ventilate facts, wireless can be used to neutralise propaganda. There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's quiet and dignified message to the nation, together with other news broadcast from this country in foreign languages, made a deep impression abroad. You can suppress news in the Press, but you cannot confiscate wireless receivers without a slight suspicion arising that you are trying to prevent people listening to something about which they should not be kept in ignorance. The wireless, too, is a wonderful factor in discountenancing rumour, preventing panic, and organising services. Its use in national emergency we saw demonstrated when the school children were to be removed from possible danger zones. Wireless in the recent upheaval has played a part in peaceful settlement that cannot be exaggerated.

FIELD HUNTING NUMBER

In our Hunting Number, which is to be published next week, we have endeavoured to cover as many aspects of the sport as possible. Amongst others there is an article on keeping up the supply of hunters (a very important question), and one on "dressing" hunters, a rather piquant question under modern conditions. "Is Hunting Becoming Too Artificial?" will supply an answer with which you may or may not agree. The history of bit-making is also discussed, and the Oxford University Drag and the famous men connected with it are described. "The Size of Beagles" is another article which may provoke comment. "Farmers Who Have Hunted Hounds" will bring back many memories, and "Looking After Hunt Gates and Jumps" should prove a useful basis of instruction for hard-worked secretaries. All these articles are written by people who know their subject, and, in addition, there will be a coloured cover by Eric Meade King, and three pages of colour within the number. Cubhunting reports and lists of Masters, Secretaries, Huntsmen, &c., are, as usual, included.

"IT'S AN ILL-WIND ——"

The Territorial Force must be congratulating itself on the numerous recruits that have now swollen its ranks. Pessimists who lugubriously announced that the youth of the country would never rally to the colours as they did in 1914 have been signally confounded. The spirit of Britain does not change. But how deplorable it is we have to wait for trouble to rouse that spirit. "I'll come when I'm wanted" is the attitude, whereas if these young men only came in time they would be of real value as trained soldiers and not useless material for the many months which have to be tided over by their efficient companions in arms. There is something wrong with the works somewhere, and it must be in the method employed to stimulate patriotism in peace time. As we have so often remarked, we still believe "The soldier follows the drum." From strange quarters come tentative suggestions for a form of conscription which, it is supposed, would have to be based on the Territorial scheme. Were it ever adopted the Territorials would wish to retain their voluntary status and any new organisation would have to be established under another heading.

THE FOOD HOARDERS

One of the regulations of a state of emergency should surely be a measure which at the outset prevents tradesmen supplying unusual quantities of foodstuffs to their customers. The food hoarders were with us in 1914. Some of the cars returning from the countryside this week contained crates of provisions. People who normally limit themselves to a few pounds of sugar actually demanded a hundredweight from their grocers. Such demands not only deprive others of their fair share, but are liable to cause a temporary shortage which may lead to a food scare. There is no term hard enough to apply to the food hoarders. No regulations could be too severe.

NOW FOR THE GRAYLING

Weather prophets in the guise of the oldest inhabitant are speaking cheerfully of a fine autumn. It may be no more than a reflection of the optimistic mood which happenings at the end of September evoked, but fine weather prophets seldom lack a welcome, except in times of drought, and anglers who were cheated of the closing days of the trout season are quoting from letters saying that grayling are rising well and pugnaciously making preparations for "giving them something to rise at." At the moment it may be hoped that St. Swithin has done his worst (his time limit of six weeks has expired these many days), and that autumn will reflect the spirit of peace which has settled on mundane affairs, and give us the still, frosty mornings and sunny noontides, with grayling making those sudden dimples in midstream which betoken, in prospect at least, a real red-letter day, when the angler, free of the shackles of limit bags and dry-fly ethics, may fish as his fancy dictates, and carry home his catch without fear of criticism afterwards.

AUTUMN'S MORNING

Now Autumn's gold medallions, dewspangled
In a mist that's haloed like an angel's head,
Cry to the skies content of consummation
In morning glory, temperate and peaceful.

Air, purified of August's heavy humours,
Drifts, laden in perfect poise, too fine to last,
Balanced between an overblown, rank sweetness
And barren rawness bred of dead winter's dearth.

I would this perfection did not have to die;
To cry "Perfect stays"; yet think my cry will be
To empty seats of power, I know not whose,
For Winter will come, and Spring and Summer, too.

A. H. V. L.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I ROUNDED the corner of the Manor House and came face to face with the Great Plane. Before that day I had never so much as heard of its existence, though it grows in a countryside of whose natural riches I believed that not one had escaped me. No countryman had ever mentioned it to me and book-lore is silent about it, though it has plenty to say about the mansion where Queen Elizabeth was confined as a prisoner and later took her revenge by appearing there as a guest. Yet a nobler, a more truly Gothic tree I had never seen.

The Rycote tree, which I had discovered by accident, is an Oriental Plane, and the legend is that the Oriental Plane was introduced into this country by Francis Bacon, but Loudon declared that it was " in British gardens before 1548." If that be so, the Rycote specimen must surely be one of the very few originals planted before the middle of the sixteenth century. Apart from all other signs and evidences, the width of its bole testifies to its great antiquity. The average circumference of the trunk of a well-grown plane is from 9ft. to 12ft., and that of the Rycote tree as I roughly measured it 5ft. from the ground is 26ft. 4in., nearly thrice the normal girth. That is 2ft. wider than the bole of the largest yew-tree in Hampshire, growing in the churchyard of Boarhurst, and calculated by that fine Hampshire archæologist, J. P. Williams-Freeman, to be 1200 years old. The Boarhurst Yew is itself larger than the celebrated Selborne Yew, whose measurement Gilbert White gave as 23ft. The Rycote Plane is, indeed, smaller round the bole than the two mightiest trees I know, the Newland Oak (41ft.) on the east bank of the Wye and the Spanish Chestnut (50ft. in 1766) of Tortworth in the South Cotswolds, presumed to have been planted in A.D. 800, and certainly the biggest tree in England. But the growth of a plane is, of course, much more rapid than that of oak or chestnut.

The Rycote Plane grows on a mound, and so displays its grandeur and spaciousness to the best advantage. Seven massive limbs, each as large as a full-grown plane, extend from its tower of bossed, warted and corrugated timber, and their growth, being more horizontal than vertical, gives the whole tree an amplitude of space that increases its majesty. The Oriental Plane of Lee Court, mentioned in Evelyn's *Memoirs* and figured by Jacob George Strutt in *Sylva Britannica*, covers nothing like so generous an area, and its branches are inclined but little out of the straight. It is the spread, not the height, of a tree that gives it supreme dominion on earth and makes it venerable beyond all living things. The age of the Rycote Tree is written upon it in characters not to be mistaken, but what excites more wonder still is its agelessness.

The Newland Oak and the Tortworth Chestnut have both seen more centuries pass over their unbowed heads than has the Rycote Plane, but though they yet live it is as colossal ruins. The Tortworth Chestnut especially gives an impression of immortality, because a whole grove of vigorous great trunks has sprung from the parent bole that is slowly disintegrating into dust. The Rycote Plane achieves the same effect of everlastingness after a different manner. It stands there on its mound in a perfection of health and vitality. It looks as young as it is old, and hangs its bristling round fruits and outspreads its polished bright green leaves as though for the first time on earth it were welcoming the sunshine and the rain.

How benedictive seemed its power as it looked over the pastures towards the distant lake! Were moots held under this more than kingly canopy, and did here the villagers pursue their peaceful rites and make their appointments for the common fields? So royal it looked in its beauty and its strength that my fancy asked whether even the madness of men might not be stilled beneath its shade. Surely no man could look upon such a tree without humility, tranquil as it stood there as is the earth itself, tranquil like time slipping at last into eternity. I thought to myself as I turned to go: " O Tree, live for ever! "

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Contributed by a reader from a book on golf, published in 1887, which disparages golf as a game for ladies.

" You can ride at a stone wall for love and the lady, but what part can she take in driving at a bunker? It is natural that Lady Diana should fall in love with Nimrod when she finds him in the plough, stunned, broken legged, the brush, which he had wrested from the fox as he fell, firm in his lifeless grasp.

" But if beauty found us prone on the putting green, a 27½ embedded in our gory locks, she might send us home to be trepanned; but nothing could come of it, a red coat notwithstanding."

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace

THE MAN AND THE MOMENT

Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Work for World Peace

JUST over a week ago the British Empire was on the brink of war. That another world conflict would bear no comparison with the last was realised by every man and woman in this country, for the potentialities of the modern aeroplane have been bloodily advertised.

We know well enough the ruin and devastation that follows in the train of war to-day, and it is poor consolation to say that it would mean the same thing for the other fellow. Which does not infer that we would burke the issue were the safety of the Empire or the freedom it stands for endangered. Mr. Chamberlain made this fairly plain when he spoke of the larger issue involved in the Czechoslovakian crisis following his second disappointing visit to Herr Hitler, and that issue is the substitution of threat for negotiation in world politics.

Providence has watched over the destinies of Britain in sending her at this juncture a Neville Chamberlain. We have needed a man at the head of the State able to face realities and capable of taking a bold decision. Where others would have hesitated he had the courage to go direct to Herr Hitler; to stand up to the charge of lack of dignity and loss of prestige; to avert the certainty of war. " What do you think of your Prime Minister now, going with his hat in his hand to Hitler? " one woman was heard to remark to another. " I would not care if he went with his boots in his hand," was the reply, " if he could make sanity supplant stupidity." This must have echoed the sentiments of many people in the country.

And Mr. Chamberlain did not despair when his efforts seemed abortive. He did not scruple to cast diplomatic procedure to the winds. His speech to the House was a plain statement, a review of the situation robbed of ambiguities, clichés, and all flights of rhetoric. It contained no references to paths which lie in dark places, nor spoke of " avenues to be explored." It was a speech which did not seek to disguise difficulties, which showed how sand had been thrown into the machinery of negotiation whenever there appeared a chance of smooth working; but for the dramatic interruption to its peroration it would undoubtedly have outlined the stern duty with which the nation would be confronted in the event of an impasse. Neither the French, the Italians, nor the Germans themselves welcomed a world war, despite Herr Hitler's statement of what he was willing to risk. The assertion has been made that he has obtained what he desired by bluff, without fighting. He has obtained what was offered to him after British compromise had played its part.

When Mr. Chamberlain went on the third aeroplane journey of his life the country waited upon him and he held its trust. Many of us that Thursday night must have stood by our wireless receivers, anxiously tuning in to each announcement, at midnight, and after 1 a.m., to learn that no decision had been announced. If we felt tired under the strain of three weeks of uncertainty, what, we asked, could be the feelings of a man of nearly seventy, after his superhuman exertions of the past week; who had risen in the early hours of the morning to journey by 'plane to Munich to take part in a complicated discussion with so much dependent upon it and which was lasting into the next day?

Mr. Chamberlain has had to face many tough situations in his life: he was facing the hardest of all with the fate of the world at stake. He returned in triumph as the man who Won the Peace. The fact that there are at least four other claimants to the title is in itself testimony to his efforts. He will not grudge them their claim. When his aeroplane landed at Heston the Prime Minister bore in his hand a pledge signed by Herr Hitler to improve relations between Germany and ourselves and to remove differences by consultation. If Cabinet Ministers had cheered Mr. Chamberlain on his departure, their sentiments must have been those of the enthusiastic crowd who gave him so whole-hearted an ovation on his return—he had indeed caught his fox in the dark. The police in Downing Street, when that sanctuary had been invaded by the public, were smiling as broadly as any of those who were welcoming back the Premier with acclamations which could not have been as great for any conquering hero. He did not deny that crowd a further example of his fortitude when he responded to their demand for an appearance. One of the photographs which must take its place in the gallery of historical pictures is that which shows Mr. Chamberlain beside his wife on the balcony of Buckingham Palace acknowledging the plaudits of the multitude, with the King and Queen on either side of them. King George's father would have been as proud as his son to have accorded them such honour.

The Premier, after his labours, deserves a much-needed rest, but there are difficult days still before him until the present situation becomes stabilised.

As this paper goes to press early in the week history is still marching relentlessly on. While thanksgivings are being offered up for the averting of war, Mr. Chamberlain has to face envy, in some cases malice, and also the opposition of those who bear the honest conviction that his policy has been unsound. But many of the voices now raised against him were strangely silent last week, and will seek shelter behind the excuse of not wishing to embarrass him during the crisis. The members of Parliament who cheered him and wished him God speed on his journey have been accused of suffering from " mass hysteria." Those who point the finger of reproach at the Premier would, in the words of an American contemporary, do well to " search their own souls " as to whether they would have committed the lives of their nearest and dearest for the point at issue. One of the anomalies always with us is the warlike attitude of pacifists.

Memories of past actions and statements in *Mein Kampf* have caused doubt to be cast on the value of the German Führer's word. He has expressed his desire for European peace, and where the methods employed by other statesmen of approaching him in the past have failed Mr. Chamberlain's may well succeed. Should they fail, we know where we stand and what devolves upon us. Herr Hitler himself is under no illusion as to the indomitable will which can be displayed by the British peoples and the sacrifices they can be counted upon to make when antagonised. But let us give peaceful methods, backed by preparedness, a chance against power politics.

The economic position of the Czechoslovakians and their plight under the tremendous self-denial they have been called upon to make has been stressed. Let it be asked what would have been their position had war broken out? When we eventually prevailed, as prevail we should, would there be a Czech state to reconstruct, or any Czechs to rebuild it? Let us take our fences as we come to them, and pin our faith to the pilot who is showing the way. Much remains to be accomplished before settlement in Europe is reached, and we trust that a calm issue out of present difficulties may enable Mr. Chamberlain to pursue the great work of bringing the nations together. He does not seek the rewards so many would like to shower upon him for what he has already accomplished, but surely, when the goal is reached, Friday, September 30th, will be for ever dedicated to him.

FLOODING WHICH THE DRAINAGE SCHEME IS INTENDED TO PREVENT

DANGER WHICH THREATENS THE AVON

Work Which is Canalising a Lovely River

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. E. CAREY

IT is a sad sight, but not a surprising one, to see a valley devastated by war, but it is indeed strange to see public funds utilised to devastate a lovely bit of English country; yet this is what is being done, and will continue to be done, unless that final arbiter in most British controversies—public opinion—is aroused to call a halt. The work referred to above is that of the Avon and Stour Catchment Area Drainage Board, and the valley affected, the Upper Avon Valley.

This board is steadily *canalising* the lovely river under the protection of an Act of Parliament, which, despite the protests of the local river conservators, gives the board powers which can only be described as extravagant. The interests of the riparian owners, fishery lessees and consequently the employees of these individuals do not appear to be a matter of concern to this board. To judge by a county council order recently served on me, the obsession of the engineer is to "cleanse the river, resection, regrade and free from all in-growth and deposit."

The object of the scheme is presumably to prevent flooding of villages and towns, especially Salisbury.

From fairly frequent inspections of the work that has been, and is being carried out, it appears that all along the length of the river the banks are being repaired by cutting them back with the spade until sound earth (free from water-rat holes, &c.) is reached, and the spoil thus "won" is thrown up to render the bank higher. At the same time all trees and shrubs within 10ft. of the water are liable to be removed, and the result is a drain or ditch which may be almost as pleasing to the eye of an engineer as a "pipe line," but to the lover of things that *are* lovely it is a massacre and an outrage.

Together with the destruction on the banks, the bed of this river beloved of trout anglers is "skinned" of all the weed so necessary to afford lies, food and shelter to the fish. Let me examine in detail the activities of this board, and in all humility attempt to add some constructive suggestions instead of relying solely on destructive criticism.

In the first place, the board, though interfering extensively in the province of the river conservators, does not, I understand, consult them as to policy or programme; and it also appears that riparian owners and lessees of fisheries are not in a position to hold their own against the carrying out of works which to them are disastrous. Not even the fact that lessees of fisheries are heavily rated will save them from the activities which not only ruin their sport during the time the operations are in progress, but are also likely to spoil their fisheries for many seasons to come.

The provision of food for trout is largely a matter of the skilful and intelligent culture and cutting of water weeds—a matter which takes years of experience and study—and yet the Drainage Board steps in "where angels fear to tread." Let us turn to the work as carried out by the Drainage Board: To those who are well acquainted with the irrigation system of the water meadows of the Avon, one fact is evident, and that is that the canalisation of the main river is not the best way to avoid flooding. Before proceeding any further, it seems best to digress for a moment and consider the system of irrigation by which the water meadows are watered, or to be exact, used to be watered, for, alas! in many meadows, the farmers have been unable to face the expense of their upkeep, and the side streams have been largely trodden in and obliterated by cattle.

The bed of the Avon falls very gradually and the pace of the flow is gentle. There are certain points, however, where man has taken advantage of sudden drops to establish mills or other barrages and hold up the flow with sluices (hatches), thus obtaining an abnormally high level above the river and meadows below. The bed and banks above these hatches are artificial, and at a higher level than the old river courses which can usually be detected in the vicinity. Some of these high levels are mill

SCENERY WHICH IT IS AN OUTRAGE TO RUIN

leets, others are merely quiet reaches above the barrage of the hatches.

In many cases where these waters are well raised above the surrounding meadows "spillways" are provided. These are holes in the river banks, controllable by hatches, which can conduct an excess of water via the old course of the river, direct to the lower reach without its passing through the main hatches. It is evident that given a head of water, raised up above the downstream meadows, it only remains to conduct that water to the meadows, water them, and return the excess to the main river. The water is led by side-streams known as "carriers" to the side of the meadow furthest from the main river, and thence running through the "feeders" and many little subsidiary streams or "carriages," which are traced across the meadows and separated from each other by the tables of slightly raised meadow land, the excess water from these many rills finds its way into another side stream known as a "drawn," and so is led back to the main river.

It is evident that repairs to banks above mills and hatches, and the upkeep of the hatches themselves are vitally important to the whole scheme, as these banks, being above the general level of the river, can only retain the head of water necessary for irrigation if they are maintained in repair; also all hatches must be capable of being easily lifted. The assistance of the Drainage Board in such repairs can be invaluable, but (and it is a large but) the repair should not be done by cutting back the banks and throwing the mud on them, but the eroded and destroyed bank should be rebuilt on the old alignment by revetment, and by the packing in of gravel or suitable material behind the revetment. In this way the river is not allowed to widen, the scouring action which is at its strongest when the hatches have been drawn is retained, and the channel prevented from silting up.

Mention has been made of "spillways," "carriers" and "drawns"—their maintenance is of the utmost importance. If floods come it is evident that when, despite the drawing of all hatches, the water piles up at mills or hatches, the spillways afford immediate relief, and, *provided that the old river course below them has been kept in order*, the excess of water can go safely down to the reach below without overflowing of the banks and flooding of the adjacent country. On the other hand, if it be all allowed to pass through the main hatches a "bar" of silt will be deposited further down the river.

Here, then, is a repair for the Drainage Board, and one that would earn them the thanks of all concerned with the river, namely, the maintenance of the spillways, and the side streams which conduct their waters to the main.

No signs of work of this nature have been noticed in the activities of the board in the vicinity of Enford and Upavon. Again, it is evident that in flood-time, when it is desired to save towns and villages from flooding, enormous potential reservoirs for flood waters exist in the water meadows themselves, which, in the Avon Valley, are of very large area, and on to which thousands and thousands of tons of flood water can be discharged without deepening the amount of their immersion by more than an inch or so, while the deposit of silt is of value to the herbage. And here, again, unless the carriers are maintained in order, the main river banks above mills and hatches may not be relieved of pressure as quickly as is necessary, and danger of "breaks through," overflowing and flooding will exist.

Enough has been said to show that the maintenance of the irrigation system which is still carried on by some farmers, and can even now be traced everywhere on the ground and in the ordnance maps, has a direct remedial value against floods. These side-streams are also of immense value to fisheries as nurseries for young trout.

It is not sound practice to repair banks by cutting them back as is being done now. Except where extensive ingrowth has been permitted, and where cattle tread in the banks, the general tendency of a river is to spread: it should be the object of its custodians to restrict this tendency and not to encourage it.

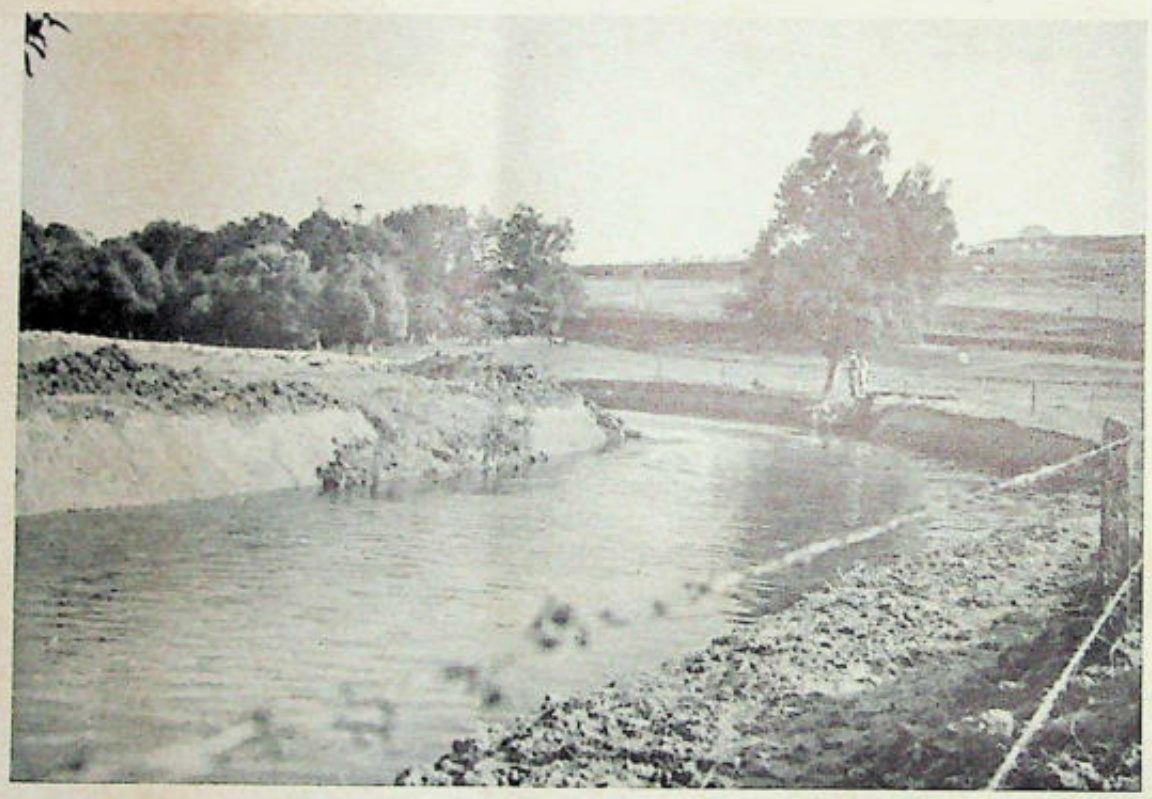
The more the spread the less the scour, and the greater the silting up of the bed. Cutting back of banks also deprives farmers of grazing acreage, and where fishermen's paths are fenced, entails the movement of the fence farther back from the river.

To refer back to the provisions of reservoirs for flood water by the natural use of the water meadows, certain points should not be missed in this connection. The formation of these temporary lakes not only prevents a force and volume of discharge with which the lower reaches of the river (especially where tidal) may not be able to deal, but it also allows of soakage through the subsoil and chalk, and assists the conservation of water in wells, springs and subterranean reservoirs which would otherwise be sent headlong down to the sea, and entirely wasted, and bitterly regretted in times of drought.

So far the main trend of this article has been utilitarian. There is another side, the spiritual side, which cannot be ranked as of less importance. The Drainage Board by its "canalisation" of a lovely river, and the wanton destruction of all the beauty wherewith the stream had clothed itself, is guilty of the unforgivable sin. Gone now is the flowering herbage from the banks and gone are the willows which shaded the pools, and whitened in the wind. The waving bars of crowsfoot, long the objects of loving care and attention by the river keepers, have been ruthlessly hacked out, and "all the fashion of the earth is changed," but that change, alas, not for the better.

What is the object of it all? To prevent flooding? How does this desecration prevent flooding?

It is hoped that sufficient has been said in this article for its readers to echo the question "How?"



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE UNSPOILED AVON, AND (BELOW) A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CANALISED RIVER

And if it does not, what is the use of it, and what possible excuse is there for it?

To sum up, the conclusions which appear reasonable and of constructive value are:

1. All work to be done by Drainage Boards on the river should be agreed to in conference with the local Board of Conservators, riparian owners, lessees of fisheries and any others who may be concerned. An Inspector of Fisheries should invariably be present at the meetings to represent the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Also a representative of the River Avon Biological Research from Southampton University College, whose advice is invaluable in all matters concerning this river.

2. It is hoped that sufficient arguments have been preferred in this article to induce the Drainage Board to turn their activities to the upkeep of the existing irrigation system, including the maintenance of side streams (carriers and drawns), which, if kept in proper order, will not only help to prevent flooding, but will also assist farmers and anglers as well, and earn their good will, and the wastage of public money will cease.

3. Except when serious "breaks through" exist and large repairs are necessary, it should be left to the parties intimately concerned with the river to keep the main river and its banks in order, under the supervision and, if necessary, with the assistance of the River Board of Conservators and the Drainage Board.

LOOKING DOWNSTREAM FROM ENFORD BRIDGE

After about a year, all that has taken place as regards recovery!

RACING AND THE CRISIS

Captain Hogg Resigns His Post

THE crisis spoiled lots of things, and it ruined the Newmarket First October Meeting. I have never seen so few people at a Newmarket Meeting, and the few that were there did not seem in the least interested in the racing. There was a complete apathy over the whole proceedings, which was a great pity for the four days' programmes were full of quite good events.

Perhaps the most important parts of last week's racing were those which related to the Cambridgeshire, which is to be run at Newmarket on Wednesday. It was hoped that the Norwich Handicap, run over the course and distance of the Cambridgeshire, would help us to solve the problem as to what would win next week. The winner of the race was that bogey horse, Never Surprised, and if ever a horse lived up to his name he has done so ever since he was a two-year-old. Never Surprised, for a time, would not face the gate, but when he did so he started all right. Even then no one ever gave him a thought while he lay in behind the leader, until suddenly he swooped from behind them into the lead and once more no one had time to think about him before he was home and dry, having won by four lengths from Lady of Shalott, with Golden Sovereign third. Never Surprised is not in the Cambridgeshire, but the second and third are in the race. Still, on this form they should not win it. If, indeed, I had to choose one from this field to win the Cambridgeshire, it would be Carlisle, who, in my opinion, was really second best. He looked all over a winner until the actual winner sailed away with the race. He was then eased and not finished, cantering just out of a place. He has a chance next week.

The second so-called public trial for the Cambridgeshire took place at the end of the week at Kempton Park, where, with the crisis over, there was a large crowd. The race in question was the Duke of York Handicap of a mile and a quarter. Like the Norwich Handicap, it was won by a horse who is not in the Cambridgeshire, namely, Rodeo II, who has been winning bumper races this season, and, so it had seemed, would run for only that good amateur rider, Mr. Hislop.

He was ridden last week by Michael Beary, a lovely horseman for whom most horses go kindly. Rodeo II, after giving an exhibition at the start and getting rid of his rider, swooped down on the leader, Ramtapa, at the distance, and sailed home a very comfortable winner by a length and a half. Couvert just missed second place, while Sansalvo was close up fourth and Knole Star a good fifth. The first four, apart from the winner, are in the Cambridgeshire, but the form hardly seems good enough to make any one of them a probable winner of that race. Ramtapa ran the best race that he has done since he won his only race, at Ascot, more than a year ago.

Even then he disappointed his trainer, Lawson, for there is no doubt that he is a very high-class colt at home and on more than one occasion has put up a wonderfully good gallop. Through Couvert, however, none of these four should beat the Northern-trained Domaha, and in my opinion he should not beat my original choice for the race, Michoumy. Agincourt blotted his copybook too badly in the Norwich Handicap to have any chance. I still think that Michoumy, who is doing wonderfully well in his work at Druids Lodge, is one of the best things that I have seen for the Cambridgeshire for many years.

It was generally felt that when the rain came we should see some better two-year-olds than we had seen before this season. By better, I mean colts or fillies who might well be classic winners next season. Such as Panorama, fast as he is, should never stay even a mile. Captain Boyd Rochfort, the trainer of Panorama, has now produced two colts either of whom might develop into a Derby winner. They are Foxbrough II, a full-brother to Gallant Fox, the best horse that there has been in America for many years, and Casanova. The former doddled the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket last week, while the latter was beaten by only a short head in the rich Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park.

Foxbrough II is by Sir Galahad III out of Marguerite, and was bred in America, while Casanova is by Hyperion out of Double Life, and so a half-brother to Precipitation, who would have won the St. Leger of his year if he had not been attacked by heel bug just before the race. Foxbrough II had not had a race before his Newmarket success, but he ran as straight as a gun barrel. He is well grown and a lovely mover. Whatever wins the Middle Park Stakes will have him to beat. Casanova had had a race before, when he was unplaced but far from disgraced in the race at Doncaster, won by Vesperian. At the end of five furlongs on Saturday he looked certain to win, for he had then gone past Heliopolis and appeared to have him beaten. Suddenly Heliopolis came again, and won by a short head.

Heliopolis also is a possible Derby winner, for he to is by Hyperion out of Drift, a mare that won races for Lord Derby, the owner of this nice colt. It will be recalled that Heliopolis had given Panorama a race at York. He had then started very slowly at Doncaster in the Champagne Stakes won by Panorama. He behaved rather childishly at the gate at Kempton Park, but got away as well as anything else and was soon in front. There are great possibilities about him, but I do not like colts, or fillies, who are uncertain at the gate. Another two-year-old who had not been seen before ran in this Kempton Park race and made a great appeal to me. This was Lord Rosebery's colt, Blue Peter, by Fairway out of Fancy Free. He ran really well but a little greenly, for when he was leading those of the field running in the middle of the course he looked round and was beaten. He will know his business better another time and it will be surprising if he goes into winter quarters still a maiden.

Fairchance, owned by Mr. Middlemas, also showed promise in this race and may well be the best horse yet owned by that enthusiastic owner and very kind man. What he does for the poor children of the East End no one but himself knows, and he seldom talks about it except to get other people interested in his schemes for taking those children out into the country for the day or the evening, all the summer.

The success of Challenge at Newmarket in the Jockey Club Stakes of a mile and six furlongs suggests strongly that, after all, the three-year-old colts are not such a bad lot, for among those who finished behind him were the four-year-old Sultan Mahomed, who ran very well in last year's St. Leger and was one of the best of last season's staying three-year-olds, and Senor, who had only just failed to win the Ascot Gold Cup and the Goodwood Cup, but had, it is true, then failed badly in the Doncaster Cup. Challenge won this race at Newmarket so easily that his connections began to think that he should have won the St. Leger. So he might have done if Scottish Union had not been in the field. I still think that without any doubt Scottish Union is the best of the three-year-old colts, and after this race at Newmarket a much better one than I had thought. I am still wondering whether he is as good as the best of the fillies, Rockfel. No doubt Scottish Union and Challenge will be strong candidates for the cups next summer, but we are all inclined to forget Chulmleigh, who has not had a race this year. He won last year's St. Leger and is so far in front of Buckleigh that he must have won the Gold Cup at Ascot this summer. The present idea is to keep him in training another season.

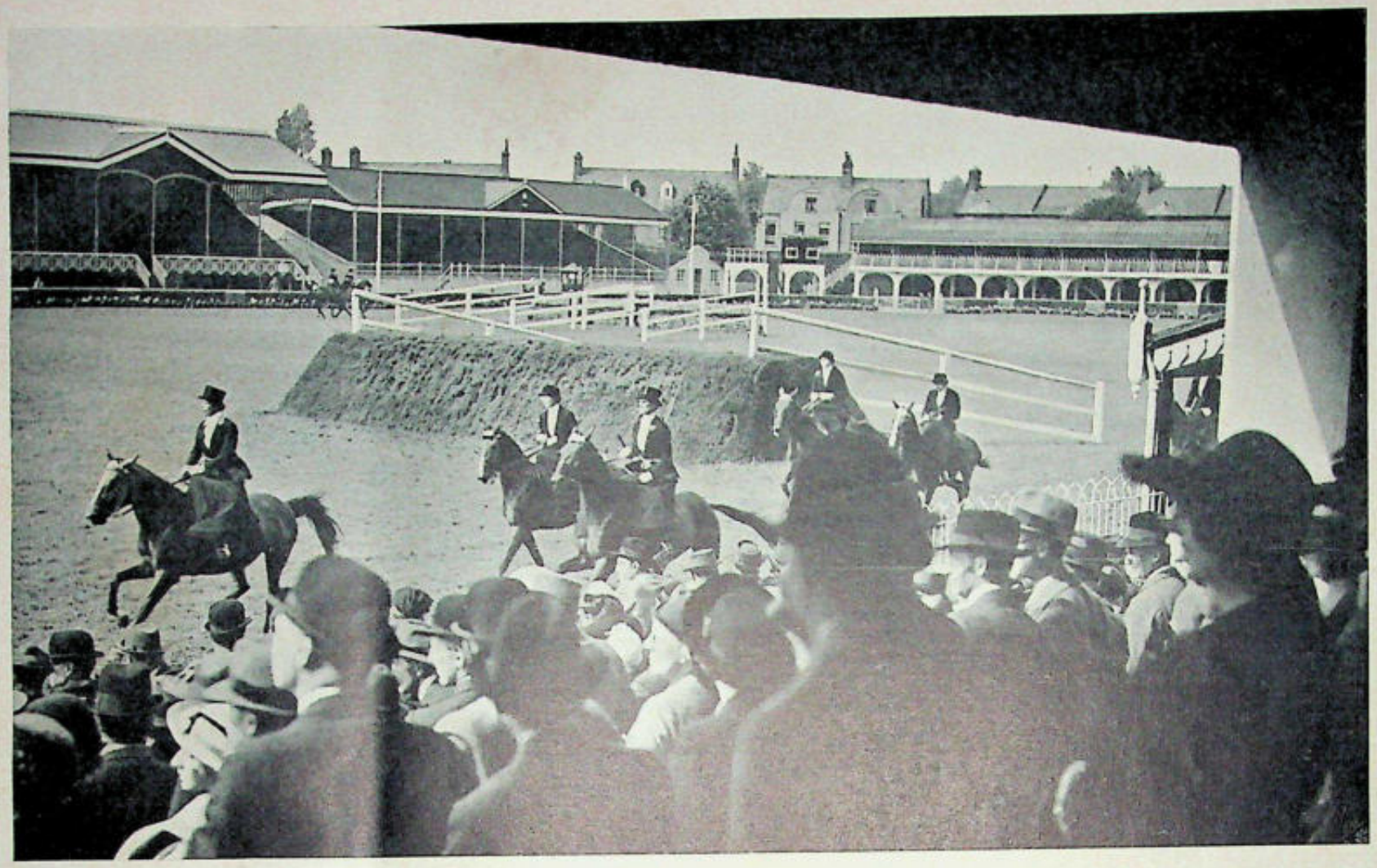
ON THE HEATH

Soon after the start of the Bretby Nursery Handicap; Roman Spring (No. 14), the winner, leading in company with Creme de Menthe, Crown Colony, and Boscastle II (second)

Mention of this good colt reminds me that his trainer, Captain Hogg, has decided to resign his post as private trainer to Lord Glanely at the end of the present season. No one is sorrier than Lord Glanely, for no owner and trainer have ever got on better than these two. The partnership has lasted for ten years, some of them most successful ones and others not so good. I have known Captain Hogg for many, many years and no one could have a kinder or dearer or more cheerful friend and companion. He is resigning because, as he says, he has been working hard ever since he was nine years of age, and he is now sixty and does not see why he should not have a rest. Before he became a trainer he was a most able and successful veterinary surgeon, qualified before he was of age from that severe school, Edinburgh University, but unable to practise until he was 21 years old. Even when he retired from practice and trained he has been known to perform a most serious operation when such had to be done on the spot. As a trainer and as a man he will be terribly missed until he comes back from his long holiday in his beloved South Africa, where it is much to be hoped his health, which has not been too good recently, will be completely restored. He may then train a few horses for himself.

Captain Hogg has saddled the winners of nearly all the great races, but not so far of the Derby, which surely, however, should have been won by Colombo. The Leger, the Oaks and the Guineas have all been won by horses trained by him, in addition to the Gold Cup at Ascot and numerous important long-distance handicaps. He never had a superior as a trainer of stayers. I do not know who will succeed him at La Grange at Newmarket, but whoever gets the job will be lucky.

GNOSTIC.



MISTRESSES COME INTO THIS DISCUSSION AS WELL AS MASTERS

STABLEMEN AND MASTERS

"Women are More Exacting than Men"

THE plutocrats: these are the successors to the fast-dying country gentry. They consist of rich stockbrokers, beer barons, multiple-store magnates, munition mongers, war profiteers, and various other affluent gentlemen. It is the custom for some people to speak of them with contumely, but the countryside owes to them a debt of gratitude for keeping alive the things appertaining to it. For what would have happened to our hunting had not these gentry stepped into the breach unavoidably created by their predecessors? As employers they are generally good, but I have found service with them lacks the personal touch which is so endearing when one has the good fortune to be placed among the genuine country gentlemen. These Croesuses are more often than not absentees from their properties except at hunting time, or else townsmen, who bowl down in the Rolls for the hunt, perhaps staying over-night somewhere in the district.

Their interest and knowledge of things peculiar to the countryside, therefore, cannot be so profound, neither is their understanding of the country folk, and this is a great pity, though perhaps no fault of theirs. Their horses are used just for hunting; when that is over they are handed back to the second horseman to jog home, the while Mr. Moneybags returns townwards in his limousine. With this manner of doing things, the stable yard loses much of its intimate touch. There is no kind master to come out at the dusk of eventide to ask after the hunters, and to go round their boxes and have a look, and also thank his hunters for the day, or to ask the stableman, who is probably still slogging at his job, whether he has had his tea. I personally can always let my tea wait until my job is done, but it is nice to know that the man you are working for has you in his mind.

Perhaps at times it is unfortunate that Mr. Moneybags's cash goes to his head, and makes him a little intolerant, and here let me tell you a short story: "There was a Master of hounds, who was fabulously rich. He arrived at the meet in the Rolls—or was it the Lanchester?—from which he descended, and walked across the King's highway, disarranging his dress. Arrived at the back of a car in which was a lady, he proceeded with his business, and then walked to his horses, adjusting his dress the while. Said one who saw this: 'He has got money, and that is about all he has got.' And another: 'Ah! Well, you cannot turn a carthorse into a racehorse.'" With those two comments we leave the subject.

Next we come to the military. Officers more often than not have their own soldier servants to deal with their hunters. Those home on furlough usually have to engage their own grooms. The soldier "log" are generally good horsemen, brave and intrepid, and fair horsemasters. They like putting up a good show, though unfortunately they are frequently not able to pay the price. My experience of them is that they are good, but apt to be meticulous and didactic. Having held the King's commission three times, and served in fourteen different units of His Majesty's Army, I would say that the nature of their profession makes them thus. Work in dealers' yards, livery and bait stables is onerous. Here it is a matter of business pure and simple. The man is paid his fee, and for that he must give unto his last ounce of energy. The hours are long, the work heavy, the pay poor, the horses many and the grooms few.

Lastly, we come to deal with the ladies as employers, whom I suppose, for the want of a better term, must with some trepidation be called our mistresses.

Women are generally more exacting to work for than men, and are usually more money-minded. They want the maximum value for the wage they pay, which, more often than not, is less than a man pays, and some complain that they are not so generous with their tips. They can be very meticulous and fault-finding. Nevertheless, it is rather enchanting after a hard day's work on hunters, if the pretty lady comes out to the stables to see and inquire how the hunters are; and even if she does fault-find us, we can bear it, for her presence is a tonic for our sore eyes and tired bodies, and brings a ray of sunshine into our drab lives. But, of course, if she does not fault-find us, and is gracious instead, from thenceforth we become her devoted slave. Believe me, a kind word can work wonders, and a kind word from without a pretty face can perform miracles.

One sometimes wonders, without wishing to be ungallant, whether the term pretty lady is applicable to the present-day sex complex visions one bumps into, with their plucked eyebrows, false lashes, lifted faces, painted cheeks, vermilion-gashed mouths, and finger nails akin to the talons of the eagle which has been clawing at its prey. For all beauty comes from God and nature, by which it is adorned and decked. Fresh air, the wind, the rain, and the sunshine bring roses to the cheeks and a lustre to the eyes, which artificial beauty culture can never do, and that all too rare phenomenon the English sunshine brings glints and tints from without the glory of my lady's tresses, which will gladden the eye of the simple countryman who gazes thereon.

To you, mesdames, perhaps an old sweat may be permitted to give a word of advice, which may at times save both you and your grooms discomfiture. Never approach a stable unawares, always give warning of some sort of your pending arrival, such as an audible cough at a distance. This is not to warn us to put our cigarettes away in case we should be smoking, but in order that your finer and more sensitive feelings may not be hurt by the continual "cussin' and blindin'" that will probably be going on within. Grooms, I suppose, should not curse and swear; nevertheless, they nearly all do. A prerogative, I imagine, handed down to them through the ages, which, all the same, they do not care about blasting upon the dainty ears of a fair lady.

As there are many kinds of masters, similarly it takes all sorts to make up a hunting field. There are those who ride to hunt, and those who hunt to ride. Then there are the "socialites," the people who hunt because they think it is the thing to do, and that by doing it they will be in the social swim. They tell me that in this last category the fair sex predominate. Erstwhile, hunting was the simple sport of the country gentlefolk and yeoman farmers, but now, with the advent of the motor car and airplane, the covering of long distances has become an easy and rapid matter, and it would sometimes seem that hunting has been turned from a simple sport into a spectacular "tamasha."

At the conclusion of this dissertation, we of the saddle-room and stable-yard would say to you our masters, that your interests are ours, the horses you place in our charge are our pride and pleasure. At heart we are snobs, for nothing pleases us more than to see you better turned out and better mounted than the others, or to hear of your prowess in the saddle, the hunting field and on the polo ground. Perhaps, master, you would be surprised were you to know of and overhear the arguments that take place in saddle and tap rooms, of your and your horse's valiant deeds, and how your faithful varlets champion you against allcomers.

Be kind to us, O Master, for we would serve you well.

R. M. S. BARTON.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW

Some Serengeti Contrasts

WE arrived at a suitable camping place at about 2 p.m., and were met by my old native hunter, who had come ahead to spy out the land. He told me that there was good water in the river bed nearby, and that he had seen a fair amount of game about. If this were true, I decided that I would spend a week or more of my leave here, as I was mad keen to shoot a few trophies, and my porters, a very cheery crowd, were just as keen to have a good supply of meat.

Having selected the most shady tree, the next thing was to pitch the tent. An art, indeed, is this business; the direction of the prevailing wind must be ascertained prior to anything else, so that the tent can be pitched to face in the opposite direction. Having done this, you are pretty certain to wake in the middle of the night to find your shelter being blown out like an inflated airship, and a heavy rain storm driving straight on to your face, and in this case it was so, for at about 1 a.m. my tent almost collapsed on me and all my belongings were soaked. However, as I was out to enjoy the free life of the bush, it did not really worry me, and I was soon asleep again.

At 4.30 a.m. my boy appeared with what he said was tea; he had brewed it himself, and assured me that there was not a dead bat in the teapot, but I had my doubts. We left camp at 5.30, my old hunter leading, followed by myself with field glasses, and behind me a gun bearer with my light rifle and a second bearer with my heavy one. A dozen porters brought up the rear, their function being to bring in any meat and trophies. Having been with me before, they well knew the penalty for disobeying my orders about following in my tracks and keeping well out of sight.

Presently, whilst going through some long grass, the hunter did the famous pig-hole trick, and disappeared legs first into a large hole. He was out pretty smartly, though, so was the wart hog that had been in residence therein.

After we had been going up-wind for about two hours, we came across fresh roan spoor about an hour old. There were seven of them, and one was a good-sized track, so my spirits rose; I should indeed be lucky if I could take home a roan head. I took the light rifle, put the hunter like a terrier on to the spoor, and sent the empty-handed gun bearer back to the porters. Then we moved forward. Once we lost the tracks completely where they passed over rocky ground, and wasted nearly half an hour of valuable time before picking them up again; this work was made easier by our spreading out in a fan formation and searching every inch of ground. On such occasions I always went a little ahead, with my eyes skinned, in case there was a chance of a shot.

A whole hour passed before we found some fresh droppings still warm, which warned me that the herd was quite near. I crept forward in front now, keeping as low as possible, one eye on the spoor and the other staring ahead. (This is when the glasses are so useful, for when one is all keyed up with excitement tree stumps, rocks and shrubs all seem to resemble beasts.) I had not gone more than 100yds. or so when I spotted a movement behind a bush; my old hunter at my back was also getting excited, and gave the signal that he, too, had seen something moving. The glasses showed a swishing tail, but as I could not make out any body attached to it, I crept forward again, tested the wind with some dust, and, finding it not too good, edged a little to the left. Once again I had a look, and now I could see several roan grazing quietly about 200yds. away. There was nothing worth shooting in the bunch, and at that moment a number of tick birds, who were feeding on the animals' backs, spotted me and flew off into a neighbouring tree with a loud twitter; off went the herd at a gallop, and I got no chance to shoot the bull, which had loomed up by a bush to see what all the excitement was about. I must admit that I was not the only one to be extremely fed up, for the expression on the hunter's face clearly said: "Can't you do better than that?"

By now it was nearly noon, and the tsetse were very trying, and obviously preferred me to anyone else, so I retired to a shady tree and drowned my sorrows in luke-warm water, and ate a few sandwiches, after which I was ready for the fray once more and took up the spoor again. But my luck was out that day, and though I managed to get near the roan bull after about an hour I fired and missed, and away went the herd so far that I did not see it again.

The following morning I was more successful, and managed to track down and shoot a kongoni, so I returned to camp well pleased and left the porters to bring in the meat rejoicing. That evening I went out again and stalked rather a nice bushbuck, but he evaded me too successfully. The porters were back in camp about 5 p.m., and as the kongoni head was quite a good one, though on the small side, I decided to keep it. Everyone was cheerful that night, and there was much chatter and laughter. I even ventured to discuss the roan affair with the hunter, and as he laughed and said it was all "Shauri ya Muungu," meaning that it was all an act of God, my misfortune had evidently been forgiven and forgotten.

It was three days before I got that roan bull, and then only after following a blood spoor for three hours: I had hit him too far back with my first shot, but managed to bring him down in the end with a long one. He had a fair head of 27½in., which was not too bad.

I stayed at that camp for seven days altogether, but obtained no more trophies. However, I was well pleased with the two I had, and thoroughly enjoyed myself. It was during this trip that I was shown the spoor of Grant's gazelle for the first time, but I saw no sign of the animals themselves, which was disappointing.

CASPAR—A SERENGETI FAVOURITE

On the way home I asked the cook what had happened to his "Backbone of Africa." "Oh," he said, "you ate that the first night in camp!" "But," said I, "you knew my instructions about fowls. What do you mean?" "Perhaps," said he, "but you ate it all the same!" And that was that!

* * *

And here is the new way.

The party was out for a fortnight, and it was out for all it could get. Mr. and Mrs. Puffler did not know anything about shooting, or, for that matter, about the different animals they were out to shoot, but they had engaged Captain Harry Balder, a white hunter, for their trip. So far everything had been arranged very well. A fully equipped safari had gone ahead, and they were going to fly down and meet it at a pre-arranged spot. They had spent rather a lot of money on necessities such as a refrigerator, a wireless set, a large quantity of soda water and so on, for, after all, they were going to rough it in Darkest Africa, and it was just as well to be as comfortable as possible, and they heard that the water was likely to be dirty.

Before they left civilisation they made a few more purchases, such as fresh fish, butter, vegetables, &c., for, as their hunter had told them, they were going right into the "Blue."

They duly arrived at the camp, and were met by Captain Balder, who was a most thoughtful man; the camp looked so nice, tents all pitched under shady trees, the super box-body 30 h.p. touring car and the two lorries were all nicely parked behind the tents, lunch with cold iced beer was all ready, and the boys looked so nice in their clean white kanzas: Mr. Puffler thought that he could see some animals feeding on something about half a mile from the camp, they must be tigers surely? But the hunter told him that it was a pride of lions that he had all ready to photograph after lunch, when it was a little cooler.

Lunch was a great success, and afterwards they felt rather sleepy, so Captain Balder told them to go and rest for a bit, adding that the ruddy lions would stay there; Mr. Puffler was a little surprised at the language, but, as he told his wife afterwards, no doubt the poor fellow had been in Africa too long, and that they must make excuses for him. Mrs. Puffler was quite sure she had heard him shortly afterwards swearing at the poor niggers, but, well, perhaps it was best not to hear too much.

After early tea, and later, breakfast, the party climbed into the box-body car; there was plenty of room for all, including a couple of gun bearers; Mr. Puffler had a revolver strapped to his belt, dangling cowboy fashion, and the belt was stuffed with ammunition; he also carried a further supply of cartridges for his two rifles, on each side of his coat. He resembled a travelling armoury, but, after all, they were out in the wilds, so one had to be careful.

By ten o'clock they had seen a considerable amount of game, and had shot five beasts, but they were not sure what kind; there was very little in it really; one drove about till Captain Balder decided that he had found a suitable head; it was really wonderful how close he managed to drive up to the selected trophy, and he was so good in covering their shots, just to make sure that the beasts did not get away. The hunt was all over in a few minutes. Captain Balder refused to let them shoot any more as there was already a considerable amount of work for the skinners, so they went back to an early lunch and a rest, and the remainder of the evening was spent in writing letters and filling up their diaries. A 'plane was due the next morning, bringing fresh vegetables, and would take their letters back with it.

The following day was devoted to lion hunting, and it was not until they had seen 37 lions that they found a fine big fellow asleep under a tree; they drove up to inspect him, and decided that he would do. The lion took no notice, and after a casual glance to see if the party had brought him a meal he continued his sleep, from which he was never to awaken again.

The hunt was all over in a few minutes, and Captain Balder explained that it was Mr. Puffler's shot that had killed the lion stone dead, his own shot having gone high. Mr. Puffler was rather hot and puffed; it had been a nerve-racking crawl of 50yds. from the car to the very convenient ant hill. (Captain Balder was one of the old-time hunters and had no use at all for this kind of shooting, but if the trip were to be a success they must get on with the business.) They bundled the dead lion into the car and moved off in search of further victims.

On the fifth day it was decided to call on the Game Ranger before shifting camp to another area next morning. On the way, the party managed to collect a cheetah, an eland, a roan and a waterbuck, and they duly arrived about 10 a.m.

The Game Ranger appeared to be rather a grumpy sort of fellow. He gave a casual glance at their trophies and kept looking at their boots. Something must be wrong, yet they had been well polished that morning before leaving camp, and there was not a speck of dust on them.

Captain Balder went into the office, and after about half an hour he came out looking very worried about something. He admitted later that they had been a bit slack about various game laws in connection with the use of a car, and somehow or other the Game Ranger had found it out. Secretly, he expected his professional hunter's licence to be cancelled at the end of the trip.

In five days Mr. and Mrs. Puffler had shot 25 trophies between them, including two fine lions; so their shoot had been a great success; all their films were finished, chiefly photographs of dead beasts with the mighty hunters posing in various positions. Of the four impala they had shot two were thrown away as they were considered too small.

AUDREY MOORE.

Niall Rankin

A VIEW OVER LAKE OSSIAN, IN WESTERN INVERNESS-SHIRE

A FEW ACRES AND SOME GROUSE

A Season's Fun for the Poorer Sportsman

THERE is an old saying that "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and it has a peculiar application to grouse shooting. While most of us gladly accept invitations to shoot, there is nothing quite like having a place of your own, no matter how small. Be it only a few hundred acres of heather-covered allotments and rough hill pastures which harbour a small stock of birds, you can have no end of fun on it, either shooting alone, or in company with one or two friends. I can honestly say that during the last 40 years, some of my happiest days have been spent on what I may term rough grouse shoots in Yorkshire and Westmorland.

After a season or two on such a shoot you will know more about grouse than you ever did before, and the knowledge will have been gained by the sweat of your brow. Here, perhaps, a word of advice may be useful. Do not take a place of this sort, especially if the going is rough, unless you are prepared to work—and work hard—for what to most people would be a totally inadequate bag. I have, for example, been quite satisfied with a season's kill of 34½ brace of grouse, 8 brace of blackgame, 4 pheasants, 2 partridges, 4 snipe, 1 woodcock, 1 wild duck, 2 teal, 1 curlew, 5 pigeons, 9 hares and 91 rabbits. A mere drop in the ocean as bags go, but the getting of it provided plenty of fun, to say nothing of hard exercise.

The amount of pleasure to be got out of a rough shoot cannot be measured by the size of the bag. There is as much satisfaction in outwitting an old blackcock or a wild pack of grouse, as in killing 30 or 40 driven birds.

Even on a rough shoot you can try your hand at driving. Many a time have I acted as walking gun, and done my best to put birds over a couple of friends hidden behind a stone wall or amongst the peat hags. It takes some doing, believe me, to drive grouse so that two guns covering a narrow front can take toll of them. Failures are frequent, but there are days when things go right, and you would not change places with the owner of a Wemmergill or Abbeystead.

Much of one's shooting is done single-handed with a retriever as companion. A dog that is out with you day after day gets to know your every look and movement, and will draw on grouse almost as well as a pointer. He is useful, too, when you are hunting up stuff amongst the coppice woods and rough patches of covert near the moor border, where anything from a blackcock to a wild pheasant may get up.

You make your largest bags during the early weeks of the season, when birds lie pretty well; but in the back-end when grouse are wild and strong, it means scheming and stalking to kill a brace or two. One of the first things you learn in this sort of shooting is the necessity for treading softly. Sound carries far on a still day, and grouse have ears to hear. How often have I been out with fellows who coughed loudly or clattered over stones just as they were getting within shot of a particularly "smittle" spot. Watch your step, and never let your attention wander, otherwise you will miss many chances.

Needless to say you should be suitably shod, otherwise on steep ground you will never feel at ease. Let your shoes or boots be well nailed, for it is half the battle to be able to walk without slipping. When moving birds on a small shoot, due consideration must be given to your boundary. It is quite easy to send grouse into "Naboth's Vineyard," but impossible to get them back again. Luckily, grouse are home lovers, and generally return to their own area as soon as possible.

When walking up grouse, or what a Yorkshireman would call "peeping" the likely places, it pays to work down wind. Not only will birds be found lying in the lee of the knolls and ridges, but flushed birds fly down wind, thus you have them in front of you, and can refind them. You will soon discover that grouse have their favourite resting places. Like us, they love the sun, and are fond of basking in it. By the end of your first season you will have learnt the best way to walk your ground, and I have generally found it pays to stick to a regular-route except when you happen to mark birds down and decide to go after them. Certain areas are far less resorted to by grouse than others, but when crossing them it is wise to keep alert, for the unexpected often happens, and it is easy to be caught napping.

In the back end, when the mornings are cold and frosty, you can try your hand at another form of grouse shooting, *i.e.*, beeking.

Before the sun rises cock grouse do a lot of calling, uttering their "err-beck, beck, beck, goback, goback, goback" as they flutter up to a height of 15ft. or so, and alight on a hillock.

If you can imitate the call of a hen grouse by means of a clay pipe stem, a performance that requires considerable practice, you can generally draw one or more cocks within range of your hiding place behind a peat hag or stone wall.

The call of the hen sounds something like "youe, youe, youe," and is produced in a soft key. You must be on your ground before daybreak, and wait until you hear a cock grouse begin to call. You then answer him at intervals, and, at last, if all goes well, the bird arrives within shot. It is not so easy as it sounds to kill a bird on the ground, especially in the dim light of early morning. The best way is to aim below him, raise your gun barrels until they cover his feet, and then pull.

If you have a few blackgame on your ground so much the better. They are fine sporting birds, and make a welcome addition to the bag, although they add considerably to its weight, which is a consideration when you have to carry it yourself. I consider the grouse is our finest game bird, but an old blackcock runs it a close second.

The majority of blackgame I have killed were shot on the open moor. In snowy weather it pays to try the woods for them. They eat far less heather than grouse do, subsisting largely on other ground plants such as yellow hawk's-beard, plus berries and buds. When the snow lies deep you will find them in the birch trees, eating the catkins, buds and young shoots.

The pace at which blackgame fly is deceptive, as you will soon discover. Their wing-beats are slower than those of grouse, but they can easily overtake and pass the latter.

One advantage of a shoot such as I have attempted to describe lies in the fact that you can carry on right through the season from August 12th to December 10th. You need make no preliminary arrangements either. Just fill your pockets with cartridges, let out the dog, and you are ready.

RICHARD CLAPHAM.

"YOU SHOULD GET YOUR SHOTS PRETTY SOON"

Letters to Young Shooters

GOOD DAYS WITH FERRETS

(*Sketches by Maurice Tulloch*)

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I suppose one of the oldest shooting stories in existence is of two men out ferreting on either side of a fence. They began their operations in hope, and faith and charity, but after a deal of waiting they decided that the only thing to do was to dig out the ferret. They fetched a couple of spades and set to work. At the end of an hour they had each put up a useful sort of adjunct to the Maginot Line. At the end of three hours they had completed a hole that would have done credit to a month's excavation by a party of archæologists at Pompeii. Then Bill said to Tom: "I suppose you *did* put the ferret in the burry?" "Good Heavens! No!" said Tom. "I thought you had!" It was still in the bag!

Now to a lot of people that means all there is to ferreting. Long exasperating waits followed by hours of back-aching digging. Yet if I was starting to learn to shoot I think that ferreting and walking rabbits in thick cover is as good a way as any that I know. Certain arts are best learnt at the shooting school, but fur or feather adds an element that no little clay plate can ever give, and that is where I would first of all have you learn it.

For some reason I have never understood ferrets are rather a despised class of animal, and are so often held up as dirty and degraded little beasts. This is far from the fact. In all cases they are by nature clean, and the fact that their cages are often dirty is due to an unsuitable diet or an unsuitable cage. The characteristics of a good ferret are loyalty, courage and zeal. Not all ferrets are thus compounded, but if you find such a one stick to it and breed from it. Curiously enough they make very good pets.

One can, of course, ferret with nets as well as with the gun, but I will not deal with the former. I suppose the ideal way to ferret is with a small team of ferrets and a platoon of henchmen following behind with spades, so that you may pass from target to target without delay. But as anybody who can afford to work on such a scale is probably renting a grouse moor in Angus, let us consider working with one attendant and say two or three ferrets. Whether there should be more than one gun is open to doubt. As a rule, better not. It makes in extreme cases for danger, and in almost any case for uncertainty. Some people like to take a dog: others do not. That seems to me to depend on the dog.

In these modern days there is seldom any difficulty in finding well-stocked burries. For choice choose the smaller burries in the more open ground, as this makes shooting easier, remembering, however, that in absolutely open country rabbits do not bolt as well as when they know their exit is to some extent covered. A ferret should not be too hungry on the day you take him out. It does not make him duly keen, it merely makes him ravenous, and he will make a hearty meal off the first rabbit he can get at, and sleep it off. Feed him, then, at mid-day the day before use on raw flesh (his natural food), and again with a little bread and milk on the morning of the shoot.

The most common mistake made in ferreting is, I suppose, to make a noise like a Dictator at the microphone as one approaches the scene of operations. Rabbits below decks use their ears as their only connection with the world above, and much stamping or shouting overhead makes them far less likely to bolt. This cannot be too strongly emphasised.

If you have white ferrets they are more easy to spot, and the danger of shooting the ferret is less likely. Some people muzzle their ferrets, as a bitten rabbit has less market value, though personally I do not like this. The life of a ferret is something akin to that of Proserpine or a "tweeny" (the worst of both worlds), and he naturally takes to the dark, but I cannot believe that to be muzzled is anything but a severe handicap to him below ground. The same thing applies to line ferrets. I do not like using them. Apart from hampering the ferret, the line is sure to get caught up somewhere below, and the ferret less easy to retrieve than ever. Line ferrets are sometimes useful in moving a ferret that is lying up, but apart from that they are to be avoided; that is as I think, but I knew an old keeper in Berkshire who did a tremendous execution with a pair of line ferrets and nets. If line ferrets are to be used to fetch back the truants, then let the line ferret be a dog, the loose ferrets bitches, on "the female of the species . . ." basis.

There is, too, another thing to be borne in mind as you approach the burry, besides keeping quiet. Approach it against the wind. For though the rabbit depends on his ears, yet if, as he is about to bolt, he gets a whiff of alien taint, he will turn back. Imagine his feelings, doubly sharpened by the terror behind, as he realises there is danger ahead! Would you face it? Then again, supposing you are ferreting on ground that is kept well clear of rabbits, and you are not certain of where to put your ferret, look for droppings and other signs of recent occupation.

Having put your ferret down the hole if he is working well, and if the rabbits are bolting nicely, you should get your shots pretty soon. If he does not, you must wait as long as your patience lasts. When it is exhausted you must dig. But before digging, try your line ferret, if you have one. Place your ear to the ground like a Chingangtook listening for the approach of a Pale-face, and you may perhaps, after a time, hear the commotion below. Well, then, try and dislodge the ferrets who are making a meal off the rabbit with your line ferret. He will probably drive them off. Put him down the hole, and have the line so marked that you can tell how much line is played out. And then, if the ferrets still linger, you must dig.

Do not despise ferreting. It is a thing one grows out of perhaps, or that some people grow out of, but simply because you have killed a few driven grouse with Uncle Alastair do not despise the simple pleasures you enjoyed with Ben at Thornley. There are many things less satisfactory in the shooting world than the somersault of a rabbit cleanly hit in the head.

Finally you ask me about cleaning guns. I had intended to deal with this next week, but rather than let a brand new weapon lie sullied for seven days, let me suggest the following, which is the method I adopt. First, take the gun to pieces and wipe off all moisture and dirt. Then I wrap the metal "jag" which screws into the top of the cleaning rod with tow, so that it fits firmly but not too tightly into the barrels. Then I rub them again with tow wrapped in "Three-in-One" oil. Rub the barrels clean. If they are then bright and shining, well and good; but if there are streaks of lead fouling, I use my wire brush to remove them. Then I leave the barrels slightly oiled. Finally I lightly clean the outside of the barrels with "Three-in-One" oil, and thoroughly clean the small parts, triggers, levers, &c., with a cloth or small brush. And last of all I see that the stock is lightly oiled.

Your affectionate

UNCLE RALPH.

A WHITE FERRET IS BETTER THAN A DARK ONE

1888 1938 DUNLOP 50 YEARS OF GROWTH

Just as the Dunlop Fort Tyre with its 2,000 "teeth" is distinctive in the world of road travel, so Dunlop Clothing is equally distinctive in the realm of fashion. When buying Sportswear, Rainwear and Tyres, let the name Dunlop be your assurance of satisfaction.

C.F.H.

D

FATA MORGANA

Mirage Pictures on the Hungarian Pusztas

ITS mirages form one of the most remarkable features of the vast Hungarian plains known as the Pusztas and are spoken of in Magyar as déli-báb. For mile upon mile the plains stretch their sparse vegetation alternately with meadowland, barren wastes, or marshes, famed for their wildfowl. In this setting mirages produce the most fantastic scenes throughout the summer and in the autumn when the sun warms up the earth's surface. Trembling church spires, woods, horsemen and peasants, even railways and towns, are mirrored on the silver water-like surface of the air. If a light wind springs up the pictures become distorted, men grow long legs, horses develop giraffe necks, and objects which appeared quite close are suddenly transported miles away. As the spectator is lured on so the mirage recedes from him.

THE MAGIC LANDSCAPE, WITH A GHOSTLY CAVALCADE IN THE "WATER"

A SCENE OF COOL WATERS SEEMINGLY NEAR AND YET SO FAR AWAY

TREES IN THE DESERT ABOVE THE HORIZON, WITH THE ILLUSION THAT THEY ARE GROWING BESIDE A RIVER OF AMAZONIAN PROPORTIONS

A FAST-MOVING TRAIN WITH ITS TRAIL OF SMOKE, AS MIRRORED ON AIR WAVES OF VARYING DENSITY

The Field

MOTOR SHOW SUPPLEMENT

HUMBER *Today*

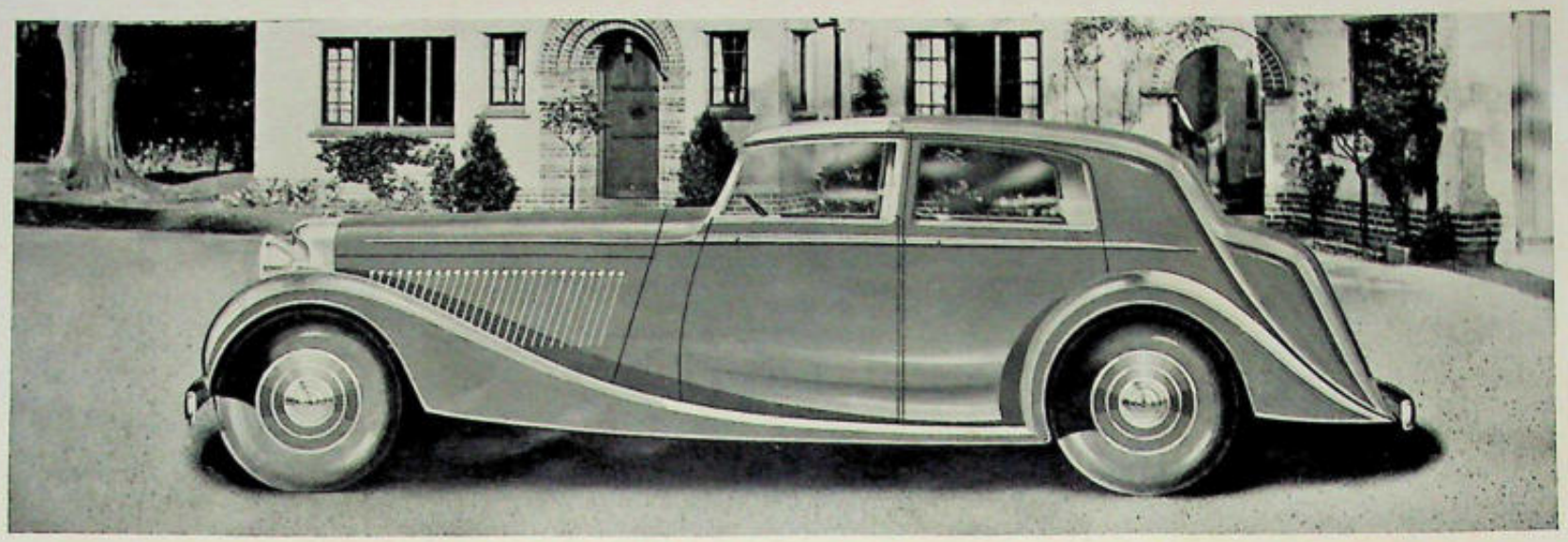
Defies all Competition

SEE THEM AT THE MOTOR SHOW

THE *New* SUPER SNIPE £385
THE SIXTEEN £345
THE SNIPE £355
THE IMPERIAL £515
THE PULLMAN £750

C.F.H

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms and Export Division., ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.



AN INTERESTING BENTLEY SALOON WITH ATTRACTIVE COACHWORK TO BE EXHIBITED AT EARLS COURT BY THE CAR MART.

FINANCIAL FLUCTUATIONS

A Comparison of Pre-War and Present-Day Costs

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

I HAVE often been asked whether motoring is cheaper than it used to be, and although it is difficult to draw a comparison, since conditions during the early part of this century were so totally different to those now ruling, yet notwithstanding the heavy burden of taxation which every motorist to-day is obliged to bear, I do believe that, taking all things into consideration, motoring at the present time costs less than it did in the old days.

Perhaps I should make one reservation when making this statement, since it occurs to me that prices and running costs were abnormally low shortly before the Great War. When I obtained my first driving licence in 1904, the price of petrol was then 8d. per gallon, in 1905 it was raised to 9d., and for a great many years it remained at 10d. per gallon.

Petrol consumption was never regarded as a serious item of expenditure in the old days, as it is now, for the reason of its low cost, and because it was seldom that long journeys were undertaken. Added to which, high speed, which means increased consumption, was impossible. It was seldom that a car at that time could exceed a maximum of 40 m.p.h. on the level, usually 35 m.p.h. was all that could be expected, since apart from inefficient engines and high weight, the roads of that period were, for the most part, atrocious. Possibly it was just as well that cars were then comparatively slow, since the brakes could never have coped with an emergency if speeds had been higher. As a rule, a 10 h.p. car used to average about 18 to 20 miles per gallon.

Although, as I have said, petrol consumption was never regarded seriously, the pioneer motorist certainly did have to watch his tyre bills, since a set of covers and tubes involved an outlay of anything up to £60 or more for a large car, and their life was very limited. On the credit side, chauffeurs' wages were very low—35/- per week or even less was usually paid, unless the driver happened to be a first-class mechanic, when he commanded more.

Lubricating oil used to cost about 4/6 per gallon, and sparking plugs around 1/6. Of course, the latter were not reliable, as they are to-day, but then all engines had a very low compression ratio and did not have to withstand high temperatures. There was, of course, no compulsory insurance, and it cost only 5/- to register a motor cycle, and £2 per annum a car, provided the vehicle weighed no more than 2 tons.

Makers invariably charged for repairs or replacement of parts, while the local garage attendants were usually only mechanics by name—they knew nothing, possessed no practical experience, and invariably a car had to be returned to the factory after they had finished tinkering with it.

The tyre bill was then the biggest consideration, and tyres seldom lasted for more than 3,000 miles, whereas to-day it is common practice to run 20,000 miles without suffering from a single puncture.

THE 1939 HUMBER SUPER SNIPE SALOON

A high-performance car with a top speed of 85 m.p.h. and an acceleration of 10-30 m.p.h. in 6¼ seconds, this model sells at £385

It is interesting to compare the prices of cars in 1904 with those ruling to-day, and I have before me all these details, contained in a book published in 1904, entitled *Cars and How to Drive Them*, which was recently very kindly forwarded to me by a Mr. Norman Ferguson.

In the voiturette, or light car class, the 6 h.p. single cylinder De Dion, seating four *vis-à-vis*, was listed at £200, the 4½ h.p. two-seater Swift £185, and a single cylinder Clement of 5 h.p., seating two, cost £170. It will be seen, therefore, that these prices compare somewhat favourably with our modern 8 and 10 h.p. vehicles, although from a point of view of reliability and performance, a comparison would be absolutely impossible.

In the £200 to £250 range, the 8 h.p. Darracq four-seater was listed at £250, but the engine was still only a single cylinder, and in this class there were many other makes that few have heard of, such as Firefly, Primus, Kilto, &c. Even cars costing up to £300 were invariably equipped with single cylinder motors, the Duryea being an exception, having three cylinders of 10 h.p. rating, and priced at £295. The most expensive single cylinder car at that period was the 8 h.p. De Dion at £325, although the 9 h.p. Renault ran it close at £321.

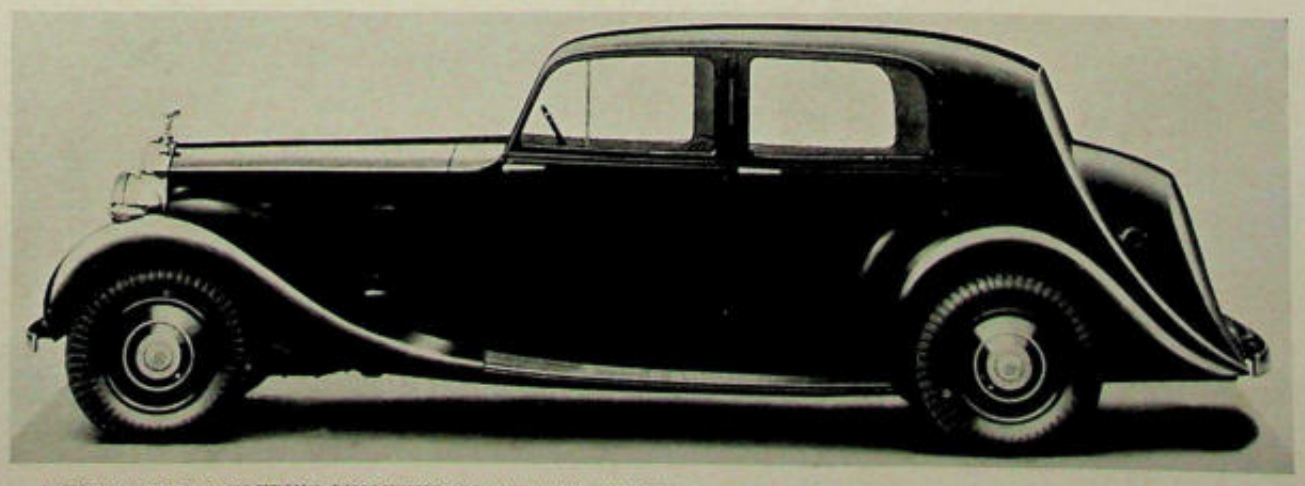
The highest-priced car of that day was the four cylinder 30 h.p. Panhard, which was listed at £1,850, and next to that came the 40 h.p. four cylinder Napier at £1,740. Although there are many luxury cars on the market to-day which command much higher prices than those mentioned above, it must be remembered that the modern vehicle gives almost unlimited service, whereas the life of their early prototypes was very restricted.

Another point which must not be overlooked is that cars are now sold complete in every way, whereas formerly, the lamps, horn, speedometer, hood, windscreen and even the tools were charged for as extras, and these items alone often cost £100 over and above the list price of the vehicle.

Specialised coachwork certainly cost far less before the War than it does at the present time, even though all the panels were of aluminium and hand-beaten, and all the painting was carried out by hand, but it is really remarkable when we consider that notwithstanding that practically every commodity costs far more to-day than it used to, yet motor manufacturers are able to offer the ordinary vehicles at less money than that demanded before the War.

This satisfactory state of affairs has been made possible by employing the most modern methods of construction, which has enabled cars to be produced in vast numbers, thus reducing their cost. The most difficult period through which the industry passed, when prices kept soaring upwards, was in 1919–1920, when manufacturers were switching over from war to peace conditions. The demand then was far greater than the supply, and consequently high premiums were offered for immediate delivery, the general public at that period having ample means at their disposal.

The 11.9 Morris Cowley, always a leader in the inexpensive category, was listed at one time at £525, and all other makes commanded a proportionally high figure. Then came the slump in 1921, when literally hundreds of thousands of pounds were lost by those engaged in the motor industry. To-day a healthy situation prevails, only marred, possibly, by the second-hand car problem, which is indeed one that is difficult to solve.



A STANDARDISED TOURING LIMOUSINE COACHWORK BY MESSRS. PARK WARD ON A 25/30 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS

The design particularly suits the shape of the radiator and bonnet, and the lines are clean, while all seats are within the wheelbase

A *BENTLEY* ANNOUNCEMENT

AN IMPROVED 4¼-LITRE CAR WITH OVER-DRIVE GEARBOX

A number of important improvements have been effected in the 4¼-litre Bentley resulting in a car that is superior to its predecessor in MAXIMUM SPEED, GENERAL CONTROLLABILITY, ACCELERATION, SILENCE AND SMOOTHNESS.

1 MAXIMUM SPEED—The provision of an over-drive gearbox enables a higher maximum speed to be attained without exceeding maximum engine revolutions.

2 CONTROLLABILITY—Steering of improved design which is appreciably lighter to operate, coupled with the employment of larger tyres on smaller wheels, provides greater controllability under all conditions.

3 ACCELERATION—By reason of the modified gear ratios and slight engine modifications, acceleration is improved under certain conditions.

4 SILENCE AND SMOOTHNESS—The slower running engine under normal driving conditions, due to the use of the over-drive gear, coupled with the slight engine modifications, gives greater silence and smoothness.

5 OTHER FEATURES.
Centralised chassis lubrication.

Automatic shock absorbers with over-riding hand control.

Improved illumination of instruments.

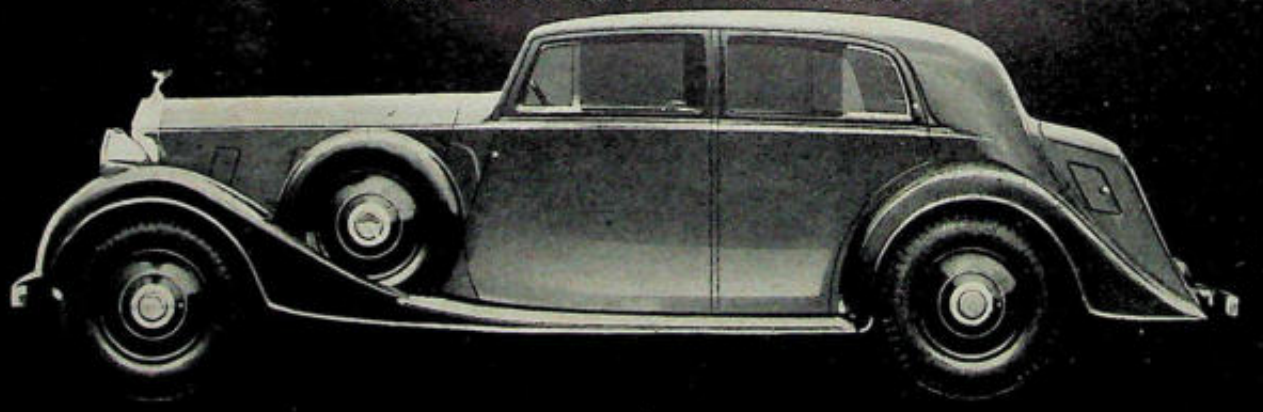
Chassis £1,150 Saloon £1,510 Coupé £1,535

Cars of this type will be on view at the Motor Exhibition at Earl's Court, October 13th—22nd

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LIMITED 16 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 4412

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World



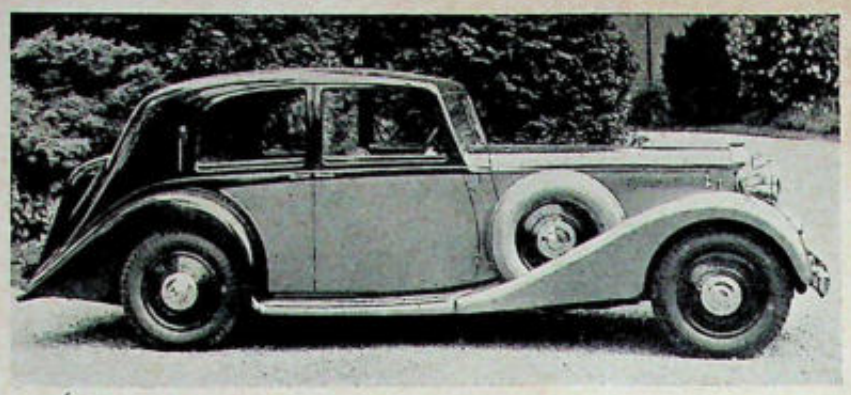
H. J. MULLINER SALOON WITH DIVISION

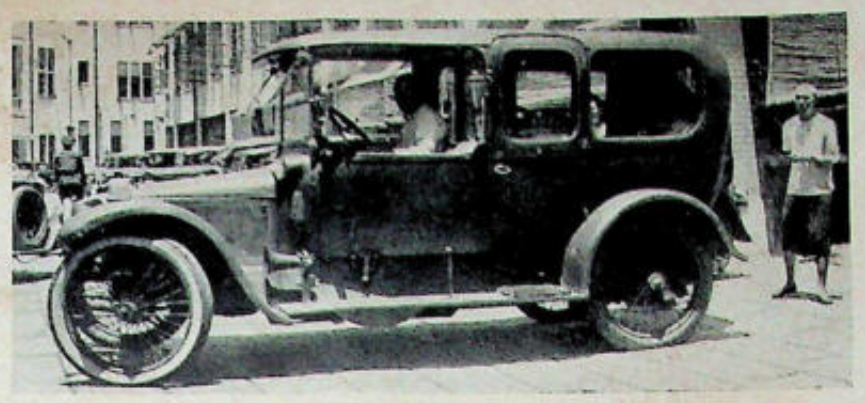
By Appointment to the Late King George V.

The Car Mart Ltd

146-150 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1
GROsvenor 3434

STANHOPE HOUSE,
320-4 EUSTON RD., N.W.1 EUSton 1212





"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW"

A 4-litre straight-eight Daimler with beautifully appointed coachwork—one of eleven standard styles ranging from £1,070, and a Daimler of ancient vintage still doing duty as a Shanghai taxi

FROM COACHES TO CARS

The Birth and Re-birth of A Great Industry

IT is a popular habit to bewail the passing of the coach and all its pleasant associations, but when the subject is stripped of its romanticism there are few of us who would willingly relegate our modern motor cars, with their luxurious comfort and graceful lines, to the breaker's yard and travel awheel again in the none-too-comfortable and slowly-moving horse-drawn vehicles of distant decades.

The modern car, in so far as the bodywork is concerned, is of noble lineage and directly related to the carriages of earlier days, which owed their motive power to physical horses instead of mechanical ones—the skill of craftsmanship remains, handed down from father to son, as it was in the past, even though the medium and application are somewhat different. It is not without interest, therefore, to look back across the intervening centuries and behold something of the problems and achievements of the early coachbuilder.

Even as late in history as the Elizabethan era carriages were unusual and, like the chariots of the Greeks, were used almost entirely in processions. This was very largely due to that indefinable thing known as public opinion, for it was believed to be effeminate and likely to lead to physical degeneracy to ride in a coach—even the Elizabethans believed in "keep fit campaigns," it would seem! Added to this, Pope Pius IV opposed their introduction, and in 1560, when he voiced his sentiments on the subject, it took more than a firm conviction in their value to induce a Roman Catholic to travel in a coach at the price of his soul.

About the commencement of the sixteenth century, however, there was a revival of coachbuilding in Italy, France, Spain and Germany, and it is a matter of some question as to which country may claim to be the originator of the name "coach." The introduction of this mode of conveyance, as already stated, came slowly, and in 1550 there were only three coaches in the whole of Paris. One belonged to the Queen of Francis I, another to Diane de Poitiers, and the third to a rotund nobleman whose paunch forbade him the saddle of a horse.

In England, 1555 saw the first coach, which was built to the order of the Earl of Rutland by Walter Rippon, who subsequently made coaches for Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. By 1660 their numbers had increased considerably, and Taylor, the watermen's poet, complains that "coaches have increased with a mischief, and have ruined the trade of the watermen by hackney coaches, and now multiply more than ever."

Glass did not feature in coachbuilding, so far as we know, until after 1650, but when it did come it made a great deal of difference both to comfort and design. The coachbuilding trade began to look up, and in 1677, Charles II founded the Company of Coach and Coach-harness Makers. The trade began to flourish still more under this royal impetus, and coaches became embellished with an incredible amount of ornamentation which gave the appearance, as was intended, of overpowering opulence, even though, as often as not, neither good taste nor beauty emerged with it.

Mr. Pepys, the indefatigable diarist, made numerous remarks about coaches. In 1666 he "went with Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Hook, Lord Brouncker, and others, to Colonel Blount's, to consider again of the business of chariots, and to try their new invention which I here saw Lord Brouncker ride in, where the coachman sits astride upon a pole over the horse, but did not touch the horse, which is a pretty odd thing."

Pepys's pride in his own first coach is almost childlike: "To the Coach-makers, and find many ladies sitting in the body of a coach, which must be finished by to-morrow, the Lady Marquess of Winchester and Lady Bellasis, eating of bread and butter and drinking of ale; my coach is silvered all over, but no varnish yet laid. I stood by it till eight at night, and saw the painters varnish it, and it dried almost as fast as it can be laid on. I sent, the same night, my coachman and horses to fetch the coach home."

The value of smaller and lighter chariots was soon realised, and we read of Dean Swift driving in his chariot and pair from London to Windsor, doing the 23 miles in 2 hours 40 minutes, while he covered the distance from Windsor to Bucklebury, 26 miles, in four hours.

Of the State Coach much might be written, but since space does not permit of it, the delightful account in *The English Mail Coach*, by De Quincey, of the presentation of a State Coach to the Emperor of China must suffice—it certainly is a feast in itself.

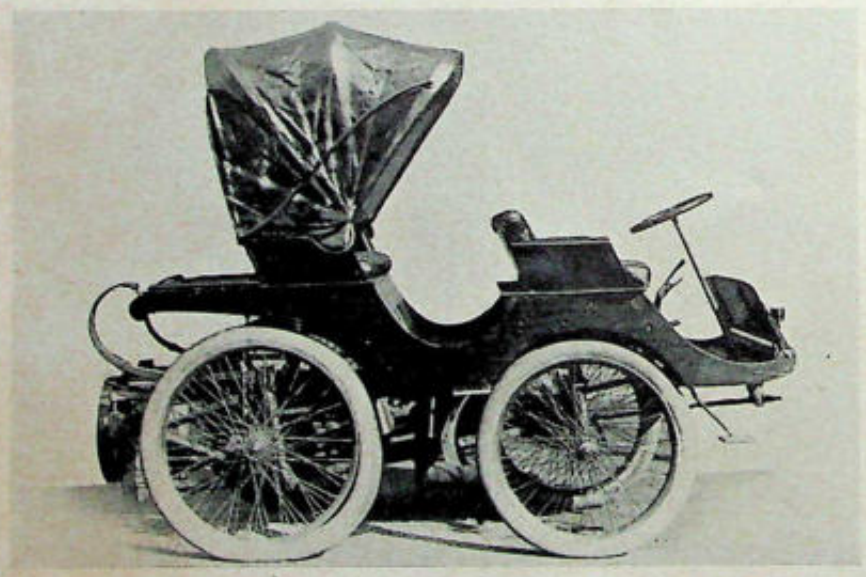
"Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to that country was a state coach. It had been especially selected as a personal gift by George III; but the exact mode of using it was an intense mystery to Pekin. The Ambassador (Lord Macartney), indeed, had made some imperfect explanation upon this point; but, as his excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper, at the very moment of his departure, the celestial intellect was very feebly illuminated, and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question, 'Where was the Emperor to sit?' The hammercloth happened to be unusually gorgeous; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box was the most elevated seat, was nearest the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne. . . . There was but one discontented person, and that was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted, 'Where am I to sit?' But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door and kicked him into the inside. . . . 'I say,' he cried out in an extempore petition, addressed to the Emperor through the window—'I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?' 'Anyhow,' was the Imperial answer, 'don't trouble me, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the window, through the keyholes—anyhow.' Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with the horses; with these he drove as steadily as Pekin had any right to expect."

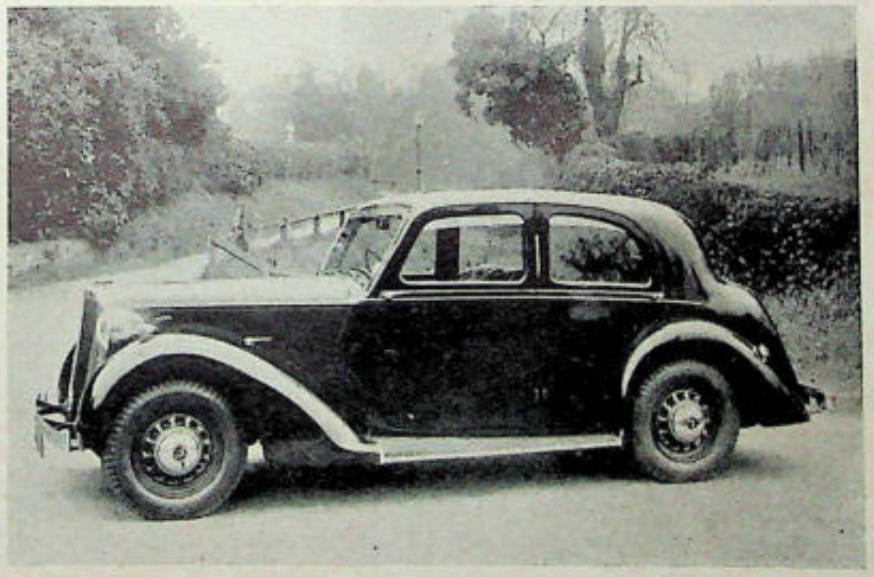
It is extremely interesting to grasp the measure of the numerical growth of carriages in Great Britain during the nineteenth century. In 1834 there were 49,000 four-wheeled carriages, in 1844 62,000, 68,000 in 1854, in 1864 102,000, while by 1874 there were 150,000. Of two-wheeled carriages the returns were 50,000 for 1834 and 285,000 for 1874.

Then came steam, and with it came temporary annihilation for the coachbuilding trade. For 68 years the roads were practically deserted by serious traffic, the hobby-horse and cycle holding sway instead. For the coachbuilder, after the storm came the calm or, put differently, after the steam came the car, and once more a great trade fought its way back into public recognition.

The better coaches and carriages of past days were undeniably graceful, yet the coachbuilder of 1938 may, with honesty, say: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done."

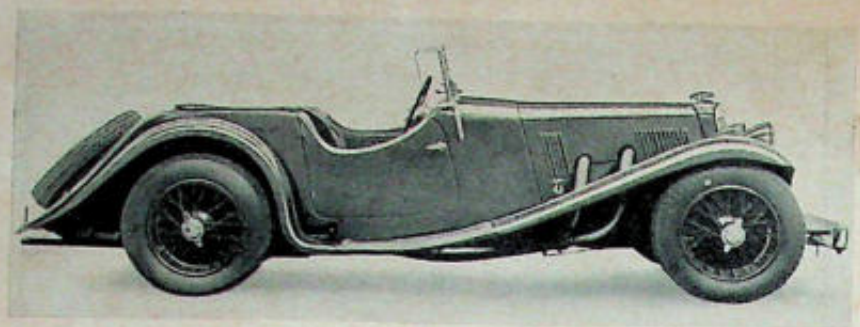
L. N. RADCLIFFE.



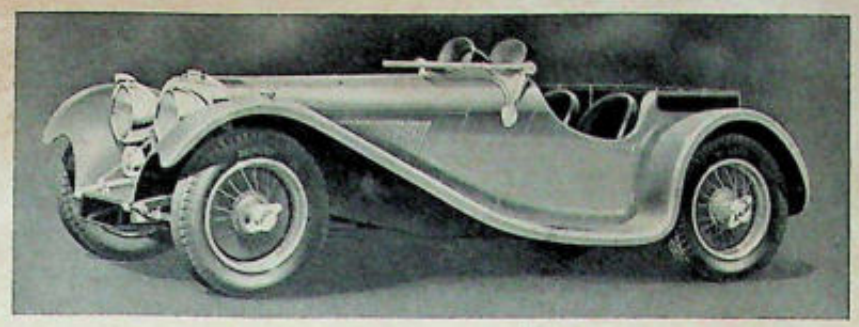


THE CRUDITY OF THE MECHANICAL BOX ON WHEELS HAS CHANGED: THE CAR OF TO-DAY IS A THING OF VERY REAL BEAUTY

The first four-wheeled petrol-driven motor car which was made by the Lanchester brothers in 1896, and the £375 Lanchester Roadrider de Luxe which, with its lively yet silent six-cylinder engine and independent front wheel suspension, is a product of 1939



A SHORT CHASSIS 2/4-SEATER ASTON-MARTIN LISTED AT £475



THE 3½-LITRE S.S. JAGUAR "100" MODEL, PRICED AT £445

COMFORT WEDDED TO SPEED

The New Fashion of Silent Sports Cars

A FEW years ago the sports car was an entirely different vehicle from the touring model. Comfort and appearance were both sacrificed on the altar of speed; a couple of cushions on the floor constituted all the upholstery; there were no doors and often no hood or screen. You had to be a "he-man" to drive one, even in the finest weather.

After a few years, however, people became more sensible. They began to ask themselves whether it was not possible to have the same performance coupled with real comfort. Thus there was born a new generation of sports cars, in which comfort and appearance counted every bit as much as speed, and to the Bentley people must be given the credit for setting a new fashion in *silent* sports cars.

The sports car of to-day is more often than not a closed model. The low-built chassis, designed for first-class road-holding, provides coach-builders with an opportunity of building those low, streamlined bodies that are associated with speed.

Acting on the principle that a sports car is no longer a toy for fine days, but a faster, more roadworthy edition of the family touring saloon, nearly all modern cars in the speed category have adequate accommodation for luggage. More often than not there is a built-in container at the rear, the lid of which lets down to form a flat luggage grid for carrying heavy trunks. The seating, too, is as luxurious as in any limousine, and thanks to the low underslung chassis at present in vogue, the necessity for footwells in the rear compartment has been eliminated, and many sports cars have perfectly flat floors.

Contrary to the belief held by a large section of the non-motoring public, the true sports car is safer to drive than the standard family saloon, because the low bonnet makes both front wings visible and gives the driver a very much better view of the road ahead than he would obtain in a car with a high bonnet.

On the whole, there is a tendency in these days to go in for the higher-powered sports cars. The impressive Lagonda, for instance, has an engine of no less than 4½-litres capacity, whether it is a six-cylinder power unit or a "Twelve." The Alvis people sell a 4.3-litre job, while the most popular of the alternative Bentley models is the higher-powered 4¼-litre car. Then there is the S.S. Jaguar, a 3½-litre saloon, the 2½-litre M.G., and the 2-litre Aston Martin. Of course, some firms list different models. There is a 1½-litre and also a 2½-litre S.S. Jaguar. They all have the same chassis and body as the 3½-litre, but the power-units are, of course, smaller. In addition to the 2½-litre M.G., there is the well tried 2-litre model, the 1½-litre and the "T" type Midget.

Needless to say, sports cars are well ahead when it comes to technical considerations, particularly in the matter of springing. The Alvis, Bentley and Lagonda cars all have independent front-wheel suspension on at least some of their models, high-geared steering is the rule, and brakes are extremely powerful. Another good point on the modern sports car is the very large petrol tank capacity, enabling considerable distances to be covered without any need for replenishing the fuel supply.

Practically all the best-known sports cars have been improved in the last two years in the matter of silence. Double expansion chambers are in most cases fitted into the exhaust system, while special care in the design of valve gear has eliminated a prolific source of mechanical noise.

In many ways the typical sports car has more thought devoted to it than the accepted type of family vehicle. The question of driving position, for instance, is usually settled by expert drivers who have had experience of handling racing cars. The seating position is generally more upright than in the touring car, and the steering wheel is so placed that when sitting as he should, with his hands grasping the lower part of the rim of the steering wheel, the driver's arms above the elbow are in line with his spine.

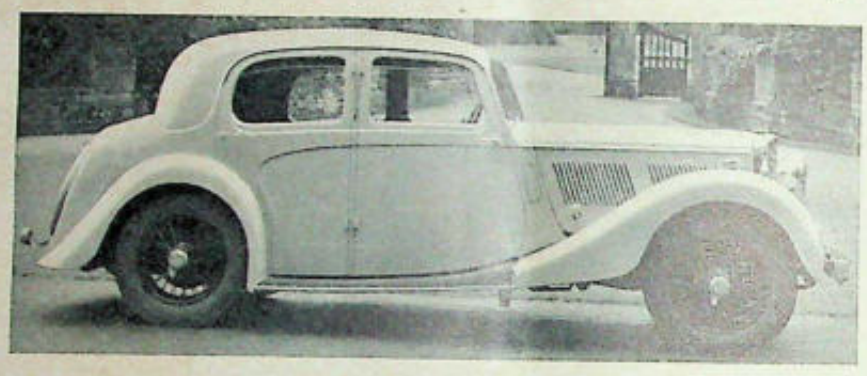
The seat is not too low, and is sufficiently close to the pedals to ensure that the driver's legs are never fully stretched out, even when he is applying the brakes to the maximum amount. Ample support is given to the knees and the thighs, and high up the back without restricting unduly the movement of the shoulders. This upright driving position affords admirable control, besides the maximum possible visibility.

The accessibility of the brake and gear levers and other controls are also features which are generally dealt with very capably in the case of sports cars. Both levers can be reached without any stretching or leaning forward on the part of the driver, and the dashboard switches, horn button, window winders and so on are all so placed that they can be reached simply by raising the hand a few inches from the rim of the steering wheel.

The equipment of sports cars which used to be of the most Spartan nature, has now been amplified to such an extent that it is more lavish than that of the ordinary automobile. It is realised that sports car drivers want to be able to keep up a good average speed even under conditions of poor visibility, and powerful fog lamps are usually fitted in addition to high-powered anti-dazzle headlamps. An adequate warning device, too, is most necessary, and twin horns are the rule.

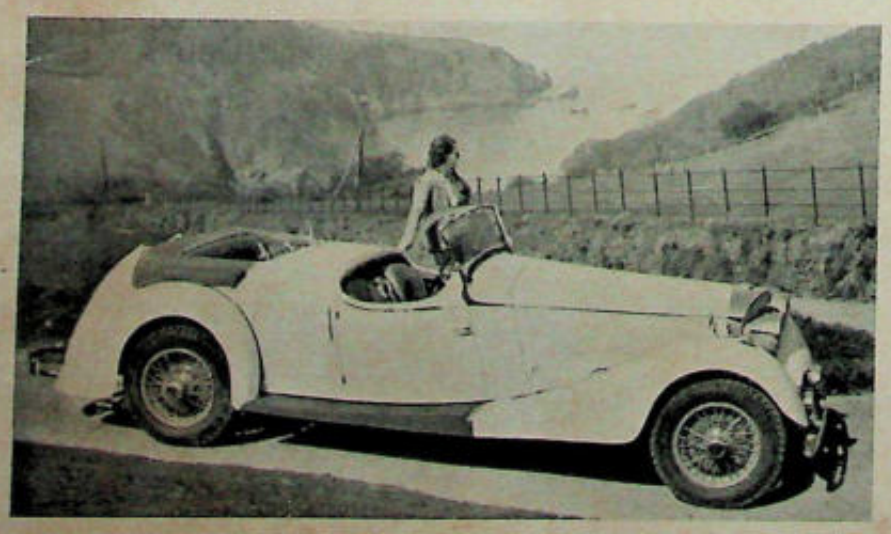
Large dial instruments, permitting easy reading at speed, a revolution counter, water thermometer and oil-pressure gauge are also instruments which are not found on the less expensive touring models. On the whole, the sports cars to-day are, if anything, more comfortable and more luxurious than many family type vehicles, and it is this fact, coupled with the high performance of which they are capable, that makes them such an attractive proposition to the keen owner-driver.

MERCURY.

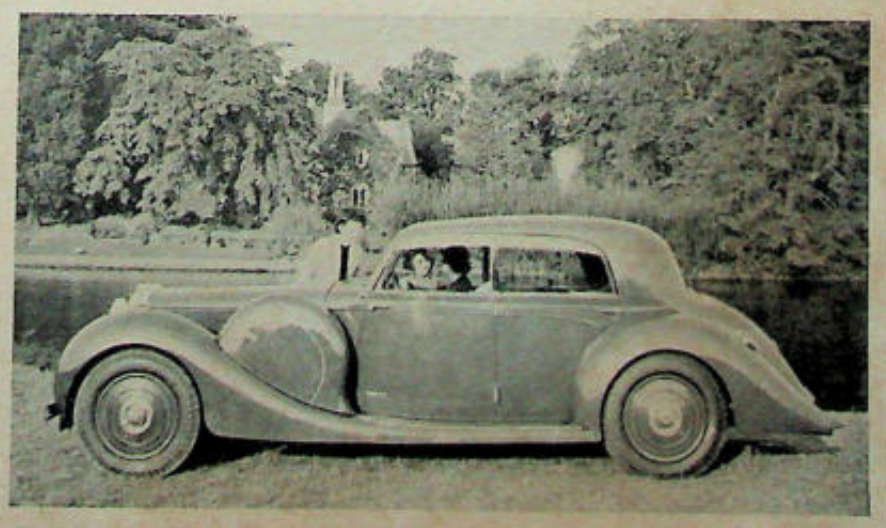


THE ALVIS TYPE H 12/70 FOUR LIGHT SALOON WHICH IS MARKETED AT £435—A CAR OF BUSINESS-LIKE PROPORTIONS

A FRAZER NASH B.M.W. 2-LITRE CABRIOLET. THE FAST TOURER (80-85 M.P.H.) COSTS £695, AND THE SPORTS MODEL (95 M.P.H.) £795

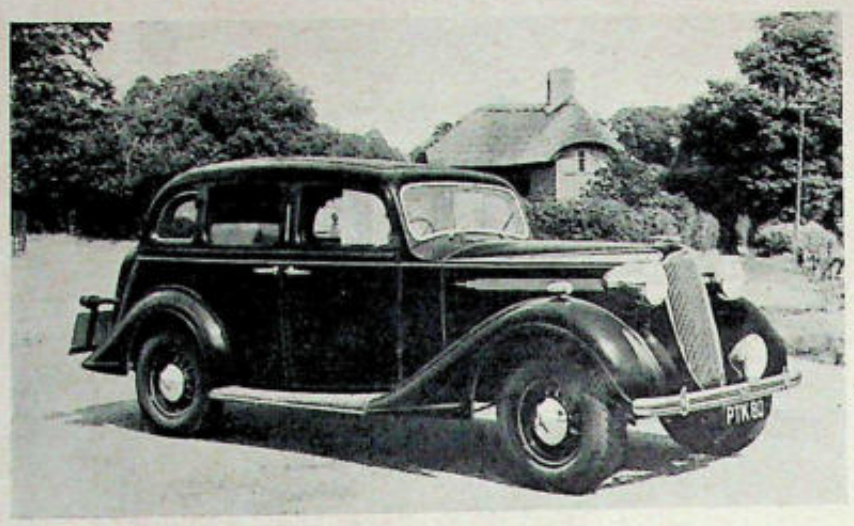


THE 3½-LITRE JENSEN TOURER. A MOST ATTRACTIVE CAR, PLACED ON THE MARKET AT £645



THE LAGONDA SHORT SALOON. THE 12-CYLINDER MODEL IS £1,550 AND THE 6-CYLINDER, £1,225

CHARACTER AND HIGH PERFORMANCE

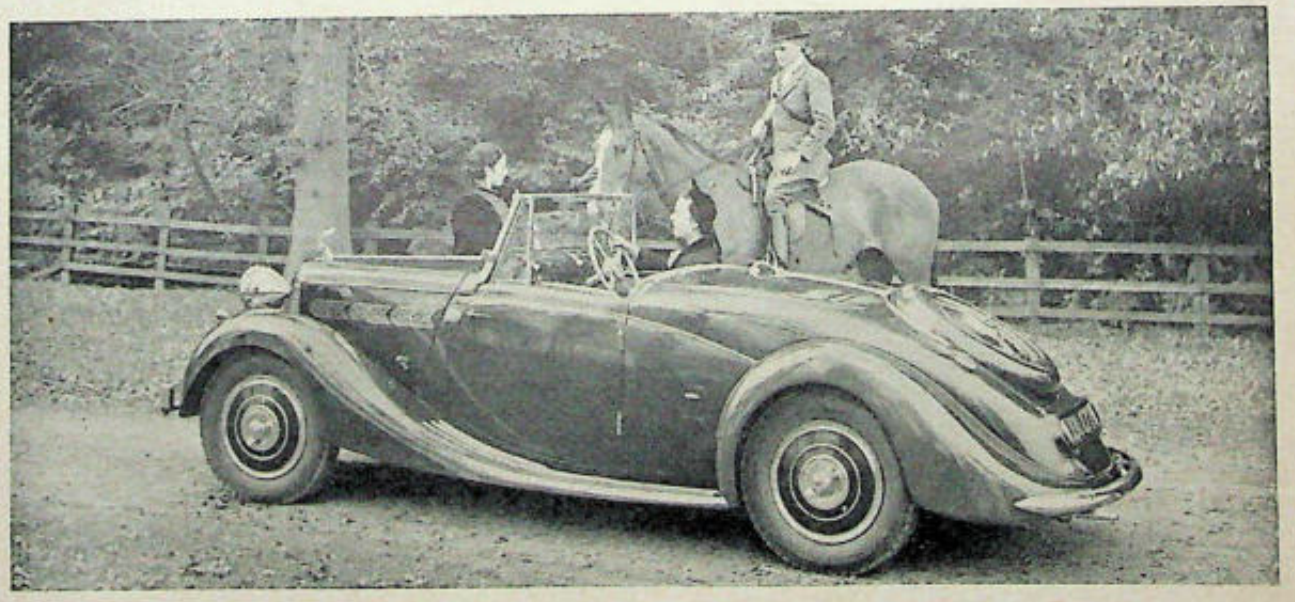


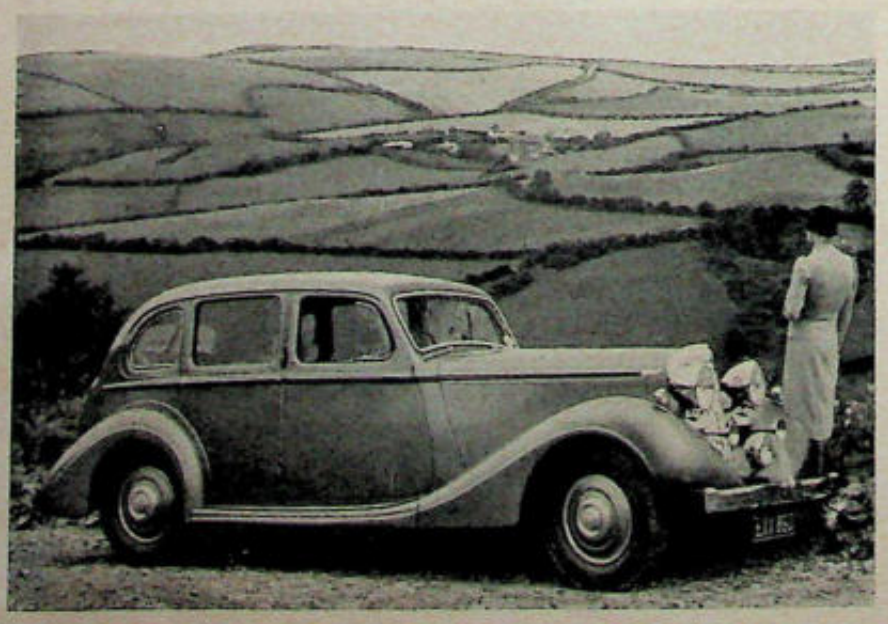
THE 10 H.P. ROVER SALOON (ABOVE)
The Rover is an extremely fine car, and recent sales prove that the public realise its worth. This car is priced at £275

THE VAUXHALL "25" LUXURY SALOON (TOP LEFT)
This roomy car has a maximum speed of 80 m.p.h., and yet will give 20 m.p.g. petrol economy under average driving conditions. The price of this model is £345

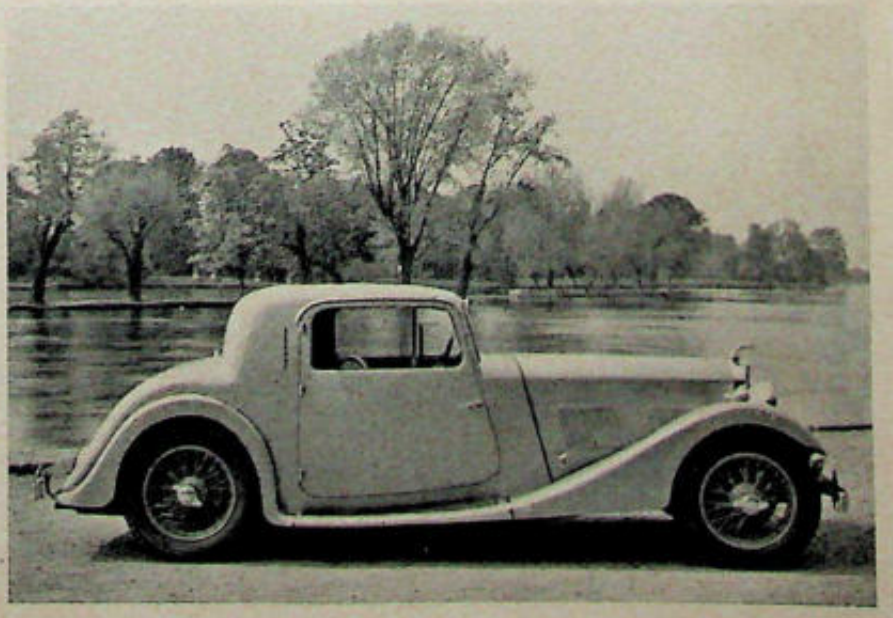
THE M.G. 2.6-LITRE SALOON (ABOVE)
This attractive car with its sleek coachwork enjoys, with all the other M.G. models, an enviable popularity. It is priced at £442

THE NEW TRIUMPH MODEL (RIGHT)
The 14/65 h.p. Dolomite Roadster Coupé is one of the smartest cars at the Show, with the distinctive Triumph radiator and beautifully-moulded curves. The price of this model is £395



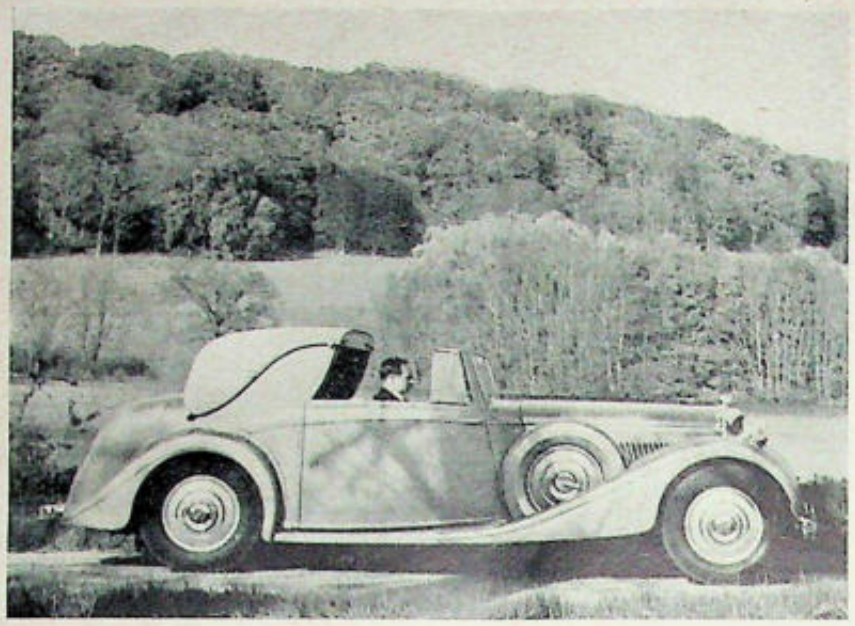


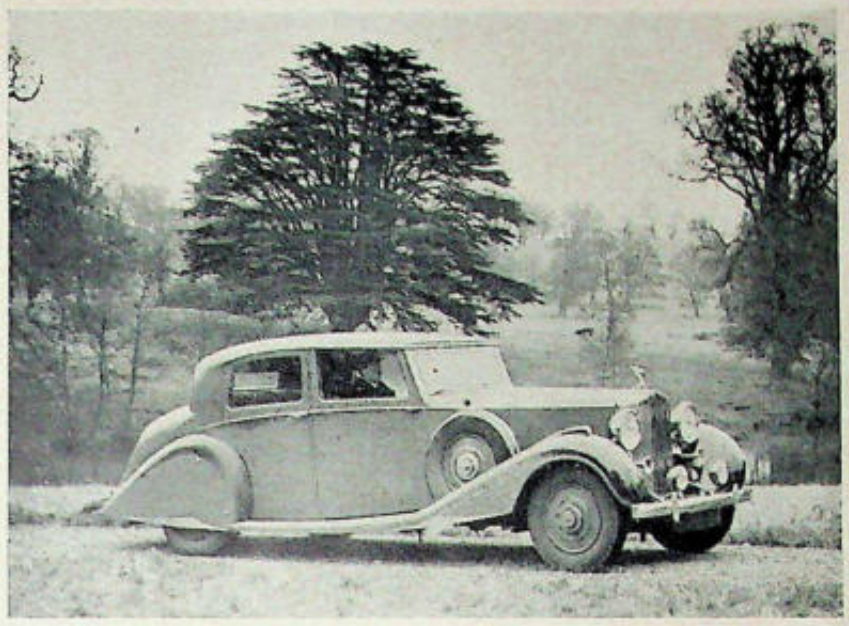
THE 1939 SUNBEAM-TALBOT 3-LITRE SALOON, PRICED AT £415



THE SMART FIXED HEAD A.C. COUPÉ, WITH SLIDING ROOF, COSTS £460

COACHBUILDING SINCE THE COACHES



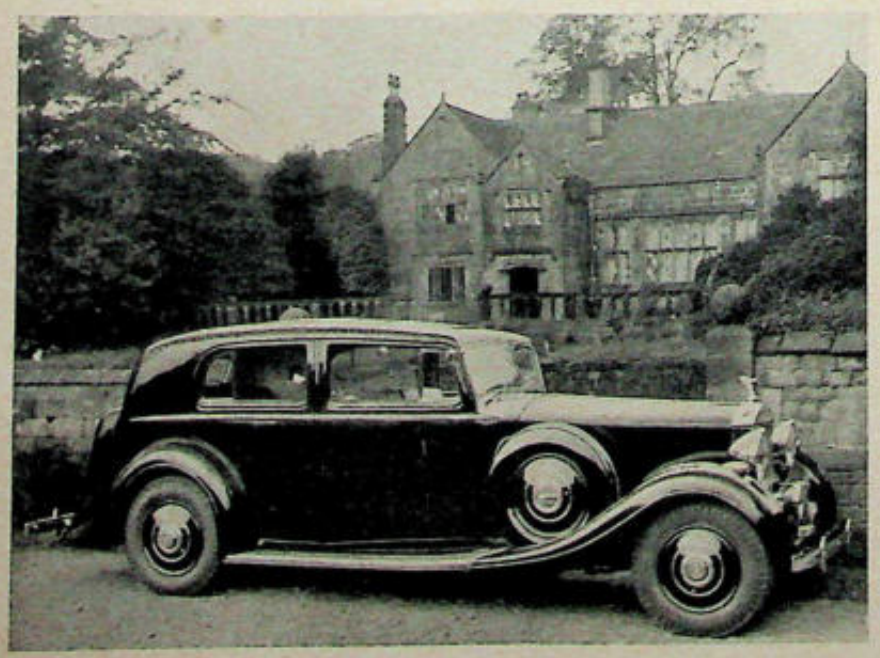


AN ATTRACTIVE BENTLEY COUPÉ (ABOVE)
This 4½-litre, 4-seater car is Mr. Jack Barclay's own, the coachwork being constructed to his designs by Messrs. James Young. The picture was taken at Fonthill, Wiltshire

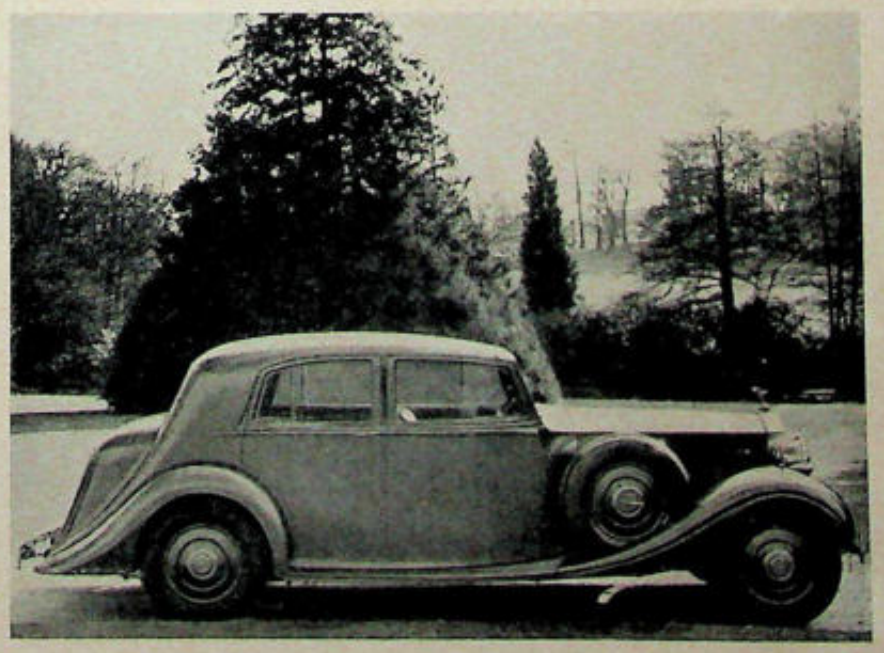
A ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM III SEDANCA (TOP RIGHT)
This car, photographed at Fawsley, near Daventry, carries coachwork produced by Messrs. Hoopers. It contains wireless, while the head over the driver's compartment folds back

A FOUR-DOOR PILLARLESS BENTLEY SALOON BY H. R. OWEN (ABOVE)
This car, built on truly aerodynamic lines, is roomier than the standard product, and the usual problem of hanging the doors without pillar support has been avoided by two patent hinges which give a bearing surface of about 19in.

A WINDOVER BODY ON A ROLLS-ROYCE (LEFT
The coachwork on this Phantom III gives an appearance of great dignity added to that of comfort and strength



A 40/50 H.P. 12-CYLINDER ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM III CHASSIS MOUNTED WITH A 4-DOOR TOURING LIMOUSINE BODY BY RIPPON BROTHERS, LTD.



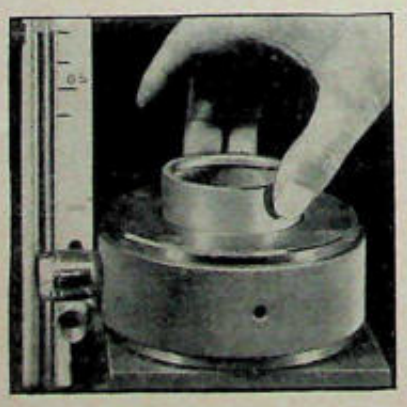
THE BEAUTIFULLY-SWEPT LINES OF A THRUPP & MABERLY TOURING LIMOUSINE COACHWORK ON A ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM III CHASSIS

Problem for Visitors to the Motor Show

Can you detect the difference between these two pistons?

To *see* the difference between these two pistons you would have to have eyes like microscopes that magnified hundreds of times. For a piston has to be accurately machined to within 1/10,000th of an inch before it is passed for use in an Austin engine. Pneumatic micrometers and many other intricate machines do the "seeing" for Austin test engineers.

Every Austin car is built and tested by precision methods. When you visit the Motor Show remember this accuracy. It is something you cannot see on the Stand but it soon shows up on the road. To its unfailing observance in manufacture you owe the unfailing safety, performance and economy of your Austin car.



AUSTIN PISTONS are machined oval for positive lubrication. In addition to the diameters being checked to 1/10,000th of an inch they are also carefully balanced by pairs for correct weight: on this careful process of selection the smoothness of Austins largely depends.

AUSTIN STAND

No. 150

If you cannot visit us at the Motor Show be sure to see the new range of cars at your local dealer, who will also be happy to give you a fascinating little book called "Making Cars and Making Certain."

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

THE NAME THAT UPHOLDS BRITISH *Prestige*

The new type 'C' speed model (streamlined all-metal body) in its very first race, the R. A. C. Tourist Trophy, achieved a 1st in Class 3 and 2nd in Handicap Race, and thus continues worthily to uphold both British prestige and the Aston Martin reputation for reliability, so amply demonstrated by a long series of meritorious successes in almost every country in Europe.

PRICES & MODELS	
Short Chassis Coupe	£525.
„ „ 2/4 str.	£475.
Long Chassis Saloon	£495.
„ „ Tourer	£495.
Type 'C' Speed Model	£775.

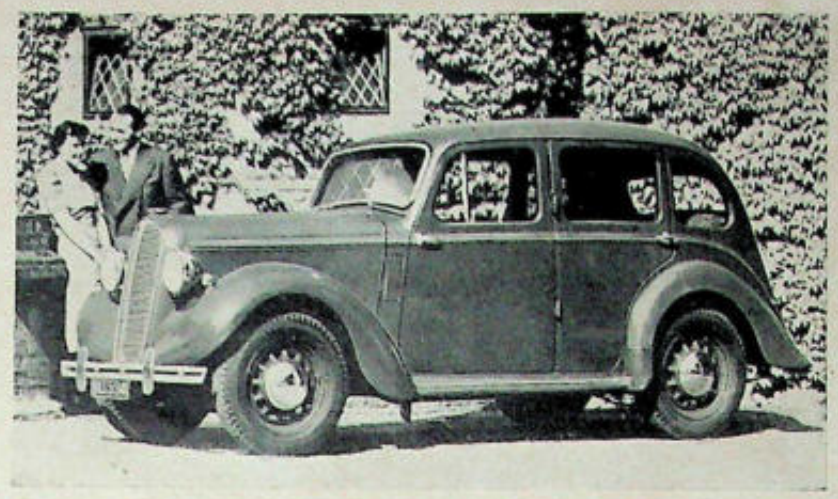
STAND 116, EARLS COURT

ASTON MARTIN

London Distribution & Service:—
Aston Martin Ltd., Feltham, Middlesex. Feltham 2291

LIGHT CARS AND LARGE FAMILIES

The Economy and Convenience of a Second Vehicle



THE 1939 SAFETY SALOON HILLMAN MINX, PRICED AT £163

NO sooner has the harassed parent paid off his son's debts at Oxford and his daughter's finishing fees in Paris and, blotting the cheques, heaved a sigh of relief, than the problem of family transport zooms into the foreground.

It was simple enough when the children were young. The big car would take them all easily. And, of course, they never had any say on where they went or what they did. But to-day it is different with grown-up sons and daughters always darting off somewhere, their activities as varied as their scope.

The family car can no longer compete with the dizzy comings and goings that this new social whirl would thrust upon it. And, anyway, the young people want a car or cars of their very own. Other sons and daughters are so blessed, and so, quite naturally, they want one too.

The harassed parent promises to look into it. And he'll soon discover that the problem is not nearly as grim as he thought. In fact, the addition of a second car may actually prove an economy. Certainly it will be an advantage. For there are so many times in the course of the week that the big car is sent on trifling errands to the village, down to the station, to a tennis or shooting party and so on, when a lighter, smaller vehicle would do the work quite as well and much more cheaply.

And then as far as convenience is concerned, every one-car family knows the amount of give and take that is necessary to dovetail their various engagements into one another. Someone is either kept waiting or has to start too early or cut an engagement, while someone else is doing the same sort of thing somewhere else. Yes, this "fitting in" stuff with only one car can be an infernal nuisance.

The solution is a second car of anything from 8 h.p. to 12 h.p., price roughly £130 to twice that amount. Let me give some actual figures to show the extraordinary economy of operating, say, an 8 h.p., figures which prove over a distance of 100,000 miles that these small cars are capable of the most astonishing reliability and endurance. Petrol consumption averages 35 m.p.g., tyres 36,000, oil 2,000. All in costs approximately 1d. a mile, including tax and insurance, which would be reduced with a two-car stable. Decarbonisation and brake relining once every 20,000 miles. Maximum speed 55 m.p.h., and average over several hundred miles say 36 m.p.h. These figures may seem astonishingly good, but they are based on actual experience.

There is no reason why the figures for the 10 h.p. and 12 h.p. class of car should not be proportionately good. The difference is that the larger cars naturally give rather more accommodation, comfort and better amenities.

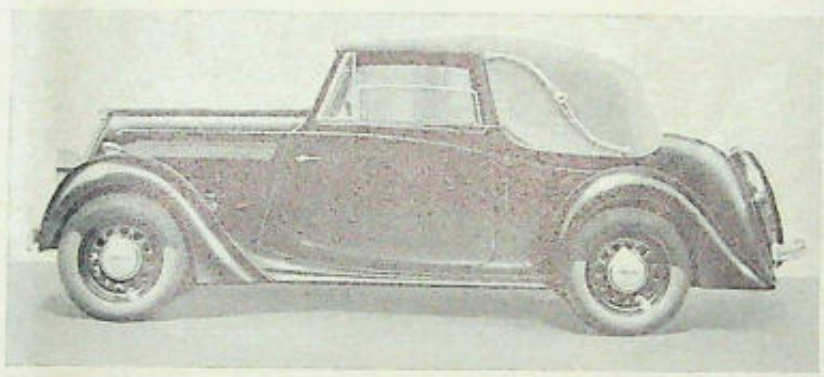
Ease of handling is another point in which the light car excels. It needs less room in the garage, less space in the car park. It can be turned about more quickly in a narrow street and slip through a rift in the traffic more safely.

It is noticeable that most of our motor car constructors include a light car in their programme in addition to the roomier, more lavishly equipped and higher powered models. That applies to Daimler-Lanchester, Austin, Armstrong-Siddeley and Morris to name but a few. Concerns like Standard and Singer, on the other hand, have specialised in light cars since pre-War days, and made a tremendous success in this branch of engineering. Indeed, unless one has tried some of these modern twelves, tens and eights, one has no idea of their amazing capabilities. Only a few years ago one of the best cars of 14 h.p. rating developed a little over 32 h.p. on the bench. To-day one car of 12 h.p. or 1300 c.c., which is well under 1½ litres capacity, actually produces nearly 50 h.p. This increase of power is reflected in enhanced performance with the result that to-day's tens and twelves are doing the work of yesterday's fourteens and sixteens and at a fraction of the running costs.

The nature of our roads and the immense volume of traffic their meagre width is called upon to carry have also influenced the current trend of design in favour of the lighter, more compact vehicle. For what is, the use of designers and technicians producing big cars with terrific performance if the road engineers will not open up the roads to accommodate them?

There are many excellent examples of the class of car under review. One of the highest grade is the Lanchester. One of its chief claims to distinction is its self-changing gear, most simply operated by pre-selector hand lever and pedal. This gear was first introduced by the Armstrong-Siddeley people, who have now added what they term a balanced drive as an extra refinement. This detail of design in conjunction with an automatic clutch gives exceptionally smooth running. Friends who have tried this year's Armstrong-Siddeley six-cylinder Twelve are universal in their praise of its enhanced performance and general sweetness.

Possibly the most popular Ten on the road is the Austin. Almost since British motoring began Austin cars have been noted for two things, dependability and the commonsense displayed in their design and specially in their coachwork. Good views front and back, wide doors, easy entrance and exit, plenty of head, leg and elbow room, these are the qualities that have made whole families Austin-minded for more than a generation.



A SMART SINGER DROPHEAD COUPÉ, BEING MARKETED AT £279

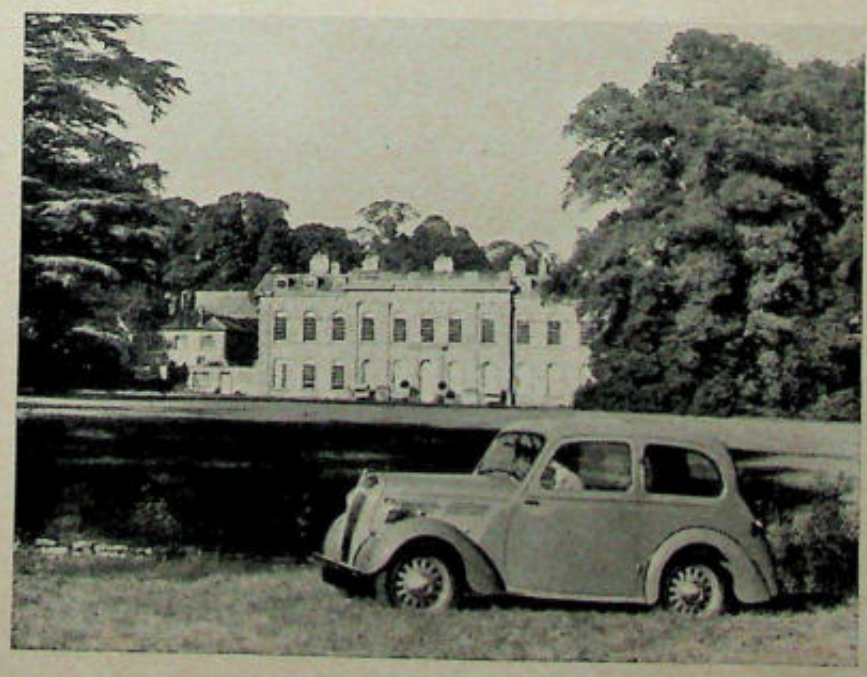
Another car in the 10 h.p. class which I tried recently was the Singer. An immense amount of thought and energy has been built into it during the past year. Its performance is alert, its layout appeals to a practical driver, and its road manners are precise and well behaved. Obviously it incorporates much that has been learned from the famous team of Singer competition cars that has done so well in trials.

For the constant comings and goings demanded by the various members of the household a well-planned body is essential. It must have room for luggage, parcels, papers, bags and sports gear, not to mention coats, rugs and umbrellas. Well, ever since I drove a Standard I've been impressed by the ingenious furnishing and fitting of its body. What you want and where you want it seemed to be the keynote to the body plan. And after all, to-day we judge a car by its body comfort and general arrangement as much as by its behaviour on the road. We take the nuts and bolts part of the car for granted because we cannot see it. But we can see, feel and use the body gadgets, and in this respect the Standard people have achieved a marked advance in convenience and comfort. For whether it is a day's shopping or a fortnight's holiday in Scotland that takes the car out, these little details do make all the difference to one's enjoyment.

And now *pater familias*, if only for his own peace of mind, will have to sign another cheque.

W. G. McMINNIES.

AN INTERESTING 14·60 H.P. WOLSELEY. THIS FULL 5-SEATER SELLS AT £285



THE FLYING STANDARD "EIGHT" SALOON DE LUXE, TO BE SOLD AT £139

When the Law says
'You may 'ave ***left*** *your lights*
on, sir, but they aren't on now'

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

it's time you got an

Exide

BATTERY

'Still keeps going when the rest have stopped'

Your lights fade, your horn mutters, your starter *doesn't* start. Don't get hot and bothered! Get an Exide. Exide is famous as the battery that *still keeps going when the rest have stopped.* Exide is relied on by nine out of ten British ships at sea.

★ *There are Exide batteries for every model of every make of car, at prices to suit every pocket — obtainable from your usual garage or any of the 600 Exide Service Stations.*

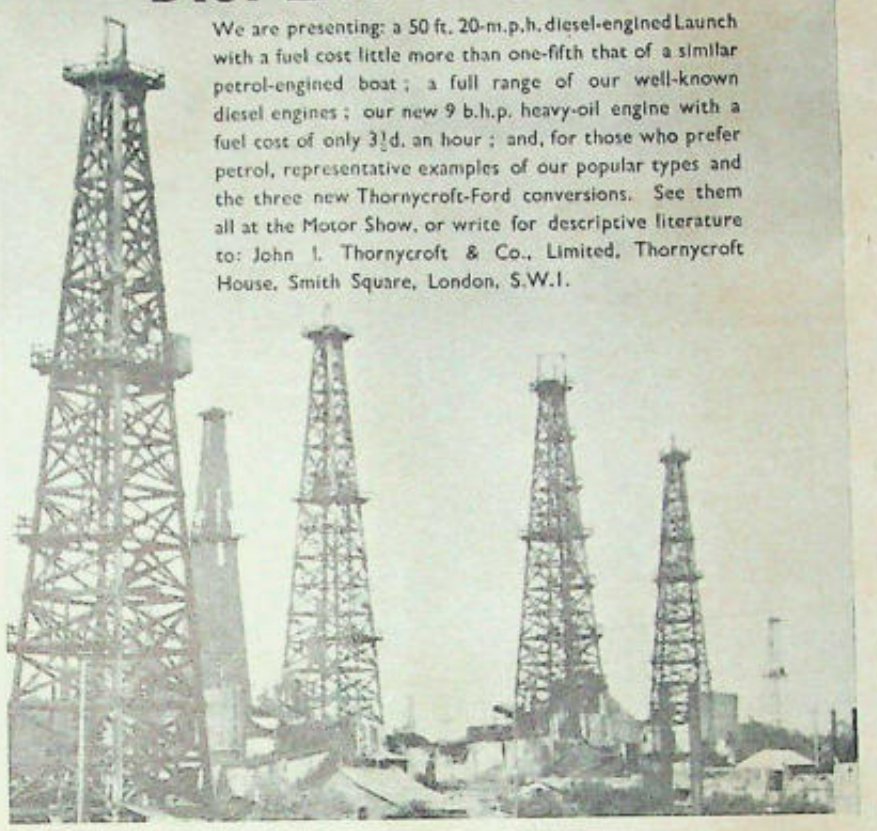
At the Motor Show, Earls Court, October 13th—22nd

STAND No. 199, IN THE GALLERY

The Chloride Electrical Storage Co. Ltd. (Exide & Drydex Batteries), Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester. Also at London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, and Belfast

OIL
— the fuel of the future!
will be the keynote of the
THORNYCROFT
DISPLAY on STAND 30

We are presenting: a 50 ft. 20-m.p.h. diesel-engined Launch with a fuel cost little more than one-fifth that of a similar petrol-engined boat; a full range of our well-known diesel engines; our new 9 b.h.p. heavy-oil engine with a fuel cost of only 3½d. an hour; and, for those who prefer petrol, representative examples of our popular types and the three new Thornycroft-Ford conversions. See them all at the Motor Show, or write for descriptive literature to: John I. Thornycroft & Co., Limited, Thornycroft House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.



VOSPER PORTSMOUTH

HIGH SPEED CRAFT OF DISTINCTION

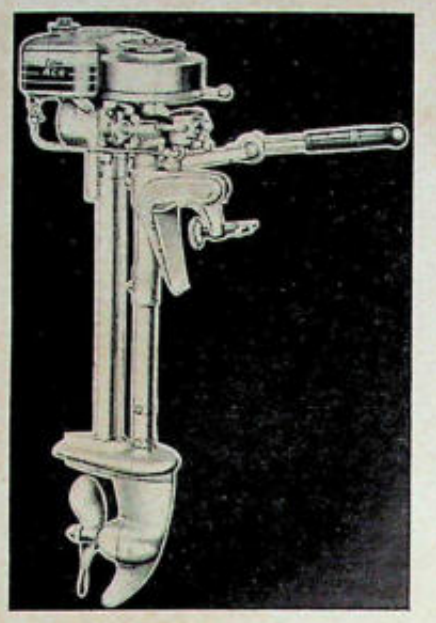
ROYAL BARGE
AS SUPPLIED TO
HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT

40FT. EXPRESS CRUISER,
DAY AND NIGHT
ACCOMMODATION.
Speed 24 Knots.

13FT. JOLLY BOAT FOR
THE MODERATE-SIZED
YACHT.
Speed 25 m.p.h.

DESIGNED
AND
BUILT
BY

VOSPER
PORTSMOUTH



THE "ELTO" ACE—AN INTERESTING OUTBOARD MOTOR TO BE SHOWN BY THE BRITISH MOTOR BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD.

MARINE MATTERS AT THE MOTOR SHOW

By LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL

PREPARATIONS are now practically complete for the 1938 Motor Exhibition at Earls Court—the 30th since its inauguration at the Crystal Palace in 1903.

It is interesting to recall to-day that this first venture at the ill-fated "Palace" included a Marine Section, which was transferred with the Motor Exhibition to Olympia in 1905, and yachts and motor boats with their accessories continued to form a part of the Exhibition until 1913. During the War the entire show was suspended, and on its resumption in 1919 the Nautical Section was absent because—it is said—of lack of support.

Interest in marine matters, however, was soon revived, and in 1921 the craft again took their place and they have continued to hold that place ever since. Last year's "Show" was held for the first time at the new Exhibition buildings at Earls Court.

This year there are approximately 40 exhibitors in the Marine Section. It should be nearer 400, but if quantity continues to be lacking in this section there is much compensation to be found in the steady improvement in quality. They will include:

ASSOCIATED EQUIPMENT COMPANY, LTD., who are showing a four- and a six-cylinder high-speed compression-ignition engine. This company's propelling outfits have been adopted by the Metropolitan Police and many well-known yachts and other craft.

ASSOCIATED MANUFACTURERS' COMPANY (LONDON), LTD., who are showing, for the first time, a new Gray marine engine which is claimed to mark a very decided advance in Diesel development. Yachtsmen will appreciate the fact that it can be easily arranged to rotate either right or left handed.

ARTHUR BRAY, that hardy annual without whom no show with a nautical flavour would be complete, is having his usual range of Chris-Craft, including a new 29ft. enclosed cruiser with a 118 h.p. Chris-Craft motor and a 16ft. racing craft powered with one of the same company's 121 h.p. engines. There will also be on this stand a smart-looking new Swedish Koster "Viking" sailing yacht of 5½ tons (T.M.) with a very complete specification.

BRITISH MOTOR BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD.—The exhibits on this stand will include a complete range of "Elto" and "Evenrude" outboard motors, and also a Britannia "Ensign" and a "Solo." The great popularity of both the "Elto" and "Evenrude" with both users *and* others is the fact that both are effectively silenced.

BRITISH POWER BOAT COMPANY will display a 500 h.p. "Power" Napier and a range of "Power" Meadows engines from 8/28 to 100 h.p. They will also exhibit a comprehensive array of marine accessories manufactured by themselves.

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC CONTROL, who are exhibiting for the first time a power-operated hydraulic steering gear which exerts a torque at the rudder-head of 18,000 lb. in. at 35 degrees maximum rudder angle with finger-tip movement of the steering-wheel. A great feature of this appliance is that the power, whether derived from the main propelling plant or an electric generator, becomes immediately and automatically diverted to ordinary hand steering should a failure occur. The well-known manually operated steering gear and throttle control will also be shown in action.

MORRIS MOTORS will, as usual, be exhibiting in both sections, and their Marine Stand will include samples of their popular "Vidette," "Navigator" and "Commodore" models. A new feature of the latter is an arrangement for adapting the rotation of the shaft to right or left handed. They will also show complete installations from engine to rudder.

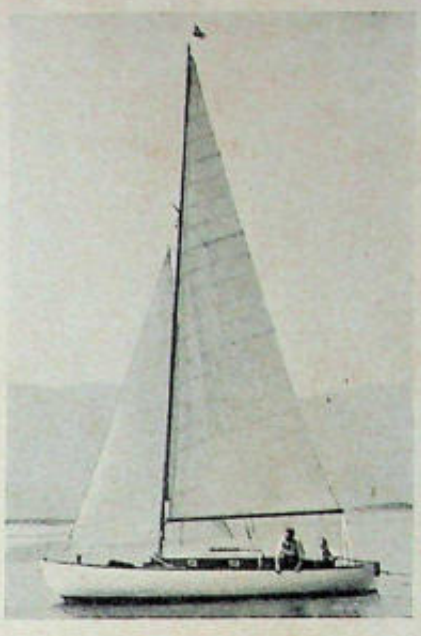
JOHN MORRIS (GOSPORT), LTD., will present two of their famous Toledo steel cruisers of 28ft. 6in. by 8ft. 6in. One a 15-knotter powered with a 6/71 h.p. Gray marine engine and the other having a Morris "Navigator."

NORRIS, HENTY & GARDNER, LTD.—Four Gardner oil engines will be on view, including a two-cylinder of 19 b.h.p. at 1,000 r.p.m., a four-cylinder of 38 b.h.p. at 1,000 r.p.m. and an eight-cylinder of 136 b.h.p. at 800 r.p.m., the latter with compressed air starting.

WILLIAM OSBORNE, whose express cruiser Ramille recently won the Pavillon d'Or, will have two vessels on his stand. A new Standard "Eagle" cruiser of 40ft. with a specially designed saloon-wheelhouse. This craft is mahogany planked on oak timbers and is powered with two Morris "Commodore" engines. The other—a "Swift Senior" of 26ft.—is powered with a 6/71 Gray.

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO., LTD., are showing a very interesting craft in the shape of a high-speed Diesel-engined launch. A somewhat similar craft is at present operating in the Persian Gulf covering about 120 nautical miles every day without a hitch. They will also show a model of the 18 b.h.p. Diesel which has been installed in the lifeboats in the Queen Mary and which has also been selected for those in the Queen Elizabeth.

STUART TURNER, LTD.—A full range of this well-known firm's generating and propelling outfits, as well as a



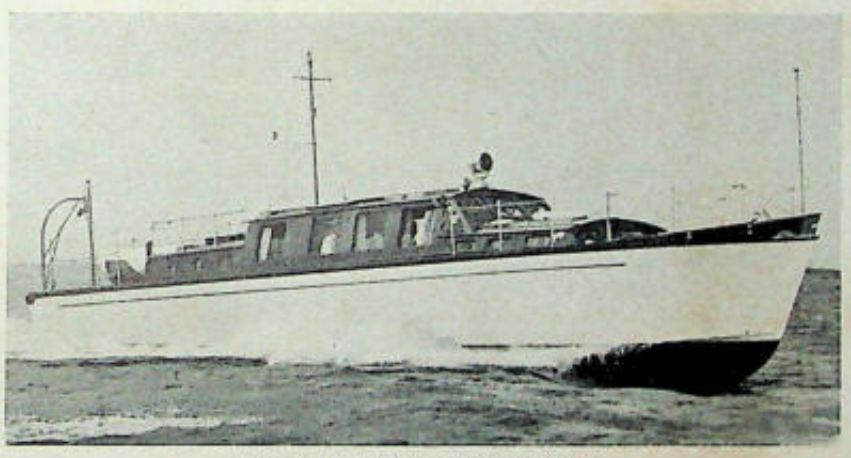
"A SMART-LOOKING NEW SWEDISH KOSTER 'VIKING' SAILING YACHT OF 5½ TONS," SHOWN BY ARTHUR BRAY

very small Diesel auxiliary such as they supply to the Royal National Lifeboat Institute, will be on view on this stand.

VOSPER, LTD., are having two very interesting high-speed craft on view. One a 20ft. boat with streamlined superstructure of light alloy specially built for Captain the Lord Louis Mountbatten, with a speed of 35–40 m.p.h. The other is one of the Vosper "Jollyboats," a 30-knotter specially designed for use as a tender in yachts of 50 tons and upwards. They are also showing a 1,150 h.p. Isotta Fraschini (for which engines they are the British licensees and sole selling agents) such as are installed in their successful 47.6 knot motor torpedo boats—said to be the fastest craft of their kind in the British Navy.

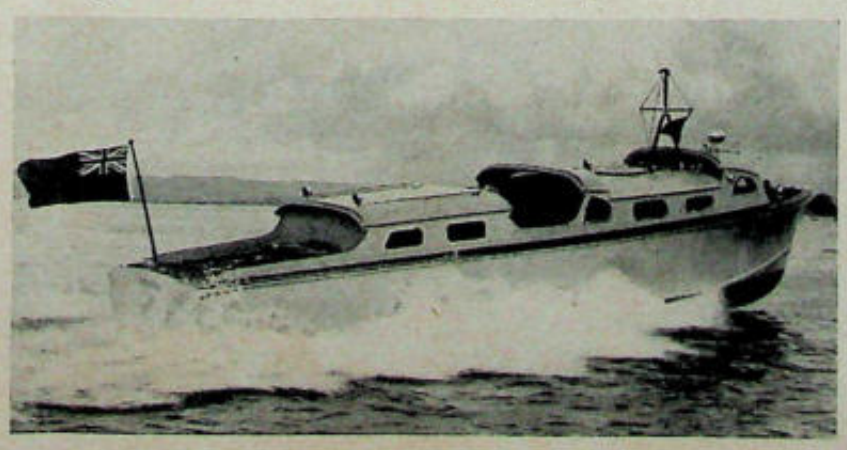
WALTON YACHT WORKS, LTD., are concentrating on one exhibit, that of one of their attractive 47ft. midship bridge craft. Notable features of this well-designed and well-equipped little ship are the 15ft. by 9ft. sound-proofed saloon, the rubber-mounted Gray motors on the firm's own patent steel engine bearers and the sound-proof passage between the motors.

CAPTAIN O. M. WATTS, LTD.—It has become a habit to look for everything that is new and up to date in yacht equipment on this firm's stand, and this year there will be still another feature in one of their "Z" four-tonners complete. There is to be also a new type of "Dead Beat" compass with internal magnification; a wonderful collection of books on the sea and little ships and the latter's management; and also a full range of the new "Onazote" life-saving and other appliances, including a yacht's life-buoy, a 12in. "Tiderider," life-saving cushions, &c.



TWO WELL-BUILT MOTOR VESSELS

The British Power Boat Company's 22 m.p.h. Sportsman's Cruiser equipped with two Power—Meadows 100 h.p. marine engines (above) and a Thornycroft motor yacht "Prunella," designed and built for Mr. F. H. Muirhead



A BUSINESS-LIKE LOOKING CRUISER

This vessel, a 40ft. cabin cruiser built by Vosper, Ltd., of Portsmouth, has a speed of 24 knots

MOTORING'S CAMP FOLLOWERS

Some of the Important Accessories at Earls Court

By H. E. SYMONS

WHEN I go to the Motor Show I get just as much entertainment from touring round the accessories stands as I do from meandering through the serried ranks of brightly-polished cars.

As usual, there are fascinating working demonstrations on the Lucas stand, amongst them being a demonstration of the well-known compensated voltage control system, which has now been provided with temperature compensation. Among the lamps pride of place goes, of course, to the latest edition of the regal-looking new P 100 high-power projector. There is also an entirely new range of headlamps, known as the M type, of modern streamline shape. Talking of lamps, there is a fine new range of flat-topped beam fog-lamps and pass-lights, headed by the luxurious new FT 67, the largest and most powerful lamp of its type. It is meant to put on high-powered cars and gives a wonderfully powerful, wide-spread driving beam. The already well-known FT 57 and FT 37 are, of course, on view.

In these days of fast travel, an efficient warning device is essential. Personally, I like the Mellotone windtone horns, which give a sweet-sounding note reminiscent of the post-horns of coaching days. These horns have been improved, and are shorter, so that they can be fitted on the latest model cars with restricted frontal space. They are supplied in matched pairs and give alternative signals, soft for town and loud for country. Among novelties is a handsome new mirror for wing fitting, selling for only 7s. 6d., and technical enthusiasts will be interested in the sports ignition coil, giving a higher voltage to high compression cars, and also the vertical camshaft magneto.

Quite a lot of my motoring is done in roadless countries or where conditions are very bad owing to mud or snow, and I am therefore always interested in the latest devices in the way of non-skid chains. The Parsons Chain Co. invented and introduced Parsons non-skid chains 36 years ago, and they make various grades of chains, to fit every size of wheel. Amongst these fittings are the emergency grip, which can be strapped on in a moment to meet any sudden need for extra road grip, while the company is, of course, showing the usual range of non-skid chains of the zig-zag and ladder patterns. Diagonal bar reinforced chains, an exclusive Parsons feature, are incorporated in the exhibit of non-skid chains and emergency tyre grips, and give 100 per cent. more wear and added safety.

The colonial type of chain is also shown, being specially designed for use in out-of-the-way parts of the world, where roads are frequently little more than tracks, and mud and heavy soil are encountered. Another device of outstanding interest on the stand is the B.W.T. variable level oil intake, fitted as standard on Armstrong Siddeley, Austin, M.G., Morris, Standard and Wolseley cars.

Although in these days of closed cars we perhaps pay less attention to rugs than of yore, there is no doubt that the discovery of a really cosy rug in the back of a car pleases one's passengers immensely. Of all the rugs of which I have had experience, the Motoluxe, made by Lee Bros. Overwear, Ltd., and shown at Earls Court, on the stand of Brown Bros., Ltd., are the most luxurious. The standard quality rug, a lovely, thick, soft article, sells at 5½ guineas. It is as light as a feather and warm as a blanket. Then there is the Super Motoluxe rug, made of the finest alpaca yarn, and the Super Super Motoluxe rug, which costs 8 guineas. In addition, there is an owner-driver's rug which hooks round the waist like a belt, a clip-on rug, a pocket rug which has a zip fastener pocket in the front, and a bag rug which really keeps your feet warm; besides this, there are, of course, the well-known Motoluxe foot muffs and the "baby sack," out of which the most active child would have difficulty in wriggling!

I suppose every motorist has heard of Exide and Drydex batteries, which are fitted to the majority of cars in use throughout the world. The Exide stand at the Motor Show will be notable for a zoological exhibit, an electric eel. This is only a youngster, a bare 18in. long, but he produces so much electricity that he is able to light a neon lamp! An electric eel can generate sufficient energy to stun a horse or even kill a man. A full-grown electric eel may be 4ft. or 5ft. long. In addition to this interesting natural battery are the well-known Exide double-life car batteries, with their two-years unconditional guarantee. The company's representatives will be available at the stand to explain the double separation which almost entirely abviates the possibility of internal short-circuiting of the plates.

The Castrol stand at Earls Court may be likened to a palace of variety, for these very enterprising people, Wakefields, the producers of Castrol oil, have provided a means for listening-in to Captain George Eyston, Sir Malcolm Campbell and Miss Jean Batten, describing their thrilling experiences of speed on land, on water and in the air.

Should anybody have doubts as to the advantages of the new lighter Castrol over the old thicker oils, a sort of "test-your-strength" machine gives a conclusive answer. As usual, there will be available on the Castrol stand oiling charts for an incredible number of present and past (and perhaps future!) models of all known automobiles.

On the Triplex stand will be seen windscreens and windows of motor cars, sun vizors, louvre-lights, dazzle-proof back lights and motor boat screens, while other interesting exhibits include goggles and interior driving mirrors, all made from Triplex Safety glass. Triplex Toughened glass, which has largely superseded the older laminated type of safety glass, consists of a single sheet of specially treated glass which is proof against discoloration, blisters and similar defects. When broken, it crumbles into small, harmless fragments. I am merely one of many thousands who can thank Triplex for saving their eyesight in a bad motor smash. If I had not been wearing Triplex goggles when I took a header off a motor cycle on to my face some fifteen years ago I should probably have been blinded for life.

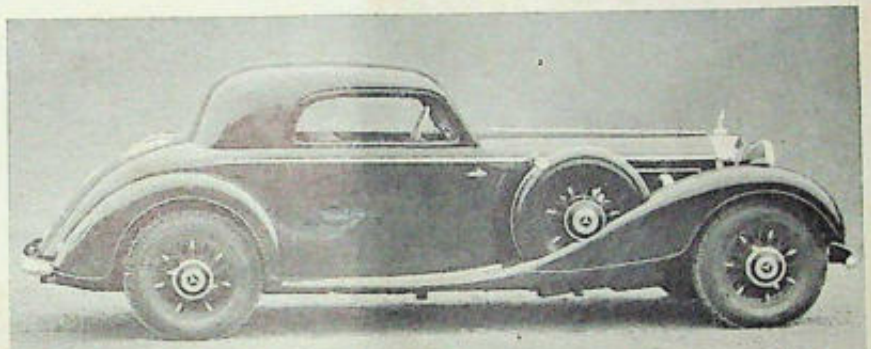
Early visitors to the Lodge Plugs, Ltd., exhibit at Earls Court may obtain gifts of spark-gap gauges, and in addition the exhibitors are distributing a booklet entitled, "Advice on Trouble-free Motoring," which contains a number of practical general maintenance hints, with special emphasis, naturally, on the ignition question. All types of Lodge plugs are on view, as well as special radio-screened plugs and waterproof plugs. The former are designed to prevent the ignition circuit interfering with radio reception, while the latter, being totally enclosed as a protection against water, are invaluable for use in marine engines, including outboard motors.

A very useful weatherproof terminal which can be fitted to any standard type of Lodge plug, and which gives protection against heavy rain and water sprayed up from flooded roads, will be appreciated by those living in low-lying countries. What used to be called the "baby" plug, the 14 mm. size, is now standardised on almost all well-known makes of car instead of the usual 18 mm. size, and there is now an even smaller plug, the 12 mm., used in the engines of baby cars.

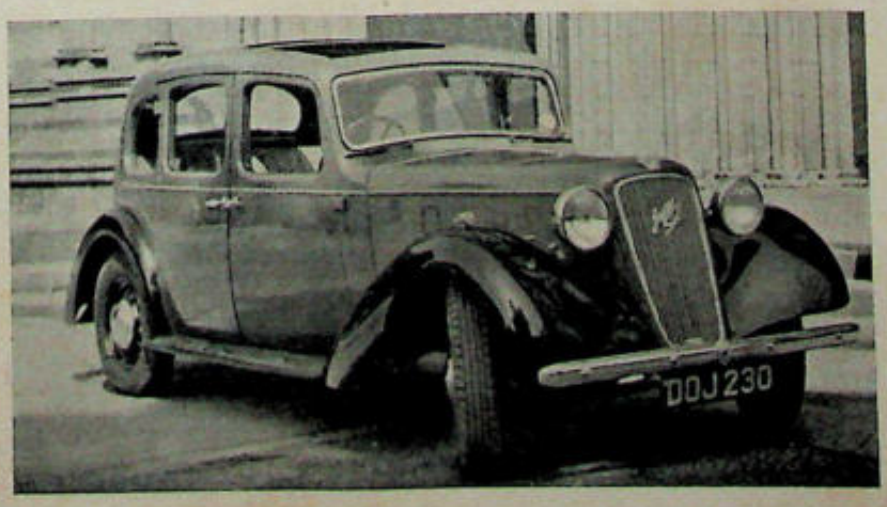
The exhibit of the Dunlop Rubber Co. is always interesting. Not only are all types of the Dunlop E.L.P. and Fort tyres on view, but there are special extra low-pressure tyres, such as the 9.00 x 13, designed for crossing sandy deserts and roadless country generally. Amongst the Dunlop exhibits are, of course, the Dunlopillo upholstery, now standard on so many popular cars; while the same famous concern makes both wire and pressed-steel wheels, jacks, repair outfits and a host of other useful accessories. Tyres with special treads are available for negotiating very muddy country, perhaps the pioneer of these being the famous Dunlop Trakgrip, which I myself have used with success on several Monte Carlo Rallies, and events of a similar nature.

Visitors to Earls Court may miss the Shell exhibit, but they will have ample opportunities of seeing what Shell-Mex, Ltd., are doing at exhibitions which are being staged all over the country. The general title of the show is "How Your Car Works." I went to the opening exhibition at Shell-Mex House, and found it of absorbing interest. The working of the modern motor car is demonstrated by actual sectional models of engines, gearboxes, back axles and so on, while there were small-scale models of independent wheel-springing systems, the differentia', and so on.

THE NEW 16 H.P. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY COACH SALOON PRICED AT £380



A TWO-SEATER COUPÉ SUPERCHARGED MERCÉDÈS-BENZ PRICED AT £1,890



TWO WELL-TRIED MODELS

The high performance Railton 8-cylinder Cobham Saloon (above) which sells at £698, and the comfortable-looking Austin 14 Goodwood Saloon priced at £245

2 YEARS INSURED LIFE *with every* LUCAS CAR BATTERY

LUCAS
BRITISH MADE.

You get TWO YEARS INSURED LIFE with every Lucas Battery at no extra cost. At any time within two years of purchase your local garage can exchange it for a new one at a cost proportionate to the length of service. Ask your local garage for full details, or write for full list of agents and battery literature.

EARLS COURT—STAND 227
"The Stand of Interest"

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 19.

You will soon need

Parsons Non-Skid Chains

Revised prices—great reductions

Immunity from the delay and danger of motoring on snow, mud, ice, sand and grass is cheaper this year. Parsons, the pioneers and inventors of tyre chains, announce greatly reduced prices. There is a type and size of chain to fit every motor vehicle. See them at the Motor Show on Stand 192, Avenue H, First Floor.

Zig-Zag Type A Chain
44/- per pair

PARSONS CHAIN CO., LTD.
STOURPORT-ON-SEVERN, WORCS.

AIR RAID PROTECTION

Special Types of Shelters for Use in Emergency

IN order to discuss this subject it is necessary to realise essential requirements and deal with each separately.

As you may wish to shelter one day from the sun and the next from the rain, so in A.R.P. are there several different things to shelter from, and each must be catered for quite differently though all may be necessary on the one job.

The three main precautions to be taken are against Gas, Bombs and Panic. The place of shelter will be either the home, place of employment or public accommodation.

Home Shelters for outdoor use. These, apart from extemporised forms, are specially made, and the most common type is one sunk a few feet into the ground and then covered with earth and concrete. The shelter itself is of semicircular steel, and can be erected at a reasonable figure and made any length according to the number of persons required to occupy it.

The shelter must contain two rooms, one very small to be entered before the other, for use as an Air Lock, the doors should be of gas-proof type, and a chemical closet should be kept here screened off. All removal of contaminated clothing would take place here before opening the second twin door, and a contaminated clothing bin should be kept available.

The larger room should be provided with seating benches, lockers, battery lighting and ventilation, secured by a very long upward pipe to reach above any likely gas, and a hand-operated fan to circulate air which is far more important than introducing fresh air. Emergency exit is provided at rear end. Food and water should be stored here, also cards and games, since wireless will be absolutely useless for obvious reasons.

There are about a dozen companies making shelters, some on the above principle, others in steel or concrete tubes. The shelter can be sunk down into the earth if desired, being approached at either end by steps covered with a trap-door. In this way the existence of the shelter is barely noticeable. The accommodation may serve as a garden hut, and the more regularly it is used the better to ensure dryness and cleanliness at all times.

Adapted Home Shelters for indoor use. A room must be chosen and its floorboards rendered gas-proof by corking or adhesive filling. A new gas-proof door should be bought and fixed, an air-lock chamber created where possible, also special splinter-proof recoil spring window shutters that can be fixed in a minute. The fireplace should be bricked up and all leaks stopped. This method costs no more actually than laying in stocks of sticking paper and trusting to do the sealing at the time of emergency. The job is permanent and as nearly perfect home protection as is possible.

All the electric "points" and switches should, at the last moment, be covered with brown paper to prevent entry of gas through steel tubing. Emergency lighting by battery should be provided, also food, fan, toilet essentials, &c.

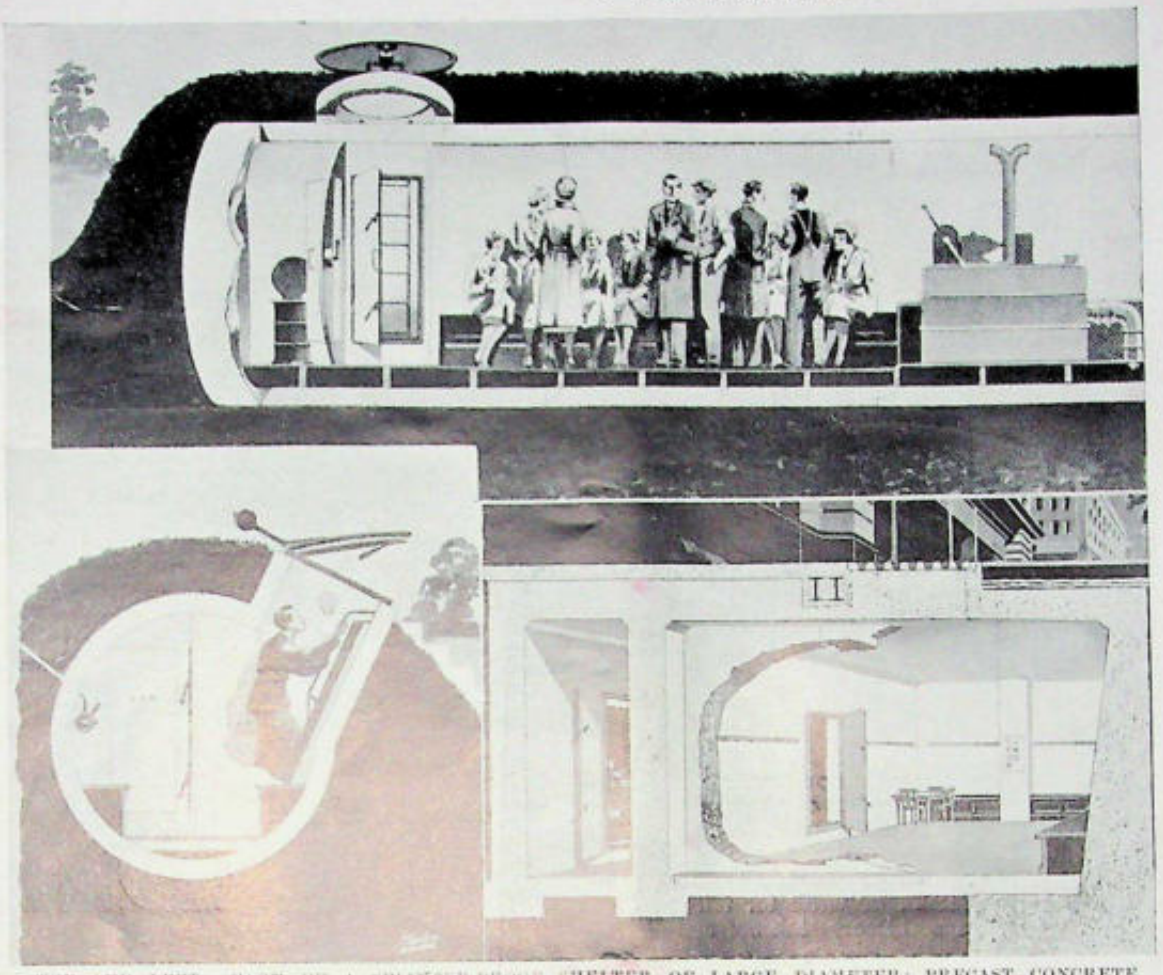
There is no reason whatever why the room in everyday use should look ugly or appear obviously adapted for emergency, and therefore it is advisable to choose a comfortable room in the basement or on the ground floor. There is no reason to shiver in a cellar or to treat a normal safety measure as a "funk hole."

Expert firms are specialising on adapting rooms for a quoted price. In one case, probably more, it is possible to arrange to have the whole job done at once and to pay by monthly instalments over a period. The manufacturers of chemical closets, bins, &c., will arrange to supply on deferred terms also.

Public Accommodation.—As far as can be ascertained from municipal authorities, it is not considered wise to provide large public shelters. These tend to panic rushing and hysterical herding.

Measures have been put in hand to provide for persons caught away from home at the time of emergency. Police posts, first aid posts, &c., fitted with decontamination equipment and every latest device were in hand before the recent crisis arose, and no member of the public has any right, still less reason, to "fear": but each *must* take an interest in the National Safety Precautions, and take any reasonable steps he can to safeguard himself and his family, domestic staff, &c.

It is not proposed, in this article, to go into details of the very intricate equipment necessary for such sheltering as that referred to above.



TOP AND LEFT: PART OF A SPLINTER-PROOF SHELTER OF LARGE DIAMETER; PRECAST CONCRETE TUBES, LAID IN SECTIONS LIKE A SEWER, EITHER PARTIALLY OR WHOLLY BELOW GROUND. EMERGENCY EXITS CAN BE ARRANGED AS DESIRED. BOTTOM: REINFORCED OFFICE OR BUILDING SHELTER

A SEMI-CIRCULAR TYPE OF SHELTER, COVERED WITH AN EARTH MOUND

Office or Works Shelters.—Perhaps the public are not even now aware of the vast sums that many private concerns have expended on A.R.P. to shelter and safeguard their staff.

In office blocks, the owners and an A.R.P. expert select a part of the lower ground floor or basement. In a works a "sunk" set of chambers is usually built underground. This is then rendered flood and gas-proof. It is equipped with decontamination requisites, air locks, first aid, chemical lavatories, seating, auxiliary telephones, electric lighting and fans: the existing air conditioning plant is adjusted, intercommunication telephones and direction indicators are fitted in all parts of the building, and the premises can be used for every-day purposes under normal conditions. Such accommodation can be got ready within seven minutes, and be in perfect running order, if the staff are kept practised as to their allotted jobs of work in preparing the premises at the warning. Such accommodation is proof against anything except direct hit by heavy bombs.

Finally, the whole matter seems to be one of cool common sense, not fear. Gas must be considered as a risk, and precautions taken: but the actual risk of serious trouble to anybody from this is almost negligible. Fire is likely to be localised, and be taken care of by trained squads. Bombs are unlikely to seek you out, and where precautions have been taken, a staff trained and instructions adhered to, there should be no cause for undue alarm, as the experience of the Barcelona air raids shows.

The greatest protection is *provision against risks* and insistence on *orderly behaviour* when emergency arises.

One would not cross the Channel in a ship without lifeboats, and A.R.P. may be taken to represent lifeboats and safety. Safety.

[Full particulars of supplies of necessary goods and of consultant experts will be given to readers upon request to the Editor of the *Field*.]

To Judge Dogs in India.—Mr. W. Stanley Hunt, of Ottershaw, is a well-known authority on canine matters, and it is a tribute to his knowledge that he has been invited to judge a show of dogs of all breeds for the Bombay Presidency Kennel Club on February 12th and 13th. He has accepted this invitation, and as doubtless other appointments to judge in India, Ceylon and other countries will follow, it is likely Mr. Hunt may have to be absent from home early in January for an indefinite period.

At the Restaurant you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

THE SONG THRUSH

Chorister of Our Gardens

FAMILIARITY is said to breed contempt, so I expect that its very commonness and easy accessibility have led bird photographers to neglect the song thrush, the chorister of our gardens. This is strange, for it makes a particularly attractive subject for the camera and nests are often to be found in very picturesque and photographable situations.

The illustrations to this article were taken at three normal sites—a privet hedge, a gorse bush and an apple tree—at which I watched the process of rearing baby thrushes.

I found the nest in the privet hedge when three eggs were laid, so was able to observe the complete nesting period. The first egg hatched on the fourteenth day, and exactly twenty-four hours later the first chick forced his way out of the shell.

While the young were hatching the hen was very restless, continually looking into the nest as shown in one of the illustrations. I saw the removal of empty egg shells on two occasions, the bird taking them in her beak and dropping them some 20yds. away on a grass lawn.

As an experiment, I replaced the discarded shell in the nest, and when the hen returned she again carried it away, only this time to a greater distance—she was running no further risks of its replacement. But I remembered having seen a nearby nest containing two deserted eggs, so carried on my experiment with them after first cutting the tops off and emptying out their contents.

These extra eggshells appearing in the nest seemed to cause the thrush no surprise—she was evidently not a mathematician. Daintily picking each from amongst the newly-hatched chicks, she bore it away beyond my field of vision. Unfortunately the light was too bad for photography, otherwise I might have recorded this removal of the shells.

I wanted to discover exactly what interval elapsed after hatching before the young were fed, and after keeping a close watch for the whole day, saw no food brought to the first-born. He must have lived on his own fat for more than 24 hours, a fact borne out by the removal of excreta from the nest during this period. The following day feeding was in full progress, but, of course, it was impossible to see which chick was being fed.

Birds are strange things. I have often wondered why a thrush should carefully plaster the inside of her nest with mud when a blackbird, which is only a dark-coloured thrush, prefers an inner lining of dead grass. Also from whence comes the accumulation of fine grey dust that one always finds in a thrush's nest after the young have flown?

The nest in the gorse bush I only discovered after the eggs were hatched; it was the nestling period I watched there.

The four young were fed at ten-minute intervals, interrupted by rest periods, the timing being very regular throughout the day, except between 5 and 6 p.m., when the rate quickened, an extra supply being given, presumably to tide the nestlings over the period of darkness. I have noticed this acceleration of feeding towards evening in quite a number of species in which the food is brought in the beak and not partly digested before being given to the chicks.

At this particular nest, it was the hen that was timid and suspicious of the camera and hide, the cock being as bold as brass. A pair of linnets were nesting in an adjacent gorse bush, and if the male bird alighted near the thrush's nest, he was promptly chased away with much angry chattering. A blue tit actually perched on a spray above the young thrushes, but, fortunately for him, neither parent was at home.

A rather unusual incident occurred at the nest in the privet hedge during the period of incubation, a cock blackbird perching on a bough just above the nest and pouring forth a most wonderful flood of melody. Peeping through a slit in the hide I was unable to see the songster, but I felt certain it was no thrush, so I cut a hole in the tent to make sure

HEN BROODING NEWLY-HATCHED YOUNG

who was serenading the sitting bird. Why this feathered Othello should forsake his own Desdemona and serenade the wife of another, I am unable to explain. Perhaps the sight of any sitting bird was quite enough to arouse his amorous instincts.

The young reared in the gorse bush left the nest on the fifteenth day after hatching; I saw them the evening before, wedged tightly in the nest looking very uncomfortable, and on the morning following they had gone, sundry shrill chirps revealing their presence in the dark recesses of the belt of gorse.

SHE BECAME VERY RESTLESS WHILE THE EGGS WERE HATCHING

A friend of mine had ringed these birds, and, three days later, I picked up a headless body, bearing the identification number, lying in the middle of the lawn. What caused the decapitation of the young thrush, or why the body should remain untouched and the head disappear, we never discovered. A bird of prey would certainly have carried off the carcass, or left a mass of bones and feathers to mark the tragedy.

In each case, these young thrushes were reared during a period of intense drought, when the ground was bone dry and as hard as a macadam road. I was particularly interested to notice what food was brought by the parent birds, and was astonished at the number of worms they managed to find. On more than one occasion caterpillars figured in the menu, and three times a curious white substance looking like cream cheese was given to the youngsters.

I thought at first that this substance must be part of a slug, but it seemed to be far too white and too creamy. If any readers of the *Field* have noticed young thrushes being fed this spring, perhaps they can suggest what this unusual diet was, a diet much appreciated by the recipients.

Although it is very exciting to journey to distant places to photograph rare birds, it is equally pleasant to make the intimate acquaintance of one of our most lovable garden friends, an exquisite singer and a brave and devoted parent. A female thrush, as she sits with upturned beak, still as death on her nest, almost allowing one to touch her, is as charming a sight as can be found throughout the countryside.

G. B. F.

HEN FEEDING WEEK-OLD YOUNGSTERS

A NEST IN AN APPLE TREE. THE YOUNG ARE TWELVE DAYS OLD—ALMOST READY TO LEAVE

THE BURBERRY

is the sportsman's favourite

At point-to-point meetings, hunts, and other sports in the "wide, open spaces," The Burberry reigns supreme. No other topcoat gives such a feeling of dependability under every weather extreme, no weatherproof has such a reputation of lasting worth, economic investment and all-purpose wear.

A topcoat that is serviceable in any sort of weather is a boon indeed. The virtues of The Burberry are so many, so reliable and so consistent that as a covering against the elements it attracts — and has attracted — the attention of men whose life out in the open calls for a natural observance of the common regards to healthful comfort and weather security.

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the world.

N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

Dry on wet days, cool when the weather is mild, airy-light, air-free, warm in the coldest wind; these are the attributes of The Burberry, the topcoat of complete and satisfying utility.

Patterns and full particulars sent on mention of "The Field"

BURBERRYS LTD. **HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1**

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

ITALY is but one long vineyard from the Engadine to Sicily. The quantity of wine made in Italy year after year is enormous, and second only to the yield of France's vineyards, but most of it is made by small-holders and for their own consumption, so that the exportable quantity of Italian wines is, comparatively speaking, not considerable and there are but few of the many different types of Italian wines known in England. And yet there are many Italian wines which English tourists have enjoyed in Italy and in Switzerland other than the wines offered by the Soho restaurants.

There are some very agreeable wines, for instance, made in the Valtellina, probably the highest vineyards in Europe, stretching from the northern shores of the Lake of Como to the Stelvio Pass, over 9,000ft. above sea level. These exalted vineyards produce the Sassella, Inferno and Grumello wines which one is offered in most of the good hotels of the Engadine; they are light wines, and it is quite possible that they would not be so happy nor please us quite so much in London as they do in their native heights, but they certainly possess a great charm of their own.

In near-by Piedmont, which adjoins Savoy and where the French influence can easily be traced in the vine-growing and wine-making methods in favour, they make the best red wine and the best sparkling Italian wine, both of which are procurable in England, chiefly in hotels and restaurants, but also from some wine merchants.

The red wine of Italy which is practically universally acknowledged to be the best is the Barolo, whilst the best Italian sparkling wine is the Asti spumante. Barolo is a full-bodied red wine which cannot bear the name unless made from the vineyards of Barolo itself and of six neighbouring parishes known as La Morra, Monforte, Castiglion Faletto, Serralunga, Perno and Grinzane. Barolo is made almost entirely from the Nebbiolo grape.

Barolo is the best red wine of Piedmont, but by no means the only one: Barbera, Gattinasa and Freisa enjoy locally a large measure of favour, and so does the wine sold under the name of the chief Piemontese grape, the Nebbiolo.

South of Piedmont, in Tuscany, they make the most popular of all Italian wines, even granting that Barolo may be the noblest. It is from Tuscany that comes Chianti in its straw-covered flasks. Chianti is generally made from a variety of grapes; as a rule two-fifths are Canajolo and two-fifths Sangioveto black grapes, and the last fifth either white Trebbiano or Malvasia grapes. This is why red Chianti is never so dark as a Barolo, for instance. There is also a white Chianti made, but it has never obtained popular recognition outside its own country. As to the Chianti which one gets in Florence and elsewhere in Italy, but never in England, the *Bera fresca* or *fresh* Chianti, it is made by the addition of some concentrated must to the new wines and it would not stand a voyage overseas. The vineyards from which genuine Chianti is made are also strictly delimitated by the laws of Italy.

Kensington Gore

"Hawkins, the sticking plaster. I've cut my chin. My hand, for some reason, is somewhat unsteady."

"Very good, Sir."

"And while you're about it, Hawkins, you might get something to cure a headache. Enough to cure four men."

"I did not know we had guests, Sir. Where did the three other gentlemen sleep?"

"There are no other gentlemen. The hangover in question belongs to me. It is probably the fiercest specimen now in captivity."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Sir. I myself am largely to blame. Knowing you were to attend last night's re-union, I had intended to lay in some Rose's Lime Juice. The matter unfortunately slipped my memory."

"What on earth are you getting at?"

"I was explaining, Sir, the therapeutic action of Rose's. A stiff glass, taken after a convivial evening, has the property of banishing these distressing mornings after — apart from which, Sir — it slakes the thirst in no uncertain manner."

"Hawkins, you're not romancing?"

"SIR!"

"Of course not, Hawkins, of course not. Slip out and order a case of this Rose's. Never mind about the sticking plaster. I don't think I'll need it again."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.

LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of October 6th, 1888.

GAMBLING and Betting. "Lord Beaconsfield may or may not have spoken truthfully when he described horse-racing as 'a vast engine of national demoralisation,' but there is at least something to be said for the other side. To stop gambling in all forms would indeed be a gigantic undertaking, and if carried out would not improbably end in the stagnation of commerce and enterprise. When gas and the electric telegraph were first invented, the persons who took shares in the companies were to a certain extent gamblers—that is to say, they backed their judgment against the chance of non-success. Every investor is a gambler—and when Mr. Banner Oakley's famous bank came to grief it was discovered that a large number of his dupes were maiden ladies and clergymen. In our own opinion the facilities now afforded for gambling in stocks are ten times more hurtful to society than all the race meetings put together."

An Amateur Oarsman. "A meeting of representatives of the Universities and principal boat clubs had been called at Putney, in the Spring of 1878, for the purpose of defining an amateur. . . . The council unanimously adopted the following definition:

"'An amateur oarsman or sculler must be an officer of H.M. Army or Navy or Civil Service, a member of the liberal professions, or of the universities or public schools, or of any established boat or rowing club not containing mechanics or professionals:

"'And must not have competed in any competition for either a stake or money or entrance fee, or with or against a professional for any prize; nor have ever taught, pursued or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises of any kinds as a means of livelihood; nor have ever been employed in or about boats or in manual labour; nor be a mechanic, artisan, or labourer.'

"However, nothing was done at Henley, and the Stewards had the gruesome pleasure of seeing a desperate battle between the President of the O.U.B.C., Mr. T. C. Edwards Moss . . . and the American professional, G. W. Lee. During that very Henley week Lee tendered an entry for the Wingfield Sculls to the hon. secretary of the amateur championship, who was at Henley, but the latter, relying upon the original deed of gift, refused off-hand to accept the entry, as Lee was not a gentleman, and was a foreigner to boot.

"Apparently scared by the Lee *fiasco*, the Henley Regatta Committee, in the spring of the following year, set to work to define an amateur for themselves instead of accepting the regulation which had only just been framed by experts better qualified for the task than themselves. Their ruling on the amateur question was embodied in the following definition, dated April 8th, 1879:

"'No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman, sculler or coxswain

1. Who has ever competed in any open competition for a stake, money, or entrance fee.
2. Who has ever competed with or against a professional for any prize.
3. Who has ever taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises of any kind as a means of gaining a livelihood.
4. Who has ever been employed in or about boats for money or wages.
5. Who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan, or labourer.'

"They thus rejected and omitted from their rules the qualifying clause of the Putney regulation which specified what an amateur must be, and retained merely those specifying what he must not be."

IN THE SALEROOM

ON October 14th, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson are disposing of the property of a private collector, containing some very interesting pieces. It consists of a collection of old English and Continental treen, comprising bowls, platters, vases, caddies, &c., early ivory and wood carvings and bronzes, including pieces of Jacobite interest, and a collection of English and French snuffboxes of gold, silver, tortoiseshell piqué, wood and composition, some with miniatures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In addition there are a few pieces of antique miniature furniture. The whole property has to be sold with reserve.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

AT school I was never fond of history. Latterly I have seen a good deal of history in the making—and some history unmade—and the more I see of this process the less I like it.

* * *

One day in this crisis I spent in the Cotswolds, at Bibury and at Coln Rogers. It was a perfect Cotswold day—rain never very far away, a mist shrouding the higher curves, the valleys smiling in a soft sun; and as the day advanced the mist giving way to sun, and the whole land, stone walls, green earth and red, green trees and trees turning, valleys filled with meadow crane's-bill and wolds in naked bleakness smiled.

* * *

Bibury is true to its fame. It is one of the most beautiful places in a beautiful country. Yet that that is Bibury is no better than many another Cotswold village: that famous Arlington Row of cottages, gabled and joined, is no whit superior to many a similar row in the Cotswolds. It is enchanting because of its position: isolated from other buildings, set across the water-meadows of the Coln against the background of rising ground and tall trees. In rain and in cloud and in mist the cottages and the background are one. In sunlight the Row stands out boldly—a memorial to craftsmanship that springing from the soil has no equal in England to-day.

* * *

I walked beside the Coln on short grass. On the further bank great trees came to the water, and reflections lost themselves in mirrored sky against the water-grasses. There were trout in plenty, and I watched their graceful swiftness and the languid sinuous power of them as they came head-to-stream in some favoured spot. And I watched them leap, a gleam of silver from green-brown water, and heard the music of their return. And I wondered would I ever return to the Coln and watch the trout leap? And did I do so, would I be as I am now, and would I be in the same dear company?

* * *

A kingfisher flashed blue against the darkest pool: woodpigeons called in lazy beauty from the tree-tops: rooks were busy: a jay scolded: a robin sang his gentle, wistful song with its underlying cheerfulness from a stone wall green with moss. Here were all the things I loved best in all the world; all the things I had taken more or less for granted: here in my mind were thoughts and hopes and ideas that should not be: and over all the shadow of one man, and the shadow of that savagery he could so easily loose upon me and all this world that I was regarding—for the first time, probably, with true appreciation.

* * *

Coln Rogers is Cotswold: set in water-meadows with wooded hills away to this side and the sweeping wold to that. There is small mention of Coln Rogers in the books. Like most of the best things in life, it has been overlooked. But it has a Saxon church, more perfect, I think, than any in England, and a yew set upon a mound (as yews should be) and that yew is old as we do not count age—more than 1,000 years, perhaps much more. And the churchyard is such as you will not find in any other village: perfectly kept and perfectly tended, with grass mown and hedges clipped and graves (how many Bartons are buried here?) cared for.

* * *

The church had that lovely intimate smell, cold and damp yet welcoming, that is the smell of old village churches. I looked at the ancient arches and the squat pillars with their crude pellet ornamentations. And I thought of those men who so many hundred years ago built to the glory of God; and of how near we were to glorifying another God. The march of civilisation is a queer drunken roll.

* * *

In the porch is a war-memorial—the only one, I should imagine, of its sort in all the world. Upon it are the names of 25 men and one woman, and beneath the words: *All of whom by the great mercy of God returned safely.* I spent a good deal of time looking at that war-memorial and wondering what those men and that woman thought of the things they had fought to achieve.

* * *

Rank sentimentality you say. And you are right. But I am not ashamed. The crisis is over, and the world is filled with I-always-knews and I-told-you-sos. I know quite a number of them personally. A few days ago they were looking white and shaken and uncertain. To-day they are busy on the old, old road—making money to burn it.

* * *

I am not ashamed. My stomach for the first time for many days is in its normal place. I know myself very much better than I did before. The experience has, I think, done me good. I only hope I shall not forget the lessons I have learned.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SOUTH AFRICAN WILD LIFE

SIR,—My attention has recently been drawn to more than one attempt by advertisement and otherwise to entice overseas sportsmen to the Union of South Africa with promises of facilities for big and small game hunting.

These promises are couched in language that is unjustifiably optimistic, not to say misleading.

There is still much good hunting to be had in many parts of South Africa, but mostly on privately owned farms, where in many cases game is carefully preserved.

Speaking generally game is to a great extent strictly protected by law throughout South Africa, particularly in the Transvaal, and permits for shooting certain species of game are only granted in those districts where those particular species are fairly numerous.

Roan antelope are being strictly protected everywhere. Only in special circumstances will permits be issued for shooting oribi, reed buck and sable antelope. Permits to shoot wildebeest, zebra, kudu, impala and waterbuck are only issued in those districts where these animals are sufficiently plentiful. Permits to shoot elephant, hippo, rhino and giraffe are not to be obtained.

Even a farm of 10,000 acres well stocked with game might easily be deserted by game, other than birds, after a week or two of intensive shooting, and disappointment is bound to be the lot of many who come to South Africa on the strength of such promises.

Sportsmen who propose visiting South Africa in the hope of getting some big or small game hunting will be well advised to make the closest inquiries before concluding arrangements with persons offering hunting facilities.

My society is prepared to give advice on game to any one who desires to visit the Union of South Africa on a shooting trip.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. H. WILSON
(Secretary, The Wild Life Protection Society of South Africa).

P.O. Box 3916,
Johannesburg.

SEVENTY-SIX YEARS OF CRICKET

SIR,—My letter in a recent issue of the *Field* has brought me an extremely interesting letter from Mr. Ray Sambourne on Cobden's famous over. It suggests a fresh aspect of the case, and throws a new light on the disputed point.

He states that in 1917 he met the Rev. A. T. Scott, of the Cambridge eleven, who was fielding during the over. In answer to Mr. Sambourne's inquiry as to whether Hill played the first ball of the over to the off or the on he replied that it was so long ago (47 years) that it was impossible to remember every detail, but he felt sure that Hill played the ball to the on, and that he, Scott, ran in and fielded it, but could not save the single. Mr. Sambourne mentions that Bourne had fielded the last ball of the previous over bowled by Ward at leg, and caught the second ball of Cobden's over, and suggests that he may have confused the last ball of Ward's over with the first ball of Cobden's. My own recollection, as I have stated, is of seeing Hill's stroke fielded at the off. Of course it is possible that I am mistaken, but it is difficult to believe that I mixed up a drive with a catch.

Referring to comparison between W. G. Grace and Don Bradman and other great cricketers in my article, and in recent articles and letters in several newspapers, the following is an extract from a letter to which I omitted to refer.

"For an example of W.G.'s prowess take the following recorded from memory. It was the Canterbury Week of 1876, and the M.C.C. were playing the County. The club were doing badly, but Grace was found with 133 not out on the Friday evening. Tried hard to save the match on the Saturday and added 211—total 344.

"Back to Clifton, where on the following Monday he went in against Notts and obtained 177. Waited until the Thursday following to bat again. Result—not out that day, 216 against Yorkshire. Continued on Friday with a further 102 not out—total 318 not out.

Friday, not out	133	344
Saturday, out	211	
Monday, out		177
Thursday, not out	216	318
Friday, not out	102	
		839

"839 runs in three consecutive innings, once not out—average 419.50.

"Mark the sequence of centuries (two of them double ones), all within eight days' cricket."

I have not been able to check the above figures, but in any case they are very illuminating as to Grace's skill.

Yours faithfully,
Exmouth Club, F. J. STUART-EDWARDS.
Exmouth.

FORT GEORGE BEAGLES

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you could publish the following details concerning the Fort George Beagles in your list of hunts. If you require any further information I shall be very pleased to send it.

The pack is now known as the Fort George Beagles, and is owned by the officers of the 1st Batt. The Highland Light Infantry. There are fifteen couple of 14½in. beagles, the kennels being at Fort George. The country hunted extends to Burghead in the east and round to the Black Isle in the west on the north-east coast of Scotland. The Hunt is the most northerly one of any description in the British Isles, the nearest Hunt being over 100 miles off. The days for hunting are Mondays and Thursdays, and occasional Saturdays. The pack is private, there being no subscription or cap for the followers.

Hunt officials: Master and Secretary, A. W. Cottrill, The Highland Light Infantry; Whippers-in, D. M. Anderson, C. D. Gray, J. D. H. Whitcombe, J. H. M. Barwick, P. O. K. Kindersley, all of The Highland Light Infantry; Kennel Huntsman, C. Nutley.

Yours faithfully,
A. W. COTTRILL
(Master).

1st Batt. The Highland Light Infantry,
Fort George,
Inverness-shire.

RED SALMON

SIR,—I have been following the letters on red salmon with interest and would be very grateful if you would allow discussion on the following. Is a "spring red cock" salmon legally a clean fish or not? He is unspawned, therefore not a kelt: is a curse to the river, as he takes up the best positions and chases away any decent fresh fish that come near him. He is a grand fighter and usually a big, heavy fish, and apparently on the Slaney, if not elsewhere, he is classed as an unclean fish and cannot be taken, although some people say he is far the best for pickling and quite good, wholesome eating, and one knows he is going to die pretty soon and will never be any good for breeding. At present there is great doubt if one cannot be "run in" for killing him, and we asked the Department for a ruling, but they shirked the answer and we could get nothing definite out of them. I am told that in Scotland and England they are regarded as lawful. Of course, I refer to the spring fish not the autumn one.

Yours faithfully,
Borleagh, R. P. WEMYSS QUIN.
Inch, Co. Wexford.

BIRDS ON THE BRITISH LIST

SIR,—I have been perusing the List of Birds in the *List of British Vertebrates*. The following first-hand notes may be of interest:

Continental Goldfinch (?)—Solitary goldfinch seen Holy Island, November 20th, 22nd, 1936, and February 28th, 1937. "Brilliantly plumaged: gold on wings and scarlet on head at their brightest. Three notes of his song as call, *ittilew-wit*." (Only goldfinches recorded on island, I think.)

Northern Bullfinch.—Holy Island, April 13th, 1937.

Little Bunting.—One or two observed, spring and autumn, Scolt Head and Holy Island (never full notes).

Water Pipits.—One, Solway, January 21st, 1938.

Continental Coal Tit (?)—A coal titmouse observed at distance. Holy Island, autumn migration, 1936. (No other titmice recorded on island personally or otherwise?)

Red-hearted Flycatcher.—Regular spring and autumn migrant, Holy Island.

Little Gull.—One fully plumaged, Solway, April 27th, 1938.

Grey Crow.—Eight non-breeding hoodies summered, Holy Island, June 5th to September 4th, 1937.

White Wagtail.—Bred successive summers, 1936, 1937 and 1938, Holy Island.

Singing on Tweed, February 13th, 1937.

Scandinavian chiff-chaffs and Northern willow-warblers are hardly distinguishable in the field from their British representatives. Why, then, are there no Continental species recognised of wheatear and redstart, plainly distinguishable from the British species in the field?

Yours faithfully,
North Devon. RICHARD PERRY.

IRISH LAKES

SIR,—I read a letter from your correspondent "O. M." in which he discusses the falling off of his bag of fish in an Irish lake. I have been fishing in Ireland for the last five years—four years at one lake, where I noticed that the catch was progressively worse, and I put it down to the fact that the fish were feeding more on caddis, or underwater larvæ, as well as snails, rather than on the insects on the surface. I got some confirmation of this by ceasing to dap, or fish with a wet fly, and used Mayfly nymphs and other nymphs, and the sport improved somewhat. For the fish were coming short at the wet fly, but they would take the underwater insect, deeply sunk, better.

The boatmen say this is due to the fact that many more eels are taken from the lakes than used to be the case, and they were large consumers of caddis grub. Now the trout have begun to eat them, instead of the surface insects. At another lake close by I hardly ever got a rise on the dap, and became rather weary. It was a very wild day and, not wishing to change the fly (for we were rather short), I let the fly sink—and had it taken under water. This happened nine times on that particular day. It is a lake in which the fish are dour risers; there are a large number of gulls, and some pike.

In 1938 I visited another lake. I was there a month, from May 18th to June 18th. The lake rose about 20in. in a fortnight, and it was bitterly cold. The fly was blown off the water the moment it hatched and, I imagine, found it difficult to come back to lay eggs. But we had a good season, better than the other four. Our party caught trout up to 5lb. on the dap, including a number of fish from 3¾lb. down to 2¼lb. But the smaller fish were taken on the wet fly. The best bag I saw was one 3¾lb., one 3¼lb., one 3lb., and four from 2¾lb. to 2lb. 6oz. All were caught on the dap, and on a cold, cloudy, windy day. The fish seem to rise better if there is a fairly strong wind, if it is not cold.

I venture to think your correspondent is unduly pessimistic, from my own small experience (if he does not mind my saying this) I think the trout are there, not so large as used to be the case, or so many large ones.

Yours faithfully,
Oakleigh, T. MOORE HICKMAN.
Tettenhall Wood, Wolverhampton.

SIR,—I have read with interest the correspondence in your columns concerning the fishing in Irish lakes. "An Exile" rather wanders away from the original subject, but hits the nail very severely on the head on several occasions as regards the question of overfishing and poaching.

There is a new Fishery Bill before the Dail of which we have great hopes, but the recommendations of the committee who formulated this Bill were so far-reaching that it seems rather doubtful that the courage of our legislators will stand up to the test and pass it without very drastic modification. However, it may be of interest to past visitors and those who have yet to come that more and more interest is being taken by us locals in maintaining and improving the fishing in our own areas. Local angling clubs are springing up and doing all they can to assist both the fish and our legislators in this task.

As regards the lakes, I do not think the stock is greatly depleted, and as regards my own river I know it is not, but despite this fact I have seldom known such a bad year for fly-fishing. Last year was bad also, and so was the year before, so that I do not believe that the stock was greatly depleted by rod fishing.

As regards my own preserved water, which is primarily salmon fishing, I had practically no salmon this year owing to the early drought. But also, owing to this drought and its consequent clear low water, I was able to study the inhabitants, with the aid of polarised glasses, as never before. I could see a very large stock of good trout. In fact, I was surprised by the number of fish of from 2lb. to 3lb., and even several running up to 5lb. size. Yet one very rarely takes a 2lb. fish on the fly, though I did see one of 4¼lb. so taken this year, and one of 5½lb. taken by the salmon nets lower down last year. I believe, if we could find how to lure these larger fish to our fly we should find the real secret of the big catches.

I am of the opinion that for all-round fishing sport at low cost this country has no peer, not even excepting New Zealand, where I have tried fishing, and which also suffers from the self-same troubles. And against any superiority in the way of fish weight must be offset the enormous expense and distance to travel.

I believe much good could be done by visiting fishermen writing to the Irish Tourist Association and pointing out what they think should be done to improve matters, as this Association is very alive to the value of the country's fishing.

Yours faithfully,
Tipperary. LIGHTFISH.

WHAT ARE THE BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND?
(See letter "A Fishing Cup")

A FISHING CUP

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of an engraved horn cup, which may interest your readers. It stands 7in. high, and is turned under the lip, and at the base; the diameter at lip is 4in.

I am puzzled by the buildings in the background, but these may be a mill on a Derbyshire stream, which one of your readers may be able to identify.

On the third segment, not illustrated, is the magic monogram of I.W., C.C.

Yours faithfully,

Pethuel Lodge, Broadway, Worcestershire. SIDNEY M. PAYNE.

GOOD SHOOTING

SIR,—It does not surprise me that "A. W. L." considers "O. E.'s" shooting record "astonishing." I cannot claim to have shot for 60 years, but my experience over 50 years, in which time I have shot with a good many of the best shots, and "stood behind" others equally good, leads me to say that I have never yet, and do not expect to, met anyone who claimed to have a better average than one kill to two cartridges through a season. In my own personal opinion, if one can go through a season and kill driven grouse, walked-up snipe, flighted duck, high woodpigeon coming in to roost, driven partridges in a gale, the much maligned rabbit knocked up in rough grass, and really tall pheasants, and kill one in every four cartridges expended, one has nothing to grouse about. No doubt some will kill all the above with an average of one in three, but very few, I fancy; and fewer still, if any, at the rate of one in two. If such exist, I have not met them, and if I did I should certainly remove my hat to them!

Yours faithfully,

Knockgray, Carsphairn, Castle Douglas, Scotland. ERNEST B. F. WRIGHT.

CHEAPER SQUASH

SIR,—As a builder it is with some interest that I read the article on squash courts by Richard Sudell. I have built a completely new court on virgin soil for £450 to the customer. This includes all items mentioned by Richard Sudell, namely gallery, ventilators, glass in roof, flush door, white wood floor and specially treated walls to prevent sweating. I suggest that squash rackets has suffered for years from the high cost of building, and I have made a study of the subject resulting in a large economy.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN SHEFFIELD.

John Sheffield Construction Co., Ltd., Little Normanby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

MIRAMICHI KELTS

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. W. V. Goodbody's letter in your issue of June 11th, 1938, in which he quotes from a friend's letter describing the fine fishing enjoyed on the Miramichi River, New Brunswick, Canada, for a spring run of salmon downstream. This form of angling is most popular on the Cains River, a tributary of the Miramichi, and may be described as a "racket" started by certain professional angling camps and catering to ignorant American anglers, who do not know a kelt when they see one.

It is a shame that these fish are not allowed to return to the sea without being killed or injured. Last year I wrote to the Bureau of Fisheries at Ottawa regarding the matter, and attach the official answer to my letter.

Yours faithfully,

Tuxedo Park, New York. DAVID WAGSTAFF.

Our correspondent's enclosure reads: "While the Department very much sympathises with your attitude, there seems to be no doubt that the salmon in the Cains River that are returning to the sea in the early season are unusually bright, and afford some worth-while sport to anglers. You will note that under the provisions of paragraph (c) of subsection 10 of section 17 of the Special Fishery Regulations for New Brunswick, in catching such salmon barbless hooks must be used, and each angler is permitted to retain only one salmon for each day's fishing."

RABBITS OR TIGERS?

SIR,—I have read your Golfing Correspondent's recent article and, as Convenor of a Green Committee, was particularly interested in the subjects discussed.

Our course is typical of hundreds of others in the country in that there are some 300 members, few of whom are good golfers. We have on occasion tried to teach them how to enjoy themselves, and with expert advice, but almost without exception alterations which have provided a drive, such as depicted from the architect's tee in your correspondent's diagram, have been unpopular.

For whom are we to cater? The 95 per cent. who golf for recreation and in mild competition, or for the remaining 5 per cent. and the occasional visiting tiger?

Yours faithfully,

London. CONVENOR GREEN COMMITTEE.

DEARTH OF OLD TROUT

SIR,—Mr. Pechey opens up a very interesting problem about which I, for one, would like to know more. That brown trout will go upstream some distance to spawn is pretty certain, but it is obvious that they do not stay in the upper waters or there would be a crowd of big fish in the upper reaches of all streams.

After much observation I have come to the tentative conclusion that there is an instinct in all brown trout to drop back downstream permanently as they get older (or is it bigger). A lowering of the water level is probably the signal that prompts them to seek heavier water downstream. I believe this is the reason why the trout caught in the weirs and lashers of the lower Thames are always big fish, and never small ones, and are fish that have dropped back from the tributaries of the Thames such as the Churn, Coln, Windrush, Kennet, &c. It would be interesting if the scales of these Thames trout could be examined and the age of the fish recorded. Whether they finally go back to the sea or not would be difficult to discover.

When a kinsman of mine rented a chain of lakes near here, he put wire-netting gratings at the outfalls of each lake and stocked up with fish. While those gratings remained there was always a fair stock of big trout, but since they have been taken up there has never been anything much over ¾ lb. in them. When I had to lower the level of my lake one autumn to repair some sluices, I found several fish dead on the turbine grating which had an automatic inlet hatch. They had backed in and then got cut off, but they were always the bigger fish.

So little is known about the life and habits of the brown trout that it is high time some proper investigations were made.

Yours faithfully,

Colesbourne, Cheltenham. H. C. ELWES.

A FLY THROUGH THE GILLS

SIR,—In connection with a letter by D. J. Reid, "A Fly Through the Gills," in September 17th, 1938, issue of the *Field*, it may be of interest that on October 13th, 1925, fishing with 1in. blue charmer in Lady Planting Pool, Craigendinnie Beat, on the Dee, my wife killed a 16lb. salmon hooked in precisely the same way. Presumably this fish came well "up" to the fly, and as it closed its mouth the fly passed out through its gills with the water so driven out.

Yours faithfully,

Deeside. SILVER DEVON.

UNQUESTIONABLY WITHOUT COMMENT
(See letter "Sausages")

SAUSAGES

SIR,—I am venturing to send you a photograph of an amusing road sign which I recently came across near Scole, Norfolk. It is quite obviously "Without Comment."

Yours faithfully,

Ipswich. R. A. N. DIXON.

You can't always be hole-high, but you can make sure of enjoying the 19th if you always ask for Johnnie Walker by name. All the finest whiskies in Scotland, fully matured after years in the wood, go to make the famous round blend of Johnnie Walker. No wonder

Johnnie Walker

walks away with it!

Born 1820—still going strong

DOG FISHING

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot may be of some interest. I have never known a dog to spend hours at a time seriously fishing. This bitch of mine stands by the pools on the coast here, which are full of diminutive dogfish (from ½in. to 4in. long) and watches every movement. When she thinks one is sufficiently near to make a catch she plunges her head under the water to make her grab.

I know dogs become fascinated by goldfish in a bowl, but as a rule their interest is short-lived, whereas the day I took this snap my bitch had been at it without ceasing from 11 a.m. until 3 p.m.; and would have gone on still only I wished to move myself. She remains mute until her patience is exhausted, but I think realises that her bark drives the prey away and soon settles down for another bait. I have seen her let them get right up to her feet before she will allow herself a dart at them.

Yours faithfully,
Lingfield. P. M.

TORTOISE EGGS

SIR,—I read with interest your letter on tortoise eggs published in the *Field* of September 3rd.

On July 15th, 1938, our tortoise, who was at that time staying with some friends of ours, dug a hole in the earth in the garden. She then laid three eggs in the hole and scraped back the earth into the hole and completely buried the eggs. Like your tortoise she then walked off and "took no further interest in the situation." But we did! Our friends unburied the eggs and gave them to us. We gave them to the Professor of Zoology in the University College of Dundee, who put them in an incubator, but as we have heard nothing further the eggs cannot have hatched. While our tortoise was laying the eggs she was watched by the son of our friends. He told us that she laid them one after another with hardly any pause in between.

Yours faithfully,
The Hollies, KATHARINE BUIST.
Brought Ferry, Dundee.

SIR,—I am extremely interested in the letter which appears in the *Field* for September 3rd. We have two pairs of tortoises at my father's house at home, and some five or six years ago one of them made a nest such as you describe and deposited therein three eggs. I very much wonder whether your correspondent has done anything with the eggs laid by his tortoise? We put ours in a tin full of sand and stood the tin on the top of the boiler that heats the water of the house. We took a look periodically at the box to see if there was any sign of life, and at the end of two months had given up hope. However, we left them there, and one day at the end of the third month our chauffeur arrived in great excitement to say that the eggs had hatched. One baby tortoise was found on the ground damaged, one was on some coke near by, and the third was sitting on the top of the sand by his broken egg. The two that had fallen out (how they had done so was a mystery, as the top of the sand was well below the top of the tin) died within a day or two but we reared the other successfully, mostly on flower petals (recommended by the Zoo), young lettuce leaves, tomatoes and so forth. We had him five years, and I sent a photograph of him with the old pair to the *Field*, with an account of his hatching and rearing. He came to a tragic end—a rat gnawed through his shell and ate him. The whole family was cast into gloom at this tragedy, which we felt we should somehow have prevented, but we had been put off by the fact that the rats had never attacked the older tortoises. We kept the baby tortoise in the greenhouse in a special box and run all through the winter and frosty spring nights and days.

Yours faithfully,
The Priory, C. S. STACEY.
Eynsford, Kent.

"SHE REMAINS MUTE UNTIL HER PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED"
(See letter "Dog Fishing")

IRISH GROUSE DRIVING

SIR,—Maybe the following instructions issued at an Irish grouse drive may amuse your readers: "(1) *I implore* you *not to* speak on the way up to your butt. (2) If you wish to help me, please keep *perfectly still* and do not show your head during the drive. (3) The birds abhor nudity and bright colours."

Yours faithfully,
Dublin. B.

A CHARGING ELEPHANT

SIR,—I think the enclosed snap of a wild elephant starting to charge may interest your readers. It was taken in the Mysore jungles in Southern India. I was stalking a herd of elephants to photograph them, when the old bull eventually got our wind, and swung round and charged down a clearing in the bamboos; he passed quite close to me and I got the enclosed snap.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. 1. P. C. SAUNDERS.

"THIS ENGLAND"

SIR,—Three photographs and a few lines entitled "This England" should not be the final word on my family's agricultural and sporting association with Donnington, which has lasted for many hundreds of years.

Due to many circumstances, which I will not go into here, the northern part of this estate, which adjoins the town of Chichester, has in the last few years been sold by us for development.

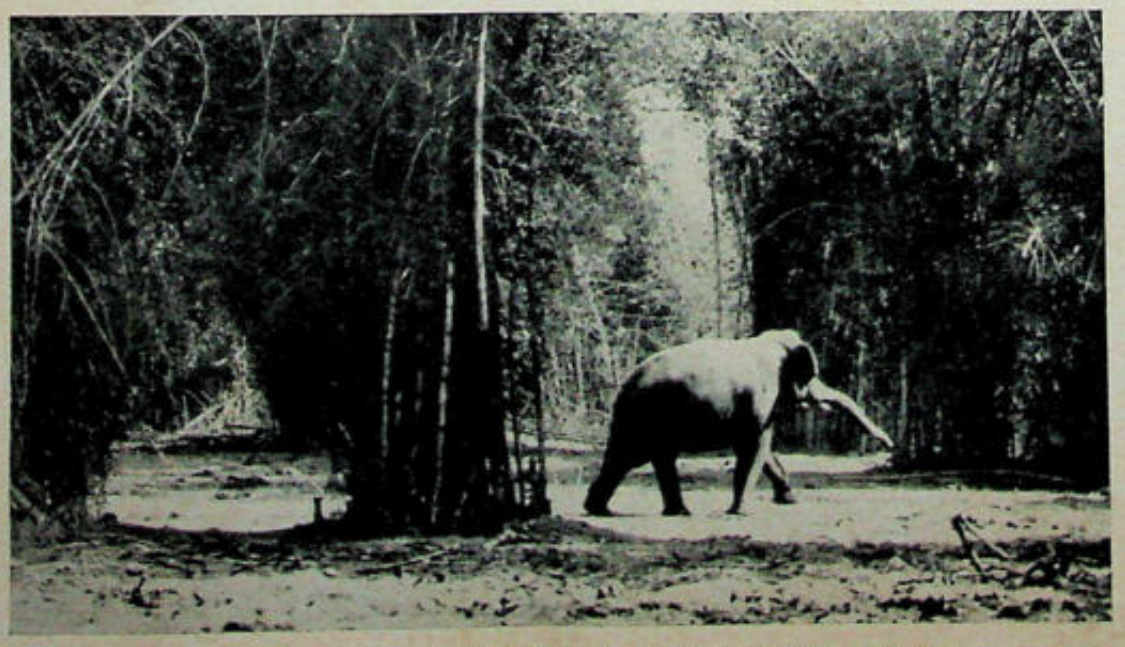
If your correspondent will pass through this developed area along the Chichester—Selsey road to Donnington Village and towards Sidlesham Common he will see that the country here is completely rural.

We asked the authorities to zone this as a "rural area," which I understand has now been done, so that it will be preserved for all time.

With the money obtained from the developed land, which is less than one-tenth of the whole, it has been possible to put the remainder of the estate in repair, and recondition houses, cottages and farm buildings. The means of keeping the estate together is probably as objectionable to your correspondent as to us, as it has spoilt one of our best partridge drives on this beat.

Finally, I would ask your correspondent to walk with me over 900 acres of typical "Manhood" agricultural land, with its farmsteads and barns thatched with Donnington wheat straw by Donnington men, before he passes judgment.

Yours faithfully,
A. LESLIE HARRIS
(Trustee, Donnington Estate).
20D, Collingham Gardens, S.W. 5.



"SWUNG ROUND AND CHARGED DOWN A CLEARING IN THE BAMBOOS
(See letter "A Charging Elephant")

Craven 'A'
always smooth and satisfying

People are amazed at the way Craven 'A' keep to such a high standard of quality. Wherever you buy them they are always the same satisfying smoke—fresh, cool and smooth to the throat.

In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof Cellophane.

10 *for* **6D** • **20** *for* **1/-**

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras Ltd. 150 years' Reputation for Quality C.A. 531

A DOG'S GRAVE

SIR,—During recent alterations to the back of this old Tudor house, the slate slab of which I enclose a photograph was found lying face downwards underneath the back doorstep. The quaintly worded inscription is as clear as on the day it was carved.

It is an interesting find, in view of the fact, that it is a family legend that before a death a white terrier is seen in the garden. Perhaps it is the ghost of Jacob!

Yours faithfully,
Maes-y-Neuadd, LOWRI KIRKBY.
Talsarnau, Merioneth.

A BULLTERRIER RETRIEVER

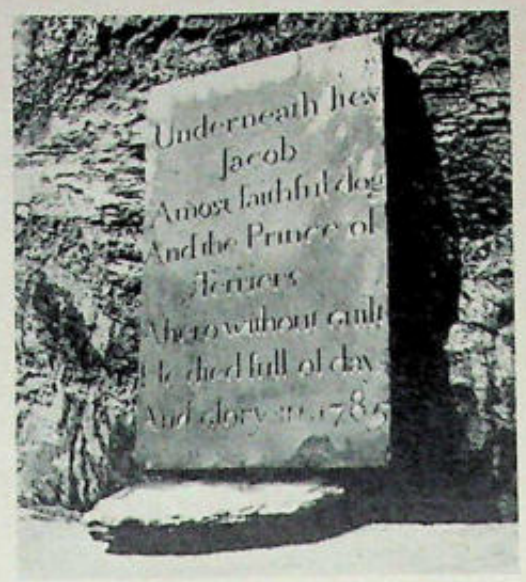
SIR,—I was interested to read about your correspondent's retrieving bullterrier. I had a bullterrier in India which I used to take out pigeon shooting. The pigeon flighted over a deep, swift-running stream, and frequently dropped in when shot. I then threw a small stone near the floating bird, and my bullterrier would dive in and bring the pigeon back to my feet without a ruffled feather. Probably any dog who is fond of water could be trained in this very simple manner.

Yours faithfully,
42, Clanricarde Gardens, HAROLD JOHNSON.
Hyde Park, W. 2.

A RAT TAKES THE FLY

SIR,—I thought you might like to have details of a very interesting incident which occurred when I was fishing at Eastleach on July 30th. I was casting over a fish which had just risen about 8yds. away, when a water rat came swimming across the stream straight towards the spot where the fish was lying. I tried to shoo it away quietly, but it persisted in its course, so I light-heartedly cast my fly over it and drew it back, with the result that I found to my astonishment that I had hooked the rat well and truly, and as it turned out a minute or so later I had caught him right in the snout.

I played him gently until I had taken in my line, and then hailed my friend, Mr. Stanley Woodrow of Wellingborough, who was just round a bend in the stream, to come and see what had happened. The immediate problem that faced us was how to take the fly from the nose of our sporting friend and release him, but, fortunately, while he was still in the net it came away without showing any signs of damage.



A GHOST'S TOMBSTONE
(*See letter "A Dog's Grave"*)

The rat was then shaken from the net, and he proceeded on his way slowly to the stream very much shaken and somewhat fatigued. However, after he jumped into the water, I saw him swim away with his former alacrity. I am wondering whether any of your readers have had a similar experience. It must surely be a very rare one in any case.

The rat was fully grown and played very lightly, equivalent to a fish of not more than 4oz. The fly on which it was caught was a small black gnat.

Yours faithfully,
Snowshill Hill, JOHN BOURNE.
near Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

FLYING HIGH

SIR,—Flying from Le Touquet to Croydon about a month ago, I saw something which surprised me very much indeed. When the plane, a D.H. 86, was over Tunbridge Wells, we passed three mallard flying very fast for the Kentish coast in the direction of Dungeness. Our height at that moment was 2,400ft.: we were some distance above the clouds, which were very thick and low across the Channel and extended as far as Croydon.

Duck on migration fly at a tremendous height; but these were obviously native birds, and I can only surmise that they had been bred in inland waters and were making their first trip to the sea. But even so, is not such an altitude very unusual for the time of year?

Yours faithfully,
Marston House, L. E. COTTERELL.
Marston St. Lawrence,
Banbury.

LANDSEER PICTURE

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me where Landseer's picture of the "Hunters at Grass" can be seen—surely one of the most restful pictures ever painted? The three horses would appear to be two browns and a light bay or chesnut from the engraving. I have come across an oil painting—two browns and a grey. They appear similar in conformation to Landseer's horses, and the picture is signed J. Herring, which appears to be rather an enigma.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur's, A. M.
St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

NOUNS OF ASSEMBLAGE

SIR,—I wonder if your correspondent, Mr. J. H. Caesar, has heard of the following plurals?

"A sheaf of wheatears."
"An intelligence of professors."
"A galaxy of film-stars."
"A bevy of daughters."
"A singular of spinsters."
"A plague of women."

Yours faithfully,
Union Society, J. K. ADAMS.
Oxford.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. Will someone who knows the miseries of diabetes help a man aged 69 who is now a chronic diabetic, until he gets his old-age pension. This poor man and his wife have not a penny in the world except 9/- weekly given by their three children, who are all married, and cannot afford more from their difficult budgets. The man was a butcher, but owing to ill-health and terribly bad luck (including unpaid debts from a bankrupt), his business collapsed, and they have now finished their savings. Do, please, send us £8 10s. that we may give them 12s. 6d. weekly until he gets his old-age pension, for unless we help him he cannot live.

I am a unique sherry
in a unique bottle

REDNUTT

THE FINEST
BROWN SHERRY
PROCURABLE

ARMS OF THE
HOUSE OF MORENO

Obtainable at all the Leading Wine Merchants at 72/- per doz. bottles

IN THE CITY

BY THE CITY EDITOR

IN normal times the Stock Exchange derives its support from a public with as divergent views on finance and commerce as on politics. There is the investor, speculative investor, and the punter. All have their views and opinions on the merits of various securities.

All to-day are in the same pot. They scarcely know which way to turn. It is well known that in normal times the public makes the markets, but in times of stress, such as now experienced, the Stock Exchange member takes the whip hand.

Quite recently genuine investors were rather staggered by news that dealers in the market in British funds had come to a gentlemanly agreement not to deal in the funds below stipulated prices. Some jumped to the conclusion that any quantity of stock could be realised at the prices quoted. That, however, was far from being the case.

The fact is that a dealer will accept Government stocks at the prices quoted providing he has on the other side of his book a buyer prepared to give just a turn more for the security. The usual position of the market is, therefore, changed. The normal rule is for the jobber to make two prices for a particular stock. For instance a price of 93 to 93⅛ would be about normal for 3½ War Loan.

The seller on that basis would have to accept 93, whereas the buyer would have to give 93⅛. The broker could possibly do a little better between competitive dealers in the market, but under minimum prices the dealers quote 93 for War Loan stock and leave it to the buyer to name a price above that level which he is prepared to give.

All this became necessary not because of any excitement on the part of the British public or a strong desire to throw British Government stocks overboard, but because of pure panic on the part of Continental holders. British funds are very largely held abroad. They are regarded in all countries as sound and stable investments.

Threatened hostilities, however, play on the nerves. The one desire has been to send credits as far away from distressed Europe as possible. The United States has been adopted as the best funk hole. Attempts were, therefore, made to sell British stocks in lines more than the market dealers would cope with.

In practically every instance the proceeds of sales were transferred into American dollars. Hoarded gold in London held by foreigners was also sold and turned into American currency. It was one mad scramble to turn credits into dollars. It is noteworthy that American securities were nothing like so popular as the American dollar itself.

Other sections of markets took their cue from the gilt-edged dealers. Business became a matter of negotiation. Free dealings were impossible. In many instances buyers and sellers were brought together, but the smooth working of the Stock Exchange machinery broke down.

This experience is not entirely new. Times of stress call for exceptional measures. Somewhat similar conditions prevailed prior to the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, and there have been other times of financial disturbances, unconnected with politics, which have clogged the machinery of the Stock Exchange.

It is, of course, impossible to predict the future. Past experience, however, proves conclusively that the methods always adopted by British investors in maintaining a calm front during times of acute uncertainty have proved beneficial. Time and again it has been proved that those who have avoided panicky liquidation of stocks have come out successful winners.

Dealings are difficult on the Stock Exchange There are, however, a number with sufficient capital resources quietly picking up supplies of stocks and shares in British industrial undertakings. Many such concerns have weathered serious storms in the past, and there is no reason to believe that anything less than success will attend their future direction.

REPTILIAN REPRIEVE

It was not the human race alone that was in danger of destruction last week but part of the animal kingdom also, for quite elaborate precautions had to be taken by the authorities at the Zoological Gardens against possible emergencies. On the outbreak of hostilities all poisonous snakes and spiders were to have been destroyed, while should any of the larger animals have escaped owing to damage to their cages arrangements had been made for them to be shot. Some of the most valuable animals were to have been sent away to Whipsnade in the company of all the irreplaceable and specially valuable books, records and scientific material, while the remaining stock of animals would have been reduced gradually in order to save valuable foodstuffs.

New Books

SEA FISHING IN AMERICA

A Handbook of Big Fish and Small

Salt-water Fishing. By VAN CAMPEN HEILNER. (Herbert Jenkins: 25/- net.)

SALT-WATER anglers in this country may well envy their American confrères. Owing to the great length of coast line which runs from north to south both the Atlantic and Pacific littorals, American anglers have a choice of fish, from those which find sustenance in the Arctic current to those which inhabit tropical seas, which our temperate waters can never offer; and, moreover, many more of them seem to grow to a size which makes them more attractive to the man who likes to catch something that is really difficult to land after it is hooked—and most anglers share that prejudice.

The publishers in their announcement rather suggest that this is a book on big-game fishing. It would hardly be regarded as that over here, since it includes many fish which rarely exceed 20lb. or so, and even such more common game as bluefish and flounders. But the book itself is all the better for that. The real big-game fish of 200lb. and upwards, let us say, though the excitement and danger accompanying their capture gives them a welcome (and possibly unduly prominent) place in the "news," rarely offer those chances of finesse and ingenuity in their capture which, after all, is angling's real claim to be an art.

Mr. Heilner, who is responsible for the volume, is a true angler and a true artist. It is evident he takes as much pleasure in the capture of a small fish which requires brains and skill to deceive as he does in the muscle-cracking struggles with a leviathan. His own "first love," he tells us, is the channel bass. Unfortunately, we have no channel bass over here. *Sciaenops ocellatus* is not a true bass, though perhaps it has something of the general appearance of one, apart from its colour. The only member of the species which seems to be found in our waters is the Meagre, the South African kabeljou, but it is so rare a visitant that it cannot be counted as an angler's fish here at all. Channel bass are believed to spawn in fresh water and are caught mainly in estuaries, on river bars, and in the surf, which offers more attractive possibilities for light tackle fishing than can usually be had from off-shore fish.

Americans can also "go one better" among the true bass, for they have what used to be considered the doyen of all the anglers' sea fish, the striped bass. It is true we have here our own sea bass, and anyone who has caught it on light tackle may be difficult to convince of any other fish's superiority; but the striped bass seems to select by preference those dangerous rocky coasts which are hammered, even in summer, by a surf which we rarely see in these islands, and Mr. Heilner's account of the fishing loses nothing in the telling.

But if the author may be believed, even the striped bass, and the tarpon, must give place to the bonefish as a fighter—another claimant of the honour of being "the gamest fish that swims." This is a tropical species which starts life as a ribbon-like creature, after the manner of the eel, ending up as a long and slender fish rather like an attenuated herring. It is found among the Florida Keys; a shallow-water feeder; and like most fish which come into shallow water, takes line and will not be denied: "The line actually flies through the water with a ripping sound that scares you. Your reel has become but a blur, and the speed is so great that your thumbstall has become red hot. Four hundred feet away the bone fish suddenly breaks water, turns and rushes at you as fast as he went from you." The fishing is not all excitement, for Mr. Heilner warns you that the boat, a specially-constructed flat-bottomed affair, may have to be hauled over the dry banks in your search for the fish which will take you one or two days to locate; but it has provided the subject for one of the best chapters in an excellent book.

A very convenient system has been followed throughout the volume. For the most part one particular species is dealt with in a chapter. The author starts by describing it and his own experiences in its capture, and at the end, in smaller type, gives a brief "guide" containing information as to its habits, where it can be found, and suggestions for tackle and bait, so that the volume can be consulted readily for information as well as enjoyed as a narrative. It is plentifully illustrated in colour and half tone. Mr. Heilner is to be congratulated on producing so readable a volume with so wide a scope in its information. H. D. T.

* * * *

Pageant of Wings. By DOUGLAS GORDON. (John Murray; 8/6.)

Nature's strong appeal to mankind through wild life is the theme which Mr. Gordon has drawn. Thanks to education, fewer people to-day than ever before need the urge to be kind to the animals and birds which come their way, even if the laws and acts for the preservation of wild life pass them by unmoved. Unfortunately, the chance of really getting to know and study the ways of the countryside is now further out of reach of the majority of our population than hitherto: the increase of building, the shortage of time and increased expense are difficulties which town dwellers must overcome before they can approach the country. To these people, reading is the alternative, and a good one. Mr. Gordon has written a book which will prove to be ideal for many readers in such a condition: he has flowed gently through the pages in no set course, but ambled under the broad headings to his chapters. Personal observations and anecdotes accompany the essays, which are also full of practical ideas and questions, such as the reasoning of a bird or animal mind, their attitude towards darkness, the limitations of their powers of exploration as a means of escape, their reaction to unnatural silence. These are only a few of many points upon which Mr. Gordon has enlarged.

We are shown a glimpse of Nature through the eyes of a philosopher, but the eyes are clear, and the temptation to lay them aside and go nearer is irresistible. C. N.

* * * *

Speckled Nomads. By H. E. TOWNER COSTON. (Faber and Faber: 10/6 net.)

Mr. Towner Coston has written one of the narrative-type Nature books such as Mr. Haig-Brown gave us in *Silver*; but this volume deals not with a salmon, but with a trout. With two trout, to be exact, for one is the imaginary life history of an Itchen fish; the other of one of the great trout in the Tongariro River in New Zealand.

He takes his "heroes" through the vicissitudes of life as it occurs in rivers and portrays the danger of a growing fish from all the enemies that would prey on it, giving an account of its adventures from the time when, as an egg, it is deposited in the gravel, until as a mighty fish it succumbs to the deception of a Silver Sedge and gains immortality in a glass case.

A feature of the book is a number of unusual photographs, micro-photographs of trout eggs and the like, as well as some attractive landscape studies. H. D. T.

* * * *

"Kingfisher" Abroad. By T. and T. RISING. (Jonathan Cape; 8/6.)

Canoeists will enjoy *"Kingfisher" Abroad* because it is both personal and practical. The book concerns the rivers of Central Europe, which are to-day becoming increasingly popular with English paddlers, and is written in such a way that, if you have already been on like excursions to some of the places mentioned by Mr. and Mrs. Rising, you find yourself saying: "That happened to me, too!"

This, to my mind, is half the fun of the book. Who, for example, has not scrambled aboard the Dover train at Victoria just as it was leaving and been obliged to start the journey in the guard's van? Or, who has not sent off their canoe and arrived at their destination to find that it was not yet there? When the authors of *"Kingfisher" Abroad* ("Kingfisher" is the name of their canoe) finally reached Trier, where they intended to start their trip, there was no canoe. At first no one understood their broken German, but eventually the word *kanu*, as it always does in that country, worked miracles.

Throughout the book you come across "your own experiences in print." It is written in the main in diary form, which adds to its value, for minute by minute problems have been put down before they have been forgotten. If you are intending to journey by canoe on the Danube, through Germany, Austria and Hungary, or the Neckar, or the Moselle, you should read this book. It will whet your appetite for the visit and give you an insight into the grand welcome which is always a feature of a canoe voyage in Germany.

Stevenson had it so well when he wrote about boats: "Will anyone dare to tell me that business is more entertaining than fooling among boats? He must have never seen a boat, or never seen an office, who says so, and for certain the one is a great deal better for the health." And Mr. and Mrs. Rising will also impress you with that fact, for they have obviously found "messing about in boats" great fun as well as an education. W. G. L.

* * * *

Plain Jane. Written and illustrated by MARY COLVILLE. (Collins; 6/- net.)

This altogether charming book inevitably reminds the reader of Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty," although it owes nothing in the way of invention to that immortal classic, nor does it suffer from an obviously didactic purpose. Its subject is the life story of a Shetland Island pony, Plain Jane, and the fact that its author and illustrator is only thirteen years of age adds an interest, but does not affect its intrinsic worth. For the book, taken on its own merits, is good. The description of Shetland is finely done, especially in winter when the gales drive the snow across the voes, and the sea throws great boulders on to the top of cliffs 200ft. high. The calm acceptance of these conditions by the ponies strikes the human observer with some force. In time Plain Jane leaves Shetland for the mainland, where her first owner treats her badly, but where the second family which buys her proves to be her real friends. Finally, she arrives at an honourable old age, and from this safe position views her successors, in the shape of a string of new horses, walking into her stable without regret. The author displays a sound knowledge of horses and has combined a fertile imagination with it to produce a book of unusual charm. R. C.

* * * *

Adventure in Hollywood. By MADELINE BRANDIES. (Chambers: 5/-.)

For the majority of people whose acquaintance with the great cinema industry is limited to an occasional visit to "the pictures," this book throws an interesting light upon what goes on "behind the scenes."

We are given here an insight into the difficulties that beset the path of the aspiring Hollywood story-writer as experienced by Babs's young friend, Sandy. These two have a hard struggle, but they are blessed with a sense of humour and unbounded optimism, without which it is doubtful if any would-be movie maker would go far.

Even as it takes all sorts to make a world, so it takes all sorts to make a film; but as in Babs's own words, "few are called and fewer chosen" and we are given a glimpse of the Central Casting Bureau where 12,000 names are registered as "extras," and perhaps 500 are employed from day to day.

Here is an authentic description of life in the studios and offices of the world's greatest film colony by an author who knows her Hollywood. V. R.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

In a country which is renowned for its love of antiques, the clocks have strangely been neglected. That is largely due to lack of knowledge and information. *The Old English Clockmakers and their Clocks, 1670–1820*, by Herbert Ascinsky (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.: 15/-), will provide ample facts for the possessor of an old clock or the would-be purchaser to make sure of his possession.

Siegfried Sassoon describes his childhood, schooldays at Marlborough and his career at Cambridge, in *The Old Century* (Faber & Faber; 8/6). The characters are those of the Sassoon family, and such personalities as you meet at places of education. Mr. Sassoon's memories are mainly happy ones, and the book possesses that charm which we connect with the author's name.

George A. Birmingham can be safely relied on to provide amusement, and he has once again achieved this valuable art in *Magilligan Strand* (Methuen: 7/6). How a dignified and delightful Dean spent an adventurous holiday in Ireland when he was supposed to be fishing, but actually became entangled in the smuggling of sweepstake tickets in a manner which involved much explanation in his "Close," will provide a mirthful evening's reading.

Why not enjoy sunshine this Winter instead of fog and sleet and biting winds? Exchange the familiar social routine or business round for new scenes and novel experiences in an atmosphere which is different yet not foreign.

Visit South Africa. See the majesty of this golden land where Nature works on a gigantic scale and where you can follow your favourite recreations, such as riding and golf, fishing and surfing. Experience the physical and spiritual exaltation that springs from days spent in glorious sunshine and air like champagne.

Eight weeks will be sufficient to ensure a comfortable visit to South Africa, including four weeks of delightful fair-weather cruising out and back. The cost will not put an unduly heavy strain on your pocket. Illustrated publications are obtainable from the South African Travel Bureau, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

LIGHTENING THE CADDIE'S BURDEN

Fourteen Clubs an Ample Selection for Golfers

By E. R. TIPPLE

AT the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, at St. Andrews, the resolution to limit the number of clubs to be used to fourteen was carried without a debate. Confirmation of this will be obtained at the spring meeting next May, and thereafter the new rule will be in force. It will read, I understand: "The clubs used by a player during the round shall not exceed fourteen, and the clubs carried shall be restricted to that number." So you will not be permitted to carry, say, eighteen clubs in the bag, even if you actually use less than fourteen during the game! Penalty for disregarding this new rule in competitions will be disqualification.

This decision will not surprise the majority of golfers, for it has been under discussion for a considerable time. In the early part of last year a similar proposal was defeated as it failed to secure the necessary two-thirds majority. Since then the various golfing bodies—the national unions included—in this country and overseas have been consulted. Even the ordinary club golfer, as I mentioned in the *Field* of March 19th this year, had an opportunity to give his opinion on the matter, but the response to that was very meagre. With one possible exception all the various groups of officials agreed to such a restriction, so now the rest of the world has fallen into line with the United States Golf Association, who enforced the same rule in America some time ago.

The regular caddies in the various tournaments will be delighted. Their burden will be considerably lightened. The days of the huge "batteries" of clubs are numbered. No more shall we see bags containing 20 and more clubs, together with all the other equipment such as special ball bags, shooting sticks, umbrellas and a complete mackintosh suit, without which the modern expert does not care to travel. A blow has been struck at these extravagances, and an attempt made to put an end to a mathematical age which was destroying the art of the game.

For some years the tendency has been to have one club for one particular shot, and to use it for that only. This specialised idea seemed to have no reasonable limits. Pre-War golfers never possessed more than eleven clubs, and most of them managed to play very adequately with even less. In those days the technique was different. One club was used for a variety of purposes—half-shots, quarter-shots and many that cannot be described in words!

Undoubtedly many hold the opinion that these modern matched sets have tended to discourage individual skill. According to the various attractively optimistic advertisements, a golfer to-day can purchase a golf shot by obtaining the "demon" club or whatever name it may be called. All he has to do is to swing it, and the club will do the rest. Quite simple, but scarcely true. Admittedly modern golf clubs have made the game easier, but improved upkeep of courses has done likewise. And however good is the player's equipment, he must possess some skill to be able to obtain the best results. I can think of only one club—the special "blaster" type of niblick—which the ordinary golfer can handle with comparative ease.

Whether wrongly or rightly, these modern matched sets of clubs have been blamed for the loss of the old art of golf. Some players will object to this restriction. They will not like anything that interferes with their freedom of choice. Dictatorial attitudes are unpopular, particularly just now. But the Rules of Golf Committee has the difficult task of preserving the game and its familiar characteristics. If golf became a mathematical business and was standardised, interest in it would wane and few would play. Too much attention should not be focused on the actual implements of any game, so that the actual manner of playing is overlooked.

The new rule in America seems to have proved satisfactory. Leading professionals do not appear to have been handicapped, for the scoring has been as good as before the days of restriction. And there has been little controversy on the subject, which perhaps is rather surprising. I have heard it said that this limitation of weapons will injure the trade of the professional attached to the smaller clubs, if not the whole business. This is utter nonsense. Golfers will still buy as many new clubs as they used to whether they are all carried at once or not. And the lesser-known professional does not deal with players who use more than fourteen clubs in any case.

I used to have twenty clubs in my bag, and after discussing this question I decided to ascertain how many of them I used regularly. For a par round of 72 over an average length course I discovered that only eight had been employed. Naturally, when one is playing badly, the number used would be greater. But this proved to me that I carried several clubs quite unnecessarily. The modern golfer certainly is ultra-cautious.

The official total of fourteen clubs allows plenty of scope and freedom and does not entail any hardship on the individual. He can have four woods, clubs—and no one in their right senses would want more—and ten irons. Four powerful irons, two mashies, a mashie niblick, a niblick, a putter and an extra pitching club would make up the required number. Surely that is quite reasonable? If anyone cannot play with this number of clubs the addition of a few more would not be of any consequence.

The new rule will only affect a small minority of players in this country. I should imagine that not 5 per cent. at present use more than fourteen clubs. If this is so, and I believe it is correct, a special rule hardly seemed essential. Yet, as I have said, the committee felt the time had come to put an end to fads and to place a premium on skill. Some would have gone further and made the limit ten and even seven clubs, but that would have been too great a restriction. It was also announced that an attempt would be made regarding a new specification that will reduce the distance the modern ball can be hit. But that will take some time and entail consultations with various organisations throughout the world. Those in charge at St. Andrews never act rashly, and by this new decision they have shown once again that the interests of the game are in safe keeping.

UTILITY GUN DOG SOCIETY.—On Wednesday next, October 12th, field trials of the Surrey and West Sussex branch of the Society will be held at Hever Castle, Edenbridge, Kent, by kind permission of Major the Hon. J. J. Astor. The meet will be at Somerden Farm, Chiddingstone, at 9.30 a.m. The nearest station is Penshurst, and hotel accommodation can be had at The Henry Eighth, Hever, Edenbridge, Kent.

Patrons: Their Majesties The King & Queen.

32ND INTERNATIONAL

MOTOR EXHIBITION

Private Cars and Carriage Work; Car Radio; Boats and Marine Engines; Caravans and Trailers; Service and Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories and Tyres; Working Exhibits.

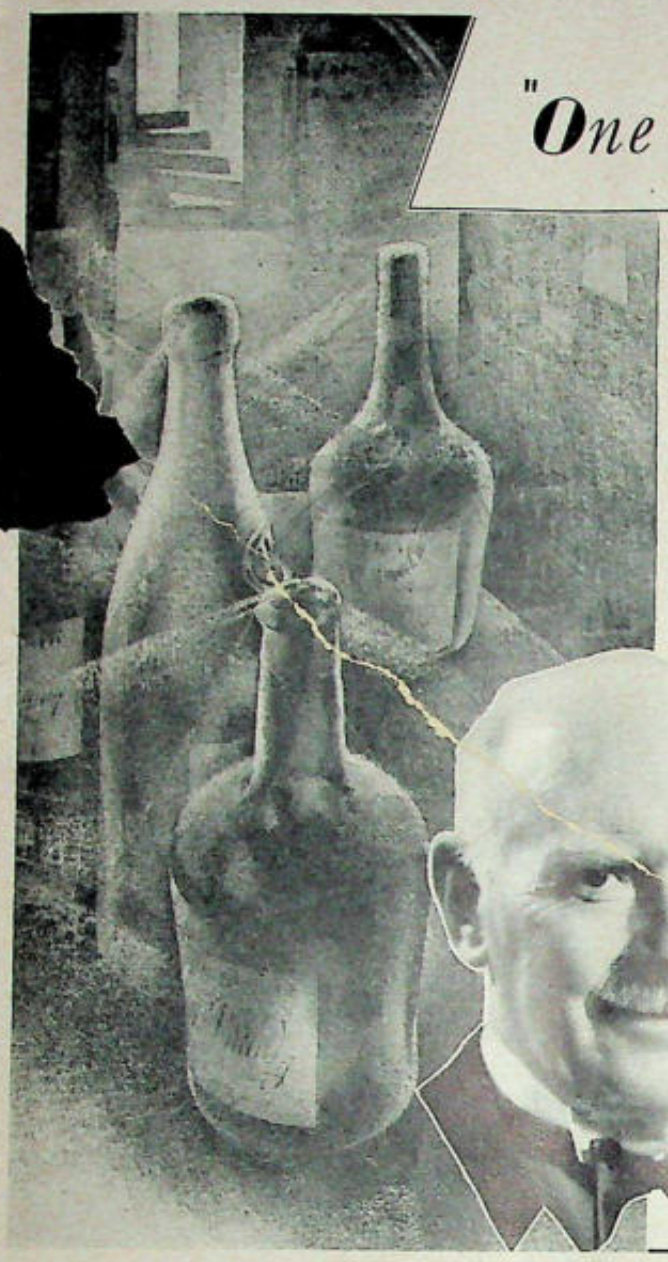
OCT 13-22

DAILY 10 till 10
ADMISSION - - - - - 2/6
except Thursdays and Tuesday before 5 p.m. - - - - - 5/-
LADIES' DAY, THURS. OCT. 13. The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.

Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
EXTENSIVE CAR PARK controlled by the R.A.C., adjoins the Exhibition.

EARLS COURT
LONDON, S.W.5

C.D.C.



"One can always trust it . . . ."

"When they produce liqueur brandy in an old, old bottle covered with the cobwebs of centuries . . . well, it may look impressive but cobwebs on the bottle mean nothing to me. Their place is on the cask. That is why I ask for this Hennessy XO—it's a liqueur brandy one can always trust. Old enough to be smooth as silk; but with age nicely balancing body and bouquet. And in that you have a rare and very beautiful thing—*a perfect liqueur brandy*"

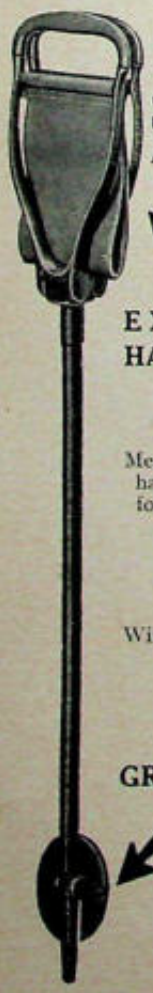
HENNESSY "XO"

Fine Liqueur Cognac Brandy

OVER 45 YEARS OLD

It's the age in the cask that counts . . .

By Appointment to the late King George V.



The SHOTOVER

A NEW SHOOTING STICK

EXTRA WIDE HAMMOCK SEAT

No. 1501

Metal stem, extra wide hammock seat, and folding ground plate.

Price £2 : 7 : 6

No. 1500

With adjustable stem.

Price £3 : 0 : 0

FOLDING GROUND PLATE

SWAINE and ADENEY, Ltd.
185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

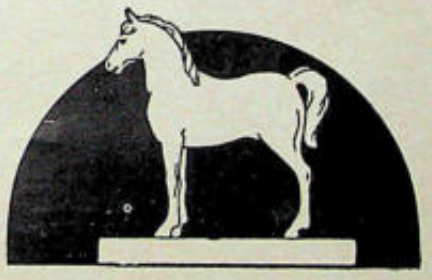
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

FOR DRIVES AND PATHS

Cedar Lawn, Lapworth, Warwickshire. Photo by courtesy of Mrs. Patterson. Contractors: Grosvenor Workman, Birmingham. Agents for Colas.

ADVICE FREE—Write for pamphlet which tells you how to obtain an attractive and trouble-free surface for your drives and paths. COLAS experts throughout the country.

COLAS PRODUCTS LTD., 12, NORMAN HOUSE, 105-109, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
Telegrams: COLASFALT, RAND, LONDON. Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 0011.



Ask for

WHITE HORSE

as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

ERIGERONS ARE UNIVERSALLY POPULAR
Apart from their decorative value they are useful for picking

The Country House

PLANNING EARLY SUMMER BORDERS

Suggestions for Decorative Effect

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

SO much attention is concentrated on the queens of the early summer border, notably Delphiniums and Lupins, that the placing of the other plants does not always get the attention it deserves. In the average border it is impossible to have Delphiniums and Lupins in large masses on account of the "holes" they leave after their flowering period is over and they have been cut down. But for rich effect it is essential to have the other plants in big drifts. I think it is a good plan to have clumps of Delphiniums and equally large clumps of Anchusas at the back of the border, leaving just enough room between for tall-growing Dahlias and the smaller-growing Dahlias in front to succeed in early autumn. By the time the Delphiniums and Anchusas are cut down the Dahlia foliage is spreading so rapidly that the blanks are soon filled. Anchusas are invaluable for their long flowering, and the new variety Morning Glory is outstanding. The flowers are much larger than those of Dropmore.

Oriental Poppies have a very short flowering period, and the colours of most of them are so glaring that they kill the more delicate colours of other flowers. Personally, I like only the deep mauve and rich crimson kinds, and that curious variety called Masterpiece with flowers that can only be described as bronzy pink. Some of the dwarf varieties are attractive, notably Peter Pan, with cherry red flowers on stems 18in. high. Even if no other Oriental Poppy is grown I think this one deserves a place.

The Geraniums are amongst the most decorative early summer flowers, and they need the minimum of labour. In most gardens they do not require even staking. *G. armenum* strikes a vigorous note with its fine port wine coloured flowers, but the best of all I think is the one that is least commonly grown, i.e., the old double Geranium.

All through June and July it is smothered with its lovely bright flowers like miniature lavender blue roses. I have bushy clumps nearly 4ft. high and more across that are still in full beauty for at least three weeks after the Delphiniums have been cut down. *Campanula lactiflora coerulea* though not so brightly coloured is another first-rate border plant. The type has milky white and not very decorative flowers, but the variety mentioned is first rate. Both these plants deserve a place in every border, and unlike Delphiniums and the other tall Campanulas, they require no staking beyond a bough or two to keep them in position.

Two of the easiest and most decorative red flowers for the early border are the deep cherry red Achillea and Centranthus ruber. Both have a long flowering period, and they associate so well with the many blues of the summer border. Both the Achillea and Centranthus are easily raised from seed, but I find that in the seedling stage rabbits find the former irresistible. The white-flowered Centranthus is also very attractive.

Erigerons are universally popular, and apart from their decorative value they are useful for picking. Quakeress is an attractive lavender pink, and the white form is also pleasing. The common Goat's Rue (*Galega officinalis*) is rather a weed, but there is a charming double pink kind, also a lavender pink (Lady Wilson). Niobe is a better white form than the white variety of *G. officinalis*, and Her Majesty is a soft pretty blue variety. All the Goat's Rues flower for at least three months.

The pick of the Geums is undoubtedly *G. Borisii*. From April to October it is one of the most decorative border plants with its fine foliage and large scarlet-orange flowers. Mrs. Bradshaw and Lady Stratheden are both still popular, and two of the best orange-coloured varieties are Fire Opal and Prince of Orange. *G. heldreichi splendens* has as long a flowering period as *G. Borisii*, but is not so striking. Orange and scarlet are not common colours in the early summer border, and the Geums are indispensable. Amongst the Potentillas the most decorative are, I think, the hybrids Etna (deep red flowers), Gibson's Scarlet, Don Quixote (double yellow flowers with red centres) and Carnival (orange red). *G. recta macrantha*, with dainty single yellow flowers, is in bloom all through the summer. *Centaurea dealbata*, with its abundant fern-like foliage and pink flowers, is grown in most gardens, but *C. macrocephala* not so often, though when exhibited at shows its great yellow heads of flowers always attract attention.

Foliage plants are frequently forgotten in the desire to make a colourful border, but they are important, for the eye soon wearies of a continuous "blaze of colour." I am very fond of the old Gardeners' Garter (*Phalaris arundinacea variegata*), once such a favourite in cottage gardens. It should be near the front in order to see the stripes which are its beauty.

TO GARDEN LOVERS.—On October 12th, 13th and 14th, at The Old Gardens, Tunbridge Wells, Messrs. R. Wallace & Co., Ltd., of The Old Gardens, Bayham Road, are holding their seventeenth annual auction sale of shrubs, herbaceous plants, bulbs, &c. For many years this has been an event eagerly looked forward to by those who are contemplating planting their gardens. The Old Gardens themselves are well worth a visit, for the gorgeous colouring of the shrubs is seen on every hand at this time of the year. Catalogues either from Messrs. Protheroe and Morris or Messrs. Wallace & Co., Ltd., The Old Gardens, Tunbridge Wells.

THATCHING PRACTICE

ARMED with good wheat straw, tarred string, hazel rods and the tools listed in last week's article, how should we proceed? The first step is to remove the existing thatch. The rafters will probably be found to be sound, but the battens, which are laid in a horizontal direction and nailed to the rafters, should be renewed. Hazel thatch rods are quite suitable for this purpose, or 1in. by 1½in. slating battens may be used, and secured by galvanised or copper nails. The battens should be 15in. apart.

With the roof stripped the straw should now be "pulled" by hand with the object of retaining long stems and rejecting the short and broken pieces. The straw as it is pulled is laid in a trough of water to soak and soften, so that it can be bent and will lie closely. Removed from the soaking rack, the straw is bundled together, a short piece of rope tied round the middle, and the bundle thrown over the thatcher's shoulder and carried up the ladder.

Starting at the corner and working from eaves to ridge, and from right to left, the thatcher takes handfuls of straw, and with the butts downwards lays them evenly along the eaves battens to a depth of 7in. or so. He then takes his needle, threads it, passes it round the straw and makes two half-hitches round the batten on the far side. He then draws the string tight and makes two half-hitches round the batten on the side nearest to him. The straw is then held firmly. Another handful of straw is laid against the last, and pushed well underneath its left edge and sewn, passing the needle partly through the first swath. This gives a secure overlapping stitch.

The thatcher will be able to reach a band about 4ft. wide from a single setting of his ladder, so that when he has laid this length of eaves he will proceed to cover it with another layer laid a foot or so higher up the roof and similarly sewn with string tied about the middle of the straw bundles.

The art is to avoid an appearance of ridges. The straw should be laid uneven ended, so that the final roof presents an even appearance, with none of the string exposed.

When the eaves have been completed for the 4ft. length, they are trimmed up to a straight line with hand sheep shears. As each 4ft. length of thatch is sewn on the loose ends are removed by combing with the special rake.

When the eaves are reached the topmost layer of thatch should be slightly raised by horizontal bundles of straw laid close to the ridge. The top layer is secured with wood as well as by sewing, and the West Country finish, which is to cut the thatch ends to a vertical line at the ridge and butt the ridge thatching of the other slope, has much to recommend it. The other method is to bend the straw forming the ridge capping over the ridge, securing it with rods on either side.

The verge of a gabled building is formed in the same way as the eaves, the straw adjoining being inclined in the direction of the gable so that the butts protrude and are cut to a straight line with the shears.

A hipped roof presents no exceptional difficulty, if it be remembered that the hip is a danger point for wind damage, and the thatch be extra securely sewn, but in exactly the same manner as for a straight surface.

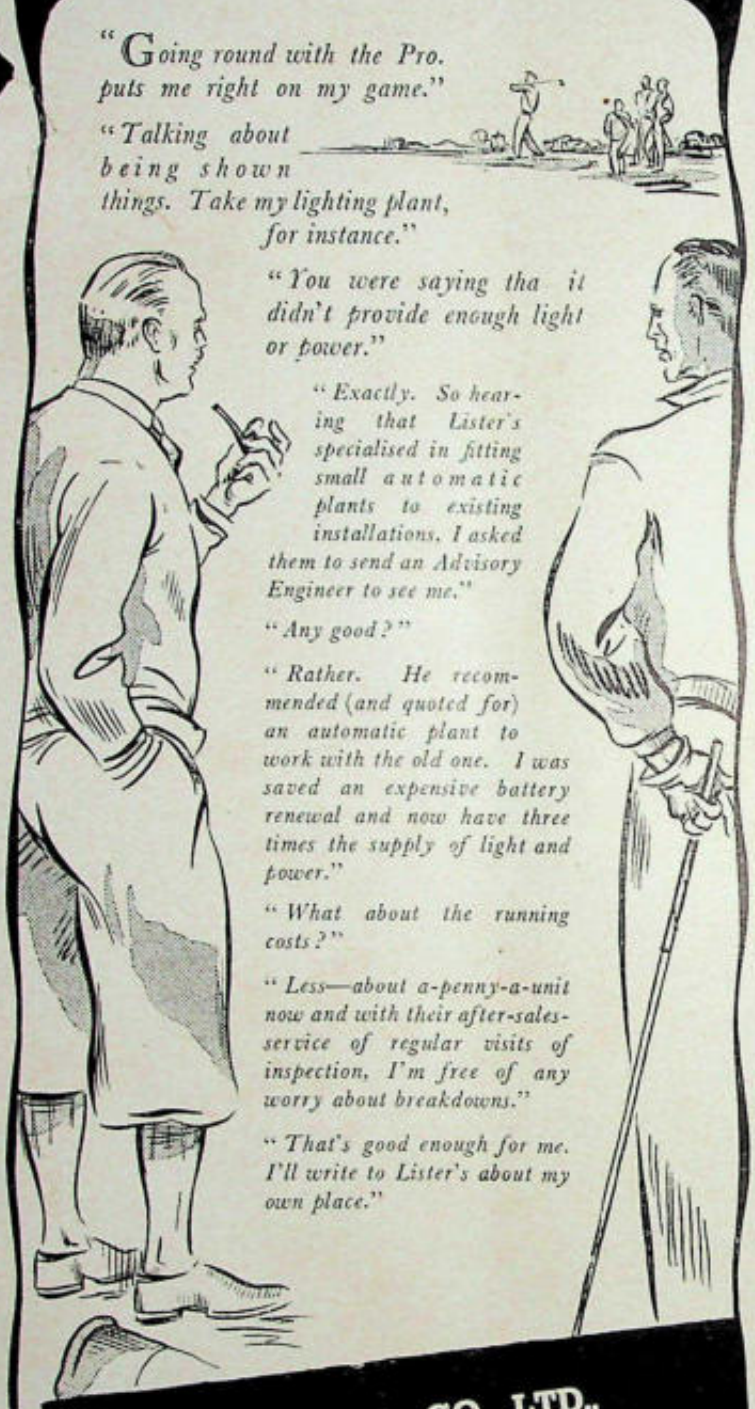
A valley is a different story. Attempts to render it watertight purely with thatch are invariably unavailing, and the best treatment is a lead or zinc valley gutter carried well up the slope on each side, dressed over the tilting or cheek fillet as in a tiled or slated roof. The thatch is then laid to weather this fillet exactly as if it were a gable end or an eaves.

Places where the thatch abuts against chimney breasts or walls require similar treatment. The top side of a chimney breast calls for a lead gutter formed by a sheet of lead let into the brickwork, dressed down the stack and then up the roof slope over a cheek fillet. The thatch is then finished over the fillet as if it were an eaves. The side abutment calls for a lead flashing stepped and let into the brickwork, dressed down over the rafters and over the usual cheek fillet, the thatch being finished over the fillet as if it were a gable end.

The lower side of a chimney stack reverses the order of things. Here the need is that the thatch be finished right up to the stack in the same way as for a ridge. The lead flashing is then let into a joint of the brickwork, dressed down the chimney and over the thatch for a distance of 9in. or so. Extreme care is needed to ensure that the secret gutters at the side of the chimneys discharge their water over and not under the lower flashing.

REGINALD DAVEY.

Water & Electricity
IN THE COUNTRY – BY LISTER'S



"Going round with the Pro. puts me right on my game."

"Talking about being shown things. Take my lighting plant, for instance."

"You were saying tha it didn't provide enough light or power."

"Exactly. So hearing that Lister's specialised in fitting small automatic plants to existing installations. I asked them to send an Advisory Engineer to see me."

"Any good?"

"Rather. He recommended (and quoted for) an automatic plant to work with the old one. I was saved an expensive battery renewal and now have three times the supply of light and power."

"What about the running costs?"

"Less—about a-penny-a-unit now and with their after-sales-service of regular visits of inspection, I'm free of any worry about breakdowns."

"That's good enough for me. I'll write to Lister's about my own place."

R. A. LISTER & CO. LTD.,
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. PHONE DURSLEY 177

will send, without obligation an Advisory Engineer to report on an Independent Electric supply or water pumping.

Largest manufacturers of small Diesel Engines in the World

R.S.V.P.

INCREASED WEAR RESISTANCE

Lister Diesel Engines are now fitted with Listard processed (Van der Horst Patents) chromium-hardened cylinders which have 400% increased wear resistance. Owners of Lister Diesel Engines not treated with this process can, when requiring a rebore or new cylinder liner, have existing cylinders Listard processed.

VAT 69

WHEN you offer your guests VAT 69 they know you are a good judge of Whisky—and *you* enjoy the satisfaction of knowing you serve the best. Yet VAT 69 costs no more than ordinary Whisky.

Quality tells!

bottles,
bottles,
flasks and miniatures.

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

Distilled and bottled in Scotland by Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., LEITH

C.F.H.

TWO FORMS OF INDOOR DECORATION FOR THE AUTUMN

On the left dying leaves and ripening fruits make a decoration which is both old and new, while on the right a simple bowl of chrysanthemums, lit from below, that would be suitable in the exclusive hall of a modern house

INDOOR FLORAL DECORATION

Developments of the Past Half-Century

By MARGUERITE JAMES

It is generally dangerous to survey any contemporary art, and perhaps still more dangerous to apply the term modern to a particular mode of artistic expression. In the case of flower decoration the position is specially difficult, for we have few records of the past with which to compare present-day styles. Indeed it has been stated by one authority that the use of cut flowers as we know it is itself entirely a modern practice, at least in western civilisation. I think this example casts a little doubt on the theory that cut flowers and conventional vases do not belong to the age of cultivated gardens and dark panelled halls and dining-rooms.

But if we venture to say that the basic principles underlying the art of arranging flowers have changed but little, we must admit that the whole spirit of the modern movement has had a profound influence on the way in which flowers are used in the home. Indeed, the whole attitude of mind towards the art has undergone a change, and the modern woman approaches the subject with a seriousness of purpose and a freedom from convention which would have been unthinkable in the days when a profusion of flowers was considered the only correct thing, and when every household possessed a gardener who grew them in quantity.

Just how has the change been brought about? In two ways, at least, the modern woman has given a very personal and original impetus to the art of floral decoration. Frequently she does the flowers herself, and if so the floral arrangements reflect her temperament and personality. It is this increased interest of cultured women in flower decoration which is probably responsible for the originality seen in the choice of material, which is a very typical feature of modern style. Flowers in the home are no longer valued just as they are appraised on the horticultural show bench, for the quantity, size and rarity of the blooms, but rather for inherent decorative qualities of colour and form. The modern artist uses such unlikely material as the flowerheads of rhubarb, the foliage of early kale and beet, the seed heads of innumerable weeds, bare winter stems, and even dried empty receptacles and seed pods from the meadow.

A second change in connection with floral art is one which, without wishing to seem ultra-feminist, I attribute in a large measure to the entry of educated women into the business world. One or two of these women with highly trained artistic sensibilities and a natural flair for home beautifying have almost revolutionised commercial floral decoration. Certain of their ideas, it is true, have come across the Atlantic, for schools of floral art flourished in America for some years before they became [illegible]. The use [illegible] pottery, for instance, is an American [illegible]

While partly owing to the modern floral artist's study of perhaps the finest appreciation of line and form that it shows. In the old style decorations a rather formless mass of colour was common, such as a single kind or pair of one kind of flower, and the artist was satisfied if that solitary mass was set in the right position and was in harmony with the general decorative scheme of the house.

The modern artist seeks an intimate beauty of line in every arrangement. The grouping of modern exhibition vases is perhaps the most striking example of this. Here, possibly modern ideas have had their influence, but the fact remains that the modern artist has realised that beauty in every decoration depends largely on the line of the flowers and foliage. Where possible

TWO FORMS OF INDOOR DECORATION FOR THE AUTUMN

On the left dying leaves and ripening fruits make a decoration which is both old and new, while on the right a single bowl of chrysanthemums, lit from below, that would be suitable in the entrance hall of a modern house

INDOOR FLORAL DECORATION

Developments of the Past Half-Century

By MARGUERITE JAMES

IT is generally dangerous to survey any contemporary art, and perhaps still more dangerous to apply the term modern to a particular mode of artistic expression. In the case of flower decoration the position is specially difficult, for we have few records of the past with which to compare present-day styles. Indeed it has been stated by one authority that the use of cut flowers in water is itself entirely a modern practice, at least in western civilisation. I think this assumption a little drastic, though it must be obvious that flower-and-water-filled vases do not belong to the age of unglazed windows and dark or draughty halls and chambers.

But if we cannot go very far back in our comparisons, we can at least note some remarkable developments of the past half-century. First, there is the changed attitude of the housewife herself. I never believed much in the Victorian damsel who rose early, dressed in pink and white muslins, tied the ribbons of her garden hat under her pretty chin and sallied forth with scissors and trug to cut roses for the breakfast table. She existed, I think, mainly in novels. Even if (well gloved) she did cut a few roses, the risk of thorn and stain to delicate white hands probably made her hand over the basket to domestics, who would deal with the flowers in conventional manner. The result was seen in the inevitable epergne (a safety-first device !), alternating with the "cakestand" decoration, in which formally massed flowerheads were arranged in flat tiers—two devastatingly popular styles which were repeated everywhere, *ad nauseum*.

Just how has the position changed ? In two ways, at least : first, the modern housewife takes a very personal and serious interest in her everyday floral decorations. Frequently she does them herself, and if so the floral arrangements reflect her temperament and personality. It is this increased interest of cultured women in flower decoration which is probably responsible for the originality seen in the choice of material, which is a very typical feature of modern styles. Flowers in the home are no longer valued just as they are appraised on the horticultural show bench, for the quantity, size and rarity of the blooms, but rather for inherent decorative qualities of colour and form. The modern artist uses such unlikely material as the flowerheads of rhubarb, the foliage of curly kale and beet, the seed heads of innumerable weeds, bare winter stems, and even dried empty receptacles and seed pods from the meadow.

A second change in connection with floral art is one which, without wishing to seem ultra-feminist, I attribute in a large measure to the entry of educated women into the business world. One or two of these women with highly trained artistic sensibilities and a natural flair for home beautifying have almost revolutionised commercial floral decoration. Certain of their ideas, it is true, have come across the Atlantic, for schools of floral art flourished in America for some years before they became common here. The use of all-white pottery, for instance, was an American idea.

What particularly marks the modern floral artist's work is perhaps the great appreciation of line and form that it shows. In the old-style decorations a rather formless mass of colour was common, such as a single bowl or jar of one kind of flower, and the artist was satisfied if this colour mass was set in the right position and was in harmony with the general decorative scheme of the house.

The modern artist seeks an intrinsic beauty of line in every arrangement. The streamlines of modern architecture are in part responsible ; they actively demand line beauty in every decoration. Where available material lacks character in this respect, scissors are freely used. Thus the drooping lines of Leycesteria formosa's purple green bracts, and Solomon's Seal's hanging bells are shown to advantage by the removal of every leaf from the stems. Just now, the multi-coloured berries of berberis species, sea buckthorn, cotoneaster, firethorns, roses, hollies, vines and privets are ready to gather in every garden, and if every spray is stripped of foliage, so that the characteristic form of the different berries is accentuated, the decoration becomes twice as effective.

Line and form are naturally dependent on colour —witness the different effects of a white arum (*a*) with its outline accentuated by a background of crimson carnations or dark copper beech leaves, and (*b*) among white carnations where its characteristic form is obscured.

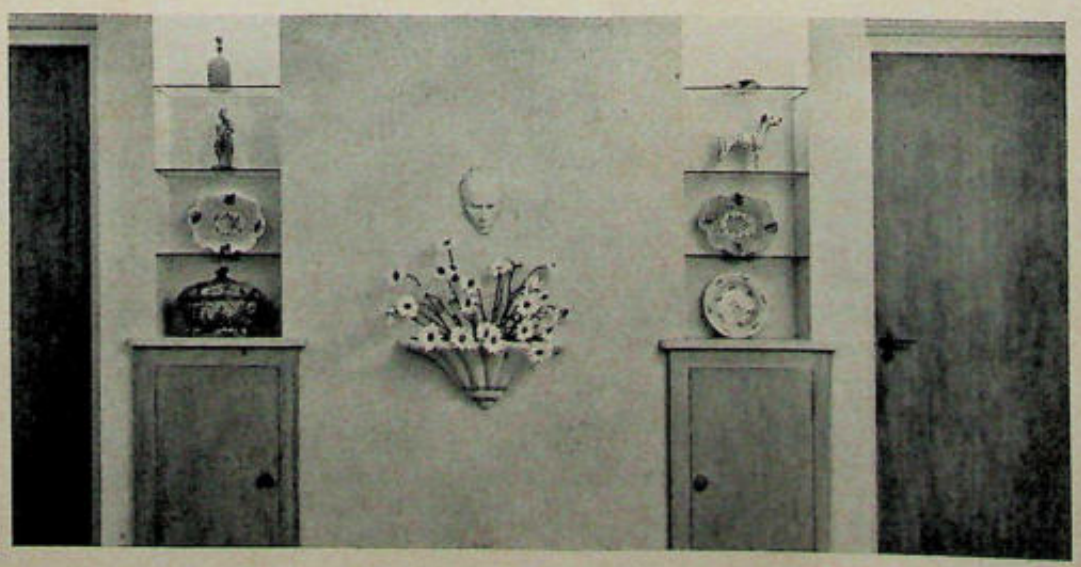
Line, form and colour are all affected by light, and the chiaroscuro of floral art is particularly studied by the moderns, who have at their disposal almost unlimited resources in this sphere. Anyone who has given thought to the subject knows how much colours are affected by ordinary daylight variations, how blues demand a window position where they catch the falling sunbeams, while yellow and orange flowers make their own sunshine and can stand away from the window, on a table, or against a neutral background.

Colours are even more affected by artificial light, and some delightful daytime flowers become insipid when the electric lamps are lit. Mauve and blue are generally unhappy at night, while certain flowers in which two bright colours are blended—the sweet pea, Mrs. A. Searle, for instance, in which cerise and gold mingle—look even better by artificial light than by day.

The colours of this month—the browns and golds and scarlets of the autumn countryside—are for the most part happiest in daylight. So are the delicate shades of the garden Michaelmas daisies, and many of the chrysanthemums, but there are some varieties of the chrysanthemums that light up well at night. I have seen Edith Cavell chrysanthemums associated with dark crimson carnations in a surprisingly effective dinner-table decoration.

For a large entrance hall or loggia, where the light is plentiful both day and night, I should choose at this season a large mixed display, chiefly of outdoor material—hips and berries, pampas grass, honesty, Cape gooseberries, tinted foliage of all kinds, and a few red hot pokers. (But then I have a personal preference, which most of the modern floral artists do not share, for keeping to natural associations in my decorations. I do not care to mix hothouse flowers with wildlings except on rare occasions.) A mixed display of this kind should be a really massive affair, set in a tank or plant tub, and placed where the strongest light falls on it from one side. This is actually the common lighting of the photographer's studio, and produces a very natural effect.

In a small entrance hall, particularly where the furnishing is of the ultra-modern type, a table bowl of chrysanthemums lit from below would be more striking.

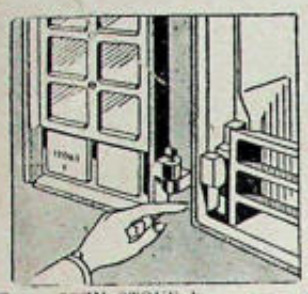


FOR A ROOM WITH WALL LAMP BRACKETS

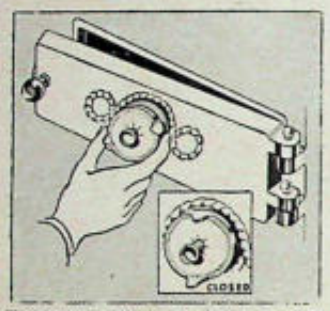
The clear outlines of daisies are exactly right in this wall bracket

Scientific Construction makes them *highly efficient*

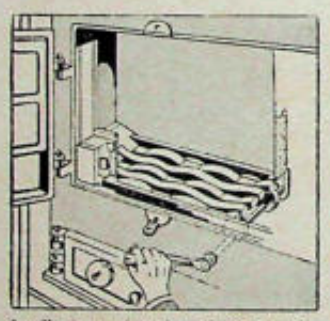
★ NO SPECIAL FUEL IS REQUIRED FOR COZY STOVES



Every COZY STOVE burns open or closed as required on ordinary kitchen coal, and is guaranteed to burn 12 hours without attention. This is largely made possible by precision in workmanship, which results in all doors fitting perfectly. The air draught, at all times, is under complete control.



The amount of air required to ensure proper and complete slow combustion depends upon the type of fuel used. The air regulating device in COZY STOVES is situated in the ash door and is operated by a disc. It is a most efficient arrangement.



Small pieces of coal not burnt to ashes can still give off heat. Dropped through to the ashpan they are wasted. With the new patent Rocking Grate fitted in all large size COZY STOVES the maximum efficiency is obtained. When used it may not show much movement on the surface, but down under the fire very little but the dead ashes fall through, which is as it should be.

COZY STOVES are scientifically designed to give maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption during the whole 24 hours. For efficiency, adaptability, and economy, YOUR home needs a COZY. There's a wide range of models available to suit all requirements.

Write for catalogue or see them at your local dealers.

COZY STOVES are available on easy terms.

THE COZY STOVE CO., LTD
43, Berners Street, London, W.1

COZY STOVES

Before Autumn turns to Winter . . .

CONSIDER THE DECORATION OF YOUR HOME

New and pleasing colour schemes, refurnishings, and improved lighting installations will help to brighten dreary winter days.

Let GAZES
SPECIALISTS IN DECORATIVE AND FURNISHING SCHEMES
make suggestions

W. H. GAZE & SONS LTD.
WASHINGTON HOUSE, 40-41, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, WEST 1. ALSO AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

An interesting brochure will be sent on request

By appointment to the late King George V.

Glorious Flowers and Delicious Fruit

G. ADAM & CO.
(R. J. S. MINEAR)
42 NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1
Telephones: Mayfair 2128, 2129, 5150

Pintail

Sherry

72/- per dozen bottles, CARRIAGE PAID.
Sample bottle, post free, 6/-

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:
MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND

"FOR LIFTING THERE ARE MANY FORMS OF POTATO RAISERS"

ASPECTS OF THE POTATO HARVEST

Some Conditions of a Satisfactory Yield

THE area of potatoes grown in England and Wales this year amounts to 474,600 acres, or nearly 20,000 acres more than in 1937. Of this area 416,100 acres are main crop and second earlies. The acreage marks a welcome change from the annual decline that had been recorded since *1933, for* potatoes are a valuable national food. The Ministry of Agriculture points out that the acreage returned is larger than that returned to the Potato Marketing Board by registered growers, since it includes all areas of one-quarter of an acre and upwards on holdings over one acre in extent. If these 474,600 acres produce no more than the ten-year average yield of 6.5 tons (and the forecast has been good, the crop suffering little from disease) then the yield would be 3,084,900 tons.

Well, a three-million-ton crop needs a great deal of work in the harvesting, sorting, storage and marketing! Care must be exercised in the lifting, whether by hand, mould-board plough or spinner, for serious damage to many tubers may well result in the entry of disease that will end in rotting in the pies. Also, when the potato disease (*Phytophthora*) has been present in the field it is essential that tubers showing any signs of infection should not be included in storage.

This serves to remind one that the potato harvest may be facilitated by destroying haulm and weeds by spraying with sulphuric acid (12½ per cent.) or copper sulphate (17½ per cent.), 100 gallons per acre, a short time before lifting. The spraying should not be done before the haulm reaches maturity, or the yield may be reduced. On occasion the season may induce the haulm of some varieties (*e.g.*, King Edward) to remain green unduly late, and then spraying may take place rather sooner. Further, such spraying may be helpful in reducing late "blight," whereas if it is carried out too soon the yield may suffer. Spraying with copper sulphate may usually take place three or four weeks before lifting, especially if late "blight" is feared: sulphuric acid destroys haulm and weeds much more rapidly and may usefully be done a week before lifting. Reports on trials of spraying to kill potato haulm were given in the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture* in June, 1935, August, 1936, and September, 1937. It seems highly probable that spraying with a 1 per cent. solution of sodium chlorate would also be effective in destroying haulm and weeds, without having any injurious effect on the soil in relation to the following crop. Indeed, if it were carefully carried out, the haulm and weeds sprayed with the chlorate might well, on drying, be burnt over, this serving the treble purpose of destroying haulm and weeds, disease, and weed seeds without injury to the tubers still awaiting lifting.

For lifting there are many forms of potato raisers, including the plough type, rotary and spinner machines, elevator group, and combined lifter-sorter-bagger machines. The plough, rotary and spinner machines are most commonly employed, one or other being selected according to the area to be harvested and the class of soil involved. The cost of harvesting varies widely. In the big potato-growing districts, gathering up the tubers after they have been brought to the surface is commonly undertaken by women. Harvesting a heavy crop naturally costs more than an average or small one, not simply for gathering, but for cartage, storage, riddling and sale—though, of course, less per ton yield. There are very great differences in yield, not only as regards variety, soil and climate, but in accordance with treatment: whereas the average yield for England and Wales is 6½ tons per acre, yields of 10 to 15 tons are commonly obtained, and bumper yields of 20 tons have been recorded for small areas, while trials have yielded as much as 24 tons. Admittedly, a 15- or 20-ton yield of potatoes may be as rare as a 12-quarter yield of oats, but it is probable that both might be more common on good land—and on an economic basis at that!

After harvesting, the dry and collected tubers are most commonly stored in clamps or pies of more or less triangular section. The site chosen should be dry and well drained, and conveniently situated by the hedgerow near a gateway, to make subsequent riddling, bagging and carting as easy as possible. Drainage is made more certain by the fact that soil immediately surrounding the pie is placed upon the first covering of straw, bracken or other litter, which is also used as a base, on which to pile the tubers. After first piling, the potatoes are covered nearly to the top of the heap and left to settle and avoid heating. Eventually the top receives a substantial covering of straw, the sides are covered in with soil, and finally the top—at any rate in the North—is also well covered with soil. Good protection against frost is essential or heavy loss may occur. Further, special observation should be made from time to time to ensure that the pies are not invaded by rats. At the time of storing, potatoes are sometimes given a sprinkling of lime and sulphur as a protection against the spread of Sclerotinia disease. In this connection farmers should obtain the Ministry's collected leaflets on diseases of potatoes, as well as a bulletin on potatoes generally.

When the time comes for riddling and sale it is well for farmers to bear in mind the regulations of the Potato Marketing Board—and who can avoid it! It is, however, most certainly true that close observance of "good practice" pays in the long run—what consumer desires to buy mixed samples of potatoes for the table?—big and small together; too often in the past smalls were apt to predominate if the housewife were in the least careless about her purchase.

The potato crop provides a huge amount of very valuable food for the nation, and it deserves all the most careful attention we can give it—not only in the growing, but in the harvesting, preservation, marketing and proper use. For human consumption damaged potatoes or very small tubers (chats) have no value, but find a ready outlet in the feeding of various classes of farm livestock. Numerous trials have demonstrated the value of potatoes for feeding pigs. At Kirton, Wallace found that "in proper balance, the potato may be fed in large quantities with as great a nutritive economy as a balanced ration of meal alone," and that 4lb. of potatoes may be taken as equivalent to 1lb. of barley meal. Further, potatoes may be employed as usefully for producing small-weight bacon pigs as for heavier-weight carcases (*Jour. Min. Agric.*, September, 1934). It is, therefore, clear that no part of the potato harvest need be wasted.

H. C. Long.

GREAT numbers of turkeys and geese are now being raised in England and Wales, and it is hoped that the public will buy them in preference to imported birds. In order that home-reared birds may be easily distinguished from their foreign rivals, they will carry a National Mark, which will also be a guarantee that they are of the grade and quality specified by the Ministry of Agriculture.

KATERFELTO
REGISTERED
THE PERFECT HUNT COAT
GUARANTEED

absolutely waterproof!

Katerfelto Coats are the most perfect hunting and riding mackintoshes made. Not only are they worn by leading hunting men throughout the country, but these coats have been regularly supplied to Officers of H.M. Forces, both at home and abroad. They are eminently suitable for walking and driving.

Made in reliable quality mackintosh cloth in Light Fawn, Khaki, and White. Fitted with leg straps, wind cuffs and saddle flaps, and manufactured in several different weights.

Write For Patterns To-day!

Price 75/- For Ladies or Gentlemen
BELT 5/- EXTRA

SAMUEL DAW & CO.
SOLE MAKERS,
12 & 13, HIGH ST., BARNSTAPLE
London Agents, Messrs. Rogers & Co., Ltd., Military Outfitters, 8 New Burlington St., Savile Row, London, W.1.

more than a name...

The name "Highland Queen" is *more than a label.* It is a mark applied to a blend of specially selected Whiskies largely produced in our own Distilleries and matured in our own expansive Bonded Warehouses. The quality of "Highland Queen" is therefore always uniform and definitely above the average.

HIGHLAND QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS IN SCOTLAND.
MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD.
LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW & LONDON

CROSSLEY Patent CAR TRACKS
AVOID OPENING and SHUTTING GATES

PRICE
£12.12.0
Delivered f.o.r. to customer's nearest station. F.o.q. Irish port.

A BOON TO MOTORISTS
NO STOPPING, NO GETTING OUT, NOTHING TO HANDLE, AN ABSOLUTE CHECK TO STRAYING ANIMALS.
Hundreds already in use
CROSSLEY BROTHERS LTD.
OPENSHAW, MANCHESTER, 11

TRACTORS & TACKLE
for Hire for
Farm & Estate Work

CULTIVATIONS
TIMBER HAULING
LAND CLEARING and RECLAMATION
Also PREPARATION OF PRIVATE LANDING-GROUNDS

Schemes prepared and Estimates given for Jobs in any part of the country.

P. J. EDMONDS
Itchen Abbas, nr. WINCHESTER
Contractor to the Air Ministry

MAKE NIGHT AS SAFE AS DAY
With the Improved British Made "METEOR"
NO-DAZZLE DRIVING LAMP
See it at EARLS COURT **Stand 350** AVENUE "A," 1st Floor

Note HOW FULL LIGHT OF BULB IS UTILISED WITH NO UPWARD GLARE

No shield to bulb — no light WASTED — absolutely flat-topped NO-DAZZLE beam with MAXIMUM DRIVING LIGHT. Complies with M.O.T. regulations without dimming or dipping: excellent in fog. For Safety's Sake, write for full particulars of the "METEOR."

PRICES
53/- to
67/6
EACH
Complete with Bulb, Switch, Wire and Bracket

JAMES NEALE & SONS LTD. Graham St., BIRMINGHAM, 1
LONDON: 95, Pimlico Road, S.W.1 SHEFFIELD: 116, Ecclesall Road, 11
Sole Manufacturers and Distributors for British Empire and N. and S. America

The **WHUNDER**

A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted, 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) — — — 64/- (Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

SPEED OR SPACE?

Which Matters More to the Air Passenger?

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

MUCH discussion has resulted during the past few months from the growing use of American air liners on the airways of this country, and the delivery of a new batch of Lockheed 14's to British Airways for preliminary work on the West African route has again brought the matter to the fore. Yet practically all examinations of the topic have been confined to aspects of policy and to affairs not directly interesting the air passenger. In the long run, it must be the paying passenger who has the last word on the advisability of using specific types of aircraft; for that reason, it is as well that the relative characteristics of machines should be considered from his view-point.

Generalisations are always dangerous, nowhere more so than in connection with aviation; yet if anyone with any knowledge of the facts were asked to sum up the basic differences between British and American thought on air-liner design he would almost certainly say that, hitherto, British designers have given first place to comfort and reliability, while American constructors have given the greatest prominence to performance. Such a statement, while requiring a great deal of modification, does indicate a general trend, and it brings up a matter that has been constantly debated ever since serious commercial flying began.

Comfort or speed—which matters more to the air passenger?

Theory and practice have varied considerably in finding an answer for this important question. In the very earliest days of air travel, nearly 20 years ago, the only advantage the aeroplane had to offer was speed. That certain travellers were prepared to pay heavily for this was shown by the readiness with which high fares were accepted for places in machines whose accommodation was little better than a roofed-in cockpit. Conditions improved; reliability was established; but still relative discomfort was accepted as a matter of course by air travellers.

So far as British development was concerned, there followed, a little later, a period in which performance was largely sacrificed to a desire to make air transport competitive with rail and boat in the matter of comfort. The era of the big machine arrived sooner in this country than in America, at any rate for regular service. To some extent this step was inevitable, since expansion was concentrated on the Empire routes, and passengers intending to travel long stages in tropical and subtropical conditions could not be expected to endure being cooped up in small cabins. As non-stop stages grew longer, so the need for greater space and comfort increased.

In America, on the other hand, the primary emphasis was on mail carrying, in the earlier stages. The aim was to save every possible minute, and for this reason performance steadily mounted. The experience thus gained was translated into terms of the medium-size air liner of high speed. Thus, a few years ago, the contrast between speed and comfort, as between British and American machines, was well marked.

Eventually the inevitable happened. In this country criticism of the relative slowness of our airways, as compared not merely with American ones but with Continental lines, grew. America, too, found that speed by itself could not build up a self-sufficient air-transport system. The aim of designers should be to provide both speed and comfort; they should not regard the two as mutually exclusive. Hence, during the past year or two, there has been a steady convergence of what were previously regarded as two distinct lines of development.

The introduction of American designs on the European airways, and, later, on our own, indicated the importance of speed; more significantly still, it showed that a very high degree of comfort could be achieved without losing performance. On the other hand, the advantages of space and luxury were becoming better appreciated in the United States. When the Empire flying boats were put into service on the Bermuda–New York route, American critics were quick to point out the unfamiliar comfort and convenience of the British machines.

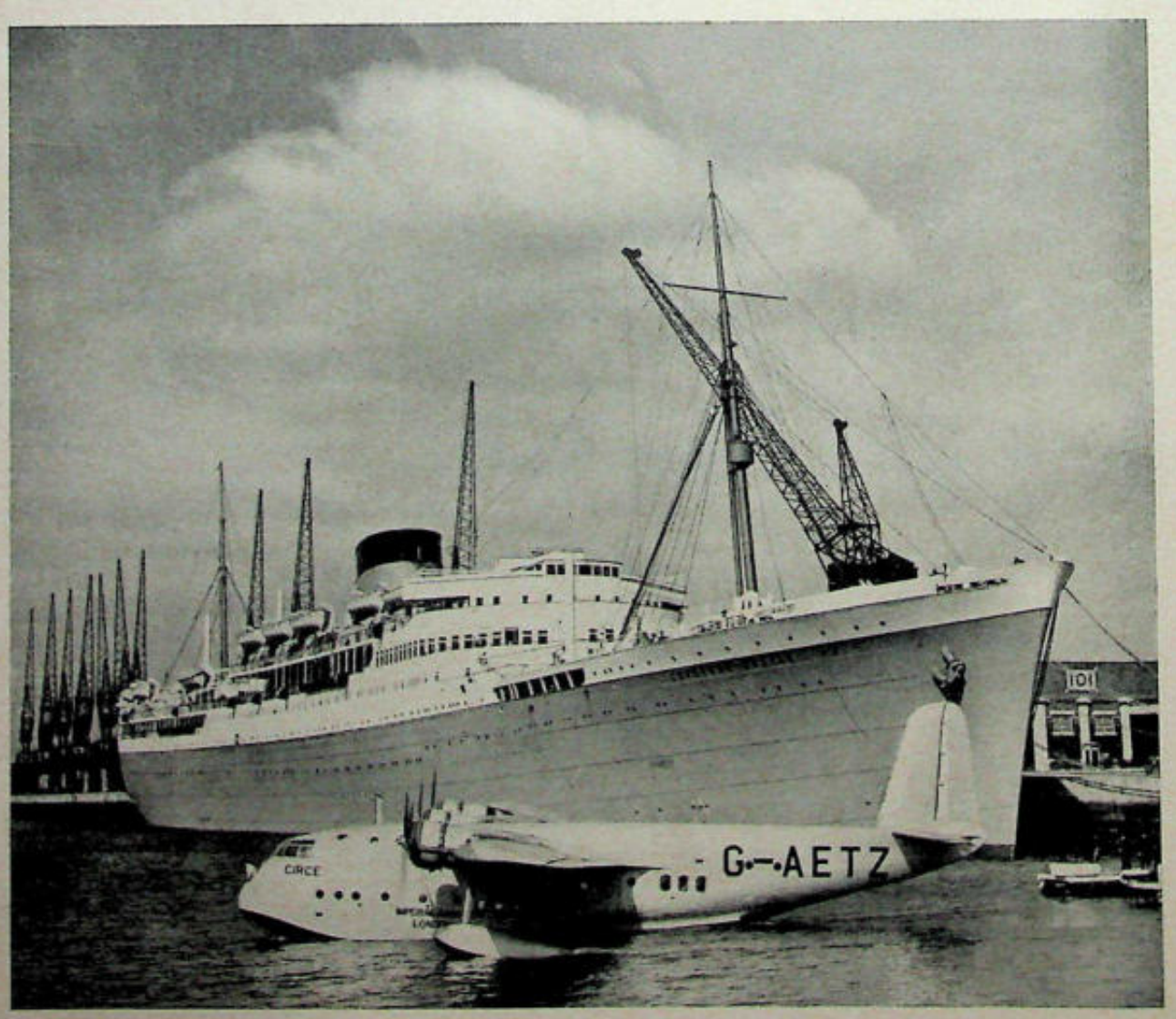
Air transport has now reached a stage when it cannot be content with partial solutions of its problems. Admittedly the chief advantage it has to sell is speed; but it must aim, too, at providing that speed, while conforming to standards applicable to all forms of transport. It may be true that the air traveller is prepared to put speed first; the increase in the proportion of London–Paris traffic carried by the French air lines since faster machines were put into service is only one indication of this fact. Nevertheless, under to-day's conditions it should be accepted that there is no longer any reason why comfort and speed should not be combined in the same machine.

All the signs are that this is now fully realised. New American construction seems to be focused on large machines with luxury passenger accommodation, yet with that performance we have come to regard as typical of the American commercial aeroplane. New British types, while sacrificing nothing of their previously attained standards of comfort and spaciousness, are drawing level with American designs on the score of speed. There is a process of integration going on, which cannot fail to benefit the air passenger materially.

A few years ago the combination of first-class comfort and truly high performance in one machine may have seemed an ideal incapable of realisation. It is not so to-day. As regards the air traveller, he has become discerning and, as in other spheres, will naturally patronise the best. In some circumstances speed at any price may be worth a great deal; in others, comfort may claim first place. But air transport cannot be considered to have outgrown the experimental stage until it provides both together in the highest degree.

A WORLD SIGN-POST

This indicator at the airport at Amsterdam points the way to practically every town of note in Europe



GRACE AND BEAUTY BY SEA AND AIR

The air liner Circe, under the recent schedules, reaches the Cape in just under 5 days. The liner, the Capetown Castle, makes the journey in the scheduled time of 13½ days

A WINTER PLAYGROUND

"In Contrasts the Charm of Cornwall Lies"

A TYPICAL CORNISH STREET IN FOWEY

THAT the winter months are only tolerable in the sunshine of the Côte d'Azur is a myth long since exploded. It may be that comparatively few of us have the leisure for extensive travel nowadays, and prefer, in any case, to dissipate our hard gotten earnings nearer home. Or it may be that, since motor cars began to make a hollow mockery of distance, we have come to appreciate virtues, unrecognised aforetime, in the English countryside. The fact remains, at any rate, that in increasing numbers every year people are discovering that as a playground it offers much that foreign countries lack.

To the sportsman and the tourist the West Country makes particular appeal. Until Easter there is the stag-hunting on Exmoor, unique in its associations and environment; there is the Dartmoor pack, whose followers on Shanks's mare are as like to see as much of the fun as those who ride to hounds. There are the South Devon, the Tiverton and the North Cornwall hunts; the Dart Vale and the Fowey Harriers; while at Lifton, Launceston and Wilseydown, as well as on many parts of Bodmin Moor and the coastal marshes, really good snipe and duck shooting are free to visitors at local hotels. Then in early spring the Dart and the Teign, the Tavy and Camel rivers offer anglers plenty of variety.

Nowhere are there finer seascapes than on the northern coast of Cornwall, when the Atlantic sweeps in fury against its giant cliffs. Nor anywhere is there greater luxuriance of winter vegetation than in its sheltered combes and valleys in which sub-tropical plants flourish in profusion in the open. It is in fact in these contrasts that the charm of Cornwall lies. From tame to wild is but a step; both are present in the same view, and the scattered cottage gardens which listen all day to the roar of the sea are steeped in a riot of colour long before the primroses are awake in other parts of England.

PORT GAVERNE, ON THE NORTH CORNISH COAST

It is this dual influence that lends a peculiar charm to a ramble through those Cornish glens. From the wide arterial road that leaves Dartmoor behind and winds through Launceston over Bodmin moor, you branch off on to leafy lanes, not wide enough in many parts to take two cars abreast, and then drop sheer down into little old-world villages, with crooked houses leaning outwards on to their cobbled streets. St. Kew, St. Mabyn, St. Breward and others of that ilk, all commemorate some Celtic saint of pre-Augustine times; nearly all have ancient stones and crosses rudely carved, such as that which bears the device of a crook and is built into a hedge on the Bodmin Road. It recalls the privilege granted by a Prior of Bodmin to the poor of gathering as much firewood on his land as they could reach with a crook, and hence it is reported comes the saying, "By hook or by crook."

It is a lovely walk along the cliffs from Padstow through little old Port Isaac and Port Gaverne to Tintagel, though one meet rather for a summer than a winter's day. Yet to stand among the roofless ruins of King Arthur's Castle and watch a grey sea breaking into Merlin's Cave is worth the stiff climb up the hill. Incidentally the stranger to Tintagel should not omit to visit the Great Hall in the village, built of Cornish granite, onyx and other coloured rocks. Here the immortal story of the Knights is figuratively told in 70 stained glass windows, mural paintings and rich vestments, even to a jewelled replica of the sword Excalibur.

To many people the North Cornish coast seems rather inhospitable in winter. It is true that some parts are exposed to every wind that blows; on the other hand, many favourite resorts lie snugly sheltered. Padstow, for instance, whose harbour is almost comparable to Fowey; Wadebridge and Rock, where the St. Enodoc golf links, laid out by James Braid, is said to be one of the finest natural courses in the country, lie well within the Camel estuary. St. Ives and Newquay also are almost completely sheltered from prevailing storms and have a mean winter temperature of 52 deg.

Falmouth is often said to be the pick of early spring resorts, but Fowey runs it very close. For river and coastal scenery, blending with its old-world houses and narrow terraced streets, dropping sheer down to the harbour's edge, it is hard to beat. When the wooded hills on either side the estuary are just bursting into leaf and the terraces are ablaze with flowers, Fowey is a veritable kaleidoscope of colour. Though one is never quite certain if it is not as beautiful by night as by day. For when to the illumination of the shipping in port is added that of the tiers of houses clinging to the slopes of Polruan and Bodinnick, the scene is rather like a fairy play.

For the botanist this is a happy hunting ground, though of that science I am unfortunately almost completely ignorant. But bird life is infinite in its variety. The cliffs between Tintagel and Port Isaac are a shimmering mass of gulls of all sorts and sizes. Terns, oyster catchers and dunlins dart restlessly above the flowing tides; the Camel estuary is a happy hunting ground for cormorants and shags, which are darkly silhouetted against the pale green of the sea as they stand to dry their wings on the great rocks that guard the harbour. From little strips of marsh come the cries of curlew and redshank, and now and then a buzzard hovers over the woods that crown these mighty cliffs. There are rare birds, too. I spent half an hour on the heights above Trebarwith watching a raven, and then turning inland up a steeply wooded glen, came suddenly upon a pair of golden orioles.

It is in these sudden contrasts of the softness and the rugged strength of Nature that the charm of Cornwall lies.

J. B. DROUGHT.

THE GATEWAY TO TINTAGEL'S GLORIOUS RUINS

THE BANQUETING HALL AT KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE

WHERE TO STAY

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

Wonderful Winter, in England too . . .

Snow on the Grampians and fog on the Thames! But here we promise a wonderful winter. Warmth without and warmth within. Personal attentions. Studied diet. Position on the level, overlooking the bay.

Also a sliding scale plan whereby the longer you stay the less you pay. Write to our Manager, Mr. R. Paul, for details.

It will be the first step to spending a wonderful winter at

THE
GRAND
TORQUAY

Telephone: 2234

200 rooms and suites, many with private bath. A five-star hotel in the fullest sense.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 808.

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

OCTOBER Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting.
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

WILDFOWL AND GEESE
For the best shooting in the Fens, write:
CHEQUERS HOTEL,
Holbeach, Lincs.
A.A. and R.A.C. H. and C. all rooms.

AT THE CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON, SOMERSET, you can find warm and friendly COUNTRY QUARTERS. Hunting with five packs, stag and fox hounds. Good horses from our own stables. Rough shooting and billiards. Write for booklet.—Wire Nelder, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

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

DEVON.—Modern COUNTRY HOUSE as Residential Hotel. Grounds, paddock, stables. Tennis court; garage. Accommodation available from October 1st. Hunting three packs, rough shooting. Terms from 3½ guineas.—Apply THE SECRETARY, Part Lees, Belstone, Okehampton.

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

NORTH DEVON.—Limited number of GUESTS RECEIVED in charming old COUNTRY MANSION. Shooting over 5,000 acres, well stocked with Pheasants and fair number of Partridges. Hunting with three packs and hacking available. Terms moderate.—Hudscott House, Chittlehampton.

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

SWAN HOTEL, THAME, OXFORDSHIRE; centre of hunting country; easy reach of London; excellent stabling. Terms 3½ guineas weekly. Telephone: Thame 163.

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; centre of staghunting; fishing, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3207, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—CORDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

HOUSE ISLA, AROSA.—Newly, first-class Family Hotel, particularly well protected, sunny, woodland surroundings, up-to-date high-class cooking. Inclusive terms during summer from Fr.14; during winter from Fr 16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE THREE SALMONS AT USK

IT may seem strange that I should choose this week to write about a delightful little fishing inn. It is, after all, the close season for trout, and rods lie idle in odd cupboards all over England at the moment. People are only talking about fishing; they are not actively engaged in Izaak Walton's favourite recreation.

But the *Field* goes all over the world. It is its pride that it goes into more homes overseas than any other paper published at the same price. There may be fishermen, therefore, at Aden or Adelong, Melbourne or Victoria, at Madras or Bombay, Ontario or Toronto—or many other places which I could name here—who are planning a visit to England next year. They will want to know in good time where they can be sure of a real welcome, and that is why I write about the Three Salmons Hotel at Usk "out of season." This does not mean, of course, that English people should refrain from going there at this time of the year. Far from it. The hotel, like the river, never packs up or goes into winter quarters. So if you have nothing special to do one week-end, why not go there?

You will like the Three Salmons. It has been standing at Usk for 300 years, as you will see from the thickness of the walls (how they did build houses in those days!), the varying heights of the ceilings, and the queer twists and turns in some of the passages. Naturally, there have been changes in the building from time to time, as witness the old mounting step in what is now a covered scullery (once an open yard), while the interior has been modernised to bring it up to demanded standards of everyday comfort. Electric light, "h. and c." in all the principal bedrooms, and easy chairs in the lounges, have been added without spoiling the character of the house. In the dining room you will see fine old prints showing the old turnpike gates at Usk.

Do you remember what William Combe said about inns?

"Along the varying road of Life,
In calm content, in toil or strife;
As morn or noon, by night or day,
As time conducts h'm on his way,
How oft doth man, by care oppress'd,
Find at an inn a place of rest?"

That was written some time between 1734 and 1763, and yet it holds good to-day. If you are tired after a heavy week's work a week-end sojourn at the Three Salmons will act as a splendid tonic. It is a quiet little place, and in the evening you can sit in the bar parlour and discuss with the local farmers all the country news. That is half the fun of a holiday here. Townsman you may be when you go, but countryman you will be at heart when you leave. Believe me, that's true. Once you get talking to the local inhabitants you will probably tire them with your questions. And they are always ready to discuss fish and fishing at any season of the year.

It does not need my pen to extol the beauties of the Usk or the neighbouring Wye Valley. Others have done it far more successfully than I could ever do. October is a lovely month anywhere, but especially in a wooded river valley like the Usk. The stillness all around, the absence of chirping and singing life, the slight frost that holds the ground, impose restful conditions which those whose minds are in proper harmony with Nature only too gladly accept. Despite a rather noisy world a visit to the Three Salmons will prove to you that there are still districts vacant of shriek and rattle, that the England of Parson Adams and Lavengro still exists.

So whether you read this article in England or abroad, make a note in your diary that you will one day put your rod and tackle in your car and head towards Usk with "your foot well down."

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

THE BOOK OF THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER

By W. M. CHARLESWORTH

The HISTORY, BREEDING & MANAGEMENT

Illustrated with photographs

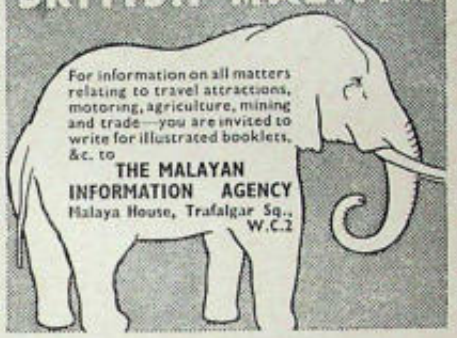
"This book will have permanent value as a contribution to the history of British dogdom."
—Morning Post.

Obtainable from Newsagents and Bookshops, or from
THE "FIELD" PUBLISHING DEPT., THE FIELD HOUSE
BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C. 4

7/6
Postage 6d.

JEWELS PURCHASED
FOR CASH
VALUATIONS
FOR
PROBATE
INSURANCE
CARTIER
175 NEW BOND STREET

BRITISH MALAYA



MENDIP HOTEL
BLAGDON, Nr. BRISTOL Blagdon 54
TROUT FISHING - BLAGDON LAKE
1937 Average weight 2¼ lbs.
Approximately 1,000 fish caught
Heaviest weight 6¼ lbs.
Season closes October 15th.
Modern cuisine and appointments
Write or 'phone for terms

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

IRELAND'S NATURE CURE HYDRO.—Osteopathy, Massage, Hydrotherapy, Colonic Irrigation, Fasting, Treatment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Constipation, Obesity, Hunting Accidents. Guests can enjoy hunting (four packs—Island, Coollattin, Wexford, Bree), shooting, fishing, golf.—Apply SECRETARY, Upton, Kilmuckridge, Gorey, Co. Wexford. City Clinic, 1, Merrion Square, Dublin. Tel. 62604.

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

PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS WANTED, second-hand, on Racehorses and Racing, Tables, Pedigrees, Figure System Breeding, Mares' Record, Stallion Records, Arab Horses, &c.; also Foxhound Kennel Stud Books. Condition immaterial. Good price paid.—BOOTH, The Gables, New Street, Worthing.

Welcome in Switzerland

EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITY OF LAUSANNE
Theology — Law — Medicine — Philosophy — COMMERCIAL COLLEGE—Police Research—Lectures in French—Technical College for Engineers — National Economic Consular Courses — University Library of 430,000 volumes.
Winter Term beginning October 15th.
Apply to:
UNIVERSITY SECRETARY, Palais de Rumine

BRIDGE

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Points that Puzzle Beginners

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

LAST week I gave six questions and answers, and I now give an additional ten.

(1) *What is the One-over-One System?*

Answer: This is better described as a method rather than a system. Its essential principle is keeping the bidding low until the best playing suit has been discovered. It involves a response from partner, on almost any hand that is not trickless, to keep the bidding open, such as a five-card suit headed by the Queen, providing the balance of the hand contains a Queen and a Knave. A six-card suit headed by ♠, J, 10 may be bid even though the hand is a blank otherwise.

(2) *What is the Two-Trick Rule?*

Answer: This is a valuable rule which insists that, except upon a certainty, you should not make a "business" double within one trick. That is to say, if you think you can defeat by one trick only do not double, because there may be unseen "snags." You double only when you can expect to defeat the contract by two tricks.

(3) *What is cue bidding?*

Answer: Showing possession of the Ace or first round control of a suit. This as a rule should be done only after agreement as to the suit which is eventually to become trumps. A cue bid does not necessarily mean that a slam is possible, but it is a slam suggestion.

(4) *What is meant exactly by a big pre-emptive bid?*

Answer: It is a bid of Three or more made with a view to shutting out the opponents from a bid which you have reason to fear. It is also a warning to your partner that you have little or no defensive values in your hand and not necessarily the Ace of your suit. He should not, therefore, double opponents if they over bid unless he has the "setting" of the contract in his own hand. Nor should he make a shift bid in a suit or in No Trumps unless, of course, he has a certainty.

(5) *How many tricks must a player hold to justify a pre-emptive bid?*

Answer: For a Three bid in a major suit, not vulnerable, six to seven playing tricks; vulnerable, seven to nine playing tricks. Four bid, not vulnerable, eight playing tricks; vulnerable, nine playing tricks. Playing tricks are tricks to be won through length of the suit. Thus with K, Q, J, 10, 8, 7, 6, 4 you have seven playing tricks in the suit.

(6) *What is the reason for the distinction you make between pre-emptive bids in major and minor suits?*

Answer: A long major suit may produce game if partner has tricks in the side suits. A long minor is unlikely to do so. Hence unless you can make a game bid in a minor it is better to restrict the bidding of Three to the occasions when you hold a solid suit of six headed by A, K, Q. The bid is then useful as an invitation to partner to bid No Trumps, which he can do on slender material, as he knows you have six or more "ready-made" tricks for him. The bid of Three of a major means "Don't take me out." The bid of Three in a minor means "Do take me out," preferably in No Trumps.

(7) *To make an opening bid of One No Trump is it necessary to have all four suits guarded?*

Answer: No! If you adhere to this rule you will miss many chances and opportunities. A bid of One No Trump may be made with a solid minor and a guard in two other suits. It should mean that the Declarer can make five or six tricks as soon as he gets in. I do not advocate a No Trump bid on ragged strength or light No Trumpers, and there should be no such thing as a "Dealer's No Trumper" when it means, as it so often does, an ultra-optimistic bid.

(8) *Is it permissible on the Simple System to make an initial bid of One of a suit, holding six to K, Q, J and nothing else of value?*

Answer: Certainly not! Your hand must contain at least two tricks in defence, as there is no assurance and little likelihood that the suit will become trumps. It is an absolute fallacy that if you do not use artificial conventions you can bid as you please. An opening bid at any score and in any circumstances should be sound always.

(9) *If you do not use artificial conventions how can you arrive at slams?*

Answer: By a process of reasonable deduction, using cards as cards and not as ciphers. It is not true that natural bidders do not get slams. In fact they are just as likely to do so as those who employ elaborate devices, while they are less often liable to bid them when they are unmakeable. Space will not permit me to enumerate the bids which under the Simple System indicate by inference that slams are possible. They are given in *Contract Bridge Without Conventions* (Seeley Service; 6/-).

(10) *Is it right always to lead the highest of your partner's suit?*

Answer: Against a suit declaration it is generally advisable to open with the highest, but against a No Trump contract, holding three or four of a suit with an honour (Ace, or King, or Queen or Knave), the lowest should be led. The reason is that an honour in Declarer's hand may be trapped. This is likely when he holds Q, x, x.

CHESS

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, played in a recent tournament at Leningrad, shows a strong attack by the well-known master, M. M. Botwinnik.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(*a*) Rather tame. Either B to B 4 or Q to Kt 3 would give better chances.

(*b*) Another tame move.

(*c*) Playing to close the diagonal in which Black is going to post his Queen's Bishop. The move is, however, of doubtful value as it opens the King's file for Black. P to Q Kt 3, to be followed by B to R 3, seems better.

(*d*) If Kt takes P, then P to K 4.

(*e*) White would do better to bring this Bishop to bear on Black's Q B 4 by playing B to R 3.

(*f*) White plays this move to free his K 2 for his Queen's Knight.

(*g*) Black has now got "hanging" pawns which in some positions are a weakness. Here, however, some of Black's pieces are better placed than White's and the pawns are strong.

(*h*) A very good move, threatening P to Q 5.

(*i*) If P to Q 5, then Q Kt takes P. The text-move threatens 19. . . . B takes P followed, if 20. P takes B, by 20. . . . Q takes P, ch; 21. K to R sq, Kt to B 7, ch; 22. K to Kt sq, Kt to R 6, ch; 23. K to R sq, Q to Kt 8, ch; 24. Kt takes Q, Kt to B 7, mate.

(*j*) A strong move. If now 22. R to B 2, then 22. . . . Q to R 5; 23. P to R 3, Kt takes K P; 24. P takes Kt, Q takes Kt.

(*k*) Another strong move. Black has a splendid position.

(*l*) If 24. B takes P, then 24. . . . B to B 6 followed, if 25. P takes B, by 25. . . . P to Q 6 and wins. If, instead, 24. R takes B P, then 24. . . . R takes R; 25. B takes R after which Black has the choice between (1) 25. . . . B to B 6 followed, if 26. P takes B, by 26. . . . P to Q 6 and (2) 25. . . . Kt to B 6, ch; 26. P takes Kt, B takes B P; 27. Q to K sq, R takes R; 28. Q takes B, Q to Kt 4, ch; 29. Kt to Kt 3, Q takes B.

(*m*) Black now threatens 26. . . . B to Kt 5; 27. P to B 3, B to K 6, ch; 28. Kt to B 2, Kt takes P, ch followed, if 29. P takes Kt, by 29. . . . B takes P and wins.

(*n*) If 26. P to R 3, then 26. . . . P to Q 6; 27. Q to Kt 2, P to Q 7 with a winning position for Black.

(*o*) A strong move. White cannot play 27. Q takes Kt because of 27. . . . Q takes Q; 28. R takes Q, P to Q 7; 29. B to K 2, P to Q 8—Q, ch and wins.

(*p*) If 28. P to R 3, then 28. . . . Kt takes P, ch; 29. P takes Kt, B takes P and wins, *e.g.*, (1) 30. Q takes P, Q to Kt 3, ch; 31. Kt to B 2, R takes Q or (2) 30. Q to Kt sq, Q to Kt 4, ch (P to Q 7 also wins); 31. K to B 2 (if 31. Kt to Kt 3, then 31. . . . Q to K 6, ch; 32. R takes Q, B takes R, mate), B takes Kt.

(*q*) Not 30. . . . K to Kt 2 because of 31. B to B 8, ch, K to Kt sq; 32. B takes B, ch, R takes R; 33. Q takes Q (B 6) and wins.

(*r*) If 31. . . . R to K 8, then 32. Q takes P after which Black cannot play 32. . . . B to K 7 because of 33. Q to B 8, ch, K to Kt 2; 34. B to B 8, ch, K to B 3; 35. Q to B 6, ch, K to Kt 4; 36. Q to B 5, ch, P to B 4; 37. Q to K 7, ch and wins.

(*s*) A precautionary measure—White threatens B to Kt 2.

CONGRESS AT BRIGHTON

A game from the eighth round of the Major Open Tournament.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. B. H. Wood.	WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. B. H. Wood.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	15. Kt to K 3	Q R to Kt sq
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	16. P to K Kt 4 (*d*)	P to Q Kt 4
3. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 3	17. P to K R 4	P to K R 3
4. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 2	18. R to K B sq (*e*)	P to Kt 5
5. K Kt to K 2	P to K 3	19. P to K B 4	P to B 3
6. P to Q 3	K Kt to K 2	20. P to B 5	K Kt P tks P
7. B to B 4 (*a*)	P to K 4 (*b*)	21. K P takes P	B to Kt sq
8. B to K 3	P to Q 3	22. P to Kt 5	B P takes P
9. Q to Q 2	B to K 3	23. R P takes P	Kt takes P (*f*)
10. Kt to Q 5	Kt to Q 5	24. Q to R 5 (*g*)	B to R 2
11. P to Q B 3	Q Kt takes Kt	25. Kt tks Kt, ch	R takes Kt (*h*)
12. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2 (*c*)	26. Q takes P, ch	K to R sq (*i*)
13. B to R 6	Castles (K R)	27. R takes R (*j*)	Q takes R
14. B takes B	K takes B	28. B to K 4	Resigns (*k*)

(*a*) The usual move is B to K 3, to which Black replies with Kt to Q 5 followed by K Kt to B 3. The text-move is played to tempt Black to play P to K 4 which (1) closes the diagonal in which his King's Bishop is posted and (2) creates a "hole" at his Q 4.

(*b*) Black should, instead, play P to Q R 3.

(*c*) Black should castle. After the text-move he is forced to part with his King's Bishop and the defence of his King's position is weakened.

(*d*) Starting a King's side attack which soon becomes very strong.

(*e*) A good move.

(*f*) If R P takes P, then Q to R 5.

(*g*) A strong move. If now 24. . . . Q to K 3, then 25. Kt takes Kt, ch, R takes Kt; 26. P takes P, ch, K to B 3; 27. P to R 7 and wins.

(*h*) 25. . . . B takes Kt is better, but after 26. Q takes P, ch, K to B 2; 27. B to B 6, Q takes B (not Q to K 3 because of Q to R 7, mate); 28. R takes B, ch, K to Kt sq (if 28. . . . K to K 2, then 29. R takes P, ch, K to Q 2; 30. Q to Kt 7, ch and wins), 29. Q to Kt 6, ch, K to R sq; 30. Castles White has a winning game.

(*i*) If K to Kt sq, then P to Kt 6.

(*j*) P to Kt 6 also wins.

(*k*) After Q to Q 2 or B 2 there follows P to Kt 6.

END-GAME STUDY

By A. O. HERBSTMANN.*

WHITE (6 pieces): King at K R 3, Queen at K R sq, Knight at K B 2, Pawns at K 5, K B 6 and K R 6.

BLACK (5 pieces): King at Q 7, Queen at K B 5, Bishop at Q 6 Knight at K 6, Pawn at Q 5.

White to play and win.

* First prize, *Tadjmča Shakki*, 1935.

PROBLEM No. 3982

By A. BARTHELEMY.*

WHITE (12 pieces): King at K Kt 5, Queen at K R 8, Rooks at Q sq and K 8, Bishops at K R 2 and Q Kt 5, Knights at K B 4 and K B 6, Pawns at K Kt 4, K B 5, K Kt 6 and Q Kt 6.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at K 4, Queen at Q R 6, Rook at K 5, Bishop at Q R 7, Knight at K R 8, Pawns at K 2, Q 4, Q R 5 and K 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, Cercle de Lutèce, 1933.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3981

1. Kt to Q 5, Any move: 2. Q, B, Kt or P mates.

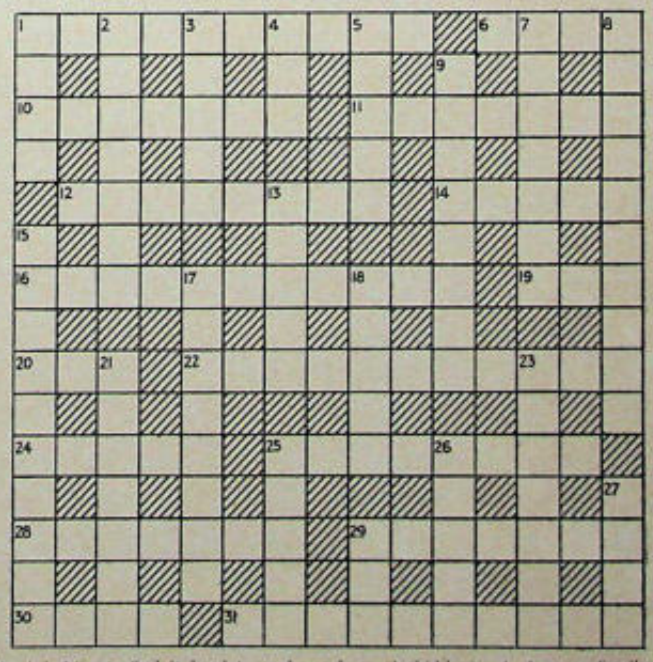
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 485

ACROSS.—1, Naturally enough, an ageing brain may become somewhat confused in making a contract. 6, The crisis, apparently, is of small account to me. 10, If you get under it irregularly it may mean trespass. 11, Paddington and St. Pancras, for example. 12, You may find shoes are definitely out of fashion in this summer resort. 14, It provides agreeable exercise, but does it really make the sunburn disappear? 16, The censor tires appearing as a benevolent mediator. 19, Foot attachment discovered first in Skibbereen. 20, Just a little bit out of proportion. 22, A re-arrangement of topical airs dealing with fishing. 24, In this the bulk of the community expresses agreement. 25, A common garden feature constructed from a horse has (hyphenated). 28, Harmonised. 29, Anybody should find it most difficult to stir up hatreds here. 30, "Cromwell, I did not think to —— a tear in all my miseries—" (*Henry VIII*). 31, Stroller—and emperor, possibly.

DOWN.—1, Enticement is, certainly, a bit out of place here. 2, Concerning entertainment in a quiet resort. 3, It may not be described as a distressed area, but sometimes many of the inhabitants find it hard to make ends meet (hidden). 4, A game family but pretty close, by the sound of it. 5, Mineral salt. 7, Plaintiffs or defendants, they are merely these to the lawyers. 8, I suppose it is scarcely surprising to see real idiots masquerading here as leaders! 9, Musical performance that requires the co-operation of an eloquent speaker with an Egyptian goddess. 13, A maiden may lead them in a fine game! 15, They are designed to improve the vision and enlarge the outlook. 17, Answering in this way is largely a matter of expressing falsehoods. 18, Graceful birds. 21, The list, having been revised, shows the required word. 23, Stained (anag.). 25, He requires less to describe his horse without him. 26, "Girt with many a —— bold" (Gray). 27, Usually bright though half starving! 29, It only requires a drum to complete the monotony.

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. 484

Published October 1st

		S	M	A	L	L	H	O	L	D	E	R		
		H		L		I			O		I			
F	O	O	T	B	A	L	L		S	N	I	P	E	S
L		R		S		I		S	K		S		O	
E	A	T	S		C	E	N	T	R	E	H	A	L	F
E		L		D		S		I	Y		W		T	
T	H	E	M	E			F	L	O	C	K			H
F		G		L		R	E		A		C		E	
O		I		S	P	O	O	N			R	E	A	T	A
O		P	H	O		U		T		R		R		
T	U	R	N	I	P	T	O	P	S		H	A	R	T
E		I		N		S		L		S		V		E
D	E	V	O	I	D		F	A	R	M	Y	A	R	D
		E		U				N		E		N		
		T	O	M	T	I	D	D	L	E	R	S		

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Pug-nosed Trout.—The head of the trout you sent is suffering from the deformity known as "pugnose." These turn up from time to time, though up to the present the actual cause of the deformity is unknown. It used to be supposed that it was due to some injury to the egg, but nowadays we believe the better-informed view is that it is some complaint which prevents the lower jaw from developing properly.—*A. H. H., Suffolk.*

Destruction of Weeds in a Slow-running Stream.—Possibly the matter could be remedied by "hurdling." Hurdles of hazel or corrugated iron are fixed at intervals of 100yds. or 200yds. at various places across the stream. Mud and plants collect on the downstream side of the hurdles, while on either side an increased current scours out clean gravel beds. The whole matter of improvement of streams is dealt with fully in *River Management* (Lonsdale Library). The use of copper sulphate should certainly be avoided. In the absence of further details it is not possible to say whether the stream in question is within an area under the jurisdiction of a land drainage authority.—*R. O. S., Stevenage.*

Country House

Sundial Reading.—Cheshire is 2 degrees 30 minutes west of Greenwich, and therefore, owing to the difference of longitude, your sundial should read on September 1st 10 minutes slower than ordinary Greenwich mean time, not counting summer time. If you set your sundial in this way, the stile will be pointing correctly to the North Star.—*C. L. W., Sandiway.*

To Bottle Passion Fruit Juice in India.—Passion fruit juice yields the best-flavoured product when it is sweetened by means of sugar to the extent of about 45 per cent. by weight. The sweetened product can be bottled and preserved by sterilising for about 30 minutes at 170deg. F., but this product will not keep more than a few days after the bottles have been opened. In this country, most fruit cordials—such as orange and lemon squashes—are not sterilised by heat, but are preserved by the addition of a little sulphur dioxide, which is allowed to the extent of 350 parts per million. Sulphur dioxide may be used either as a gas, or as calcium bisulphite, or as potassium metabisulphite. It would be advisable, in the first instance, to try the addition of 1oz. of potassium metabisulphite per 10 gallons of cordial. The product should then be analysed in India to ascertain if it would conform to the food laws in that country.—*S. J., Lindfield.*

Garden

Fungus Sent for Identification.—*Lycoperdon giganteum*, one of the "puff-ball" fungi. It is found in pastures, gardens and on roadsides between May and November.—*H. G. H., Bideford.*

"Brown Patch" on Lawn.—Use Toll Lawn Dressing No. F. A 1lb. tin is sufficient for spraying 1,000 sq. yds., making 20 gallons of solution. Use a tablespoonful to a gallon of water, preferably clean rain water or soft water. Spray 1 gallon over 50 sq. yds. Dressing obtainable from Toll Lawn Dressings, Ltd., Buxted, Sussex.—*G. F., Denbigh.*

Cupressus Macrocarpa for a Hedge.—Although hardy when allowed to grow to the dimensions of a tree, *Cupressus macrocarpa* is not a satisfactory hedge plant because of the continual pruning and consequent exposure of the shorn branches to cutting winds. The plants frequently die out after a few years.—Yes—specimens raised in the open are best.—*R. J. R., Sudbury.*

Shelter Belt of Hemlock Spruce and Austrian Pine.—A planting distance of 4ft. by 4ft. would be suitable. It would be advisable to adopt a triangular formation. Austrian Pines are liable to disturbance by wind immediately after planting owing to their heavy foliage, but this can easily be corrected by making the plants firm again until the roots become active and get a grip of the soil. After they have established themselves, they are amongst the most wind-firm trees, and there is no fear of their being wind-thrown if kept as a hedge, say 8ft. in height. There does not seem to be a wholesale firm in Cornwall or Devon, but the plants could be obtained from Messrs. Hillier, Winchester.—*W. E. S., Falmouth.*

Kennel

Hound Food.—Either of the foods might take the place of hound meal if wet mash feeding is the practice, but digestive troubles are less liable to arise if the meat and hound meal are fed dry.—*K. D., Devon.*

Training Spaniels.—*Spaniels: Their Breaking for Sport and Field Trials*, by H. W. Carlton, published by this office, price 5/–, should give you all the information you want.—*G. H. A. L., Sherborne.*

Training Dogs.—We know of no small book that would answer your purpose. There is, indeed, need for one. *Police Dogs and their Training*, from *Our Dogs*, Manchester, price 2/1½ post free, might give you some assistance.—*M. C., Ivybridge.*

Training Retriever.—We have had no actual knowledge of the trainer in Somerset, but probably he would do the work satisfactorily. Could you not see him and get some references from him? We have not the address of anyone else in that neighbourhood.—*R. P. C. S., Cornwall.*

Kennelmaid.—The charges for training for a kennelmaid vary a good deal. You might write to the Bell Mead Kennels, Haslemere, Surrey, and the Ardross Kennels, Ashford, Middlesex, at which the schooling is very thorough. It is possible sometimes for one to get experience by giving one's services in large kennels, but, of course, the training is not nearly as thorough.—*E. M., Wallasey.*

Golden Retriever.—We can recommend a young Golden Retriever just ready to leave the trainer, Mr. H. Venables-Kyrke, of Anningsley, Wambrook, Chard, Somerset. This dog is the property of a member of this club, and we can recommend him from personal experience. He was also a winner on the bench at several of this summer's shows. His price is £21. He is by Normby General, ex Silence of Tone, a well-known Field Trial winner.—*A. R. B. S., Norwich.*

Motoring

Driving Test.—You should apply to the Supervising Examiner for your area; the address can be obtained from the Licensing Authority. He will notify you as to the time and place for the test and provide you with a provisional licence, while you of course will have to provide the car. You will have to satisfy the examiner that you (1) are conversant with the Highway Code; (2) can read a car number plate at 25yds.—you will be allowed to wear glasses if necessary; (3) can start the engine, move off straight ahead or at an angle, and steer properly; (4) can stop in an emergency, and normally in a suitable position; (5) can drive in reverse and back the car into an indicated position; (6) can turn round in the road, using reverse gear; (7) can give proper signals to other traffic by hand or mechanical indicator; (8) act correctly on signals given by traffic controllers, "lights" and other drivers; (9) are generally competent to drive without danger to other road users. If you are successful, the examiner will give you a certificate which you produce when applying for a licence. In the case of your failing to pass the test, you will have to wait a month before trying again. Another provisional licence is needed for the purpose.—*S. W. F. D., Thornhill.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Balled-foot of a Sparrowhawk.—A correspondent sent us the legs of a male sparrowhawk which had been shot. A claw of each foot was enveloped by a hard dense ball of dried blood, feathers and earth. This type of "balling" of the foot is due to the hawk failing to clean its claws, which have gripped and penetrated the prey before its death. The congealed blood, feathers and flesh become mixed with earth, forming a very dense mass encircling one or more of the claws. It is a not uncommon affliction of sparrowhawks.—*J. G., Wilts.*

Zinc Poisoning of a Budgerigar.—We have to report another example of the common form of fatal poisoning in budgerigars due to the bird picking at pieces of solder in the wire front of the aviary. Budgerigars are very prone to peck at metal, especially with a rough surface. It is unwise to use pierced zinc sheeting in an aviary; also zinc or lead tray-linings and perch sockets should be avoided. Cheap fancy cages with gilt or enamelled wiring should not be used, since their joints are badly finished off with rough soldering. Zinc and lead poisoning is usually a relatively slow illness of some two to four weeks' duration; the affected bird becomes very thin, listless and appears to be "tied in the moult."—*S. D., Glos.*

Avian Tuberculosis.—A correspondent reports that tuberculosis has been diagnosed in a hen which died, and asks if there is any danger in eating the eggs from the other fowls in his flock. Provided the eggs of tuberculous fowls were adequately cooked, and not eaten raw, they would be fit for human food. But the question need not arise if our correspondent would only take the proper measures. He should invite his veterinary surgeon to apply the tuberculin test to his fowls; those infected with tuberculosis will react to the test and should be destroyed, their bodies being burned. There is no curative of tuberculosis. There is another danger to be avoided on mixed farms in that the tuberculosis of fowls and game birds is infectious for pigs, cattle and horses. Land on which tuberculous birds have been penned should be kept free of farm stock for at least two years, since the germs of tuberculosis are capable of remaining alive for many months on the ground. Preferably the land should be laid down to arable for three or four years. We also received the body of an old hen pheasant, a penned bird, which died of generalised tuberculosis.—*C. A. F., Yorks; T. C., Sussex.*

Shooting

Second-hand Gun.—In reply to your inquiry, if you get into touch with any of the firms advertising second-hand guns in the *Field* you will not run the risk of buying a defective gun. Generally speaking, the main thing to be careful about is the barrels. If you see a line which looks like rust you should scrape it carefully with a pen-knife to see if it is in fact a crevice which has been filled up, possibly by the late owner. If such is the case, you should remove the woodwork, hang the barrels up and strike them, when you can tell by the sound whether they are defective or not.—*D. McC., S.W. 7.*

Cartridge Tests

Your dark red 20 bore 2½in. No. 6 cartridges contained 23 grains of [illegible] powder and 1½oz. shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,040ft. per second with medium recoil. Pressure, however, was high and should be classed as dangerous. Your dark red 20 bore 2½in. No. 8 shot cartridges contained 22½ grains of clermosite powder and 1⅛oz. shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,027ft. per second with medium recoil; pressure was slightly higher than developed by the No. 6 shot, and must be classed as dangerous. Your light red 20 bore 2¾in. No. 6 shot cartridges contained 24½ grains of a flake powder similar in appearance to Walsrode, and ⅞oz. shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,075ft. per second with medium recoil. Pressure slightly below the average for the class of cartridge, and less than half that developed by the dark red 2½in. cartridges. Your light red 20 bore 2½in. No. 8 cartridges contained 25 grains of the same powder as employed in the No. 6 and ⅞oz. shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,088ft. per second with similar recoil.—*A. R., Scarborough.*

Travel

From Shrewsbury into Wales.—You would like the Lion Hotel at Shrewsbury, of which Charles Dickens said, in a letter to his daughter one hundred years ago: "We have the strangest little rooms, the ceilings of which I can touch with my hand. The windows bulge out over the street as if they were little stern windows of a ship. And a door opens out of the sitting room on to a little open gallery with plants in it, where one leans over a queer old rail." To-day those same windows still "bulge over the street." From Shrewsbury you might proceed to Ross-on-Wye and stay at either the Mounterave Hotel (four miles from Ross), or at the Royal Hotel, which is situated in the town itself. This latter has a very nice garden and overlooks the River Wye. Near Tenby there is the St. Brides Hotel at Saundersfoot, and from there you could proceed up the Welsh coast to Portmadoc, where the Portmeirion Hotel is delightfully situated at the head of Portmadoc Bay. On the way home from Portmadoc, you can visit the Waterloo Hotel at Bettws-y-Coed. The beauty of Bettws-y-Coed is renowned. Situated at the junction of five main roads, it offers an almost endless source of circular tours, covering the whole of North Wales and Snowdonia. The rugged peaks of the Snowdon Range and the wild uninhabited tracks of the Denbigh moors, making a striking contrast with the peaceful and low-lying valleys of the Conway, the Gwynant, and the scenery along the Menai Straits. After dinner, for instance, it is pleasant, as the first cool touch of evening descends into the valley, to stroll down to the stepping stones and Church Pool, where the Conway and the Llugwy meet. Another pleasant, if longer, walk takes you across Waterloo Bridge, up the hill, along a grass track between dwarf stone walls, until you come to a grassy knoll from which you can get a splendid view of the mountains over the opening of the Lledr Valley. Besides such walks you will find an endless number of enjoyable motor drives in the district, while fishing and rough shooting can be readily arranged. If the Duke of Wellington put the name of Waterloo in the history books, the inn at Bettws-y-Coed puts the name of Waterloo on the scroll of hotels where one can get "a little food, a little drink, and an immense quiet," and which would have appealed to that connoisseur of English inns, Dr. Johnson.—*R. S. N., Freshford.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	*Canada.* £ s. d.	*Elsewhere abroad.* £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/– each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Oct. 8, 1938

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4477. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 2½D.: CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 5D.

MISS ENA ADAMS

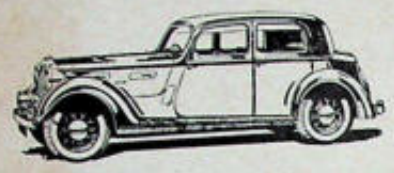
With her father, Miss Adams was, until this season, joint Master of the Southwold. She is now sole Master. From 1923-1926 Miss Adams was Master of her own pack, which hunted in Bilsdale, and her father whipper-in to her. The hounds were 16-17inch straight-legged bassets, of the Cadogan strain, and were hunted from a horse; this experience is no doubt of the greatest help in her present position as Master of Foxhounds

Capt. G. E. T. Eyston
says
(in "The Sunday Pictorial")

". . . without question, a peer among British cars. It is a car in which are blended external grace and dignity, craftsmanship of a very high order and the sort of road performance about which passengers speak with generous approval."

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



The Rover Company, Ltd., Coventry.

CVS—377

THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 879
A VITAL HUNTING PROBLEM 879
OUR OWN HUNTING CORRESPONDENTS . . . 880
BREEDING A PACK OF FOXHOUNDS 882
THE SIZE OF BEAGLES 883
THE UPKEEP OF HUNT GATES AND JUMPS . 884
HAS HUNTING BECOME TOO ARTIFICIAL? . 885
OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAG 886
STUDIES OF THE FOX 887
YELLOW PERIL 888
AN ERA THAT IS PAST 889
THE ART OF THE LORINER 890
YORK AND ALEXANDRA PARK 891
CUBHUNTING REPORTS 892
"FIELD" LIST OF MASTERS AND HOUNDS . 894
THE END OF THE HUNT FROM TWO ANGLES . 902
OLD-TIME VILLAGE SCENES IN HERTFORDSHIRE 903
"DRESSING" A HORSE 916
GRAYLING IN THE SOUTH 917
SNAPSHOTS FROM THE IRISH HILLS . . . 918
A PUNT GUN AND POLITICS 919
LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS 920
A SALMON FISHER'S *CRI DU CŒUR* . . . 922
PUTTING OR DRIVING? 924
FIELD TRIALS 924
IN TOUCH 924
TOTALITARIAN CLIMBING 925
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 928
FIFTY YEARS AGO 928
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 928
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 929
IN THE CITY 934
NEW BOOKS. 935
A DIFFICULT TIME IN THE GARDEN . . . 936
NEW LIGHT ON YOUR FLOWERS 938
BORON AND BROWN HEART 940
THE STANDARD CAR PROGRAMME FOR 1939 . 942
A GREAT YEAR FOR BRITISH GLIDING . . 944
LONDON TO CAPE TOWN 946
CARDS AND CHESS 949
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 950

FOXHUNTING'S MINORITIES

IT seems to us that the present and past political situation has its counterpart in another world; foxhunting, too, has its minority areas and people; and if the future is to be made safe for "the Noble Science," much should and can be learnt from the wider implications of the world. Many countries are happy and contented in their foxhunting administrations; others are not so happy, and it is of these that we would speak.

The first lesson, surely, is that if you do not master circumstances, circumstances will master you with an increasing power as time drifts on. There is some need for a jump forward in apprehension of new situations before those situations have become really troublesome or out of hand. The situation in many countries, particularly those near big towns, has altered radically during the last few years. Shooting syndicates, poultry farmers, smallholders, building and a novel outlook on life with increased contacts outside made by rural people, have all played their part in this alteration. In many countries where building and selling of smallholdings is rife a truly Sudeten question has developed, and many hunt committees have debated "Shall we cede this area or attempt to woo it for the Hunt?" and again, "Is it worth the expenditure in time and money to keep open a piece of country which, on mature reflection, seems hardly worth the trouble?"

About the poultry farmers, the question must often arise as to whether it is worth standing guarantor for large damages to a concern which may spoil that particular piece of country from the hunting point of view, and preserve foxes at the risk of enormous expense where they are least wanted. But, of course, the question of example and precedent must come into this too.

Some shooting syndicates are a very difficult problem indeed, and settlement is not helped by resentful ignorance on one side, and barren intolerance on the other. Some shooting syndicates do not like hounds in their coverts until after Christmas, and it seems to us that these people are making a business of pleasure, and forfeiting the right to be called either countrymen or sportsmen. On the other hand, abuse of them by the foxhunter, even carelessly spoken, only helps to exacerbate further a difficult situation.

Things have changed, and methods and outlooks have changed with them. It seems that *now* is the time to settle and endeavour to appease these conflicting minorities which exist in almost every hunting country.

The time has come when, if the people who enjoy foxhunting want to go on enjoying it, they must be prepared to take a little more trouble and be ready to help the administration in every possible way. Many people are ready to do that, but a great many regard going out hunting in the same way that they regard going to the cinema. You pay your money, and are given value for it; but that simply won't do. The easiest and most destructive way out of these difficulties is to buy the country and hunt foxes in it; but that is not foxhunting.

THEIR MAJESTIES' CANADIAN VISIT

THAT the King and Queen are to visit Canada at the suggestion of her Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, will cause intense rejoicing in the Dominion. We may anticipate that the warmth of their welcome will be overwhelming, for the Canadians will admit no rivalry in expressions of loyalty. It is strange to think that this visit will be the first to be paid by a reigning sovereign, although Canadians in the past have had personal contact with their future monarchs. The occasion will thus be a landmark in Canada's history, and during their three weeks tour Their Majesties will be given an opportunity of viewing some of the most magnificent scenery which the Empire can boast. And a very great part of their Empire is well known to them. Africa, Australia and New Zealand have hailed their future King and Queen; the West Indies have greeted them; and in circumnavigating the globe they have obtained first-hand knowledge of the lives their peoples lead. King George VI will undoubtedly be the widest-travelled sovereign in history, for after Canada the call will come to visit India, as indeed was outlined in the speech from the Throne.

OUR COLOURED COVER

The picture reproduced on the cover of this issue is from a painting by Mr. E. Meade King showing the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) whipper-in hollo-ing the hunted fox away near Fairford. Mr. Meade King is a young artist who has made rapid progress within the last few years. His pictures deal realistically with incidents, and his work, to be seen at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, W. 1, includes paintings of the Whaddon Chase, Duke of Beaufort's, Cotswold, Croome, North Warwick, Ledbury, North Hereford and other hunts.

LORD HAWKE

With the passing of Lord Hawke the game of cricket, not only in this country but wherever it is played, has lost a brilliant player, the most capable of administrators and a firm friend. But perhaps this loss will be felt more than anywhere else in that great county which has maintained an almost uninterrupted dominance over county cricket since the War and which we have come to regard as well-nigh invincible. Yorkshire, *mirabile dictu*, were at the bottom of the table when Lord Hawke commenced his playing career; but under an inspiring leadership and clever captaincy they rose to the top to become champions eight times; and they were champions in an age of champions, the age of Ranjitsinhji, of Maclaren, of Tom Richardson. Now, in an era when the whole game is said to be slipping into decadence and oblivion, Yorkshire alone maintain the standard of the past and make progress. And the name of Lord Hawke, with his work, goes on with them.

FREEMAN OF THE RIVERS

To contribute towards a gift for the Prime Minister that would express in a small degree their gratitude for the strenuous work he has done and is doing for the cause of international peace has been the wish of many people in this country. That Mr. Neville Chamberlain does not desire personal recompense prevents us from printing letters from sportsmen outlining various plans. But from anglers came two ideas that must be mentioned. One was that they should contribute to purchase for him the finest salmon and trout beats procurable. The other suggestion was that every club and owner of water should invest him with the right to fish whenever he liked. To give him, in effect, the title of Freeman of the Rivers. No doubt Mr. Chamberlain is assured of that title in any event, but he will appreciate the intentions of these fellow anglers as much in the thought as in the deed. As a keen naturalist he already belongs to that great gathering upon whom the countryside has bestowed a gift that is to be had for the asking.

TAY GOES OUT

Yesterday saw the close of another salmon-rod season on the Tay, and when Tay "goes out" it is the beginning of the end. In a couple of weeks now most of the salmon rivers will be deserted, the fish left to attend to their business of providing sport for anglers four or five years hence. The 1938 season on the Tay has passed without, perhaps, many tears being shed over its demise. It is true that it has not been of the disastrous character which has made anglers in the south-west of England curse the climate and Atlantic salmon with equal impartiality. There was a brief period in the spring when a summer-like March and a good head of water combined to delude fishermen into the belief that millennium had arrived in the Tay valley; but the spring drought soon dried the smile on their lips, and the autumn, at all events up to the beginning of this week, has done little to bring it back again. All the same, there must be a large stock of spawning fish in the river, and in an understocked water that may be better than immediate sport.

ROSES INDOORS

It is a rather sad season of the year when the gales cover the grass and flower borders with twigs and leaves, when the plants are dying down and the work of clearing up has to begin. Although Michaelmas daisies, Japanese anemones, and sunflowers still make a brave show and the chrysanthemums have yet to come to their best, we are filled more with thoughts of spring bulb planting and putting in the new roses than anything else. But the established roses have something to offer for many weeks to come. Buds which, when left on standards and bushes will not open in the cold out of doors can be made to provide a fine display if brought inside and put in water. If ever so slightly breaking they will open out in the heat of a room into well-shaped blooms of even more vivid colour than in summer time. The rose has yet to be beaten for the reward it brings the grower.

THE ADDER

There is an old saying in the West Country that a dragon fly will hover over an adder as a warning from God.

I watched an adder lying in the sun,
It's arrowed head lay smooth and flat
And still as death;
But overhead, poised in the quivering air,
A dragon fly with jewelled radiance shone
God's warning of the silent terrors one
Coiled underneath.

I. FOULIS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE first chapel still revealed faint memorials of its Norman foundation. It stood alone on the side of the hill by the hamlet of Shorthampton in the north-eastern Cotswolds, and looked over to the bold curving ridge on the other side of the sedgy Evenlode. Though the fourteenth-century artificers had widened the nave and inserted an enormous squint into the chancel, though a fourteenth-century flat leaded roof had replaced the open timbered original of the twelfth, there was enough Norman work left to bear witness to its extreme simplicity. But those stark walls had not been bare when the chapel had embodied a living idea. It had been covered with mural paintings, some of the twelfth, others of the fifteenth century, even along the deep splays of the Norman windows. Some were portraits of sumptuously-clothed ecclesiastics; others figured incidents from the New Testament or represented the more familiar saints, like St. Eligius the farrier, with their symbols, another was a delightful picture of the nursling Christ's miracle with the clay birds.

The wall painting was in fact the cinema of the Middle Ages, except that sacred knowledge supplemented the pleasure of the eye in pictorial and dramatic scenes. It seemed to me then, as I gazed round those speaking walls, that they conveyed an idea very strange to us now, namely, the inter-penetration of the religious with the secular manifestations of life. God both worked and played with His people.

The second chapel is in the grounds of Rycote Park, from 20 to 30 miles further east. Its interior has practically nothing Gothic about it except the barrel-vaulted roof of the middle fifteenth century. It was painted blue with stylised clouds and stars, and this very unusual treatment is magnificently supported by the furniture of the chapel, most of it Jacobean. The arcaded and intricately carved pulpit has its fellow in many churches. Not so the lordly pews facing the altar, one with a domed canopy, the other, also painted with thoroughly post-impressionist clouds and stars, with two stories, the pierced panels of the upper one being carved into the most profuse ornamentation. The other pew opposite it has arcaded sides, with carved devices in the spandrils, painted decorations of flowers and leaves and the richest mouldings.

At the west end is a minstrels' gallery with carved capitals to the rounded pillars in the Inigo Jones style, and here, too, the ceiling repeats the motive of the pews and the roof. Even the font-cover, probably of the fifteenth century, is carved from top to bottom, and even the more plebeian pews are adorned, one with a fine poppy-head. The exceeding richness of this forsaken little chapel, upon whose floor and benches the rain drips from the fissures in the roof, seemed to reveal the Renaissance that was mainly responsible for it as a sunset in the full pomp of its emblazoned standards. A sunset not a sunrise, for the densest of souls could not fail to realise that something has flown out of the windows of the chapel at Rycote which still clings to the faded pictures and gaunt structure of the chapel at Shorthampton. That is the religious sense. The Rycote carvings are incomparably superior as works of art to the naïve murals of Shorthampton. But pride has displaced aspiration there; splendour has trampled upon warmth and community.

The third chapel is at Chiselhampton, a few miles from the second. It is a formal eighteenth-century building with no touch of previous ages in it at all. Urns stand on brackets at the east and west ends of the exterior, an imposing bell-turret familiar to Palladian outhouses is the substitute for a tower, while the altar within looks with its keystone and classicised arch like an elegant setting to a conference room. The nave is very plain with admirable woodwork and fittings, and the chandeliers are exquisite. But the chapel is utterly vacant; it is impossible to believe that men ever prayed and drew together in it. It is merely a monument, perfectly meaningless; a handsome toy made not for children but only for men of the world. H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily paper:

"It so happens that I live adjacent to a sporting estate where the shooting is considered to be extremely good. . . . On Saturday, seven hundred birds were killed with six guns. Pheasants and partridges are so tame that they walk about in great flocks of fifteen or twenty and are about as wild as the average middle-aged chicken. . . . The beaters can hardly scare them into flying, yet it is thought great fun to slaughter these amiable birds by the hundred. Great numbers are, of course, wounded and manage to fly away to some place, where they die a lingering death. It is not at all uncommon for gamekeepers to come across birds with their legs shot off."

Two Interdependent Units—Horse and Hound

A VITAL HUNTING PROBLEM

How to Keep Up the Supply of Horses

By R. ANSELL WELLS

THE ultimate future of foxhunting gives rise from time to time to various waves of speculation, the outcome of which is generally the sounding of an optimistic note by those who draw conclusions from the storms which have been weathered in the past and the many healthy signs which augur well for the future. I do not propose to expatiate upon the merits of hunting; sufficient to say that so long as it remains the splendidly democratic sport which it is, and always has been, we need entertain no very serious fears for its future, but directly this democratic character is lost that future will be dark indeed.

This brings us to a most vital problem which should receive a great deal more attention than is at present being accorded to it, by which I mean the production of horses suitable for use as hunters. If ever there should be a pronounced shortage of such horses the law of supply and demand will force up the price to such an extent that none but the rich will be able to afford them, and disaster will then be not far off. Already the ever-increasing number of people who are going hunting are in need of more horses than are readily available, and the causes which are at work to produce this condition must just now, at the commencement of another season, come in for some consideration.

We are fortunate in that we have a Premium Scheme for Stallions and an excellent Brood Mare Scheme which make it possible for anyone with a little land to produce foals at what can only be considered a nominal charge. The first necessity is the little land, and by far the greatest number of people who have this are small farmers who form the backbone of the breeding strength of the country, and, in the aggregate, annually produce the largest number of potential hunters. Experience has shown that any one of these farmers can produce a four-year-old at grass at an average cost of from £40 to £50; the stallion fee is small, the paddocks are there, any additional food that is needed is probably grown on the farm and can therefore be included at cost price, while such care and attention as is necessary can be given by the owner or stockman in the normal course of his duties.

All over the Midlands horses are being produced in this way, only to provide subsequent disappointment for their owners who are doing their best to "keep the flag flying." One example will be sufficient to draw attention to hundreds of similar cases: A farmer had three four-year-olds which he was offering for sale, unbroken, at from £40 to £60, and the best offer which he could get for any one of them was £20. This man was fortunate in that he could spare a certain amount of time in which to undertake to school these horses, one at a time; schooling demands that the time which is expended upon it should be a regular daily routine, and a farmer who can give his time regularly must be looked upon as an exception.

The first of these four-year-olds was taken in hand and the owner, when hacking it on the road, was offered £70 for it as it stood, but having gone so far he decided to finish the business, which he did, and subsequently sold the animal as a made hunter for £150, an experience which has, happily, been repeated with the other two horses. In other words, the value of the animals, unbroken, was £60 against a broken and schooled value of £450, which makes the schooling of three horses worth £390!

That this should be so is due to the fact that the majority of modern foxhunters are business men who earn their livings in towns and have neither the time nor the ability to school their own horses. No one will grudge the dealer a fair profit in his capacity of middleman, but something must be done to ensure that the breeders can get their money back, and a little more, on the sale of their young stock, or else more and more men will drop out of the business with the most disastrous results.

Farmers in fashionable hunting countries ask higher prices for their young stock than their less fortunate neighbours, but they do not always get it, as people will travel the extra 30 miles to see a horse which may be as good and is £25 cheaper. The same thing is true of the more affluent farmers who hold out for their price; they are continually being under-sold by neighbours who are in need of the ready money, and so the price falls until it now stands at an absurd and uneconomic level. If this is allowed to continue the production of low-priced horses will be a waste of time and money, and will do nothing to support the breeding activities of the country at large.

Is there any remedy? I think there is. We have Premiums at one end of the scale, why should we not also have them at the other end? It should be possible, if the sympathies of the hunting community were enlisted, as they must be when the gravity of the position is realised, to appoint a body in each hunting country, which should include those actively interested in the Premium Stallion Scheme, and could then be in charge of such a scheme as I will outline.

This committee could appoint an efficient and reliable man, either amateur (and there are plenty of them about) or professional nagsman and pay him a subsidy of, say, £100. His appointment would be for one year, and in that time for which he was in receipt of the subsidy he would have to take young horses which were the property of farmers, as defined in the M.P.C. Rules, and which had been bred by a premium stallion, and break them and school them for a fixed maximum fee payable by the owner of, say, £5. A scheme such as this would ensure a living to the man or men employed and would provide just that opportunity which the smaller farmers need to reap the full benefit from their efforts, while the cost, which would be spread out among potential buyers of horses, would very soon be saved on the subsequent prices.

Some Masters of Hounds have already discovered that it is practical politics to pay the wages of a permanent nagsman and buy unbroken horses; by so doing they get their hunt horses for less money than would otherwise be possible and are, at the same time, in a position to benefit their countries by paying the farmers better prices than they could obtain in the "cut-throat" market. If this system can work well in a private establishment there is no reason why it should not do so on a broader basis; if the hunting community could be certain that farmers' horses which were for sale were well schooled it would pay more attention than it does at present to a convenient market which should receive everyone's interest and support.

If some scheme such as this can be brought into existence a step will have been taken which will place the breeding of light horses beyond the reach of that doubt and uncertainty which at times threaten to overwhelm it.

A PROLOGUE TO THE REGULAR SEASON
Members of a Quorn Cub-hunting field waiting while hounds draw Bardon Wood

OUR OWN HUNTING CORRESPONDENTS

"A Good Working Lot, Who Catch Their Posts"

I WONDER how many readers of this paper really appreciate how much they owe their enjoyment (we hope) of the hunting portion of this paper throughout the season, to the work of our hunting correspondents? For that reason, I should like to thank them publicly and urge them to still further efforts. A description of the procedure may amuse. On Friday afternoon a sense of impending doom descends upon me, and after ascertaining what hounds have been lucky enough to have a really outstanding hunt during the week, I possess myself of a dozen or so telegram forms, and retire to my mossy editorial cell.

In my desk there reposes in a drawer, or there *ought* to repose in a drawer, a list of those helpful ladies and gentlemen who swell the columns of this paper weekly. Having found out who "the selected" are, and where they live, a telegram is despatched saying, "Please send report Wednesday's hunt, reach *Field* Monday morning." If they are new correspondents a "Thank you" or "Greatly obliged" is added, as a sop to inexperience, inconvenience, or lack of time; but not so to our "Tenth Legion," who, in the three years I have been here have never once let us down.

I am sure they and others will not take it amiss if I make a variety of suggestions, by which my work may be made easier and their efforts even more effective. As their accounts arrive here on Monday morning, and we go to press on Tuesday, Monday is rather a hectic day for me, and I have to go through, edit, and head their accounts as quickly as may be. For that reason it helps if accounts are written on one side of the paper only, so that, in a rush, *two* compositors can take one sheet each, instead of *one* compositor taking the equivalent of two sheets. As you will see, this saves considerable time. Paragraphing also saves more time than you would think. Legibility is highly desirable, for obvious reasons.

And then punctuation! "I werrily believe" that when I die, "punctuation" will be written upon my heart, either hyphenated or in *very* small letters. I will give you an example of what I mean, but would hasten to add that this kind of "run on" is caused more by an ardent imagination than by inability.

"Hounds then ran like smoke over the Smithson Lane and pointing towards Greatoak turned left-handed before reaching there where the fox was viewed dead beat and it looked odds on hounds catching him but he was a stout animal and they were still hard at him when they reached Skittles the field having had galloping and jumping enough for anyone and many empty saddles though I am glad to say no serious injuries and finally ran him to ground with the leading hounds snapping at his brush after 1 hour and 25 minutes of the best and one of the best days that anyone could remember so home and everyone highly satisfied though bad luck on hounds not to catch him Hemp."

To turn that into an orderly and gripping procession of words is comparatively easy, but it takes time when time can ill be spared.

You will forgive me if I give instances of one or two things that should not be done, and I do not say that they *are* done by our correspondents. "Stretching the Point" is an ancient but not particularly honourable rural pastime. It can be done quite easily by canting the ruler, and judging the curves with an eye that can with difficulty remain unbiased. To do this is to do no service to your Hunt, because it is sniggered at locally, and doubted elsewhere.

It is, I think, doubtful if the following is of any interest to anyone. "The first draw was Pamphlet Copse. Hounds found there and ran hard over Mr. Blaggs' farm to Yesbattle Wood, through Popkins and Gherkin Grove, right-handed to Spanish Chesnut, on through Fireaters, and finally lost just outside Hangmans. Hounds then drew Flimp, Faggots, Folly, Foxash and Flagpole blank, but found in Aston Anchors, and ran slowly to Filibusters Brink, where they turned right-handed, left Mr. Mangold's farmhouse on their left (mental note 'Mr. Mangold must either have been difficult lately, or he is a pillar of the Hunt') and were finally run out of scent about a mile and a half from the kennels at Dollyplash Cross Roads. The Master then gave the order for home."

As far as I can see, the only useful information contained in this account is that the kennels are one mile and a half from Dollyplash Cross Roads, and that information could only be used under rather eccentric circumstances.

Now to the more positive side of the picture. I name no names, but some of our correspondents' accounts are so real and so alive that they make my Monday mornings a pleasure rather than a pain. In many accounts the love of their countryside, the love of sport and knowledge of sport, and the pride, and a very proper pride, in their hounds and in the way things are carried on in their country, are easily to be seen. It always makes me rather proud to think that people of so much imagination, intelligence and vitality should be numbered amongst the ranks of the foxhunters.

There was one account I remember which described how a certain pack of hounds ran on into the moonlight and finally killed their fox at some exceptionally late hour. That account had lyric and epic qualities which impinged upon my imagination, and it was almost as if I, myself, had not only been there, but had been a double of the storyteller, and experienced precisely the same emotions.

I suppose it is like throwing your voice—you throw your imagination and sight on to paper in the form of words which are either good coin and can be traded into other people's mental sight and imagination, or are counterfeit coin, and so bad currency which will not flow, and remains static and barren. It is really extraordinary this power that words can have of conjuring up scenes and emotions through shapes painted with printer's ink on a background of paper.

It is not easy, but I want our correspondents to

write such writings as will give those who were there "two for the price of one," and touch that chord of imagination which is common to all who have ever hunted the fox, so that they can transmute it regardless of time and place. It is a tall order, but if it could be done the result would be something more worth reading than anything I have ever seen (as a whole, of course) in the way of a weekly body of hunting reports.

It seems to me that these are the elements which make up, together, into a hunt of one sort or another. Pace: a really fast hunt is a glorious affair for the few who see it, and medium, patchy or slow hunts all have therein aspects of interest. Venery: the art of, or instinct for, making the best of natural circumstances, animal, vegetable, mineral and barometric. Weather and setting: which is obvious. Drama: that is the story of a hunt from as many sides as possible. "Country": that is, terrain related to riding over it. In the relating of a hunt, experience, reasons for various circumstances, personal opinions, accurate chronology and comparisons should all have their place, and blessed is he who can weld them all into a balanced and telling whole.

I expect you will say: "But this fellow is fighting with the other man's body: he doesn't have to do it himself." Well, that is, to a certain extent, true, but I am so keen that these accounts in the *Field* should stand head and shoulders above every other that I hope you will forgive me for giving you some personal advice and some personal opinions. And remember that they are personal, and that, even if you think them nonsense, no harm is done.

To finish, I should like to say again how grateful we are for the way in which our correspondents really do behave with the most professional punctilio, and never, except under absolutely impossible circumstances, fail this paper. It is a compliment of which we are extremely proud. I cannot keep a pack of hounds myself, so that I am driven, without impertinence I assure you, to look upon my correspondents as a human substitute: and, though I say it as shouldn't, they are a very good working lot who catch their posts!

A. H. V. L.

AN ASPECT FOR OUR CORRESPONDENTS
The huntsman, George Barker, watching the Quorn hounds start to draw Bardon Wood

A PLEASANT PICTURE OF ENGLAND'S PLEASANT LAND
The Whaddon Chase while cub-hunting near Salden Wood, Bletchley

Enfield Chace hounds casting

BREEDING A PACK OF FOXHOUNDS

Some Gentle Advice to the Novice

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

IT often seems to me that it must be a very puzzling matter to a young man taking on a pack of foxhounds for the first time to decide in his own mind the objective which he wishes to attain, to say nothing of the best method by which to accomplish the desired result. In these modern days, when the expense of keeping up a pack of hounds is so great, long Masterships, which were fairly common 40 or 50 years ago, are now very much the exception; and, save in a few cases, the country which can boast a Master whose reign exceeds five years is rare.

In the old days the famous packs of Great Britain were, many of them, fortunate in being ruled in a more or less autocratic manner by one Master over a long period of years; and even up to that period which was marked by the Great War, which brought about excessive taxation, there were many "family packs" where the Mastership descended from father to son, sometimes over several generations. Under such conditions the chances that the policy of breeding remained more or less the same were great, and certain packs, bred in a country for work in that country, acquired characteristics which were well known to any real student of hound breeding and hound conformation.

For example, I remember well, when I had a pack of foxhounds of my own in America, that in one season I brought over drafts from three famous packs of hounds—the Brocklesby, the Fitzwilliam (Milton), and Mr. Fernie's. It was in the early days of my experience, and I did not, at the time, realise, as I do now, the necessity of adhering to a definite sort. To my kennels one day came an Englishman, a Master of Hounds in his own country, and he said to me: "I am told you have recently imported a large draft from England. I should like to see them." I remember that, as they came before him a couple at a time, he said to me: "Yes, of course, that hound is from the Fitzwilliam," pointing at one individual, "and that," indicating another, "is from Mr. Fernie's." And so on till we had seen them all, and in not one case did he fail to designate correctly the kennel from which the hound had come. In those days it seemed to me a remarkable feat, until my guest showed me the characteristics which were prevalent in each case, and explained the reasons.

I think that such a performance would be impossible to-day, except in the case of a very few of what I may still term the "family packs," and, oddly enough, one of the cases where this individuality still remains is the Fitzwilliam (Milton); and if one looks at the pedigrees of that pack one will soon realise that the painstaking blending of the strains of the best blood, under the master hand of the late George C. W. Fitzwilliam, is responsible for that fact. Of course, there are a fair number of packs of hounds to-day, notably the Berkeley, Lady Curre's, Lord Bathurst's, and the South and West Wilts, possessing very marked pack characteristics, but there are many more which have suffered from short Masterships, which have changed their characteristics half a dozen times in the past 25 years.

But I am straying somewhat from my subject, which was the objective to be attained in the breeding of a pack of foxhounds. What is that objective in these modern days? Is it to show a fast burst to a hard-riding field, with maybe a lost fox at the end of it? Is it to show a slow hound hunt to a lot of people who appreciate good hound work, perhaps marking a fox to ground at the end, or, if lucky, killing him? Is it to win "on the flags" at Peterborough or Aldershot? Is it to kill foxes? Or, is it a combination of two or more of the above? I think, myself, that the third qualification ought not to be seriously considered if, as is sometimes the case, it interferes with the final one, which, in these modern days, is to me all important. Perhaps it is because I am a Master of Hounds that the killing appears so important. I know from experience that unless foxes are *killed*—not merely "accounted for," mark you, but killed—the farmers will not be satisfied; and it seems to me that this must be the first consideration.

In America it is otherwise; foxes are not sufficiently numerous to be a serious menace to farmers, or even to poultrymen, but in Great Britain, where one finds ten foxes for every one in the average American country, they are a real menace to a farmer if not properly kept down, and it is absolutely essential for the well-being of a country to kill with a fair degree of regularity, and to let it become generally known that if a fox is bothering someone he will be summarily dealt with if the Hunt is told of the fact. The riding men who want a gallop must be considered, and so must those who like to see a bit of hound work; but, after all, your true foxhunter, with the interests of the pack and the country at heart, should be, and usually is, content to take his sport as it comes, and to remember that his individual tastes cannot be considered as of paramount importance. If, then, the killing of a fox is the first consideration, we are faced with the problem of how best we can breed a pack of hounds to accomplish that.

We must remember that conditions have changed enormously in the last 60 years, and are changing even to-day. Railways, motors with their attendant macadam roads, and now the electrification of railways, all make it more difficult to accomplish the desired result; and we must add to this the increasing difficulty and decreasing efficiency of earth-stopping. The long slow hunts of 60 years ago are a thing of the past; the modern foxhound has to work under much less advantageous scenting conditions than did his forbears of 50 years ago—better drainage, artificial manures, tarmac roads, all play their part—and one has only to study the records of the past as compared with those of to-day to ascertain that hunts of long duration are comparatively infrequent. In those times, when scenting conditions were better, and earth-stopping better too, it was often possible to kill an exhausted fox at the end of a long hunt.

To-day, I am willing to venture that 80 per cent. of the foxes killed are killed inside of 40 minutes from the time they are found, and if one breeds a type of foxhound that can "burst" his fox in the first 25 minutes he is much more likely to kill him in the end. In order to do this one must breed hounds which are quick and can be gotten away close behind their fox when he is found; hounds which will push him hard from the outset, and yet possess nose enough to be able to press their advantage and kill him in the end. It does not seem to me an important matter to breed a hound whose sphere of usefulness extends beyond his fourth season. I shall be criticised for this statement, but I cannot see the use in sacrificing dash and efficiency in the field to longevity.

We are told that many of the great hounds of the past "hunted at the head of the pack right up to the end of their seventh, or eighth, or ninth, or even tenth, season." I am glad they did—more power to 'em—but does it not often strike one in reading of these feats of prowess that the pace of that pack must have been very slow? What racehorse has ever been bred who retained his speed after middle age? What man has ever been able to stand hard physical work after he has passed his prime? Why should a Master of Hounds wish to keep a foxhound after he has done four, or possibly five, seasons? The strength of a pack lies in its second and third season hunters, and a Master, if he is a first-class breeder of foxhounds, should be able to produce a first-class entry year after year; and if one grants the above, what is the use in sacrificing certain qualities in order to obtain longevity.

If a man cannot produce something better—not as good, but better—each year, he is a failure as a breeder; but if he produces something better the old must make way for the new. It seems to me that constitution, combined with nose, voice and drive—with speed as a matter of course—and good looks and uniformity as a very pleasing, but not essential, attribute, should be the goal sought after; and that, to sum up, the most important thing, which must never be lost sight of, is that a "pack of foxhounds" should be bred that can kill foxes regularly and in a proper style.

THE OBJECT OF ALL FOXHOUND BREEDING

To kill foxes after as good a hunt as possible; the Cattistock hounds, bred by the author, after killing their fox

THE SIZE OF BEAGLES

An Important Modern Controversy

By J. IVESTER LLOYD

ONE of the most important problems which must be settled by every master of a new pack of beagles is that of size. A true beagle may be anything from 12in. to 16in. in height and, in the case at any rate of the bigger ones, there are widely differing types. On choice of size depends the whole character of hunting. Beagling in the Shires with 13in. hounds which anyone of moderate health and fitness can keep in view by running, is a very different proposition from going across the roughest country as best one may, satisfied with the occasional sight of 15in. beagles. Yet another form of the sport is "running cunning" over ploughland while a 16in. pack work the wet ridge and furrow.

If he is wise, the budding M.H. will let the size of his hounds be regulated by the nature of his country. The ideal beagle for a country is the one which will show the best sport across that country. By "sport," of course, I mean an average number of good hunts in which it is never quite certain that the hare will be caught at the end, and not merely a long tally of masks at the season's close. To hunt a good light grass country with 16in. beagles is no more fair on hares than using 13in. beagles on heavy ploughland is fair on hounds.

Plough countries require big hounds with stamina to enable them to stand up to long runs over heavy country in pursuit of hares made strong by a life spent on such fields. The Bushmead Beagles, who hunt near Bedford, are a good example of such a pack. A level lot, over 15in. in height, these are most successful over a difficult country.

There are conditions other than plough, which call for a big beagle, such as dykes, forest land and steep hills. The Holderness district of Yorkshire abounds in wide, deep dykes draining into the Humber: dykes that would drown small hounds. Yet they are common obstacles in runs with the Burton Constable pack.

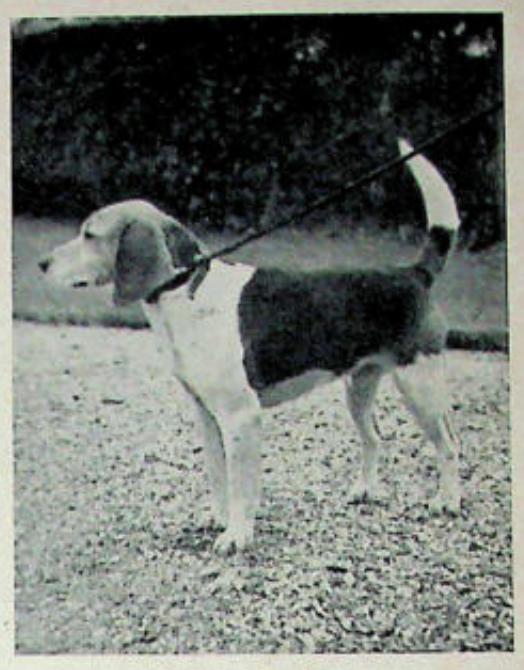
If the prospective Master of beagles intends hunting forest or moorland, he would be well advised to put in a day or two with the New Forest, who are of the same stamp and quality as the Old Berkeley Beagles—that is, 15in. miniature foxhounds with plenty of bone, capable of standing up to long days in a stiff country. They can deal with heather, bracken and thickets of the forest and are a picture to look at. The Old Berkeley Beagles hunt among the Chiltern Hills and, as all beaglers know, your hill-bred hare is often more than a match even for good harriers.

There is another stamp of beagle, often 16in. in height and much less of a foxhound in appearance than the typical 15in. Neither is he as fast as the latter nor as handsome, but he is often possessed of a very good nose and is remarkably steady. Actually he comes of a strain bred to work but with little or no attention to looks.

At the other extremity of the beagle world is the 13in. hound. This generally inclines to a rather round "apple" head, very long ears and a high-pitched, piping voice. There are at least two packs of these in the Shires—the Pipewell Foot and the Thorpe Satchville—the latter hunted by Mrs. Otho Paget, whose husband, the late Captain Otho Paget, was one of the greatest authorities on beagles and beagling. Both of these show excellent sport, their countries being almost perfect: nice rolling grassland and, what plough there is, as light as plough can be. Midway between these two are the 14½in. hounds, such as the Widford, kennelled at Bishop's Stortford, and capable of working over any average country.

Breeding is another consideration when deciding upon the character of a pack. The 15in. hounds probably breed more true to type than any others. One can put a favourite bitch to a suitable sire and have little fear how the progeny will turn out. Neither is there usually much difficulty in actual whelping. Unfortunately, the very small beagles are not so easily bred. One litter may include a puppy which grows into an amazing little creature of no more than 9in. in height, while its brother or sister may be over 14in. Thus it is often necessary to breed 10 couples of puppies in order to produce an entry of no more than 5 couples of the right size. Then great care must be exercised in selecting a sire. "Loaded" shoulders or a big head may mean the loss of the bitch.

Yet, in spite of all these difficulties in the way of producing a pack of small beagles, they are well worth the trouble if the country is suited to them. The actual difference in results between these and bigger hounds is that the little fellows have one long hunt and, possibly, kill one hare while the bigger ones are having two shorter runs and killing a brace.



NEW FOREST WARLOCK

A good example of the 15in. beagles

Apart from country, there is another factor in choosing the type of hound. That is, the running powers of huntsmen and whippers-in. While undoubtedly hounds work better for not being interfered with, in the case of a new pack it is desirable that someone is within reach. With even the best there is some danger of riot and all are liable to change to a fresh hare.

If it is not possible for the prospective Master of beagles to run around and see these various hounds at work in the countries to which they are suited, he can see most of the types in the ring at Peterborough, or as drafts in the sales ring at Leicester, and there try to make up his mind whether when he enters the good-natured rivalry of the beagle world, his pack will be classed as "ruddy harriers" or "tiddlers."

THE PIPEWELL FOOT BEAGLES

These are a very excellent 13in. pack, and show great sport in the Woodland Pytchley country

THE NORTH BUCKS BEAGLES

These are a pack of 16in. hounds and would probably be too fast for some countries

FOR CLEANING PINK HUNTING COATS

To 1oz. of oxalic acid put 1 quart of *boiling* water; stir while adding water and continue to stir for two or three minutes.

To 2oz. of salts of sorrel put 1 quart of boiling water, &c. Mix the two liquids evenly—1 pint of oxalic to 1 pint of salts of sorrel; into each quart of the mixture (while hot) pour 1 teaspoonful of acetic acid.

While still hot colour with Judson scarlet dye (one small "Judson" is sufficient to colour 3 quarts).

Take the coloured mixture in quarts and bring it to the boil; be careful to remove it from the fire at the first sign of boiling.

Wash the red coat in cold water, hang up to drip for one or two hours, then brush in the dye while the coat is still very wet. Use neat where stained and diluted to half water where not.

IF HUNT GATES AND JUMPS ARE PROPERLY LOOKED AFTER, PEOPLE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GO AS STRAIGHT, IF NOT AS HARD, AS THE GENTLEMEN IN THIS PICTURE, WHO ARE ACTUALLY RIDING IN A "CROSS" COUNTRY RACE

UPKEEP OF HUNT GATES AND JUMPS

A Useful and Interesting Job

MODERN conditions having rendered it necessary for most hunts to put in a large number of wicket gates and made-up jumps, all of which have to be maintained in good order at the hunt's expense, it may be of some interest to those who look after them if I explain a system that I have found of use in a big area on the Borders.

The first essential, after dividing the country into "wire districts," is, of course, to find a man or woman for each who is keen to help the hunt, is fond of walking and has the time at his or her disposal. I have done this work for some years, but about wire itself I have nothing to say, having, fortunately, had little to do with it. The limits of the district to be looked after being decided, the hunt will no doubt supply a sheet of the 6in. ordnance map to cover the area; but if, as may happen, it is not quite a new one, I would advise you to spend a few shillings in getting a fresh copy.

If the sheet covers more than you require cut off the spare, and take the piece you want to a stationers who, at very small cost, will make you a stiff board of double strawboard to which you can either paste or fix it. A drawing board of the size would be costly and clumsy.

The other stores required are two notebooks, one to be kept indoors with the map, the other for use in the field, a few sheets of tracing paper, red and black ink and some pencils of coloured crayon—red, blue, green and brown. Your map being ready, find out the boundaries of the different farms, and mark them on it with a line in black ink. I have also found it useful to indicate railway lines, roads, streams and coverts, the first with a broad black ink line, the other three in crayon, brown, blue and green respectively. The next step is to mark in all the hunt gates and made-up jumps. This I eventually do in red ink, showing gates by two short parallel lines through the fence—so ‖—and jumps, by a sign like a channel iron—so ⊏.

It is very desirable that these indications should be accurately placed, so, even if an old map can be got as a guide, I would advise anyone doing the work not to make any markings in ink on the map till he has been over the ground and satisfied himself that all the gates and jumps are actually there, that none have been omitted and that those shown are in the right place.

If you do not know the farmers already, this is a good chance for making their acquaintance. Apart from getting their consent to go round their fields, they will be able to tell you where to find what you want, and in talking things over you may quite well come across some suggestions as to how the hunt and the farmers may accommodate one another—some of which may be worth passing on to the Master or the secretary.

Sheets of 6-inch map are not convenient things to carry about. So I get over the difficulty by making tracings of the particular places I intend going to. These are quite easily made by cutting off enough tracing paper to cover a convenient bit of country—say a couple of adjoining farms—pinning it on the ordnance map and making a pretty careful tracing—ink or pencil—of the things you are interested in, particularly farmhouses, boundaries of farms, outline of fields, roads, coverts, &c. This tracing I have found most useful. It is so very portable, costs nothing and is easily reproduced if lost or destroyed. With that and your pocket notebook you can end a walk round a farm with a lot of information, not only about the hunt gates and jumps but about fences, wire, field gates, &c., part of which will be transferred to the ordnance map and your other notebook when you get home.

Besides these uses, I find if I have occasion to write the secretary about anything or send a joiner instructions about repairs or repainting, any amount of correspondence is saved by sending him the tracing with gates, gaps, &c., clearly numbered. He may not be very handy at reading a map, but if the farmhouses are clearly named (block letters, please) and the direction of the roads indicated, he will not have much trouble in finding the places you mean. For such correspondence it is desirable to use a copy letter book, which may be purchased for 1/–.

In this district we have a tin tally on all hunt gates, with a running number, which is, of course, entered on the ordnance map in red ink and on the tracings. The home notebook I always write up in ink, heading the page with the name of the farm I have been to and the date. Down the left side I put the running numbers of the gates, and any notes I have made about them, say "O.K." or "2 coats," or "hanging post loose," &c., &c.; while on the opposite side I note the date when repairs are ordered, in pencil, for which later on I substitute in ink, the time when the work is actually done, and by whom. A good deal depends on this book being carefully kept.

All this may seem a fuss about nothing, but work is sure to be done more thoroughly and economically if it is done systematically, and to those who are keen to help the hunt and who like tramping the countryside, this is a pleasant job and a useful one.

R. A. M.

JUMPING HONEST TIMBER IN THE SOUTH HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTRY AFTER A MEET AT WATER-END, NEAR HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

HAS HUNTING BECOME TOO ARTIFICIAL?

Rented Country Will Doom "the Noble Science"

IT has always been said that the fortunes of farming and foxhunting go hand-in-hand. Is this as true to-day as it was 60 or 70 years ago, and, if not, what has brought about the divorce of interests? The question is prompted by the fact that agriculture in recent years has been in the depths of depression, while foxhunting, superficially at any rate, is more popular and flourishing than ever. That is to say that there are more hounds and horses kept, and more people hunting than at any time previously.

To arrive at an estimate of the present relations between the farmer and the foxhunter, it must be remembered that in the old days foxhunting was a sport shared almost exclusively by the squires and the farmers themselves, the provincial hunt of the 'fifties and 'sixties being almost entirely parochial, and the field composed of local worthies who rode over each other's land impartially. Hunting was the farmer's sport: most of them hunted, and many of them kept a pack of hounds themselves. Apart from the ducal packs, the history of almost any Hunt in the country shows the influence of the farmer in its early stages. Instances can be multiplied, but, as one, it may be mentioned that the first Master of the then newly-formed Newmarket and Thurlow in 1883 was a *tenant* farmer, Mr. R. Gardner.

The word "trespass" was not in the vocabulary: the right of hounds was unquestioned, and even the most cross-grained would not court the unpopularity consequent on putting any obstruction in their way. Hunting was natural to the countryside, and though it might occasionally take on an artificial aspect, such as the remedying of a shortage of foxes, it was accepted by those most concerned as part of their normal life. In the course of time, however, certain aspects have changed, and it is well to examine these changes, and see what effect they are having on sport of the present.

Perhaps the most important is the change in the countryside itself. The big estates have been broken up, and the farmer, no longer having a beneficent landlord behind him, to help him in his troubles and undertake the larger part of his repairs, finds that, despite his former "insecurity of tenure" with which he made such play in the past, his former status as tenant had much to recommend it, compared to his present position as nominal "owner." Incidentally, his former "security" was merely dependent on his own good farming, with considerable benefit both to himself and to the land.

This change of ownership has not helped foxhunting. Whereas in former days the Hunt had only a handful of big landowners to deal with, whose estates were their hobby, and whose chief concern was their proper maintenance, there now may be 400 or 500 small owners to consider, most of them under the weather, and unable either to maintain their farms in good order, or to make any other contribution to the cause of sport. With the advent of the motor car, the farmer's cob, who would go in the gig to market or carry his master for a day with hounds, has disappeared, while the farmer's son, having also taken to his car, is no longer seen making and selling young horses in the hunting field.

Consequently the number of hunting farmers has fallen to infinitesimal proportions, being chiefly confined to those who have the money as well as the inclination to keep a hunter for the special purpose, and who can leave a bailiff behind to look after the farm in their absence. At the Point-to-Point nearly every executive has to rely on the adjacent Hunts to fill their Farmers' Race, while the old cob-riding farmer is almost a relic of a past age; but how welcome when we see him!

Farming, then, has to a large extent lost its personal interest in foxhunting, and, it may be asked, in how many countries nowadays is the Hunt of much financial benefit to the local farmers? I think most people will bear me out that it is difficult in a great many cases to buy oats and hay locally in any quantities, save from the corn merchant. Few farmers seem to have really good hay for sale, though there is plenty of inferior quality about, suitable enough for their own stock but quite unfit for hunters. Despite the recent rise in the price of oats, it is rarely, save in a plough country, that one's neighbours has any to offer. True enough, when you buy, you may be putting money into the pocket of Mr. McTavish up in Perthshire, and it is better there than in a foreigner's but this is not the same thing as having a deal with John Smith down the village.

Since then, the farmer can but rarely hunt himself or derive any direct benefit from the sport, it would not be surprising were he to regard it with less enthusiasm than formerly. It is in fact an amazing tribute to his sportsmanship that he continues to welcome hounds over his land.

Another change, and one that has an important bearing on the question, is that which has taken place among those who now ride to hounds. As has been pointed out, Hunts in former times were more local affairs than they are now, and the farmer found himself among friends and neighbours. Nowadays, more than half the people he sees riding over his fields are strangers. Trailers and horse-boxes arrive at the meet, having come Lord knows how many miles to get there, and when the horn blows "home," followers are whisked away in their limousines and seen no more till next hunting day.

They are not to blame; they are conscious enough of their indebtedness, having been constantly reminded of the fact since their pony club days. But the *tempo* of modern life does not permit of the old leisurely contacts. Save for a few old friends, relics of a previous generation, the farmer finds himself entertaining people who, though they may throw him a vague "good morning" as he stands in a gateway, have no idea who he is or whose land they are riding over. They break his fences and cut up his pastures, comfortable in the assurance that, having subscribed to the Damage Fund, the Hunt will see to the rest; fences may be repaired, and even maintained by the Hunt; compensation may be paid; but the old friendly relationship is in danger of disappearing.

A FASHIONABLE FIELD OF TO-DAY

Under such conditions the present sense of obligation to the agriculturist did not exist, apart from the matter of preserving foxes. It is true that, with the advent of the railways, certain countries became "fashionable," and their fields were swollen by the advent of strangers. Such favoured establishments, however, were usually those presided over by the sporting noblemen of the time, and the visitors at any rate took hunting boxes and spent much of their money locally. At this time, indeed, the farmer was beginning to find that foxhunting might prove a source of revenue, providing a ready market for such fodder as he had to sell, and offering the opportunity of making a bit on a young horse.

The hard-riding farmer, generally on top of hounds in his efforts to show off a youngster, was a common feature of the hunting field, and our friends were discovering that profit could be combined with pleasure.

The question of "damage," too, the secretary's nightmare at the present day, hardly arose. Hounds ran almost entirely over the big estates, whose owners were the chief financial supporters, and who saw to it that their tenants provided a country fit for foxhunters.

Sport must be paid for; the wire problem is chiefly one of £ s. d., and in the effort to preserve foxes, enormous sums are paid out in poultry claims, often to people whose acreage is negligible. This is well enough, but the principle, if extended, has an inherent danger. Should the time come when the farmer is tempted to sell his status as an amateur of sport, and foxhunters in mistaken generosity, be inclined to pay expressly for the privilege of riding over his fields; in short, should it ever come to pass that a hunt has to rent its country, then foxhunting will have become artificial, and the sport doomed.

HON. SEC.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAG

Cecil Rhodes and Other Famous Men

WE do not know what Mr. Jorrocks would have said about Drag Hunts, but as he tells us very clearly what he thought of stag-hunting, harehunting and coursing we need not strain our imagination to breaking point to guess what it would have been. Nor need we unduly worry ourselves as to what he would have said on the subject, for Mr. Jorrocks is convicted of having himself broken one of the great cardinal laws of foxhunting when he laid a drag line on the famous Pomponius Ego day and got away with it, or believed he had.

Whether we call it a sport or a pastime, drag-hunting is a fine and stimulating school for teaching young men to ride straight across a country and to acquire a fondness for any kind of hound; nor does it in any way prevent their becoming later the most ardent lovers of the legitimate sport of fox-hunting, as the records of this pack alone, which I am describing, will fully bear out.

Very few young men keep diaries or records of any kind, and since the O.U.D.H. has always been managed by young men it is not, therefore, surprising that the annals of this pack are extremely meagre. Nevertheless, it is to be regretted, for many famous sportsmen and Masters of foxhounds have started their career with this pack, and it would certainly be interesting to hear of their experiences when they first started to carry the horn at Oxford. 1856 is the year given for the formation of this Hunt, although it has been stated that some sort of a pack was in existence some ten years previously. We do not, however, get a complete record of the Mastership until 1862, and it is probable that the existence of the Hunt had lapsed for some years previous to this.

The first name on the list of Masters is that of Mr. John Hill, of University College, and his whippers-in were Messrs. Everington, Ashton and Forster. From this date, 1862, the names of the Masters and staff are now faithfully recorded until 1879, when the pack again went out of existence until 1892.

In this year the Drag Hunt was once more re-established under the Mastership of Lord Cottenham, and with the exception of the War years has gone on uninterruptedly ever since. During part of this interval between 1879 and 1892, Mr. Nigel Baring, afterwards Master of the Limerick Hounds, had shown good sport at Oxford after the carted stag. I understand that he hunted with bloodhounds. This is not the only digression from aniseed in the annals of this pack, as for some years previous to 1879 the Hunt had been controlled entirely by Christ Church men, and they had elected to hunt the hare.

Giants have always lived in the past, and the largest giants in this Hunt flourished most in the '60's and '70's. Nevertheless, the whole long list of the Masters and their whips teems with the names of men who have not only proved themselves first-class men with hounds, in or out of kennels, but many of them fine steeplechase riders in addition.

Let us, however, take some of the numerous past-Masters who have distinguished themselves, not only where the horse is concerned, but in the wider walks of life. In 1866, the fifth Lord Lansdowne, afterwards Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and a Viceroy of India, carried the horn; in 1870 the Earl of Donoughmore; in 1872, Viscount Castlereagh, afterwards to become Postmaster-General, First President of the Board of Education and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was succeeded in 1873 by Lord Harris, who reverted to the principles of aniseed. Lord Harris had for his staff the Hon. A. Parker, H. J. Hope and the Hon. F. Parker, and no one who ever knew him would suggest that his whips were not made to do their work well.

His Lordship, a descendant of the man who had stormed Seringapatam and conquered Mysore, could safely be described in these democratic days as being imbued with strong autocratic tendencies. Of a very distinguished appearance, and commanding presence, he inspired in all who saw him not only a feeling of respect but possibly one of awe. Captain of the English cricket XI, an Under-Secretary of State for War, Governor of Bombay, a territorial magnate and M.F.H. in his own county, chairman of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Lord Harris had always been first in anything he took up, and first he was going to be out hunting to the end of his life.

Trifles such as growing wheat and seeds, whether his own or anyone else's, were not going to deflect him from his purpose. He rode over them, as he would over any other obstacle, the pack very often far in his wake, and occasionally the fox also. Once I remember this was too much for a certain amateur huntsman who was hunting hounds at a time when his Lordship transgressed in this way, and disdaining the consequences he bellowed out: "Hold hard, my Lord, hold hard! These aren't goldfields you're riding over now!" Certainly a wittier form of rebuke than most of the ones we hear delivered out hunting.

In 1875 we have that great agriculturist and a future First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Walter Long as Master. Three years after Mr. Long gave up the Mastership, Cecil Rhodes, I suppose the most internationally famous of all the Drag Masters, took over. He was succeeded, in 1879, by another great figure in Lord Desborough, at that time Mr. W. H. Grenfell. Lord Desborough, by common consent, is probably the best all-round athlete and sportsman that any of us now living have ever known. His record in these respects, and in many other spheres of life, are too well known to need any mention in this article. Lord Desborough has very kindly sent me some notes of his recollections of his Mastership of the Drag, and I quote them as written to me:

LORD DESBOROUGH
W. H. Grenfell on Cavalier, when he was Master

"It is quite true that Cecil Rhodes, whom I knew very well at Oxford (and, indeed, he asked me to join him in South Africa), came into my room and said I must take on the draghounds.

"I did this although I was very busy at the time in other ways. The hounds were not up to much, and I got rid of them, and was lucky enough to get some good drafts from the South Oxfordshire, the Heythrop and other packs, by the kindness of friends, and I took them over here in the vacation, and got them into pretty good condition.

"The hounds were kept down a street opposite to the entrance to Christ Church. The drag man made a cunning decoction with a very little aniseed, which the hounds would run some time after it was laid down, and open well.

"As I could not find a successor, I sold the hounds to go to Pau, and the Master came over to see them in the summer term, and I had a drag laid across country and the hounds started and came in with no one with them, and were all bought and went to France.

"When I first went to Oxford there were two drags, as Christ Church had one, and University College had another pack, which was kept at Woodstock. The country round Oxford was a glorious place for draghounds. On the Woodstock side there were stone walls, and nearer Oxford there were some formidable brooks, and towards the Thame country there were fine pastures and upstanding fences.

"Cecil Rhodes was very popular at Oxford, in the Bullingdon Club, and a great talker, but nobody then paid much attention to what he said, which perhaps was a pity. He had a loose and casual seat on a horse, but enjoyed the ride. Tommy Maguire, the best mathematician at Oxford at the time, and afterwards one of the founders of Rhodesia, and a Fellow of All Souls, was one of my Whips. He was not a very experienced rider, and I can see him now jumping one of my horses into a road, and on to a heap of flints."

Lord Desborough also tells me that amongst his field during his Mastership was Sir William Eden, the father of the late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and that Sir William, mounted on the best of thoroughbred horses, went very well. Those of us who have read that charming biography, *Tribulations of a Baronet*, will not be surprised to hear this. For this versatile man did everything brilliantly that he did at all. To be an artist of repute, a man of letters, a brilliant rider with his own hounds across the stiff Durham country, to shoot straighter and with more grace than any of his friends, to be a fine whip on a coach, a clever boxer in the ring, to have a great knowledge of birds, beasts and flowers and to marry a beautiful and gifted woman were all simple matters to this remarkable man. In 1894 and 1895 Lord Villiers, afterwards the Earl of Jersey and one of the greatest authorities on Turf matters of his time, carried the horn.

And so the story goes on down the long vista of peaceful years before the Great War; a succession of keen young Masters riding hard when at Oxford, and working hard at something or the other after they had left it. It is true that many of them had only to stretch out their hands to pluck the golden fruit, but yet, are there not many born into this world under similar conditions who cannot even undertake that exertion? No fewer than three former Masters of the Oxford University Drag Hunt have met their deaths through riding accidents. They were all incurred steeplechasing. Mr. Ralph Brassey in 1905 at the Cambridge University 'Chases at Huntingdon; Mr. Ralph Faber in 1908 at V.W.H. Hunt Steeplechases; and his successor in the Mastership, Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, as we can all sadly recall, was killed only this year at Derby a few days before he was going to ride his own horse Royal Mail in the Grand National, the favourite at that time for the great race and a previous winner of it. This was 29 years after he had first carried the horn at Oxford. Surely a great riding record if there ever was one.

To come to the present. The O.U.D.H. kennels are at Gosford, near Kidlington. They were built in 1910 and formally opened by the late Mr. Albert Brassey, who ruled for so long over the destinies of the Heythrop Hunt.

During the season some ten couples of hounds are generally kept in kennels, the majority of these hounds being drafts from other packs and generously given by friends and past members of the O.U.D.H.

During the Christmas and first half of the Easter term the hunting days are Tuesdays and Fridays. When the "Grinds" start in February, Wednesday is the hunting day, leaving the end of the week free for all the necessary arrangements in connection with them. There are now about a dozen different meets, some with two and some with one line.

Probably the best lines now are the ones starting near Bletchington, Lew and Northleigh, but there are very few which do not take a lot of getting over, and the brooks encountered in the Oddington and Cuttleslowe lines have been well-known obstacles for very many years.

Last season was a good one under the Mastership of Mr. J. G. Gilby, who worked very hard in and out of kennels to keep up the standard of the Hunt.

For the coming season 1938-9 Mr. Philip Profumo, Magdalen College, will carry the horn, and he will have as his whippers-in Earl Haig, Christ Church, and Mr. Leslie Melville, Balliol. The traditions of the pack under this regime should be maintained.

What a grand thing it would be if the past surviving Masters of this Hunt could meet together for dinner, if only for once, under the presidency of Lord Desborough. I commend it as an idea to some organising spirit.

CHARLES HIGGINS.

THE FOX IN HIS VARIOUS MOODS. A SET OF STUDIES BY MICHAEL LYNE

Reproduced by courtesy of the artist and Messrs. Arthur Ackerman & Son, Ltd., 157 New Bond Street, London, W. 1

YELLOW PERIL

The Ingratitude of a Bold Dog Fox

THE YELLOW PERIL

I CHRISTENED him "Yellow Peril" partly because of his curious colour—in sunlight he looked almost as golden as a Jaffa orange—and partly because he possessed to an amazing degree the cunning, the courage and the ferocious cruelty which have always distinguished the descendants of the Samurai.

I had known him from cubhood, when, as a tiny pink-eared bundle of yellow wool, he used to play with his brothers and sisters at the mouth of the big earth in Oldham Wood, where he was born. All the other members of his family were gone—some killed, others migrated to different parts of the country. He alone remained to be a plague and a menace to all the farmsteads around.

His crowning achievement was to leap over the orchard wall in broad daylight and, seizing Jemima, my fattest Aylesbury, by the neck, essay to leap back with her. In this foul deed he was foiled by the garden boy who, being providentially in the orchard, hurled a large divot of earth at his head, thereby causing him to drop his prey. The noise that ensued—Jemima quacking, hens clucking, boy yelling and dogs barking—brought me out of the house in time to see a small yellow object float down off the wall as lightly as an autumn leaf and disappear across the neighbouring fields.

"This," I said to myself, "becomes intolerable!" and I forthwith sat down and wrote a letter to Lord Essendon, our M.F.H., informing him of the depredations of the Yellow Peril, and begging him to come and draw the neighbouring covert as soon as possible.

Nevertheless, when, a fortnight later, hounds met in the village and moved off towards Oldham Wood, I had an utterly ridiculous sensation of having betrayed an old friend. And when, five minutes after they entered the covert, I espied a well-known yellow figure emerge from the wood and go swiftly skimming across the grass field beyond, I would, if I could, have prevented Jack, the second whip, from uttering that yell of "Garn away!" which proclaimed that our quarry was afoot.

The hounds came pouring out of the covert like a beautiful mottled wave, with that screaming ecstasy which to those who love hunting is the most soul-stirring music in the whole world.

But to-day, as I galloped in pursuit of hounds, I felt no thrill of pleasure in the chase. I knew how cunning the yellow fox was, and I prayed that he might shake off the pursuit of his enemies—yes, even if it meant the death of every duck I possessed. I realised to the full how preposterously inconsistent I was. As we swung along in all the speed and fury of full-cry I told myself foxes were beasts of prey, to hunt or to be hunted. Far better for him, I told myself, to die like this than to be mutilated in a trap or, blinded by a gun, die by inches as I had seen one unfortunate fox lately.

As a matter of fact, I do not believe the Peril took our pursuit of him very seriously. After leading us a circular tour over the worst line he could have found, he elected to hark back whence he had come and went to ground in a big rabbit bury only a mile from Oldham. The Master sent for the terriers, and turned to me with a glint in his eye.

"Now your ducks will be avenged!" he said grimly.

He reckoned, however, without the boldness and quickness of this prince of foxes. They dug, and they dug, and they dug, while the terriers shrieked defiance down in the bowels of the earth, and the rabbit bury showed signs of stretching nearly to Australia.

Suddenly, like a torpedo from a gunboat or a cork from a champagne bottle, the Yellow Peril burst from the hole, cannoned against the Master (neatly throwing him on his back), ricochetted between the legs of the first whip, slid like a shadow through the snapping jaws of eighteen couple of hounds, and disappeared from sight before we could even realise what had happened.

But he had been in the bury for nearly 20 minutes and had grown stiff. Furthermore, scent had greatly improved, and the hounds, mad for blood, were after him like a pack of wolves. I realised that he had little hope of escape, and not caring to see him killed, I turned my horse for home. As so often happens on these occasions the hunt seemed to pursue me, and as I rode up the drive to my house I heard hounds in full cry only a few fields away. I had given my horse to the groom and was crossing the stable-yard when a draggled yellow object came slowly crawling round the corner and vanished like a wraith into the open door of the wood-shed.

Hurriedly I slammed and bolted the door and ran down the drive, just as the Master and the pack with half the "field" behind them, swept into it from the road.

"Your fox," I gasped, purple in the face, "the gardener headed him—he's gone left through the village—chased by my dogs!" Lord Essendon thanked me (oh, shame! oh, shame!) and withdrew with his hounds and much doubling of his horn in the direction I had indicated; and I saw them no more.

Half an hour later when all was quiet I returned to the wood-shed, unlocked the door and flung it wide. "Come out, you rascal!" I cried; "and never expect me to do this again!"

From the wood-shed came no sound or movement, but in the shadowed darkness at the far end I perceived two baleful yellow eyes glaring at me with unquenchable hatred and distrust. I retired leaving the door open. The next morning I found that the Yellow Peril had gone; but alas! not alone, for he had taken Jemima with him.

EVA DUNBAR.

"I HAD KNOWN HIM FROM CUBHOOD . . . WHEN HE USED TO PLAY WITH HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS AT THE MOUTH OF THE BIG EARTH"

AN ERA THAT IS PAST

Farmers Who Have Hunted Hounds

" For to keep a farmer's spirit up, 'gainst things be gettin' low,
There's nothin' loik fox-huntin' an' a rattlin' tally-ho ! "

SO said the old Cheshire farmer to his " missus " in the song of the " Chesher Fox Dugs and Tom Rance "—and a few of these old-time farmers, not content with having a day's sport occasionally with the " fox dugs," have even taken on the job of hunting the hounds themselves—and a rare good " job " they seem to have made of it, too !

Perhaps the best known of these farmer-huntsmen was the hero of the famous hunting song, " John Peel "—John Peel, a Cumberland farmer, who was born on November 13th, 1776, at Greenrigg, and died on the same day of November, 1854. John Peel bred his own hounds and showed all the farmers of his country wonderful sport. The pack were not kept together in kennels, as is now the case, but hounds were lodged and boarded at various farmhouses in the district. On a hunting morning (it was always very early) Peel blew his horn and at the sound of it the hounds were freed and came streaming in from all points of the compass to the appointed meeting place, followed by folk eager for the chase.

" For the sound o' the horn caw'd me frae my bed
And the cry o' the hoons me oft has led ——"

says the song.

In one particular point John Peel did not follow in hunting tradition—he wore no hunting " red," but a grey coat of home-spun wool, generally known as " hodden grey "——

" Did ye ken John Peel wid his cwote sae grey ?
Did ye ken John Peel at the breck o' the day ?
Did ye ken John Peel gaein' far, far away—
Wid his hoons and his horn in a mwornin' ? "

His horn also was not the orthodox hunting horn, but of a curved shape ; somewhat the same style as the horn once used for deer hunting. John Peel's bosom friend, John Woodcock Graves, wrote the song. Peel and he were sitting in a snug parlour at Caldbeck, whilst in the next room a woman was singing her child to sleep, her lullaby being an old Border tune called " Bonnie Annie." Inspired by the lilt, Graves took up his pen and wrote, impromptu, the song of " John Peel." By the time of Peel's death the song had become familiar in the northern hunting circles, and when Graves heard that his old friend was dead, he added the last verse :

" Yes, I kenn'd John Peel wid his cwote sae grey,
He lived at Caldbeck yance on a day ;
But now he is gone, and he's far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in a mwornin'."

A farmer who also hunted what was termed a " trencher-fed pack " was Thomas Hilton, who lived near Faversham, Kent—his pack being the forerunner of the present-time Tickham Hunt. This Thomas Hilton was commonly known as " Glory " Hilton the name originating in his devotion to a favourite hound named Glory. He had his kennels at what is now an orchard at Norham, Selling, and his stables close to his house called Marches. Each member of the Hunt brought his own hounds, generally a couple, to the meet, and there was great rivalry as to whose hounds were the best, especially at a check, and this led to Thomas Hilton being named " Glory " Hilton.

In the *Sporting Magazine*, 1822, it says of him : " This good tempered, kind hearted, hospitable, entertaining gentleman, although 74 years of age, mounts and dismounts with all the agility of youth, was never known to be out of spirits, or had the headache, for which blessing he thanks the health-enlivening chase." How very few of the present-day farmers could say the same ! But he did not live in our bustling age !

" Glory " Hilton was followed a few years later by another foxhunting farmer, one Giles Morgan, who farmed Macknade, a large farm a few miles out of Faversham, " and although a very busy farmer he hunted the Tickham hounds for his pleasure " from 1830 until 1844, William Rigden, Esq., being the Master. I believe Giles Morgan received £100 a year for his services and found his own horses ; and showed good sport, as his praises were sung in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1831 in a poem of five verses, the refrain ran :

" Hurrah for the Tickham, rare devils for speed,
'Tis better to hunt than dry novels to read,
Hurrah for Giles Morgan, I hear his horn blow,
A good 'un to work at, a good 'un to go."

This Giles Morgan had a rather unique experience. A draft of hounds had been purchased from Ireland and he went to Holyhead to fetch them home. Coming through London difficulty was experienced in keeping the pack together, as the butchers' shops around Cheapside proved too great an attraction. Giles Morgan, therefore, went up the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral and sounded his horn, rallying his hounds to the top of the steps, afterwards taking them safely back to Kent.

An old earth-stopper used to relate that he was at the kill of Giles Morgan's last day's hunting. This was at Doddington, near Dully Wood, and as he threw the fox to the pack he exclaimed, " That's the last one I shall give you ! " and burst into tears.

Nor was the practice of a farmer hunting a pack of hounds usual only in the southern counties, for in Durham that pack now known as the Hurworth took its name from a village four miles south of Darlington, which for years was the residence of the Wilkinson family, who kept hounds here for many years.

Old Tommy Wilkinson and his brother " Matther " had the hounds in 1825, and the latter was an extraordinary character in every way. He was a welter-weight, but the most indefatigable man that ever got on a horse. He could not swim a yard, but would jump into the Tees at any point on an

THOMAS GIBBS HILTON, OF " MARCHES," NEAR SHELDWICH, FAVERSHAM, WITH HIS FAVOURITE HOUND, GLORY
(By permission of George Selby, Esq.)

old grey mare, and on getting over lie on his back and hold up his heels to empty the water out of his boots, and his breeches were double the size of anyone else's.

He would exclaim, " Lads, h'ad my horse till I let watter out of my boots." In 1835 Matthew Wilkinson gave up hunting the hounds himself and was succeeded by Frank Coates, who lived on his own farm at Hilton, ten or twelve miles from the kennels, on the banks of the Leven. He kept his own horses and was a very good rider, but a very jealous one. He was called the heaven-born huntsman and no keener man ever lived. He had a fine eye and a knowledge of the country, and this pack never had better sport than when he hunted them, and it was an unfortunate thing for the country when he and Thomas Raper Wilkinson quarrelled and parted.

The old sign-board of the Hilton Inn was a curiosity, showing the trend of mind of the population of that village in those days. On it was a painting of hounds running a fox in view and the field following, with these lines below :

" The fox he runs the hounds him view,
Come take a glass and then pursue."

Now-a-days farmers have less time in which to show sport to their neighbours, I am afraid.

Another farmer who took on the duties of huntsman was James Morgan, commonly called Jem Morgan. He was cousin to Giles Morgan of the Tickham pack, and had a farm at Hare Hatch, near Romford. He became huntsman to the Essex hounds when Henry John Conyers, Esq., of Copt Hall, Essex, was the Master, and sometimes had 33 miles to ride from his farm to where the hounds were kennelled. Here he would have a second

JEM MORGAN, HUNTSMAN TO THE ESSEX FOX-HOUNDS FOR SIXTEEN SEASONS. HENRY JOHN CONYERS, THE MASTER, IS IN THE BACKGROUND
From a print dated 1843

breakfast and then take the pack ten miles to draw. He was a most cheery man and an intrepid rider, and when he got to a rough, queer place would say, " Come up, horse," and get him through or over anything.

He delighted in jumping timber, and to his latest day would go out of his line to ride over a stile. Once after jumping a fence in a very good run he fell and dislocated his shoulder. Calling to a Mr. Whitfield to stop, he coolly said to him, " Just lay hold of my hand, put your other hand under my arm and pull hard." The shoulder went in with a crack. " All right," said Jem and, jumping on his horse from the other side, went on again as if nothing had happened.

He was a very jealous man and did not like anyone to get before him, and would resort to many a dodge to keep back those who passed him. He was also a regular sticker and once, in the spring of the year, after they had had a very hard day and got a beaten fox into Dunmow High Wood, Mr. Conyers said to him, " You had better give him up and go home, or you will spoil all my hounds." Jem said, " If you will go home I will try to catch my fox ; I wish you'd go home. Do you see that moon ? I can have him now." So at length the Squire went. Then a lot of foot people heard the hounds and came out to see the fun.

" Here, my lads," said Jem, " I'll give you some beer if you'll form a line and walk the cover," which they did and, getting the fox again on foot, killed him. They had then 20 miles to go home with tired hounds and horses, and crossed the park as the clock struck one in the morning ! Having put the hounds right, Jem saw the butler, and asked if Mr. Conyers was in, adding, " Tell him I'm going home."

" Who's that ? " shouted the Squire, " A pretty time in the morning to be asking for me. Have you brought my hounds home ? " " Yes," answered Jem Morgan, entering with the fox's head behind him. " You must be tired, sit down and have a glass of wine." Jem, nothing loth, obeyed, at the same time showing the head. " Well," said the Squire, with a few adjectives we need not repeat, " if he has not brought the head home ! "

Jem Morgan gave up hunting the Essex hounds in 1848, but still kept a hunter however and enjoyed a day's sport. On January, 1862, when he was 77 years old, he was out with the Old Berkeley hounds on a young horse which he had bought out of an Irish drove. He pounded the whole field at a hog-backed stile and at the next fence, a little trappy one, his horse fell. However, he remounted, viewed the fox away, and gave the " Tallyho ! " and followed over three fields, but felt faint so rode to a neighbouring farmhouse. Here he lay on a sofa, and when his scarf was removed his head fell forward, and he was dead instantly—dying as he had lived, on the hunting field.

Nowadays farmers can ill spare the time for even a day out with the hounds now and again ; but until this year the Tedworth, Wiltshire, Hunt have had a farmer honorary whipper-in. This was Charlie Perrin, of the Manor Farm, Shipton Bellinger, who for three seasons has helped to show sport to his neighbours with this pack on Salisbury Plain and on the downland around. Unfortunately he found he could not spare the time to continue in this position so has resigned, and I do not know of another farmer huntsman of the present day. Surely " the old order changeth, giving place to new."

KATHLEEN E. MORGAN.

THE ART OF THE LORINER

Bit-making Through the Centuries

By WILLIAM ALBERY, Senr.

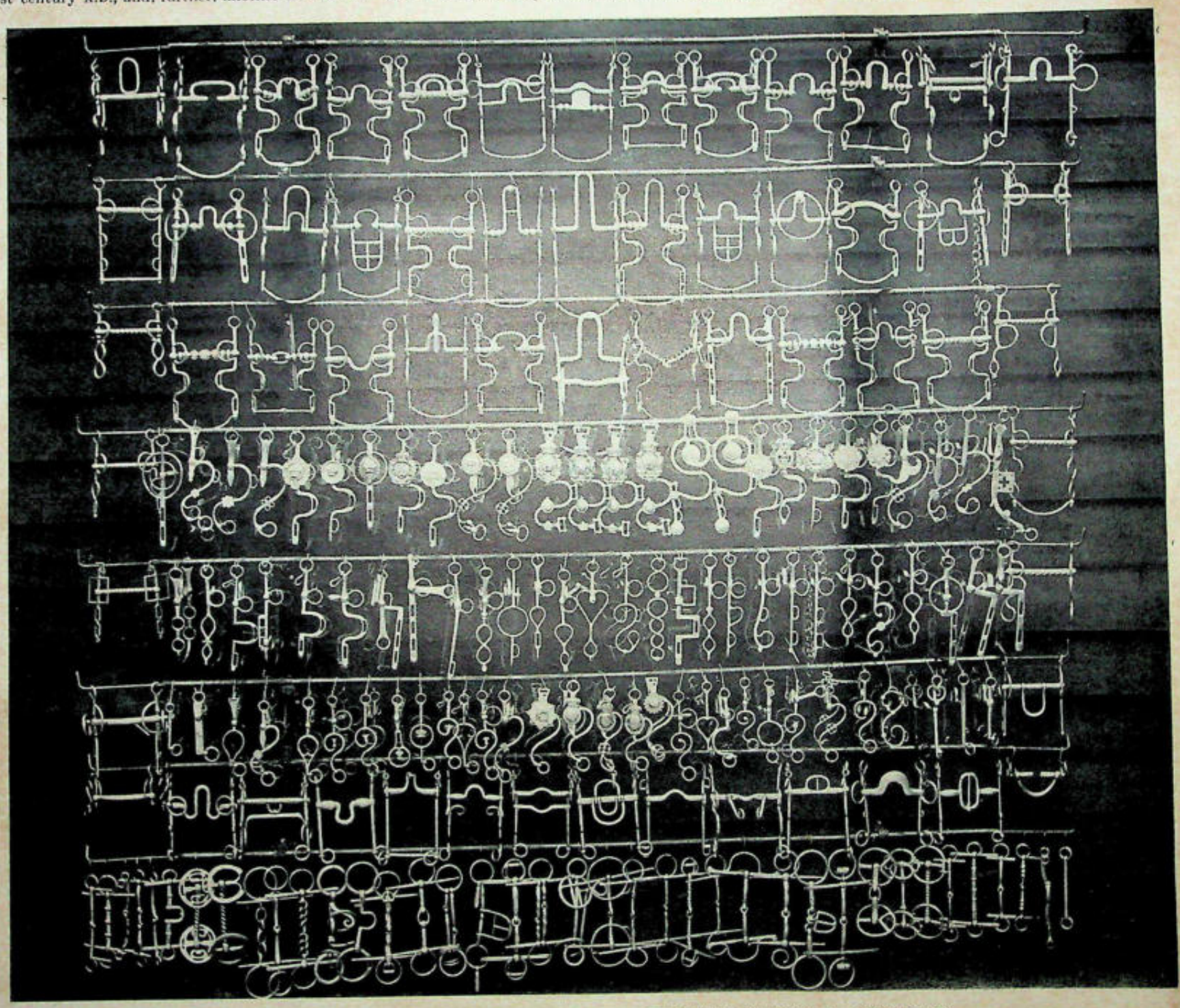
THE antiquity of the horse bridle bit is, of course, prehistoric, and may almost be said to have originated with the horse. It was no doubt the first instrument, together with the head-piece and reins, applied to him for the purpose of his subjection.

In the Iron and Bronze Age Gallery at the British Museum can be seen two ancient iron bits from a chariot burial. There is also a collection of about a dozen British bits made of bronze with a considerable amount of workmanship about the first century A.D., and, further, another iron bit of the Viking period about A.D. 850. These are all jointed single ring snaffles, a few with a twisted link in the centre making a double joint. The rings vary from 1¼in. diameter to about 3in., most of them about 2in. or 2¼in. inside measurements.

In the Bayeaux Tapestry, of the many horses with trappings there shown, none has a ring snaffle bit. The drawings are very crude, but all the bits are shown with long angular shaped cheeks and used with a single rein.

In the Victoria and Albert Museum there is a cast of an Italian equestrian monument dated 1352 showing a bit very similar to those shown in the Bayeaux Tapestry, but with brass bosses. Here also are shown a few sixteenth and seventeenth century bits, mostly foreign, of elaborate workmanship.

In the Tower of London and at Warwick Castle are also shown many bits of the Tudor and Stuart periods. They are all similar in principle, with a short upper cheek and a long lower cheek, both together measuring from 9in. to 12in. (in one case 15in.), some with curbs, some without; some with a bar mouth, others with a jointed snaffle mouth, and some with a mild port, nearly all of them used with a single rein. As the lower cheeks rake back considerably, but in varying degrees, their effect on the horse would be similar to that of a ring snaffle and nothing like so severe as a long straight perpendicular cheek with a curb. In the Guildhall Museum they have a large number of ancient spurs and some stirrups, but very few bits, and though in



THE AUTHOR'S REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF BITS, A DESCRIPTION OF WHICH IS GIVEN BELOW

1st row, excluding the two outside bits.
1. Buxton, Greenwood mouth.
2. ,, Hanoverian mouth.
3. ,, full port mouth, Chiffney cheeks.
4. ,, double port mouth.
5, 6, 7. ,, Higman's patent mouth.
8. ,, double Greenwood mouth.
9. ,, Hanoverian mouth.
10. ,, high port, roller mouth.
11. ,, double bar mouth, Chiffney cheeks.

2nd row, excluding the two outside bits:
1. Liverpool, with port roller mouth.
2. Buxton, with double port mouth.
3. ,, with grid (Lord Henry Bentinck).
4. ,, reversible bar mouth.
5. ,, Dunchurch with rollers, barred port mouth.
6. ,, Dunchurch plain.
7. ,, Dunchurch with rollers mouth.
8. ,, port mouth with grid.
9. ,, high port with Turkey curb.
10. ,, up Mullen mouth.
11. Liverpool, with port mouth and grid.

3rd row, excluding the two outside bits:
1. Buxton, cherry roller mouth.
2. ,, egg roller mouth.
3. ,, down port mouth.
4. ,, fan port mouth.
5. ,, Segundo mouth.
6. (A very cruel unnamed bit; this is not steel but iron, painted aluminium.)
7. Stockton, very rough mouth.
8. Manchester, with high port mouth.
9. Buxton, cherry roller mouth.
10. ,, movable mouth.
11. ,, bar mouth.

4th row, excluding the two outside bits. Cheeks:
1. Double guard Liverpool.
2, 3, 4. Dress harness bits with roses.
5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Ducal and baronial state carriage bits.
10, 11. Pair of baronial state carriage bits with Lord Henry Bentinck roller mouth.
12, 13, 14, 15. Set of four George III state carriage bits, with Royal Arms and Crowns.
16, 17. Pair state carriage, silver-plated, believed Queen Anne or early Georgian period.
18, 19, 20, 21, 22. State carriage bits.
23. Pembroke state bit, with rose.
24, 25. Dress harness with roses.
26. Marmaluke with Turkey curb.

5th row, excluding the two outside bits:
These show a variety of fancy cheeks of carriage and gig bits, including elbow, Chiffney and Stanhope.

6th row, excluding the two outside bits:
These show a selection of ladies' old riding or hacking bits of a variety of patterns, including several Chiffneys and, excepting the five centre bits, with bosses; these are military.

7th row, excluding the two outside bits. Chiefly freaks.
1. No name.
2. No name.
3. Down port roller mouth.
4. Jim Crow.
5. Willis's patent.
6. Double slide mouth.
7. Slobbering.
8. Brighton.
9. Wynn's patent.
10. No name.
11. No name.
12. Barred double port.

8th row, excluding the two outside bits:
These show a variety of snaffles, of which the five on the left, excluding the third, and the four on the right, excluding the two outsides, are the oldest riding snaffles, *circa* 1820–1830. The remainder are ring, cheek, chain, double mouth, snaffles and metropolitan.

Outside bits. Left side, downwards:
1. No name.
2. Curb gig.
3. French pattern gig.
4. French pattern gig.
5. Liverpool, with square guard.
6. ,, with extra ring.
7. No name.

Right side, downwards:
1. Pelham, port mouth, loose eyes.
2. Manchester.
3. French pattern.
4. Fancy cheek curb gig.
5. French pattern.
6. Liverpool with loose port.
7. Parisian.

the Victoria and Albert Museum there are many magnificent specimens of bright steelwork of various kinds and periods, I do not know of any museum with an adequately representative collection of steel bits either of an early or late period.

The modern English artistic polished steel driving bit, I think, can date only from the late middle eighteenth century, soon after the hard turnpike roads had been made, which brought into being the era of driven horse-wheeled traffic, such as was known until 30 or 40 years ago.

The most famous loriner or bit-maker in London in the late second half of the eighteenth century was one Latchford of Oxford Street. This name, with various initial letters and addresses, persists thence through the London Trades Directories until the early 1880s, and this name was perhaps the longest-lived of loriners. The next best known name as a hand-forged steel bit-maker was Benjamin Cope of Walsall; also, later, J. H. Hawkins and —— Chevasse, both of Walsall. Some of the large wholesale saddlers' ironmongers at Walsall (which place during the whole of the nineteenth century was the chief seat of the saddle and harness trade) employed journeymen bit-makers, and a few of the best saddlers made their own bits, but most, in fact nearly all, of the London and provincial saddlers' bits were made by Latchford or the others named, with the saddlers' names stamped on them instead of those of the actual maker. Latchford's illustrated book, *The Loriner*, published in 1871, gives 110 different patterns of bits. Cope's book, published about 1880, gives over 500.

The six-horse coach and the stage and mail-coaches disappeared with the advent of the railways in the last century. At the beginning of this century, as we all know, there set in the rapid decline of the use of the light horse for wheeled transport in favour of the motor car, and there followed the almost complete disappearance of the private four-horse coach, the pair horse carriage, the tandem, the brougham and gig. For these past 25 or 30 years there have been but very few of these kinds of vehicles or harnesses made, and correspondingly but few bits. Carriages have been broken up, harnesses less durable have been worn out or cut up, and many thousands of steel bits have gone as old iron. Even before this period the loriner had encountered to his loss a formidable trade competitor by the appearance about 1880 of the cast white metal bit, and since that time the demand for his skill has been reduced almost to vanishing point. Concurrently with the harness maker, his average age to-day, like their standard of work, is very high, and it is to be feared their combined craftsmanship will soon have faded out of the skilled industrial picture.

The horse, it has been facetiously said, "is an animal with four legs," but it has only one mouth and it certainly appears that man has given a more varied attention to that mouth than to his own or that of any other animal. Bits may be almost completely divided into two sorts, riding and driving—although some few serve both purposes—and these again sub-divided into two sorts, namely, snaffle and curb. It is curious to reflect that the Irish bradoon ordinarily used to-day almost exactly corresponds to the Romano-British bits previously referred to. To all the bits of the four divisions have been applied during the last century an almost infinite variety of mouths and cheeks. The greater number of these bits have definite names, some place names such as Liverpool, Manchester, Weymouth; others personal names such as Chiffney, Higman, Pelham, Segundo, Wynn—the latter names as patentees; but a great many bits were mere freaks without name or much usefulness; they materialised ideas in the minds of cunning and oftentimes cruel individuals for the subjection of the horse.

The assortment of 182 bits shown in the accompanying photograph is part of the unique collection of about 800 in my possession at 49, West Street, Horsham. These are all (except four or five) of hand-forged bright steel, which have been saved by an instinctive love of good workmanship during the last 30 years; some of them were here in my father's and grandfather's time; but the majority have been rescued from scrap heaps and odd corners in various parts of Great Britain, and re-polished. Many of them have lain in old-established shops up and down the country undisturbed for generations, and only a few show signs of hard wear. Intrinsically, according to present prices, they are worth over £1,000; commercially, they are not worth a five-pound note. They give a remarkable and nearly complete exhibit of the loriner's art from the late middle eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. All these bits, except pairs, differ one from the others in principle or detail, and it is certain their like will never be made again. It is equally certain there will never be any faked imitations, as they would cost more to produce to-day than ever before, and the art of the loriner as applied to horse bits is almost completely gone.

YORK AND ALEXANDRA PARK

"Mr. Nightingall's Sunday Dinner Winner"

IT is things like the accident to Mr. Rank's Michoumy that make people lose interest in ante-post betting. This French bred three-year-old was favourite for the Cambridgeshire for three weeks at least before the date of the race only to rap himself the week-end before the event, to get a filled leg and damage to a suspensory. Of course he had to be scratched, and the Ring got thousands of pounds. The colt had been backed down from 25 to 1 to 17 to 2, and was coupled with his stable companion, Black Speck, and others in the Autumn Double to win fortunes.

It has happened before, and it will happen again, but it is very annoying none the less for all that. No one was more upset than Mr. Rank himself. He does not bet in any serious manner, in fact he hardly bets at all, but he knew that thousands and thousands of small punters all over the world had backed his colt separately and in doubles, and he was worried for them. And that is that.

Racing at York is always enjoyable and always good, even if the minor meetings there are rather spoiled by the great meeting in August. Still, the course is the same and the racing is always of a high quality. Further, few executives try and do more for visitors. Captain Boyd-Rochfort continues to produce high-class two-year-olds, it would seem, almost with the case that the conjurer produces rabbits from a borrowed top hat. It is all very well stating that he has the best of bred horses in his stables, but other trainers have had them and have not won the races that he wins each year. He is certainly an exceptionally able trainer who makes the best of the material at his disposal.

He introduced us to another high-class one at York. This was Signal Light, a chestnut colt by Pharos, whom Captain Boyd-Rochfort bought for Mrs. Corrigan at the Doncaster sales last year. The colt did not run until he was started last week for the Malton Plate. He has straight pasterns, which would make it difficult to train him so long as the ground was hard. He is a fine mover, and won by two lengths from Cougar, who was two-and-a-half lengths in front of that good filly, Belle Travers. It is true that the second was giving him 11b., and the third 11lb., but he beat the second by much more than a pound, and the third by the weight that she gave him and perhaps a little more.

Mention of this nice two-year-old brings me to the fourth edition of Captain "Sam" Long's two-year-old handicap. He naturally still has Panorama at the top of the handicap, with the Apple Ring colt and Portobello second, only 3lb. behind him. He has had to place the Apple Ring colt there on the Champagne Stakes form at Doncaster, but I thought that Panorama won with more in hand than the verdict suggested, and I know that Beasley, who rode him, thought the same. Still, it is not likely that either Panorama or Portobello will worry us next year except as short distance horses, and as Portobello is a gelding he does not matter much anyhow. Prometheus, who is also high in this handicap, will never be more than a sprinter.

I am interested in Easy Going, who has been given only 7lb. less than the top weight and is lumped there with Foxbrough II, Meadow and Prometheus. Easy Going is, therefore, made the best of the two-year-old fillies. She is by Felstead out of Complacent, and is owned and was bred by Lord Derby. Felstead has at last come into his own as a sire, and this is the best two-year-old that he has had, in my opinion; for Rockfel—whatever she may have done since, and it is a lot—was a very moderate two-year-old, once running, and without success, in a selling plate at Sandown Park. Easy Going is bred to stay well enough to win the Oaks and may well do so.

Casanova, who has run only once, Cockpit, who was taken out of the Derby before it was realised how good he was, Heliopolis and Wheatland come next with 8st. 9lb. Easy Going, Cockpit and Heliopolis are all owned by Lord Derby, who, in addition to having so many good two-year-olds, has also had, apart from them and what they mean for the future, the best year as an owner he has enjoyed for a long time. No one deserves it more, for he breeds his own horses, and there has never been a more faithful or loyal owner and master to his servants in my time. What is more he thoroughly loves it all and attends all meetings that he can whether they be small or great. This year he is top of the winning owners with more than £33,000 won in stakes, and he is also top of the winning breeders with more than £30,000 won.

Lord Derby has stated, and no one will question him, that it costs between £500 and £600 a year to keep a horse of any kind in training. That sum includes everything—keep, training fees, jockeys' fees and entrance charges. If, therefore, one has 40 horses in training it means that one has to make £20,000 in stakes before the stable has cost one nothing. This year Lord Derby and other owners, such as Mr. Rank, Mr. Morris and Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen, must have had their fun for nothing. I doubt, however, whether the Aga Khan, in spite of his stake money, will have made it pay, and it is certain that Miss Paget cannot have done so, although she has won more races than before. They have, however, for the most part been small ones. Yet she battles away, hoping she will have a flat race horse to be compared, not unfavourably, with her wonder steeplechaser Golden Miller.

If one mentions Alexandra Park to some of the more serious racegoers and owners one receives very often a sarcastic smile or a rude reply to the effect that one is referring to the frying-pan. Yet there is no more pleasant little place on which to spend a Saturday afternoon racing. A number of the starts take place opposite to the stands; indeed, the starts for all races except the five furlongs races do so. It is very rare for a start on any other course to be seen by the public unless they walk miles from the stands. It is good for them to see the difficulties of the starter, for they are all too apt to blame him when a horse that they have backed does not get too well away. It is true that lots of the running at Alexandra Park cannot be seen from the lawns, but everything can be seen from the top of the tall stand, half of which is for members and the other half for Tattersall's Ring.

Yet there is hardly ever a member on the part of that stand reserved for members. There is a corner up there for Stewards, and it is set aside from the ordinary member by a white line on the floor. I have been up there hundreds of times to watch the racing and have never seen a Steward in his little pen. And now, having stated this fact, I shall, I am afraid, be crowded out at the next Alexandra Park meeting. As, however, there is not one there until next year, perhaps these notes will have been forgotten and I shall be able still to pretend that I am at last a Steward.

There was a meeting there at the end of last week, and, as usual, there was a large crowd, including a distinguished lady, who had never been there before and is quite certain that if all is well she will go there as often as she can next year. All the North London race-lovers were there in force. It is their own particular meeting. There are plenty of race meetings south of London, but this is the only one in the north of the metropolis. I could not pretend that the racing was of great importance, but it was amusing. At the same time it may have been expensive for most visitors, as all sorts of outsiders kept on turning up. As, however, one of them was trained by Walter Nightingall, and the day was Saturday, lots of small punters would have a good day. It is strange how this trainer always has a winner or two on every Saturday of the year, not only on the flat but also over the jumps. It has come to be known as the Sunday dinner winner.

It is a strange thing that the winner he had at Alexandra Park—Royal Marcus by name—was not in the least fancied by his owner and trainer. He was backed for merely the proverbial bob by those people who should have known most about him. Indeed, I understand that Nightingall would have sold him a short time before for £50, and, in any case, so little did he think of the horse's chance that he had him down to be sold later in the afternoon. He only bought the animal as a yearling because he was going for nothing and was by Lord Marcus, whom he used to train and who was a very good servant to him. After the race, the Juvenile Selling Plate, he let the gelding go for 100gs. He has not room for such animals in these days.

Another surprised owner to win during the afternoon was Lord Glanely. He generally has a runner at two of these meetings, but seldom goes there now. However, he was there last week-end when most people imagined he would be at Chepstow. Some visitors thought that if he could come to Alexandra Park he must have come for some purpose. He had a loser in the first race of the day, a selling handicap, although the beast had bottom weight. He then had a fourth. Now, said the visitors, the time has come. He must have come to see Trafalgar win the Autumn Cup. They then saw that the stable apprentice—a boy of much promise named Littlewood—was to ride the horse. Even that did not dismay them. The horse won with ease.

GNOSTIC.

LEU IN ! LEU IN ! TRY !
The North Warwickshire going into covert from a Cubhunting Meet at Skilts

CUBHUNTING REPORTS

A Courtesy by Masters and Secretaries

ALDERSHOT COMMAND.—Cubs killed so far: 5 brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions moderate. Best day so far: August 24th. Hounds running for two hours and accounting for 2 brace. Scent good.

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Cubs killed so far: 5 brace. Supply of cubs very good all over the country. Scenting conditions above average. Quality of the young entry excellent. Entering well. Best day so far at Lindley. A good show of cubs; 1 brace killed.

BEAUFORT.—Cubs killed so far: Above the average. Supply of cubs excellent. Scenting conditions good. Quality of the young entry very good. Best day so far: No particular one outstanding.

SOUTH BERKS.—Cubs killed so far: 7 brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions above average. Quality of the young entry good.

OLD BERKSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 4 brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions poor so far. Quality of the young entry good and all entering well. Best day so far: Friday, September 2nd, from Beckett, where hounds accounted for a brace of cubs after two hours' good work in covert.

BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL.—Cubs killed so far: 15 brace. Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry very good.

BLACKMORE VALE.—Cubs killed so far: 16 brace. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry good. Best day so far: None outstanding.

BRAES OF DERWENT.—Cubhunting not begun yet.

BRAMHAM MOOR.—Cubs killed so far: 2½ brace in seven mornings. Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions bad. Quality of the young entry all entering well.

BROCKLESBY.—Cubs killed so far: 4½ brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions good. Quality of the young entry good. Best day so far: September 3rd.

DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S.—Cubs killed so far: Average. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry good.

BWLLFA.—Cubs killed so far: 2 brace. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions good in early morning, poor after 10 a.m. Quality of the young entry: Hounds entering well (old Welsh type). Best day so far: August 15th, twelve miles run on an old fox.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 3½ brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions bad. Quality of the young entry good.

CARMARTHENSHIRE.—Did not start cubhunting until September 13th owing to late harvest. Supply of cubs is very good—except in that part of the country where commercial rabbit keeping has become the custom—there, all game and foxes and vermin is exterminated every winter, but the number of rabbits has so increased as to render agriculture almost impossible. In the three-quarters of the country which is still untrapped, and to which commercial trapping has not been allowed to spread, game, foxes, vermin and rabbits are normal. Young entry small in number owing to distemper, but good in quality and have entered well.

CATTISTOCK.—Cubs killed so far: 31½ brace. Supply of cubs excellent. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry very satisfactory. Best day so far: None outstanding.

CHIDDINGFOLD.—Cubs killed so far: Stopped by foot and mouth disease. Supply of cubs good. Quality of the young entry very promising.

CLEVELAND.—Not started up to date, very little corn having yet been cut.

COLLEGE VALLEY.—Cubs killed so far: 4 brace; only had nine mornings, small part of the country only hunted; so far satisfactory supply of cubs. Scenting conditions very bad. Quality of the young entry excellent.

COTSWOLD.—Cubs killed so far: 11 brace. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry good. Best days so far: 2 brace at Little Humblebee.

NORTH COTSWOLD.—Cubs killed so far: 29½ brace. Supply of cubs excellent. Scenting conditions, on the average, poor. Quality of the young entry, good. Best day so far: September 8th.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Cubs killed so far: 14 brace. Supply of cubs well distributed. Scenting conditions very poor; still no rain; going very hard. Quality of the young entry: All entered well.

EAST DEVON.—Cubs killed so far: 1 (only just started). Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions, poor so far. Quality of the young entry good.

SOUTH DORSET.—Cubs killed so far: 12 brace. Supply of cubs excellent. Scenting conditions, moderate up to the present. Quality of the young entry first class. Best day so far: Started cubhunting August 22nd.

EAST ESSEX.—Cubs killed so far: 9 brace. Supply of cubs very satisfactory. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry good and entering exceptionally well. Best day so far: September 6th. Wormingford Mere and gorse, best scenting day; hounds running hard for two hours and accounting for a badger and a brace of cubs.

FITZWILLIAM.—Cubs killed so far: 12½brace. Supply of cubs good in most of the country. Scenting conditions poor to average. Quality of the young entry good. Best day so far: Nothing outstanding, but hounds have accounted for at least one cub on next day out.

GRAFTON.—Cubs killed so far: 25 brace. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions moderate in the thick coverts, good in the open. Quality of the young entry: An excellent entry. Best day so far: Saturday, August 6th. From Seven Copses an old fox was hunted for two hours and killed. Later a brace of cubs were hunted and killed stone cold above ground.

EARL OF HARRINGTON'S.—Cubs killed so far: 5 brace for three days' cubbing. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions good. Quality of the young entry excellent. Best day so far: August 31st, 3 brace.

HAYDON.—Cubs killed so far: Above the average. Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions good early, deteriorating rapidly after 9 a.m. Quality of the young entry good and shaping well. Best day so far: Saturday, September 3rd. Bonsyrigg. After hunting round the demesne, hounds went away on a strong cub, and marked it to ground at Sewing Shields Range, a point of over three miles.

SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: Cubhunting has not yet started owing to foot and mouth disease. Supply of cubs excellent. Quality of the young entry very good.

HERTFORDSHIRE (NORTH PACK).—Cubs killed so far: Too early to give figures. Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions very fair. Quality of the young entry satisfactory though early days yet to answer such a query.

HUESLEY.—Cubs killed so far: 3 brace. Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions good so far, but country beginning to get dry and hard. Quality of the young entry: 19 couple, of which all seem to be entering well. These hounds have only been out four days so far.

HUEWORTH.—Cubs killed so far: 6½ brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions moderate. Quality of the young entry: All entered well. Best day so far: Owing to the late harvest a start was not made until August 27th.

ISLAND.—Have not started cubbing yet. Supply of cubs very good.

LAMERTON.—Cubs killed so far: Average number. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions average. Quality of the young entry a matter of opinion.

LLANGIBBY.—Cubs killed so far: 6 brace. Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry good.

LUDLOW.—Cubs killed so far: Average. Supply of cubs: Average. Scenting conditions good so far. Quality of the young entry: Few, but have entered with success. Best day so far: Bleath Wood, when 2 brace were killed.

MEYNELL.—Cubs killed so far: 23 brace. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions poor during last week. Quality of the young entry good.

MIDDLETON.—Cubs killed so far: 9 brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry exceptionally good, especially the young bitches. Best day so far: Good morning at Welham.

MIDDLETON, EAST.—Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions good, becoming dry. Quality of the young entry very good.

COLONEL MILVAINS.—Cubs killed so far: 2 brace. Supply of cubs fair. Scenting conditions moderate. Quality of the young entry good. Best day so far: None specially good. September 7th ran five mile point, nine as hounds ran but stopped among fresh foxes.

MINEHEAD.—Cubs killed so far: 2 brace (in six days). Supply of cubs fair. Scenting conditions variable. Quality of the young entry good.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 7½ brace. Supply of cubs excellent. All very well grown and almost impossible to "hold up" in coverts. Scenting conditions much better than last season's start. Young entry (12½ couples) doing well. Prospects for season excellent.

MORPETH.—Cubs killed so far: 9 brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry good.

NEWMARKET AND THURLOW.—Cubs killed so far: 4½ brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry: All entered well. Best day so far: September 1st. Hounds ran well in Glass Wood and Wadgells and killed 2 brace.

WEST NORFOLK.—Cubs killed so far: Average number. Supply of cubs: Plentiful in most places. Scenting conditions poor, very dry. Quality of the young entry good.

SOUTH NOTTS.—Cubs killed so far: 2½ brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions rather better than corresponding period last year. Quality of the young entry very promising. Best day so far: 1½ brace at Gonalston on September 1st.

SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 11½ brace (none dug). Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry very good indeed. Best day so far on August 29th. Hounds killed a brace of cubs after two small circles out of Waterstock Covert. Going on to the Old Paddock, another brace was killed, and then getting away on an old fox hounds ran fast over Lubbersdown Hill to Moreton Gap and through Thame Park to Holliers, where they were stopped.

PEMBROKESHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 1 brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions very fair. Quality of the young entry promising. Best day so far: Thursday, September 8th. Hounds met at Cold Blow and hunted hard for three-and-a-half hours; 2½ to 3 brace of cubs afoot. Killed 1.

PENTYRCH.—Cubs killed so far: An average number. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry good.

PENYLAN.—Cubhunting not began owing to preparation of new kennels and stables. Supply of cubs promising.

PLAS MACHYNLLETH.—Cubs killed so far: 2. Supply of cubs moderate. Scenting conditions fairly good. Quality of the young entry very good.

PYTCHLEY.—Cubs killed so far and supply of cubs: Slightly above the average number. Scenting conditions fair to date. Quality of the young entry excellent.

R.A. (BORDON).—Cubs killed so far: 2½ brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions moderate. Quality of the young entry very good. Best day so far: Opening day, August 20th, killed 1 brace.

RUFFORD.—Supply of cubs good. Quality of the young entry good. We have not begun yet.

SCARTEEN (THE BLACK AND TANS).—Cubs killed so far: 2½ brace; hounds were out six times. Supply of cubs well up to the average. Scenting conditions good. Quality of the young entry good, and all have entered.

NORTH SHROPSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 10 brace. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions good. Quality of the young entry very good. Best day so far: September 1st. The bitches ran beautifully for two hours and killed 2 brace.

SOUTH SHROPSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 3 brace. Only three mornings hunting. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions good. Quality of the young entry good.

SINNINGTON.—Cubs killed so far: 8½ brace (in eight mornings). Supply of cubs very good. Scenting conditions good. Quality of the young entry excellent.

WEST SOMERSET.—Cubs killed so far: 14½ brace to August 30th. Supply of cubs very good throughout the country. Scenting conditions have been good for the time of the year. Quality of the young entry all entering well. Best day so far: August 26th, Lannington Park. Killed 2½ brace in the open and marked another brace to ground.

SOUTHDOWN.—Cubs killed so far: 22¼ brace. Scenting conditions moderate.

STAFF COLLEGE.—Cubs killed so far: 3 brace. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions fair to good. Best day so far: None outstanding. Started hunting August 1st. Stopped by foot and mouth disease August 29th.

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 7 brace. Supply of cubs excellent in all districts. Scenting conditions so far have been variable. Quality of the young entry good.

STAINTON DALE.—Cubs killed so far: Owing to the lateness of the harvest we have not yet been able to make a start. Supply of cubs said to be very plentiful. Quality of the young entry: The best we have had for some seasons.

TAUNTON VALE.—Supply of cubs very satisfactory. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry excellent. Won first prize at Peterborough, 1938. (1) Best two couples working hounds. (2) Best unentered bitch.

THURLES AND KILSHANE.—Supply of cubs good. Quality of the young entry good.

TICKHAM.—Supply of cubs quite up to average. Scenting conditions poor until ground gets wet. Quality of the young entry very good.

TIPPERARY.—Cubs killed so far: 2 brace, 1 brace badgers; only three days' hunting; corn not cut. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions bad so far. Quality of the young entry good.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 25 brace. Supply of cubs good. Quality of the young entry good.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE.—Cubs killed so far: 9 brace in six days; started August 29th. Supply of cubs good. Scenting conditions moderate. Quality of the young entry good.

WATERFORD.—Supply of cubs very plentiful. Quality of the young entry good, though few, owing to losses through distemper.

WEST PERCY.—Cubs killed so far: 10 brace. Supply of cubs very satisfactory. Scenting conditions variable. Quality of the young entry above average. Best day so far: August 25th, Hazelton Rig, 2 brace killed.

WHEATLAND.—Supply of cubs excellent. Quality of the young entry good.

WILTON.—Cubs killed so far: 6½ brace. Supply of cubs quite good, generally speaking, for 75 per cent. of the country. Scenting conditions very fair; better than last season. Quality of the young entry useful. Best day so far: August 28th. Killed four above ground; the fourth gave us a three-mile scurry around Essex's Gorse; hounds met at Coombe Bissett in a cold northerly wind.

WIRRAL.—Cubs killed so far: 6½ brace, five mornings. Supply of cubs very good and strong all over the country. Scenting conditions only fair. All the young entry have entered well.

V.W.H. (CRICKLADE).—Cubs killed so far: 12 brace. Supply of cubs plentiful. Scenting conditions fair. Quality of the young entry hard-working. Best day so far: From Nell Farm, Hannington, hounds were racing in the open all day and caught 1½ brace. Another good day hounds caught 2 brace above ground at Alvescot, mostly in the open.

YORK AND AINSTY (SOUTH).—Cubs killed so far: 6 brace in seven mornings. Supply of cubs fair. Scenting conditions bad. Quality of the young entry excellent. Best day so far: September 8th, Court House Wood, killing 2 brace above ground.

A Soldier at Waterloo

WHEN I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass. . . .

"It was not long before I sent for the Guinness and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful. . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the Diary of a Cavalry Officer, June 1815, *after being severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo*

Ethel M. Richardson, "LONG FORGOTTEN DAYS." (Heath Cranton, 1928.)

Note.—An interesting point about this extract is that before it came to light, the earliest known reference to the export of Guinness was in 1816, the year after Waterloo. The fact that Guinness "could be obtained without difficulty" in Belgium in 1815 shows that export must actually have begun some time before this.

"SKETCHES BY BOZ'

"The chattels of Mrs. Bloss were forwarded by instalments. First there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella. . . ."

(*Later*)

"Married!" said Mrs. Bloss, taking the pill and a draught of Guinness — "Married! Unpossible!"

Charles Dickens, "SKETCHES BY BOZ" (1836.)

R.L.S. ON GUINNESS

"Fanny ate a whole fowl for breakfast, to say nothing of a tower of hot cakes. Belle and I floored another hen betwixt the pair of us, and I shall be no sooner done with the present amanuensing racket than I shall put myself outside a pint of Guinness. If you think this looks like dying of consumption in Apia I can only say I differ from you."

Letter dated: "At Sea, S.S. Mariposa, Feb. 19th, '93." Quoted in "THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON," Vol. V.

Toast

"Here goes," said Tom Delancey, and sung the following lyric, of his own composition:—

"Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the hill," etc.

William Makepeace Thackeray, "BURLESQUES" (published in book form 1869).

A Moral he who runs may read
In this unique affair:—
Drink Guinness, when it's strength you need—
And get a lion's share.

G.E.776.A.

A PAGE FROM A GUINNESS SCRAP-BOOK

THE END OF THE HUNT FROM TWO ANGLES

THE KILL AS SHOWN BY SAMUEL HOWITT, 1794

This picture is one of a set of six, and is reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin, 154, New Bond Street, London, W.1

LA CHASSE AU RENARD AS DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY JAZET

One of a set of six. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin, 154, New Bond Street, London, W.1

OLD-TIME VILLAGE SCENES IN HERTFORDSHIRE

HOUNDS GOING TO COVER—VIEW NEAR OFFLEY
Painted by D. Wolstenholme and engraved by D. Wolstenholme, Junr.

FULL CRY—VIEW LEADING TO PAUL'S WALDENS PARK
Painted by D. Wolstenholme and engraved by D. Wolstenholme, Junr.
These prints are two of a rare set of four, and are reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin, 154, New Bond Street, London, W. 1

"An ESSE Cooker is easy on the pocket"

The ESSE pays for itself. Hundreds of letters on our files confirm this. The explanation is simple—whenever waste is eliminated, money is saved. The ESSE is designed to reduce expenses in the kitchen. Testimonials confirm the "astonishing" fuel economy. Kitchen routine is simplified. Time is saved. Many users emphasise that they have less kitchen redecoration as there are no fumes, soot or dust—no greasy walls or smoky ceilings. Without flames and fierce, direct heat to dry up the essential juices, meat cooked on the ESSE goes further, while the flavours are improved. Let us prove this with your favourite dish. Arrangements will be made to cook it at our Conduit Street Kitchens upon receipt of a postcard. You will be convinced that there is something decidedly better about the ESSE heat storage method of cooking, which is so "easy on the pocket."

ESSE Cooker Company

ESSE COOKER COMPANY
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

LONDON SHOWROOMS
63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1 &
11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

Also at
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place
GLASGOW: 11 Dixon Street, C.1

ESSE HEAT STORAGE COOKERS are continuous-burning, using solid smokeless fuel, preferably anthracite. The PREMIER ESSE, illustrated above from a direct colour photograph, and the ESSE MINOR are for larger residences. The ESSE FAIRY is suitable for smaller homes. The ESSE MAJOR is specially designed for large scale catering. All ESSE Cookers are available with or without Water Heaters. Catalogues and address of nearest stockist on application. Hire purchase up to four years

The ESSE Heat Storage Cooker is an entirely British invention made to suit British kitchens. The ESSE Cooker is patented in all the principal countries of the world, and the patents are the sole property of Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Agents with showrooms in the principal towns of Australia, South Africa, Rhodesia, India, Ceylon, New Zealand, Argentine, Uruguay, Switzerland and Holland.

For ACCURACY

out-of-doors—in any climate . . .

YOU CANNOT HAVE A BETTER WRIST WATCH THAN

BENSON'S

"TROPICAL" WATCH

Benson's Tropical Wrist Watch, Silver or Stainless Steel £6/6/0, 9-ct. Gold £10/10/0, 18-ct. Gold £16/16/0. Leather or washable White linen strap.

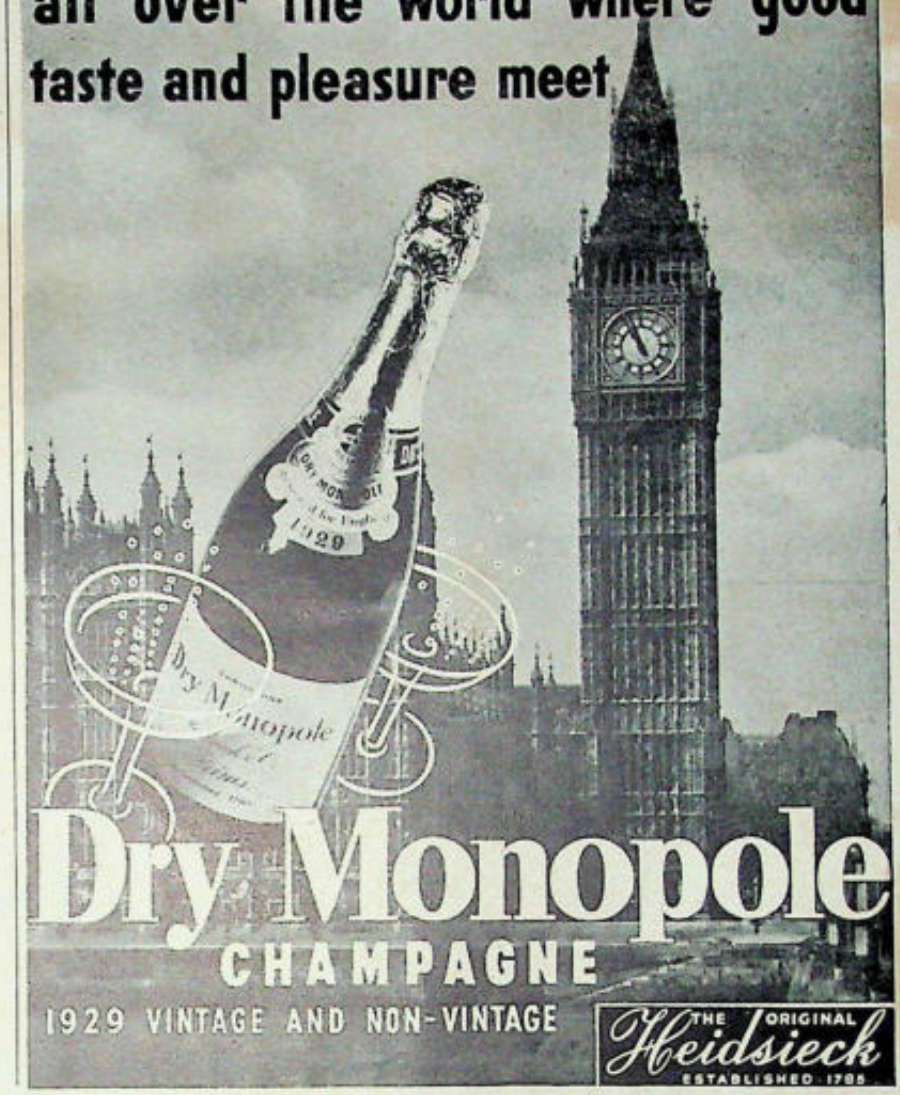
WATERPROOF · SANDPROOF · SHOCKPROOF

The sportsmen's ideal watch is Benson's "Tropical" Wrist Watch—specially made for hard use in all climates. Specially constructed, reinforced case renders this watch absolutely waterproof and sandproof. It has a 15-jewelled lever movement, with shock-absorbing balance, an unbreakable glass which will not discolour, and a clear white dial with luminous numerals and hands. This watch is covered by Benson's written guarantee of accuracy. Call, or write, for Wrist Watch Catalogue and fuller details mentioning this issue of the *Field*.

J. W. BENSON Ltd.

62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4—25 OLD BOND ST., W.1—28 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.3

all over the world where good taste and pleasure meet



HUNT KENNELS *and* STABLES

SHOOTING BOXES, FISHING CABINS, GAME LARDERS, &c.

Boulton & Paul have a very extensive range of well-designed and strongly-made buildings to suit all requirements. Any one, or all of the following illustrated catalogues will be sent free on request. Please quote numbers.

Stables . . Catalogue 571
Kennels . Catalogue 587
Cabins, Game Larders, &c. . . Catalogue 499

Boulton & Paul Ltd.
NORWICH

London Showrooms: Horseferry House, Horseferry Road, S.W.1.

BOULTON & PAUL STABLES—PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF LORD ASTOR

HANDMADE TO MEASURE

The initial cost of well-made smartly cut and comfortable Hunting Boots is small compared with the long service they give.

Only Boots that were made to fit perfectly at the beginning will ever become well-seasoned and cherished possessions, mellowed with time, but retaining the smart workmanlike style that the maker puts in them.

Send for Catalogue of Riding and Hunting Boots.

Faulkner & Son
SPECIALISTS IN FOOTWEAR · EST. 1871

51 & 52, SOUTH MOLTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone: MAYfair 0388
9 BRIDGE STREET, CAMBRIDGE 51 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

Lister HORSE CLIPPERS

ELECTRIC MACHINE. Built for hard wear, easy to install, silent in operation. For 32, 55, 110 and 220 D.C. or 220/250 A.C. single phase voltages; others quoted for. **£9 : 10 : 0**
Super Electric Machine, with 161 Head, **£11.**

HAND POWER MACHINE, pedestal model. Hardened steel gears. Totally enclosed drive, **£3 : 9 : 0.** With wrist-jointed head, **£4 : 3 : 6.**

Packed in wooden box for storage. Carriage paid to nearest station.

HAND CLIPPER. For Horses, Cattle and Dogs, **12/6.** Send for full lists.

LISTER CLIPPERS ARE ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

R. A. LISTER & CO., LTD., DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. *Telephone: Dursley 177*

OR THROUGH THE TRADE

24 HOUR RE-GRINDING SERVICE. Blades of any make. By-return service. Enclose name and address in parcel.

'It's the Blades that Count'

WARMTH, COMFORT and SAFETY are assured with a

"LINDSELL RUG"

Made from the best Tweeds and Blanket Material in various colours. Suitable for men, women and children. All rugs are fitted with the Lindsell Spring Grip, are adjusted in a moment and cannot slip.

AN IDEAL GIFT for MOTORISTS, ARTISTS, TRAVELLERS, INVALIDS and CHILDREN.

FROM *21/-* TO *39/6*

Obtainable only from

MISS **Lindsell**

WESTON-SUB-EDGE, NR. BROADWAY WORCESTERSHIRE.

"DRESSING" A HORSE

"Mane Plaiting is a Post-War Fashion"

WHAT an important rôle dressing horses plays in the day of a stableman. Dressing is to the horse what make-up is to the woman: it supplies the extra touch and finish, which lends so much to the appearance. It can be compared in this way to grooming, which is to the horses more or less what massage is to the athlete, and after all our hunters and polo ponies are equine athletes. It will therefore be deduced that dressing is merely beautifying, whereas grooming, in addition to being beautifying, is also beneficial. It is a truism to state that in these times in many stables, especially in those where there are many horses and few grooms, dressing is indulged in much more than grooming. It is not so laborious, and for this reason probably more popular. It is a great pity that grooming is so much substituted by dressing, for the former makes for condition, and is good for the muscles, skin and coat.

Some items in dressing are essentials, such as sponging the eyes, mouth, nostrils, picking out the feet, and trimming the mane and tail. Debatable items under this heading are: Washing the feet, plaiting the mane and water brushing the quarters. Sponging the eyes, mouth, nostrils and dock are important items, and if this is done with a mild solution of disinfectant added to the water it is beneficial, and also a good preventative against coughs, colds and kindred ills.

The feet, of course, must be picked out if we wish to avoid thrush, but it is when we get on to such subjects as hoof washing and oiling that arguments and theories arise. Excessive use of water makes the horn of the hoof brittle, and liable to crack. When feet are caked with mud and filth, after riding in heavy and dirty going, it is obvious that if they are washed when the horse returns to stables much time and labour is saved, but in many stables it is the practice to wash the hoofs on every occasion upon which the horse returns from work. This is not only unnecessary, but also not good. It would not matter so much if they were dried off immediately afterwards, but never have I seen this practice carried out by grooms in this country.

I wonder how many times farriers have instructed me when horses' feet are brittle, not to put water on them. This year when my horses were brought up from grass with their feet in a rather chipped and ragged condition, it was due to what may be termed one of those half-and-half sort of summers. The action of the alternate drying and wetting of feet causes the brittleness. A very dry or very wet summer is not apt to be so damaging. So it will be gathered that the action of this hoof-washing without drying afterwards is the same as that of the half-and-half sort of summers upon the feet, and therefore one to be deprecated. I kept horses for many years in India, and Kenya Colony, to say nothing of having also had them in such countries as Egypt and Irak, and I never found it necessary to put water to the feet. The water brush was an article unknown in my stables. What is more, when I was in Remounts, where we had some 3,000 animals of all sorts and kinds, from R.H.A. horses down to pack mules, I never saw a water brush used for this purpose about the place. The going can be very dirty in those countries during the rains.

So why, it may be asked, is it so necessary to wash the feet in England, especially if there is any suspicion of this practice being harmful? To those who still persist in believing that washing is beneficial, I should like to add for their information that one of the best known trainers in England forbids the washing of horses' feet under ordinary circumstances.

Next we come to oiling the hoofs. This certainly does make them look smart, and gives a good finish. In many places where I have worked this has always been the usual routine after morning grooming has been completed, when it is left to the last, with the exception of bandaging the tail. This latter is always my last ritual in the stable, as if one is tinkering and pottering about around a horse it usually swishes the tail, and with the bandage on this will prematurely loosen it.

Some people are of the opinion that oil is harmful to the feet, and that by applying it this interferes with the natural oils of the hoof. I can only write from my personal experiences, and I find that if I have been on a messy job, wherein I have had to handle oil or grease, the nails of my fingers appear to benefit by this, and I can only presume that this is the same for the horse. No case has ever come to my notice of oil harming a horse's feet, but here a word of warning is necessary, and that is care must be taken that only approved and beneficial oils are used. These can be purchased fairly cheaply from a saddler's shop. If you are not inclined to run to this extra expense, some mutton fat boiled down in a saucepan over the saddle-room fire is a good substitute, and in fact is a very excellent thing for brittle feet. Another thing for hoofs is horse fat boiled down, which can be got in tins or kegs. This article is penetrating, and is the product of an animal kindred to that to which you are applying it; there really should be no possible reason for it being harmful. This fat is much in demand in certain hunting areas, and its use has been found beneficial.

Such an eminent authority as Major-General Geoffrey Brooke tells us in *Horse-sense and Horsemanship of To-day*, that in dry climates a dressing of castor oil will prevent the feet from becoming brittle, so the inference is, in any case, that oil prevents brittleness. To revert to our word of warning, it may be added that the practice adopted by some stablemen of popping round to the nearest garage and soliciting some sump oil to place on the feet is not a wise one.

Plaiting the mane is a most fashionable post-War dressing. This form of equine beauty culture emanates from the racing stable. It gives an air of breeding to the horse, which is, of course, associated with the Turf, from whence all blue horse blood comes. Nowadays in the hunting field and in the show ring all the best people are seen with their mounts' manes plaited. A pretty lady, side-saddle on a well-dressed horse with plaited mane, is a truly delightful, gracious and most enchanting sight, that speaking of personally I would walk or hack miles just to gaze upon, but I fear me that is where mane-plaiting begins and ends.

They tell me that the ladies are particularly addicted to plaited manes. Vanity, just vanity, my dear men readers, but who am I to throw stones in glass-houses, when I have worn boots so tight for me that I have had to rush into the local village emporium and have them ripped open with a knife, for which I got a free neat brandy, because I appeared so exhausted.

A horse is endowed by Nature with a mane, no doubt for some very good reasons: one perhaps to make it look pretty, the other to assist it in keeping flies and other pests from irritating it to distraction.

Man, it seems, has other ideas about this, for when riding he prefers the mane hogged or plaited. The former method of dealing with the matter is the lesser of two evils. A plaited mane is a stableman's bugbear. It is the cause of skimping much grooming, which, as I have already tried to point out, is so beneficial to the horse, but more than that, it is bad for the mane, and often painful to the horse. To demonstrate my meaning I will next week give you an instance which recently occurred at the place where I am working.

R. M. S. BARTON.

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS ON THE MOOR AT HAWKCOMBE HEAD

GRAYLING IN THE SOUTH

When Wet Fly Pays Better than Dry

By H. D. TURING

CONTROVERSY over the question of "grayling in chalk streams" seems to have died down in recent years. Possibly it is due to the fact that so many owners nowadays keep down their grayling by netting and do not allow them to interfere unduly with the well-being of their trout. I should like to think that this view is wrong, and that chalk-stream anglers take more interest in grayling fishing; but I doubt it. On rivers like the Wylye and Nadder, of course, in which grayling are famous, there are a number of rods who make a regular practice of extending their fly-fishing season by a visit in October and November, or even in December, if the weather is attractive enough. But in Hampshire, it seems to me, there are fewer grayling fishers than ever.

Possibly it is really weather which is at the bottom of this lack of interest in grayling fishing in the south. During the greater part of the trout season one may hit on the English climate in a bad temper; still, one can generally go out. There is pretty sure to be some part of the day when fishing can be done. But in the autumn and winter, the weather may be completely devastating; storms of rain and wind may be lashing the water into a condition when fly fishing is perfectly impossible; and spending an autumn or winter day in the village "pub," divorced from one's usual means of distraction, is not every man's idea of contentment.

All the same, it would seem that in these days of rapid transport, when a favourable day can be snatched without having to make plans some time ahead, weather, behave it never so vilely, cannot be the only reason for this lack of interest in autumn fishing. There are, I fancy, two reasons which may possibly account for a good deal of it: one, the habit many fishery owners have of netting out grayling early in the autumn (which not only reduces the stock but seems to make the residue uncommonly hard to locate); the other, the habits of the fishermen themselves, which have imprinted dry-fly fishing, or at least upstream fishing, so firmly on the chalk streams that most people feel a certain delicacy in adopting any other method, a feeling, as it were, that an apology should be offered for turning our back on the source of the stream, and a half-ashamed explanation that only the necessity of ridding the stream of these competitors of its rightful owners causes one to adopt such an irreverent attitude.

It would improve matters somewhat if grayling were netted during their spawning season instead of in the autumn, and would probably be a more efficient way of reducing their numbers, but it is doubtful whether many owners would be willing to alter their present practice. Netting in spring, it is claimed, interferes with trout fishing, and autumn netting removes many fish which hang about near the trout redds in December and are supposed to devour trout spawn. Whether the charge of devouring trout ova can properly be maintained is doubtful, since except for some few which may be swept out of the redd, the eggs are covered by several inches of gravel, and are unobtainable except by excavation. But from the presence of grayling just downstream of spawning trout it is quite likely that big ones, at all events, interfere to some extent in the process; so there may be some justification for the claim.

Prejudice against wet-fly fishing in chalk streams, for grayling that is to say, is not particularly new. It is probably more in the nature of a vague feeling that it is one of the things which "is not done" than any really substantial part of the ethics of chalk-stream fishing, for hardly anyone will raise objection to the practice if the matter is put to them, but few seem to adopt it on the water. H. A. Rolt, who published his *Grayling Fishing in South Country Streams* in 1902, evidently found much the same aversion, if it really is an aversion, from the use of the wet fly in the latter part of the last century. "On a river like the Itchen I have made the keeper open his eyes in wonderment at big bags I have made with a wet fly. Here nearly everyone affects the dry article, and the result often comes about that with 'floaters' sport late in the season is very poor as compared with that obtained by fishing wet. The plan I adopt is to stroll quietly downstream. I first find my fish. As grayling keep generally in shoals, this is no difficult matter."

With that last sentence I fear I cannot agree. It is true that grayling keep in shoals, at least in open water; but I wish I found them easy to locate. Indeed, it is just that discovery of a shoal which seems so difficult. In a water one knows well it may be otherwise, but as a rule there is still a good deal of weed in chalk streams in autumn, and the shoals are difficult to find, except on those delightfully still days when an autumn sun has cleared the mist from the valley, when the yellow gravel shows up finely against the darkening patches of weed, when the red and gold curtain of trees on the opposite bank seems to light up the whole water, and the spangled shadows of fallen leaves move swiftly along the bottom, sweeping confusingly over the shadows which are stationary or move but slightly from side to side as some edible morsel trickles through the gravel. Then one may settle down to a shoal in the sure conviction that sooner or later a fly cast across and downstream will move some of them to take an interest in what is passing overhead.

To the autumn fisherman with only a short day at his disposal it is a blessed habit, this shoaling of grayling, for once a shoal is found it can be fished for hours on end, as long as nothing happens to disturb the fish. Contrary to the habits of trout, they are seldom disturbed by fishing over them. Why grayling should be so much more amenable to a wet fly fished downstream is, to me, a mystery. Is it that they are abnormally gut shy? Or is it simply that the fly, hampered by the drag of the line in the water, travels more slowly as it swings across the current? A grayling with its habit of rising from the river's bed, instead of lying poised some 6in. under the surface like a trout, must have a much larger area of "window," and more gut would consequently be visible. Gut lying on the surface would not, presumably, be very noticeable in the "mirror" which surrounds the window, and it may be that the habit of oiling part of the gut to make it float, recommended by a *Field* correspondent many years ago, was inspired by an experience which this fact would explain. In downstream fishing the fly comes into view before the gut.

But I am inclined to think that the depth from which the fish rises is a more likely explanation. Grayling in at all a swift stream often seem to miss a fly. They do not rise "short" in the manner of a trout; at all events they do not appear to change their mind about its edibility on close inspection as trout seem to do, or how explain their coming again and again at the same fly? They do not, or at least very rarely, swim up to a fly to take it, nor do they drift backwards in the manner of trout and then lift their neb and suck it in. They appear rather to make a spring from the bottom, as if shot out of a catapult; once the impulse is made there is no altering direction; the shot is made for good or ill; that is what it looks like.

In this case a fly moving rather more slowly than the current is possibly easier to get. It seems unnatural that an insect should move more slowly than the current, but are we not inclined to attribute more reasoning powers to fish than they really possess? In a river there must be lots of errant currents, small eddies and the like, where stones or weed obstruct the flow and where grubs being carried along will change course suddenly, a phenomenon to which fish must be well accustomed.

I remember a wonderful shallow on the Kennet at Halfway frequented by grayling and big dace. There was always a shoal of grayling on that shallow, and one could almost invariably get a rise at any point along its course of some couple of hundred yards; but the grayling seemed to come "short," as we used to consider it in those days, when no one thought of fishing anything but dry fly. A dry fly fished semi-submerged always got more rises than one which stood up properly on its hackles. One cast straight across stream, for the water was wide and the fish lay in the middle. The slack water at the side caused inevitable drag, but it was when the fly had swung round and hung momentarily downstream from the line that rises most frequently occurred. Fish were seldom hooked at such a time, which was natural, for grayling are not the fish to wait for the slack to tauten up from a heavily bowed line; but looking back upon it now I have no doubt many more grayling would have been caught if anyone had had the gumption to fish a wet fly across and downstream over the shoal; and those grayling were worth catching, too.

The main difficulty in fishing down and across is to get one's fly to sink far enough below the surface. In a fairly rapid current a fly is apt to ride up directly there is any drag from the line. This would be well enough if the fly got properly down first. Rolt comments on a practice of those days of using a split shot on the cast (an abominably uncomfortable gadget, by the way; it makes casting a misery) and records his own method: "When dressing a fly, I pad the hook slightly with thin lead wire—not too much of it—a couple of turns is ample." Is Rolt, then, the originator of the leaded nymph? It reads as if it was his own invention, though it was written not later than 1901 before nymph fishing, as such, had been developed, but it looks a little as if nymph fishermen to-day are indebted to the grayling for what is likely to become, in the future, a regular feature of their craft.

A WINDY DAY ON A TEST CARRIER

From a photograph by Dr. E. A. Barton

"ANYWAY THE VIEW IS WORTH THE CLIMB"

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE IRISH HILLS

A Day's Shooting in the Mayo Mountains

"IF we don't get a lot of shooting, we shall see a lot of stuff, and anyway the view is worth the climb." Thus our host, who spoke no more than the truth. Mile upon mile of rock and bog and heather lay between us and Clew Bay; southwards the great outline of the Connemara mountains cut the sky. We looked down from a thousand feet upon the Killaries, and up to yet another thousand of Maumtrasna, and the gradient of the latter was a trifle more appalling than the former.

If shoots, on which one accepts small mercies with becoming gratitude, are fittingly described as rough, then rough and tumble may more accurately apply to such as embrace the Mayo mountains. For tumble you certainly will, until, as my friend Patsy Feeney puts it, "ye have the right feel of the shragh between yer toes." If you do, the depth of your immersion will, under Providence, depend on the nearest solid ground to the Antipodes. And even if you do not, when a clammy mist blots out the hills, and the wind gets up to half a gale and the ground is waterlogged, so that a whole bog springs to life before your band of hope has well set foot upon it, the lighter aspect of adventure is decidedly obscure. A sense of humour is an asset in bog trotting.

For undoubtedly it cramps one's style, just as two snipe rise confidingly convenient to be violently assaulted from behind. "Ye was all but in it that time," remarked my rescuer genially, adding the reassuring intelligence that this part of the bog was reputedly responsible for the mysterious disappearance of two local worthies. And the higher ground, also, if less nerve wracking, was no picnic. Ankle-twisting slopes of nearly knee-high heather, studded with enormous boulders peeping out of tangled whins and bracken, do not conduce to easy shooting. One loped one's way through the *chevaux-de-frise*, usually to hear a whirr of wings just when in the process of disentanglement from some peculiarly obnoxious snag, and unashamedly I confess that a single snipe saved me from the ignominy of rendering a blank return for that first beat.

Then mercifully the gradient became gentler and the heather less abominably thick. One pack of grouse was fairly easy money, and in a life-like imitation of the serpent on its belly, the keeper and two beaters worked round some scattered oat patches to send another lot clean over us. Eight grouse in October is some bag in this part of the world, but that was the last we saw of them. They were heading non-stop for Croaghpatrick at something like 60 miles an hour, and I should not wonder if they got there.

The afternoon's first problem was the shooting of a cutaway bog in a cleft in the hills, and fringed with stunt scrub and whin clumps, sizeable enough to conceal elephants were such indigenous. They clothe the steeper slopes, which fall into tiers of rock-strewn heather, and for safety's sake the only method of procedure was for the guns to keep well ahead above and below, while the beaters fought their way through the entanglements as best they could. The yield, one must regretfully admit, was meagre, though the speed of such birds as came in more or less the right direction was terrific. Snipe shot from the cutaway like skaters on smooth ice, and as we were a good 30yds. to the flanks, we were usually a good 6in. behind as they streaked into the stratosphere. And alas! two out of three woodcock, rather surprisingly emerging from the whins, defeated the combined efforts of two guns.

But into the final drive across the biggest of the bogs was crowded most of the excitement of the day. It is a huge strip of country, half cutaway, half red bog, and one never knows what it may hold from wild geese to jacksnipe. The beaters love it for that reason, and as they lined out in the distance I found myself wishing that experts in the art of driving could have watched that effort. For each man had the lung power of a dozen, and one or two were equipped with a species of rattle akin to those in vogue, I fancy, among football fans. These were swung with ear-piercing and unnecessary frequency whenever the storm troops sighted anything near or distant.

In less time than it takes to write the words the whole bog was awake. First came a stand of golden plover, which kept low enough in the teeth of the wind to be shorn of half a dozen as they passed. And then the snipe and duck, but chiefly the former, twisting right up into the sky, and swerving left-handed whenever a movement in front betrayed the forward guns. For half an hour the fun was fast and furious, and the charm of the sport lay in its variety; a snipe would join forces with a mallard, a bunch of teal would seem to race the golden plover, and a few wigeon, curlew and minor etceterns all contributed to the gaiety of the proceedings. For some reason or another most of the duck in the place seemed to have congregated in the last hundred yards or so of the beat, and it was a question of loading and firing as rapidly as rather numbed fingers would allow. The teal, as usual, headed off up the river, but most of the full duck came forward and, circling higher and ever higher, gave almost every gun an object lesson in speed and angle. What was the proportion of hits to misses during the whole beat I have no idea, but if my own performance was any criterion, it must have been extraordinarily low. Still, if good mixing makes the *sauce piquante* of shooting, we had that good and plenty. For the day had yielded eight different species of birds—94 head all told—and there was no one with a sufficiently analytical type of mentality to wish to count the empty cartridge cases.

And here is one last picture of this day of happy memory. We came on our homeward way to a little group of coverts by the loughside, and all six guns lined out for a grand finale. Then was a woodcock halloed forward, and he came twisting and dipping in and out the silver birches. Two of the professors missed him hurriedly and handsomely, and it was left to the only youngster in the party to make suitable amends. And not content with this, the same lad stopped another 'cock a split second after the writer had fired two barrels quite a foot behind it. Which, as all contemporary old buffers (or old duffers) will certainly agree, was a most indecent incident.

And so home. We seemed to have got "the right feel of the shragh" between our toes, for we had more leisure and greater confidence in watching the shadows creep along the mountains and in absorbing that atmosphere which is quite peculiar to an Irish twilight. The hills seemed gentler and the heather surprisingly penetrable—or was this simply because we were filled with the quiet exultation that only comes at the end of a successful fresh air enterprise?

J. B. DROUGHT.

"SOUTHWARDS THE GREAT OUTLINE OF THE CONNEMARA MOUNTAINS CUT THE SKY"

"WE LOOKED . . . UP TO YET ANOTHER THOUSAND OF MAUMTRASNA"

"A DIM, DULL, DREAR SORT OF DAY, ALL MIST AND OYSTER CATCHERS"

A PUNT GUN AND POLITICS

Spy Fever on the East Coast

ALTHOUGH some of the hardiest folk in the world live on the coasts of the Baltic, the big, hard-featured man crouching in the reeds shivered and grumbled at the cold. The shore of an East Coast estuary in mid-winter is no place for comfort. But Captain Bardowick was a conscientious and earnest man, who had been brought up and trained with an iron discipline to do his duty.

There was a rumour abroad that the Royal Navy of Great Britain had a new submarine which was something entirely novel in the history of warships. She had been built at the large naval port near, and was said to be conducting her trials in the estuary. So Captain Bardowick cursed the snow flurries and the cold damp banks of mist, while a few hundred miles away his superiors awaited his report with tense anxiety, for it was a dim, dull, drear sort of day, all mist and oyster catchers.

As the snow stopped for a while the mist receded a little, and the watcher suddenly grabbed his binoculars. It was not clear, and the mist distorted everything, but there was something moving on the water. The binoculars revealed a low, flattish structure, on which a gun was certainly mounted. It appeared larger than the top of an ordinary conning tower, for Captain Bardowick assumed that it was a submarine nearly submerged, but it puzzled him to notice that no periscope was fitted.

Then the vessel passed into the mist, and the captain wondered how he could get a closer view of her. Suddenly a dull roar sounded over the waste of mud and water, quickly followed by another. The cries of startled waterfowl were followed by lesser reports. The spy's bewilderment increased. Why have target practice in such weather, and what sort of a gun was it? What did the fire of small arms mean? A shot came from behind him, and then another on his flank. There was a splash in a pool.

The spy realised that he was in a tight place. Suspicions must have been aroused, and the marsh was being combed by soldiers, who had so far missed him in the snow showers and mist. What they were shooting at Bardowick could not imagine, but the district had become very unhealthy.

A sharp snow shower swept down, and the spy began to move cautiously through it towards the road. Then he came into contact with one of his pursuers, who appeared like a parti-white ghost through the snow. Both were startled, but the captain knew the fate of spies, and he was desperate. With one savage wild blow he knocked the other flying into one of the little pools which dotted the marsh. Then he ran.

Captain Bardowick was no coward, and he was no stranger to trouble. He had served his country as a soldier in two wars in which it had intervened. But he always looked back on that day as one of the worst in his adventurous career. The bad visibility which hid him also hid drains and pools from him. He found it quite easy to get in these, but very difficult to get out. He lost all sense of direction, and although the shooting had stopped he could hear shouts, and men moving about.

When at last he found the road, where he had hidden his motor cycle, he had to hide until the slow winter dusk hid the state of his clothes, which would have attracted attention at once. But before he went down for a record bout of influenza he managed to get off his report, with a sketch of what he had seen. It was greatly appreciated.

* * *

The vast building was crowded with little groups which began to drift away. A great Naval Conference had been held, but no treaty or pact had been concluded, for several reasons. One of these had been a grave suspicion that Great Britain possessed weapons which were undisclosed and powerful, and the astonished denials of her delegates had failed to remove the impression. Two of these delegates walked from the last sitting of the conference, which had concluded with the usual platitudes, to a Service club.

"What beats me," said the elder, "is that cock-and-bull yarn about the new submarine. We haven't got such a thing, and if we had old Frock-Tails (here the speaker alluded to a Very Responsible Statesman by his Service nickname) would have given them the plans as soon as they mentioned it."

"Two or three crowds have got hold of the rumour," said his companion. "And they wouldn't believe there was nothing in it."

"Oh, all these foreigners get each other's information sooner or later. Once a useful thing is known it soon gets known again."

"Did they give you anything to go on?" asked the junior officer.

"Yes. After I denied all knowledge of it at the committee meeting Pulkava drew me aside and told me one of their people had actually seen it. Probably thought I should tell him a bit then."

"What did he tell you?"

"Well, it seems that one of their agents was hiding somewhere on the coast below Hardwick's basin, and he saw the top of a conning tower, with no periscope, running almost awash, and shortly after he heard two shots in quick succession, after which he was hunted by our military and had a frightful job getting away. As they only knew of two of our old submarines being refitted there at the time, and they were both in dock, they are naturally a bit suspicious."

"But we don't know anything about it."

"No. And the military are another conundrum. We haven't got any military there, and if we had they would have known if they had been hunting anyone."

The junior officer thought for a bit, and then he asked a question: "When did this new submarine show up?"

"A week or two after Christmas. You had the second squadron there then, so you wouldn't be far away."

"No," said the man who had been taken from his command to listen to a lot of hot air. Then he gave a start and began to grin.

"What's the matter?" asked his senior. "If you've thought of a good story, let's have it."

"I have, but it may not be the right answer. I think I know old Pulkava's sub." He laughed. Then he called a waiter. "Ring up the Burlington and see if Lieutenant Druridge is there, and if so ask him to come and see me here at once." Then he turned to his companion. "My nephew. I have an idea he may be able to clear things up a bit."

About twenty minutes later a big, tanned, quiet young man was conducted to the two Admirals. "Well, Jim," said his uncle, after introducing him to his friend, "we want some information from you."

Lieutenant Druridge looked rather amazed and apprehensive. Admirals, even if they also happen to be uncles, do not send for a man on leave merely to inquire about his health. "Yes, sir?" he said.

"You did a good deal of punt-gunning in the winter, I understand?"

"Yes, sir. I got a double-barrel specially made by Bland's, one of the biggest they've ever turned out, and I had to get a bigger punt to carry it. I hoped it would give me a bit extra range. The fowl are very wild."

"Yes. Do you remember anything out of the ordinary happening about a week or two after Christmas?"

"No, sir."

"Well, did you hear of anything happening ashore while you were out?"

The Lieutenant thought for a little, then he spoke: "Well, sir, I did hear of something which happened to a shore shooter after a couple of shots I had. It was a vile day, and I hadn't seen anything, and I was coming in. The mist thinned a bit, and I saw a gaggle of pinkfeet on the mud. I gave them both barrels and picked up fifteen. I heard the shore shooters popping away. They always try to get a chance of a shot when a punt drives fowl off their feeding grounds. When I got in, some time later, old Pintail Billy, who looks after the punt for me, told me there had been a fight on the marsh. It appears that one of the men had shot a goose when I set them up, and he was going to get it when someone went for him and knocked him down. He could not recognise him, and he and his friends tried to find him, but he got away."

Both Admirals laughed. "The blunder has been made," said his uncle.

"How?" asked Druridge.

"By the gentleman who knocked your shore shooter down," said the older Admiral. "Your two shots killed more than geese; they've killed a conference!"

BRENT.

Letters to Young Shooters

GUNS, POWDER AND SHOT

(*Sketch by Maurice Tulloch*)

MY DEAR GEORGE,—The number of shooting men that have a deep knowledge of gun making and ballistics is very limited indeed, and there are many who, quite frankly, say they know nothing whatever about it and seem to get on perfectly well. All the same, it is as well to know something of the tools of your trade, if only to keep up your end with those annoying people one meets from time to time who talk to you in an unintelligible and highly technical jargon.

The gun you use is more or less the same gun, *i.e.*, the breech loader which has been in vogue for 70 years. It has two primary differences. The absence of hammers, which began to come in about 1875, and the ejectors, which throw out the cartridge and make for quicker loading. The principle of the hammer and the hammerless gun are the same, except that in the latter the hammer or tumbler is inside the gun. Up till the time of the War one still saw a good many hammer guns about, and two of the great shots of all time, Lord Ripon and King George V, both used them.

The ordinary guns in use are the 12-bore, the 16-bore, the 20-bore, the 28-bore, and the .410. Each of these is, as you know, a slightly less powerful weapon than the one before it in the list. The origins of the term twelve, sixteen, &c. bore is not uninteresting. They are derived from the weight of the spherical lead bullet exactly fitting the bore of the gun. Thus a bullet, of which twelve go to a pound, exactly fits the bore of a "twelve," and so on.

Everybody, of course, wants to own a "best" gun, one of those beautiful pieces of craftsmanship which originate from one of an odd half-dozen or so makers, and which are made to measure in every particular, each individual part being the work of the maker's own firm. Such a gun might cost £120, though you can get a good gun made to measure for less than half that price. Now, equally, if you can afford neither £120 nor yet £50, you can buy a good gun for rather less than £20, which is safe, reliable and a killing weapon. Why, then, pay more? The answer is threefold. Firstly, a gun that is fitted to you will nearly always improve your shooting. If you have a chest like a gorilla or a neck like a giraffe—and, my dear George, I know that you have neither—you will find it an even greater help. Secondly, the life of a "best" gun (that is the expression given to the product of a first-class London maker) is at least double, and probably treble, that of the "off-the-peg" article. And, thirdly, it will always keep its price. Read the secondhand lists to see how certain names always appear among the high prices. That is really all there is to be said about it. There are lots of poor men who shoot excellently and get a great deal of fun out of cheap guns.

Now into each individual gun can be put various refinements. First of all, there are single triggers and over-and-under guns. It is claimed for the former (it has a double action on one trigger) that it slightly accelerates speed of shooting; for the latter, which has the barrels one above the other, that they make for easier aiming. It is a matter for choice, but neither are, as yet, very widely adopted in this country. Next we come to barrel lengths. After the War there was a tremendous movement to shorten barrels. At the present time it seems to be somewhat less fashionable. It is claimed for short barrels that they make for extreme quickness, and some very remarkable weapons, which look as if they had been borrowed from a Chicago hi-jack, have certainly been seen to do a great deal of execution. But equal execution is done with the old-fashioned 30-in. barrels, for which a greater accuracy is claimed. It is a subject which aroused acute controversy, and if everybody gets what makes them happy and confident, what more need I say? Old-fashioned sportsmen assert that these 25-in. barrels are only fit for apes. If I had, after the manner of the late Lord Beaconsfield, to choose between the 25-in. apes and the 28in. angels, like his lordship I should be on the side of the angels.

There are two other points I must deal with. Firstly, the choking of the barrels. Choke means what its name implies. It has been found that by very slightly constricting the barrels at the end a denser and improved pattern is obtained. No gun barrel, I believe, is quite devoid of choke—*i.e.*, a perfect cylinder. Choke is gauged by "points," and a point is $\frac{1}{100}$th of an inch. It varies from 3 to 40 points of choke. It is quite clear that if you want to shoot at long ranges you must have more choke. In the old opulent days many sportsmen bought their guns with a second pair of choke barrels for high pheasants. But for most of us the normal choking holds good of having the left barrel "choke" and the right barrel constricted to a lesser degree known as "improved cylinder." This means that at 40yds. the choke barrel puts 75 per cent. of the charge into a 30in. circle, the improved cylinder 50 per cent. It is curious that this system of barrel arrangement still seems to give the best results, as it derives from an epoch when most game was walked, and the second barrel fired at longer ranges. With driven game the reverse must often be the case.

In making a gun, I suppose the gun-maker's most important adjustment is to get the length of the stock so that it falls easily into the shoulder. This depends primarily on the length of the arms (the aforementioned gorilla). The second measurement is the "drop" or "bend" of the gun, which is the amount the stock is bent down below the barrels, so as to bring the barrels dead on the object. This depends on the length of the neck, I presume (the giraffe). And, finally, the "cast" of the gun, which is a matter of eyesight. Whereas bend is in the perpendicular, cast is the same thing in the horizontal. If one has defects of vision, or indeed in habits of shooting, which cause one to shoot to the right or the left, they can be rectified or mitigated by cast. Thus if one is found to be shooting to the left of the target, the stock is pulled to the right of the plane of the barrels, and this is called "cast off." If it is pulled to the left the results are opposite, and it is called "cast on." Work it out with pencil and paper; it's quite simple. (Task for term time No. 1.)

Finally, a word about proofing. The only two things I can think of that you can buy guaranteed by Government as danger-proof are an aeroplane and a gun, unless in these days it be a gas mask. Aeroplanes, however, are inspected from time to time, and guns are not. Thus proofing cannot last for ever. A pair of barrels, even though the genial shade of the great Joe Manton descended from the celestial coverts to cast them, cannot be expected to last till the crack of doom. So, if buying second-hand guns, they may need to be inspected and reproofed. Proofing is done by two sources—the Worshipful Company of Gunmakers in London and the Birmingham Proof House. There are two proofs: First, the provisional proof, which is of barrels only and shows the gunmaker it is fit to carry on with. The second is the definitive proof. This is the final hall-mark. It has three variations. Since 1925 such proof consisted of one proofing for all powders; between 1896 and 1925 there was, as nitro powders came into use, an additional proof for nitro powders. Previous to that there was only one definitive proof. It may interest you to explore some standard book such as Major Barrard's *Modern Shotgun* and identify the various proof marks. (Task for term time No. 2.)

Now comes the last part of the gun: the powder and shot. Well, as you know, this is a subject which causes more apoplexy in Service clubs than any other topic short of Younger Generals. It has broken up shooting lunches, week-end parties and lifelong friendships. If you find you can kill driving grouse the better with Celer et Audax Powder, and old Colonel Doodlepop in the next butt is certain that he does far more deadly execution with his Nulli Secundus—so be it. Let it be a source of pride to both of you, not of quarrelling. And if Studley-Jones kills his hundred snipe with BB, and Blubberhouse-Smith his score of geese with eights, let us marvel and pass on. We will stick to our fives and sixes for ordinary work and get along very happily.

But it is well to know what a cartridge consists of. Let this be task for term time No. 3, if you can lay your hands on a cartridge. Take one and cut it down the side. There is a little disc with the size of the shot printed on it on the top. It is very firmly wedged, which makes for the accuracy of your cartridge. Below this is the shot. The top part of the cartridge case is filled tight with shot. About a third of the length of the cartridge below the top disc there is another similar cardboard disc; these discs contain the top and bottom of the shot. Immediately below is a brown felt wad, though in the latest cartridges they are "pneumatic" wads, a sort of air drum of hard paper, which has exactly the same effect as a felt wad, but gives a slightly more even pressure on the shot when it is propelled forward. Below this again is a third disc, but thicker and more carefully balanced. These wads and discs are the piston, worked, as it were, by the steam of the powder. Below the lowest disc of all is the powder. Below this you can see the brass head of the cartridge containing an iron cup. This brass head has a cap on it; turning over the case you can now see the cap without, the flash hole within. What sets off the flash, that explodes the powder, that propels the wad, that hurls the shot that hits the house that Jack built? Don't pry any further into the cartridge—and I hope you have sprinkled the powder into the garden and not the pupil room fire—but take it that inside that brass head is a small pointed anvil and a copper shell with a tiny quantity of explosive composition. The plunger of your gun forces the plate on which this composition is spread on to the anvil, and that, say I.C.I., is that.

Your affectionate,

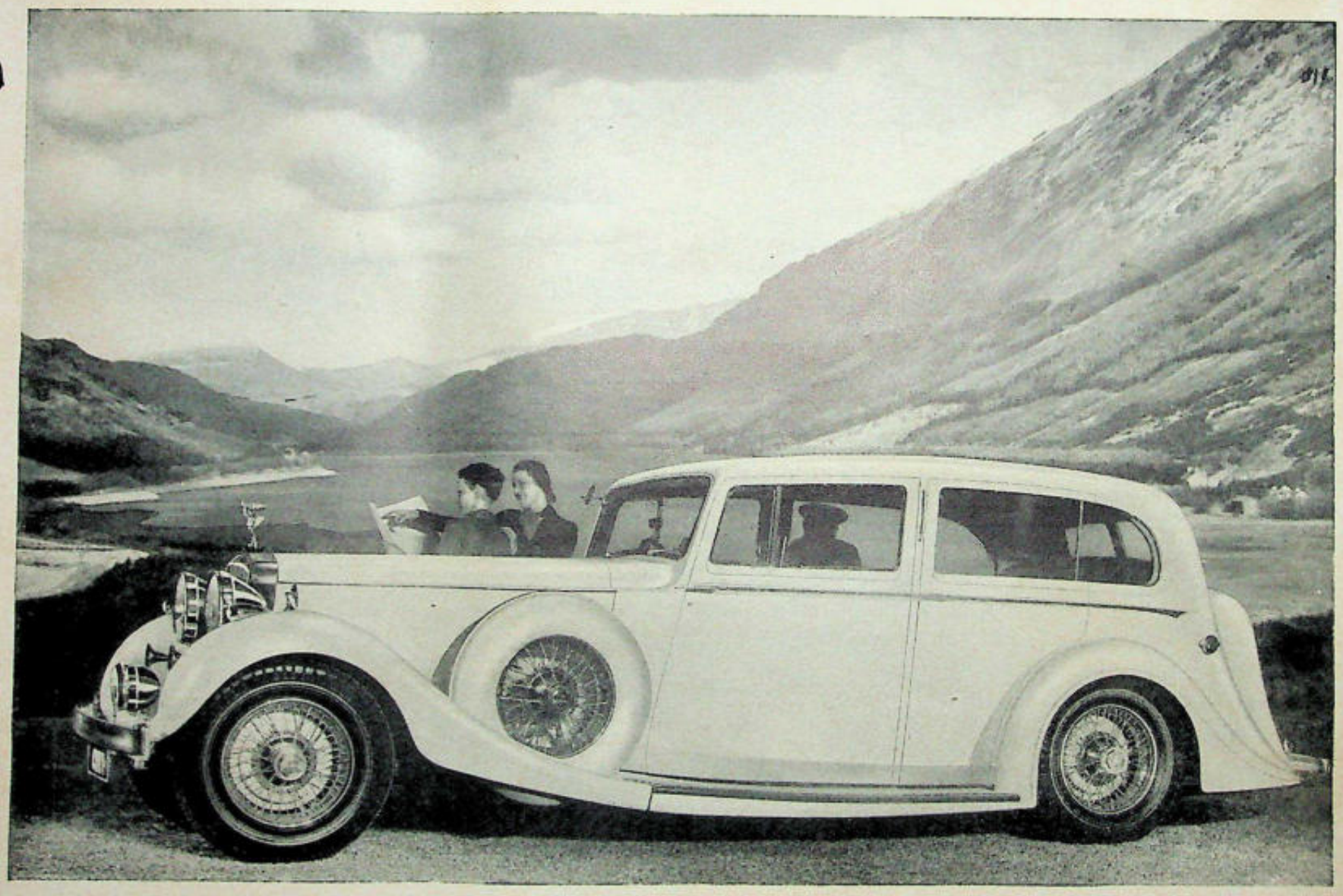
UNCLE RALPH.

AN ARGUMENT ABOUT CARTRIDGES

The Daimler Vogue

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE LATE KING GEORGE V

AS INTERPRETED BY FAMOUS COACHBUILDERS



TOURING LIMOUSINE

designed and built for

DAIMLER

by Rippon Bros. Ltd.

on the Straight Eight chassis

Even the Daimler Straight Eight chassis has never carried a more magnificent limousine. This is the car that gained premier coachwork awards in all the leading British Rallies. A Daimler of notable individuality—a car in which every detail of the amazingly lavish interior equipment has been personally designed. An outstanding example of the current Daimler vogue.

British Cars Last Longer

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

Daimler

London Distributors: STRATSTONE, 27 PALL MALL & 38 BERKELEY ST.

SMOOTH WATERS IN THE SOUTH: THE BUCKLAND ABBEY BEAT ON THE TAVY
Some good sport was had with sea trout on this beat last week as mentioned in our reports

A SALMON FISHER'S CRI DU CŒUR

Bad Luck which Calls for Explanation

By WEST COUNTRY

A COMMON type of angling article is one which seeks to instruct, amuse or enlighten readers; this one is different, for it is an attempt by the writer to glean information which will pierce the impenetrable darkness wherein he is wandering. In short, it is a confession of failure.

For years now most of my salmon fishing has been on one river, and I think I may claim, without false modesty, that I have been moderately successful. It is hard-fished association water, and as such affords the best test for comparison, for when the same rods are fishing the same water year after year, the element of chance, which can play so large a part in the sport at times, is, to a considerable extent, eliminated.

For a decade or more my catch at the end of the season has invariably been amongst the first two or three, and several times I have had more salmon than anyone else. I say this in no sense of boasting, for, in my view, boasting is the most stupid of all stupidities, because it impresses none save the boaster. But it is necessary to make it plain that I am neither a beginner, nor, judged on past results, completely incompetent in this fish-catching business, or my present plight could not be regarded as exceptional, and this article would lose its chief point. The question in brief is this: Why have the tackle and methods which have been successful in other years failed so lamentably in 1938? I may say that by standards of even a few years ago I fish light, with tackle that is as fine as that used by any other rod on the water, and finer than most.

We have had on this particular river, and, indeed, in all the others in the same area, the worst season I ever remember. The spring was one long drought; but lack of water has not been the only trouble. There were very few spring salmon, and summer fish are almost as scarce. Added to this, those that did come into the pools have taken very badly, and the number of lost fish, and rises and runs which did not metamorphose into anything further, have been far above the usual percentage. At first sight this might be accounted sufficient reason to explain my lack of success. But such is not the case. Since the beginning of the season, in March until mid-July, I met exactly two salmon. One came unstuck after a couple of minutes, incidentally the first I have lost since June, 1935; the second I killed.

Two salmon in four and a half months, although there were, of course, weeks in spring when no fishing was possible. Still, by my diary, I find that I have been out 38 times. "Out" may mean anything from a couple of hours before lunch or after tea to a "day" of five or six hours, this being about the limit of my endurance and perseverance when I cannot stir a fish.

Now, it is true that, with one exception, the record of other anglers on the same river is not impressive, indeed, not much better than mine if actual catches are considered. Three or four have each had a couple of salmon; but they have been meeting fish; they have lost several, and have risen or run others with fly or bait fairly frequently, considering how few the pools hold, whereas I have gone for day after day, and week after week, without being able to rouse the slightest interest in the fish's mind, spin I never so wisely.

One man has been far and away more successful than anyone else, and his total reaches the almost astronomical figure—for this year—of ten salmon. In one day he met three fish, more than I encountered in four months. In that week he had nine come at fly or bait; he killed two and lost two others, and twice he has landed a brace in a day. This individual knows the river as well as, but not better than, I do; possibly he is on the water rather more hours a week than I put in, and his catch in recent years has been usually near the head of the list; in 1937 he was second, one fish below me. Yet this season he has killed a thousand per cent. more salmon than I have, and has met 20 against my two!

WHY? Can anyone suggest an explanation, save the very unsatisfactory one of luck? It is true that most anglers can recall extraordinary manifestations of good and bad fortune in salmon fishing. In 1932 I caught eight out of the first nine salmon killed in this river. A year or two ago a lady had seven fish in a week when the total catch for all rods was nine, and I remember a case of a very good fisherman, who the year before had headed the list on an association water, going the whole season without landing a single salmon. Yet to put the whole thing down to luck is somehow unconvincing and unsatisfactory.

Is there any other explanation? There are undoubtedly many things in heaven and earth, and in the waters under the earth, that we do not understand; is it possible for some mystical influence to affect for good or evil one's fishing? Fish generally are known to be extremely sensitive to differences of pressure, temperature and electrical charges; is it too utterly far-fetched to imagine that these extreme manifestations of what we usually call luck are in reality due to something in the angler, some state or condition which is quite unknown and unrealised; some varying psychological or physiological factor which emanates from him at times, and is communicated like an electric current through rod and line to the fish, enticing or repelling them, so that they are attracted to his lure or leave it severely alone?

AUTUMN SPATE IN THE NORTH: THE DOCHART AT KILLIN WHERE THE RIVER ENTERS LOCH TAY

Better Motoring for less Money ... VAUXHALL *alone* combines all these features

Complete range of new models for 1939 season on display at the Motor Show

10 H.P. *40 M.P.G. The new edition of the popular Vauxhall "10." Smooth performance; many refinements. Ample room for four adults and a child. Exceptional economy. Saloons from* **£168**

12 H.P. *35 M.P.G. Costs less to buy and less to run than any other "Twelve." Bigger and more powerful than the Vauxhall "10" —yet costs little more to run. Saloons from* **£189**

14 H.P. *30 M.P.G. Worthy successor to the famous Vauxhall "Fourteens" which has always been the leader in its class. Fuller details below. De Luxe Saloon* **£230**

25 H.P. *20 M.P.G. The aristocrat of the Vauxhall range. Exceptionally roomy; maximum speed 80 m.p.h., outstanding acceleration. Saloons from* **£345**

Limousine prices from £555

VAUXHALL'S LATEST
The New "14" Six

Every year since 1933 when the first Light Six made history, successive Vauxhalls have been the most popular cars in the 14 h.p. class.

For 1939 we offer a new "Fourteen" that will more than maintain the lead established by its predecessors.

It is a bigger, roomier, more impressive car, with hydraulic brakes, controlled synchromesh on all forward gears, an adjustable steering wheel, many new luxuries, an even livelier performance and yet will still do 30 miles to the gallon.

It has the torsion bar system of independent suspension which, in addition to improving all roads, gives extra stability, safer cornering, is trouble-free and requires very little attention.

IN every Vauxhall there are certain basic features which cannot be found together in any other cars in the world. Those features, the products of Engineering Leadership, are responsible for the unusual combination of performance, comfort, roominess and economy for which all Vauxhalls are famous.

We do not suggest that any motorist *should* buy a Vauxhall. Instead we ask you, in your own interests, to try every car that is available at the price you are prepared to pay. Any Vauxhall dealer will arrange for you to try a Vauxhall.

REAL ECONOMY With normal driving, Vauxhalls give approximately 20% more m.p.h. **PERFORMANCE** All Vauxhalls have lively acceleration and excellent top gear performance. **INDEPENDENT SPRINGING** Changes riding into gliding and improves stability, steering, cornering and road holding. **SAFETY.** Hydraulic brakes give smooth, powerful, effortless braking. **DRIVING EASE** Vauxhall *controlled* Synchromesh helps the expert to make a good gear change and prevents the learner making a bad one. Steering is accurate and shock-free. All controls are handy and light. **COMFORT** Body Conformity front seats. Exceptional leg-room and head-room No-Draught Ventilation and sliding roofs on de luxe models. Ample luggage space. **QUIETNESS** Great success has been achieved in the prevention and insulation of car noises.

Separate booklets on all models and an interesting book "Engineering Leadership" will gladly be sent on request. Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds.

VAUXHALL'S LATEST — The New 14 h.p. Six-Cyl. De Luxe Saloon - - - **£230**

VAUXHALL *INDEPENDENT SPRINGING*
Changes Riding into Gliding

PUTTING OR DRIVING?

Cotton Defeats the Ladies

By E. R. TIPPLE

IS a first-class woman golfer as proficient as a first-class man? Obviously not, because of the difference in physique. On level terms the man would win practically every time. But, in receipt of varying handicap allowances, the women usually defeat the men in their annual match at Stoke Poges. An amateur finds it extremely difficult to concede six strokes in an eighteen holes game with a leading member of the feminine ranks. How would a professional fare in such a game? His task would be easier than the amateur's, and, unless he was very much off form, he would not be beaten. But if he had to play three outstanding women golfers, what then?

To answer that question an entirely new kind of exhibition match was arranged at the Maylands course, Essex, in aid of Mr. Robert Middlemas's Fairplay Fund—which has provided thousands of poor children with daily outings in the country—and Henry Cotton played the best ball of Lady Heathcoat-Amory, formerly Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Enid Wilson and Mme. Rene Lacoste, better known as Simone Thion de la Chaume. These famous feminine players between them had won 29 national championships and the former two in particular had no equal when they were at their best. Beforehand opinion as to the result was sharply divided. Some said Cotton would win comfortably; others that he had not a chance.

It was felt that Cotton's great length off the tee would prove too big a handicap even for these three illustrious players, for they all had to use the back teeing-grounds. There were four holes on the course that were quite beyond the reach of any woman golfer in two shots. So those holes were written off as certain losses. Cotton certainly did outdrive his opponents—in some instances by as much as 80yds.—but he won only one of these long holes. He fared better at the short ones, winning two, which was contrary to expectation. His length did not give him the victory. An inspired spell of deadly putting brought about the women's downfall.

Great length is not so essential as some would believe. Naturally it is very exhilarating to hit the ball nearly 300yds., but when all is said and done the finishing of the hole is what matters—the approaching and putting. The team of three did not combine to help each other on the greens. They were not at their best, so that Cotton's task was not really as difficult as it had appeared in cold print. Both Lady Heathcoat-Amory and Miss Enid Wilson drove magnificently and with admirable consistency, but they threw away chances by inaccurate seconds and very indifferent putting. The common fault of being over-anxious to be up to the flag with their seconds caused many of their shots to finish beyond the green. It was noticeable that when their shots pitched, the ball ran on for several yards, whilst Cotton's ball stopped dead on the greens, often jumping back a few feet. Even the very best woman golfer finds it difficult to put that vital "stop" on the ball with the iron clubs. Lack of strength in the wrists and forearms is no doubt the reason for this.

Lady Heathcoat-Amory, with that delightfully graceful, rhythmic swing—and hickory-shafted clubs—obtained length with the minimum of effort. As a contrast, Miss Wilson, in characteristic fashion, hurled herself at the ball, putting every ounce of her weight into each shot, showing that there are a variety of ways of hitting a golf ball. If they made little Madame Lacoste appear almost insignificant off the tee, the dainty Frenchwoman showed them how to putt. Her partners, using steel putters, jabbed at the ball and appeared as uncomfortable as they must have felt. But Madame Lacoste, with a big flat wooden-headed putter, made famous by Jean Gassiat, the former French Open Champion, was confidence personified. First finger of the right hand pointing down the shaft, a short back swing and a pronounced follow through, head kept well down, feet fairly close together, was her successful method. She won the first hole for her side—the ninth—by sinking a putt of quite 6yds. for a "birdie" three, and kept Cotton at bay for several more holes by her long accurate seconds followed by her sound displays on the greens.

Madame Lacoste was, without exception, yards behind the others off the tee, but when within range her next shot finished on the green. With the assistance of their greater length her partners failed to be so accurate. Their best ball was 71 against the bogey of 74. Good, but not good enough when Cotton returns a 67. The former Open Champion made only two slips in an otherwise perfect display of skill. After a disappointing season Cotton was the old Cotton who restored the prestige of British golf. His swing seemed more graceful than ever, and the power was imparted without apparent effort. In this round his putting was above reproach—in contrast to his performances in the tournaments. With his feet still left wide apart, legs straight, he swung the putter firmly and followed through as if he wanted to hit the ball a second time. Four single putts on four consecutive greens removed all doubt as to who would win this unusual match.

The game attracted so much interest that another is possible. If he won again then another woman might be called in to increase the partnership, then another, until the women triumphed! In fairness to the women, the venue of such a match is important. A course with long carries off the tee would make it impossible for them, and the playing conditions—hard or soft ground—could be important also. But no team of women golfers, whatever the number, would beat Cotton or any other first-class professional unless they putted exceptionally well. Putting may not be as thrilling as long driving, but it produces the required results.

FIELD TRIALS

Retrievers at Lockeridge

THE Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society's trials were held at Lockeridge, near Marlborough, on October 5th and 6th, by kind permission of Mr. A. B. Simpson. The judges were Sir John Goodwin, Mr. R. G. Heaton and Mr. H. Saunders. No doubt the weather on the first day accounted for some of the moderate work shown, but it does not follow that because the work was poor the dogs are necessarily so. The fact should not be forgotten that field trials often take place when the wise shooting man goes home. On the other hand, though the conditions may be far from pleasant, qualities in dogs may be brought out which, under different circumstances, might not be discovered.

In the case of the winner of the All-aged Stake, Avishay's Brush, a golden retriever, the weather was a matter of entire indifference. Whatever he had to do, he did it with care combined with enjoyment, and proved himself a real all-weather dog. I don't believe he lost a bird all day. He made what other dogs found difficult look quite easy.

I noticed in some cases handlers were not putting sufficient trust in their dogs. When walking up too much restraint was being put upon them, and quite needlessly, so far as I could see. Love of hunting and courage should not be confused with excitement. The more interest a dog takes in what is going on around him the better dog he will be. Again, to be critical, I thought there was too much unnecessary whistling—of which, in many cases, little heed was taken.

Colwill Diamond, winner of the Non-winners' Stake, was an exception without a doubt—an exceptionally nice dog this, and it was easy to see that he had been very well broken by his handler, F. Clarke. There is no more important time in a puppy's life than when he is learning to hunt, and if I may be allowed again to criticise, I thought he should have been allowed a bit more licence on occasions to concentrate on the good work he was doing rather than have his attention diverted from it. He is under perfect control. We were walking roots the whole time, and Mr. Garner, the head-keeper, had made admirable arrangements. There was a good stock of partridges, due, as he informed me, to the Euston system, which has been most successful on the estate. Results:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Hextall's d. Avishay's Brush; 2nd, Miss Despencer-Robertson's b. Painted Lady of Wilbury; 3rd, Dr. Collins's d. Colwill Diamond. Reserve, Mr. Simpson's d. Bill of Upper Lodge. Certificates of merit: Miss Bickerton's d. Shelsley Mickey and Miss Newton Deakin's b. Silence of Tone.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Dr. Collins's d. Colwill Diamond; 2nd, Mr. Simpson's d. Roy of Upper Lodge; 3rd, Colonel Cotgrave's b. Tickle. Reserve, Major Despencer-Robertson's d. Peter Pilot of Wilbury. Certificate of merit, K. Malcolm's d. John of Glenmorag.

ERNEST TURNER.

COCKERS AT ROSSMORE PARK

THE Cocker Spaniel Club of Ireland held their eighth annual field trial meeting at Rossmore Park, Monaghan, on Saturday, October 1st, by kind permission of Lord Rossmore. The judges were Mr. J. Scoff and Mr. P. Taylor. Results:

OPEN (ALL-AGED) STAKE (COCKERS ONLY).—Equal 1st, Miss Hardy's b. F.T. Ch. Carramore Avril; equal 1st, Dr. Dawson's d. Flush of Fews; 3rd, Mr. Clarke's d. Puca of Fews. Reserve, Mr. Clarke's d. Beats Shaun. Certificates of merit: Miss Fagan's d. Lick Bla Blaze, Mrs. Scott-Moore's d. Irish Michael, Miss Fagan's b. Indigo Jane, Mrs. Scott-Moore's b. Dowery.

NOVICE (ANY VARIETY) STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Scott-Moore's d. Irish Michael; 2nd, Mr. Clarke's d. Puca of Fews; 3rd, Mrs. Scott-Moore's b. Dowery. Reserve, Mr. Clarke's d. Beats Shaun.

IN TOUCH

The Rugby Football Annual

WE live in a queer world. Because a European dictator sees fit to juggle with an obscure portion of the same continent to which few of us have ever been and of whose population it is probable that we know no single specimen, it becomes necessary in England for the Old Cranleighans and United Services to scratch their Rugby football fixtures for a week and hosts of other teams to play comparatively hotch-potch teams.

I suppose it is ungrateful to complain, however, for many of those who will now be doing sterling work again as though nothing had happened might very well have left only their names to a brief immortality—if I may be excused the paradox—among the *Rugby Football Annual* obituary notices.

And this brings me to the point at which I have been aiming since I commenced—the *Rugby Football Annual* (published by Sporting Handbooks, Ltd., 12, Warwick Lane, E.C. 4). So often with reference books it takes an age to find what is required in the midst of an ocean of trivialities which seem to have burrowed their way into the wrong half of the book. It is not so here. What is wanted is where it is expected to be and is set down clearly and concisely.

I will admit that I spent the best part of an hour (when I should have been working at something else) dipping into this book. Being left-handed I started at the back and soon found myself reading right through the "Rugby History in Brief," where I found a number of interesting things. For instance in 1871 there was played on March 27th the first match between England (F. Stokes, captain) and Scotland (the Hon. F. I. Moncrieff, captain). Twenty-a-side played—13 forwards, 3 half-backs, 1 three-quarter and 3 full-backs.

I passed over a page or two more and there I found the Rules of the game. I have played Rugby for a number of years and have always been fully alive to my reprehensible lack of knowledge of the laws, but I am no longer ashamed of my ignorance, for the rules cover 27 pages, and it takes more than my memory to recall a tithe of them even in an armchair much less in the heat of battle.

One thing I found that did amuse me—a note appended to the scrummage laws which reads: "Referees should stop the dangerous practice of players forming down some distance apart and rushing together, and deal with it under Law 34 (a) (3)." I waded to law 34 (a) (3) dealing with "Illegal tackling, pushing, charging or obstructing," the penalty for which, I read, was that the "Referee shall award a penalty kick at the place of infringement (subject to Law 20 (f)), and on the first offence shall either caution the player or order him off the playing enclosure. For the second offence he *must* order him off." The wretched referee ordering the whole issue of forwards off the "playing enclosure" on their second onslaught would be highly entertaining.

I am not morbid by nature, but the obituaries held my attention for a long while. The very first two were at once interesting, for they were the names of T. Anderson, who had the unique distinction of representing Scotland at both Rugby and cricket while still at school, and G. C. Beresford, the original M'Turk of *Stalky & Co.* His love of rugger may not have been very pronounced, but his connection with Kipling gives an excuse for quoting the latter's sole description of a rugger match: "The technique of that match belongs to a bygone age. Scrimmages were tight and enduring; hacking was direct and to the purpose; and round the scrimmages stood the school, crying 'Put down your heads and shove!' Towards the end everybody lost all sense of decency, and mothers of day-boys too close to the touch line heard language not included in the bills. No one was actually carried off the field, but both sides felt happier when time was called, and Beetle helped Stalky and M'Turk into their overcoats. The two had met in the many-legged heart of things and, as Stalky said, had 'done each other proud.'"

So I might go on for several columns, but it cannot be. I can only recommend readers to invest 2/6 and buy a copy of the Annual for themselves—it will not be money wasted.

L. N. R.

We have been asked to rectify a printer's error in the Wolfschmidt Riga Kummel advertisement which appeared in the *Field*, October 1. The line "The original Kummel from Riga since 1857," should read since 1847.

DESIGNED BY PRACTICAL MEN WHO SHOOT, FISH AND GOLF

"Never before such comfort, such utility and such appearance."

Come in and see it—try its comfort and ease—see how the pleats are permanently controlled—test

The "Phit-well," a practical combination of the two ideals

J. DEGE & SONS, LTD.

Sporting, Military, Mufti and Diplomatic Tailors

SPECIALITIES: LADIES' BREECHES, RIDING COATS, ETC.

13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 1325. Telegrams: Harkforward, Piccy, London

TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVE DETAILS UPON APPLICATION

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods. That not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book.

It will be sent free on request.

Write to

FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 30)

66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1

The only method endorsed by the Press

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Regd. Trade Mark

FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR. IT PROMOTES THE GROWTH, GIVES LIFE AND LUSTRE AND LONG DELAYS BALDNESS

3/6, 7/- & 10/6

from Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers

THE LEADING HAIR TONIC FOR OVER 140 YEARS

Send for free Booklet

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd.

22, Laystall St., Rosebery Ave., London, E.C.1

By Appointment to the late King George V.

159 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS

JEYES' FLUID

Still The Best Disinfectant and Germicide

INDISPENSABLE FOR ALL FARM BUILDINGS

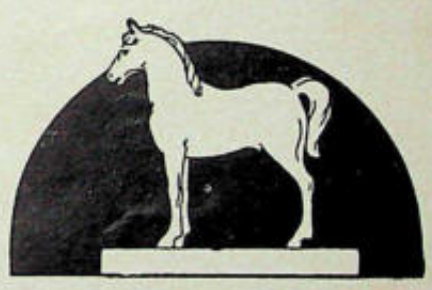
Jeyes' have recently published three invaluable booklets written by competent authorities:

JEYES' ANIMAL BOOKLET
JEYES' DOG BOOKLET
JEYES' POULTRY BOOKLET

A copy of any of these booklets will be sent post free on application to

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS Co., Ltd.

99, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



Ask for

WHITE HORSE

as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

TOTALITARIAN CLIMBING

A Game not Worth the Candle

By C. F. MEADE

THE last and most celebrated of the great unclimbed precipices in the Alps was ascended this summer when two young Germans and two young Austrians succeeded in engineering their way up the north face of the Eiger.

This ice-bound, avalanche-swept wall, towering 10,000ft. above Grindelwald, has proved even more destructive to its assailants than has the north face of the Grandes Jorasses, and ten lives have been sacrificed on it. The extraordinary publicity obtained from the Press has long ago made the attempts upon this side of the mountain notorious, and the prohibition issued by the cantonal government had to be withdrawn. Indeed, it was evident that Swiss disapproval was actually a stimulus to the Nazi and Fascist devotees, who fluttered frantically round the lethal candle without pausing to consider whether the game might be worth it.

Probably the news that "the enemy" had arrived in the neighbourhood accelerated the German plan of attack. At any rate, the party were aware that two Italians, flushed with triumph after spending three nights out, suspended in bags on the vast precipice of the Grandes Jorasses, were now hurrying to Grindelwald in the hope of adding to their laurels by "conquering" the Eiger. Finally, all the conditions seemed favourable; the weather was good, and never before had such a flood of publicity so garishly illuminated the great mountain. As an official journal of the Italian Alpine Club said, these young German gladiators had cause for satisfaction in the universal attention they were attracting. Even an unsuccessful attempt would secure them a prodigious advertisement, personal as well as national. In fact, the stage was well set, and nothing was wanting; preparations were even made for illustrating the story of the ascent with photographs taken from an aeroplane.

From the moment of departure all went well, and the climbers made rapid progress. Those who had fallen in previous campaigns had shown the way. The dreaded middle portion of the ascent, beginning at about 10,800ft., and consisting of an absolutely overhanging precipice, was audaciously and skilfully skirted by ascending to the left. As a sequel to this desperate work 700ft. of merely vertical cliff must have seemed almost a relief, and after it an ice-slope of some 500ft. led the party to the summit of the mountain, not, however, before one of their number had been severely wounded by a falling stone.

We are not told how many ice- and rock-*pitons* were used during the climb, but it is stated that altogether there were no fewer than three bivouacs on the face. Bad weather is mentioned in the final stages of the ascent, and admittedly the whole performance is a gamble undertaken in the hope that during at least three days the weather may never be sufficiently bad to overwhelm the whole party as has happened in the past.

What is to be said of such an exploit? What is in fact foolhardiness cannot be excused under the heading of national advertisement, and the fact that the supply of new Alpine climbs is becoming exhausted should make us thankful—if only for the sake of the guides. The latter, although they are not totalitarians, yet feel an honourable obligation to face the appalling danger of rescuing the casualties in such expeditions as the ascent of the north face of the Eiger.

A FAMOUS HUNTING CORRESPONDENT OF "THE FIELD"

Mr. H. F. Lucas Lucas's portrait of Captain Pennell Elmhirst ("Brooksby") with Tom Firr and some of the Quorn Hounds in front of Brooksby Hall in the background. Mr. Lucas Lucas still has a few of the original proofs of the picture, signed by "Brooksby," to be disposed of

HURST & BLACKETT

TRAINING HUNTERS, JUMPERS AND HACKS

by LT.-COL. H. D. CHAMBERLIN

(Author of "Riding and Schooling Horses")

Captain F. C. Hitchcock, author of "To Horse," &c., says of this book: "This is a capital book." Colonel Chamberlin has considered the selection, conformation and gait of the horse, the objectives of training, the advanced work in training generally, and training the horse to jump. ". . . a work in which the first two chapters are value for money in themselves." — *Sporting Life*. Illustrated with drawings by Paul Brown and with numerous photographs.

12/6 net.

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE AND SPECIAL CUVÉE

SPECIALISTS IN HIGH-CLASS BOOTS, LEGGINGS & GLOVES

TOM HILL

(KNIGHTSBRIDGE) LTD.

Only Address:

26, BROMPTON RD.

(*opposite Tattersalls*)

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON S.W.1

HUNTING CROPS

WATERPROOF HUNT COATS - Now 75/-

KATERFELTO
REGISTERED
THE PERFECT HUNT COAT
GUARANTEED

absolutely waterproof!

Katerfelto Coats are the most perfect hunting and riding mackintoshes made. Not only are they worn by leading hunting men throughout the country, but these coats have been regularly supplied to Officers of H.M. Forces, both at home and abroad. They are eminently suitable for walking and driving.

Made in reliable quality mackintosh cloth in Light Fawn, Khaki, and White. Fitted with leg straps, wind cuffs and saddle flaps, and manufactured in several different weights.

Write For Patterns To-day!

Price 75/- For Ladies or Gentlemen
BELT 5/- EXTRA

SAMUEL DAW & CO.
SOLE MAKERS,
12 & 13, HIGH ST., BARNSTAPLE

London Agents, Messrs. Rogers & Co., Ltd., Military Outfitters, 8 New Burlington St., Savile Row, London, W.1.

Morris Angel & Son, Ltd.
HUNTING AND SPORTING TAILORS

Ready for Wear
HUNTING, RIDING
and SPORTING KITS
ALSO
LADIES' JODHPURS
and BREECHES

A large selection of Lounge, Dress, Dinner Suits and Overcoats always in stock.

117 & 119 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Telegraphic Address: THEATRIDIO, LONDON.
'Phones { - - - - TEMPLE BAR 5181.
Tailoring Dept. - .. .. 6497.
Film Dept. - .. .. 8694.

THOMAS & SONS

Sporting and Military Tailors and Breeches Makers

5, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square
OPPOSITE THE CONNAUGHT HOTEL

Their Knickerbocker Breeches are the ideal garments for the Country gentleman and have many advantages over "Plus Fours" or knickerbockers.

They are equally comfortable for walking or riding; can be worn with leggings or stockings; they do not collect the wet round the knees in shooting; and are altogether smarter in appearance.

They require skilful cutting and sometimes defeat the ordinary Tailor, but can be obtained with complete satisfaction from the original inventors.

THOMAS & SONS (TAILORS) LTD.
5, CARLOS PLACE,
GROSVENOR SQUARE,
LONDON - - W.1

Telephone:
MAYFAIR 2152
Telegraphic Address:
SPORTINGLY, LONDON

Men's
CHILPRUFE
UNDERWEAR

However you spend your days, from wandering about with a gun to examining watermarks, CHILPRUFE is the underwear to keep you healthy. This superfine Pure Wool underwear yields to no ridge of pressure, high *or* low; is an implacable enemy of discomfort; and is as pleasing to the eye as it is gratifying to the body.

There are Vests, with short sleeves and button front, several athletic shapes. Pants, several styles in Trunk Drawers, also Combinations and Pyjamas.

There is nothing of mass-production about CHILPRUFE. Every garment is cut and completed individually, by hand. Your purchase will give you a unique protection, perfect fit, perfect finish, and enduring satisfaction.

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

Please ask your Outfitter for the NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
Managing Director: Geo. E. Hubbard

LEICESTER

Dunlop
LONDON TAILORED

The sign of a good Riding Coat

All-weather riders will appreciate the extra comfort and protection which a Dunlop Riding Coat affords. Made of double texture lisle, latex-proofed, it incorporates the patent "Freedom sleeves" for unrestricted movement, and leg straps for maximum protection. The coat is available in two fawn shades, and includes a warm shoulder lining of hunting pink flannel. Price **3 GNS.**

An essential part of a woman's riding kit is this attractive Dunlop Riding Coat similar to the man's coat above.
Price **3 GNS.**

Obtainable from all good Outfitters.
Write for leaflet to
DUNLOP (Dept. 28), 52 Gt. Marlborough Street, London, W.1. Gerrard 5061.
C.F.H.
7G3 56

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

MARSALA is to an even greater degree than port and sherry, a wine which owes its popularity to the enterprise of English wine merchants. It had never been heard of until a Mr. John Woodhouse settled in Sicily during the second half of the eighteenth century; it was he who shipped to London, in the year 1773, the first Sicilian wines to which he had added some of the local Sicilian brandy to help it bear the sea voyage.

The wine was received with favour; it was something new and it was very inexpensive. During the Napoleonic wars, Nelson purchased large quantities of Marsala for the Mediterranean Fleet, and in 1812 Benjamin Ingham laid the foundation of the firm of Ingham, Whittaker. He was followed, in 1832, by Vincenzo Florio, the founder of the House of Florio. These firms share the trade in Marsala wines.

Marsala is made from two sorts of Sicilian grapes, quite distinct from all other Italian grapes, the Catarratto and Inzolia, grown on volcanic soil also peculiar to Sicily. It is a blended wine made up to the standard of definite "marks," a fact that ensures its regularity of quality and its comparatively low price.

Falerno and Lacrima Cristi are much older wines than Marsala, the Falerno being accepted as the direct heir to the Falernian so dear to Horace and many of the poets of classical Rome. Both wines are also made from vines growing on volcanic soil, under the shadow of Vesuvius, not far from Naples. The wines of the Island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, are more popular to-day than either the Falerno or Lacrima Cristi. This small and delightful island produces both red and white wines, but its vinous reputation rests upon its white wines, wines of a rich amber colour and a pleasant dry finish.

Further north, the Latium or Roman province is one of the largest wine-producing provinces of Italy. Its best known wines are those of Frascati, Albano and Genzano, and there are many other local wines known under the name of *Castelli Romani* which are quite pleasing when young and consumed in Rome or in Italy, but they are not good travellers.

Between the Latium and Tuscany, in Umbria and the Marches, the vine flourishes among some of the most picturesque of the old walled cities of Italy, and there are many local wines which are a surprise and a joy to the tourist who meets them for the first time on their own heath. There is also a white wine from those parts with more than local reputation: it is the white wine of Orvieto of which there are two kinds, the *secco* and the *abboccato*, the dry and the sweet.

Further east, in Apulia, the province which fills the "heel of the boot" of Italy, there is also much wine made, mostly red. In the Gioja del Colle and Altamura districts there is a light and pleasant red wine, which is known by the name of the grape from which it is made, the Primitivo, but the better known wines, those of Trani, Bari and Barletta, are full-bodied, dark red wines more suitable for blending purposes than the enjoyment of epicures.

Why not enjoy sunshine this Winter instead of fog and sleet and biting winds? Exchange the familiar social routine or business round for new scenes and novel experiences in an atmosphere which is different yet not foreign.

Visit South Africa. See the majesty of this golden land where Nature works on a gigantic scale and where you can follow your favourite recreations, such as riding and golf, fishing and surfing. Experience the physical and spiritual exaltation that springs from days spent in glorious sunshine and air like champagne.

Eight weeks will be sufficient to ensure a comfortable visit to South Africa, including four weeks of delightful fair-weather cruising out and back. The cost will not put an unduly heavy strain on your pocket. Illustrated publications are obtainable from the South African Travel Bureau, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of October 13th, 1888

ANIMAL TAMERS.—"Within a comparatively recent period wild beast performers have been in sufficient jeopardy to afford no inconsiderable amount of amusement to that section of the public who love to see others run risks they would not encounter themselves at any price. It has been left to M. Peronnet, 'the crocodile tamer' of Bona, Algiers, to make himself the subject of the latest sensation. A man who habitually plays with seventy crocodiles necessarily carries his life in his hands; and, in spite of the precaution of wearing sea boots and carrying a stick, the encounter in which the tamer has been engaged can scarcely come within the category of the unexpected. M. Peronnet used to feed his pets at stated times, and on this particular occasion was sitting, as was his wont, on the back of the largest specimen, *à la* Waterton. Becoming too ravenous, one of them tried to snap the food out of the tamer's hands, a second bit him in the stomach; then came a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the tamer and a panic for the spectators, who mostly fled, and thereby showed how very much alike crowds of all nationalities are. Peronnet was badly wounded; but if he survive his injuries he will have had a splendid advertisement."

Puppy Walking.—"To make an estimate of the walks a country may require, it may be taken as a good line that a six-day-a-week country cannot be well hunted without from 75 to 80 couples of hounds in kennel, and to keep up such a body of hounds there should not be less than 80 couples of puppies at walk. Such a number should be easily walked in a country big enough for six days a week. The more ordinary four-days-a-week country can be done with 50 couples of hounds, but it is much more usual to keep 60 couples for such work, and 60 couples of puppies should be walked for such a pack. Three days a week cannot be done with less than 45 couples, and this is as good a number as any to make a good pack out of, with 50 couples of puppies at walk. Of the many packs I see, though averaging from 45 to 50 couples, the usual number of puppies I am told of as being walked in the country is from 28 to 30 couples. Now, this is the reason why so many packs go down in their fashionable repute, and in nine cases out of ten it is the fault of the committees or the Masters. There has been a sort of coolness or neglect in keeping up the walks, and perhaps the numbers have decreased from 100 to 60."

THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AND EXHIBITION

THIS fifth fair, at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, is being held from October 27th to November 11th. It promises to be of even greater value than the previous ones to collectors and all interested in antiques and works of art, the dealers having reserved many pieces of outstanding interest to exhibit and sell. The Marquess of Willingdon is opening the fair on October 27th, at 3.15, and the private and Press view is from 10.30 to 5 p.m. of that day. Those who have visited the previous fairs will know how artistic is its general appearance, and how well arranged the stands are, and how freely would-be purchasers are able to view and handle the exhibits, and with what joy the exhibitors dispense their great knowledge of the lovely things they offer for sale. The genuineness of every piece, as heretofore, is guaranteed, as each exhibit has to be passed by an advisory committee of experts on every class of antiques. They have full powers to reject any article which was not made prior to the year 1830, and is not of the period it is represented to be.

The present time is one which gives the buyers an opportunity of purchasing fine goods at rather less than their cost twelve months ago, and genuine pieces can be had at figures which should prove a profitable and safe investment in the years to come.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

EVERY year round about this time there appears from His Majesty's Stationery Office, at the extremely modest price of 6d., the report of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks of England. I do not know any more interesting annual publication than this. And it is particularly interesting to those who like myself are forced by the exigencies of life to spend the major part of the year or the whole year in London when we would so very much rather be living somewhere else.

* * *

I think that the most astonishing record this year is that of a pair of waxwings in Kew Gardens on March 30th. These birds, of course, are already recorded in *British Birds*; but the record has probably been forgotten by most people. It is, I think, all the more astonishing because of the date, and it would be most interesting to know what other records there are for waxwings so late in the spring. The waxwing is an irregular visitor now, and, though the books say from October until March, I would expect the majority of records to be between October and January. Last year, of course, there was quite an irruption, but even so I find this record for the end of March and in London of the greatest interest.

* * *

Other not uninteresting records are for a woodcock in the sanctuary in Kensington Gardens on October 30th, for a lesser spotted woodpecker on November 7th in the Broad Walk, which bird I myself saw on the following day, and for a mynah, an escape from captivity, which frequented the banks of Longwater for some weeks in the autumn.

* * *

The rather heavy gales of January produced a visit from a red-necked grebe which spent about ten days on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, which appears to be the first record for London; and a five days' visit to the Serpentine from a Slavonian grebe, this being the second London record. Against this there is the disappearance of the nightingale from both Bushey and Hampton Court, though the bird has reappeared in Richmond Park and has also been seen in Greenwich Park.

* * *

I wonder how many people really realise the tremendous variety of bird life which the largest (if it is still the largest) city in the world can boast. One gets so used to the London pigeon and the London sparrows and the London starlings that the average person does not expect to see any other birds, except those which are normal to ornamental waters, and which most people regard as captive. But a very great number of birds on the British list pay visits of varying duration to London at some time or another in the year, and a great many more pass over. I have stood in a quiet London street at night listening to the cries of curlew passing overhead, and I have heard in the night cries that I have not been able to recognise from flocks passing from the Far North to winter in the sunshine.

* * *

Normally such cries are drowned in the stream of traffic and London machinery. And normally, too, very very few people look upward in this modern world, and, walking with their eyes fixed in front of them or cast down to their boots, see nothing of the wild life around them. Every now and again one does see sights which, if not uncommon in the bird world, are sufficiently thrilling for a mere Londoner engaged about his business. I very well remember seeing twelve herons flying at no great height above one of London's main arterial roads. They flew more or less in line, with slow, heavy wing beats, but at a great pace; and were on a course which must have taken them, if they held to it, very well over the West End of London, and as they flew strong sunlight struck lavender from their greyish backs. And I have seen a wheatear on the bridge in St. James's Park; that was on March 8th of this year, and I can remember that I was excited about it for a very long time.

* * *

At the same time it must be remembered—and reading this report it is easy to forget—that the normal birds of London are the pigeons, the starlings and the sparrows. Personally, I dislike London pigeons, and am not too fond of London sparrows, though I like both pigeons and sparrows in the country. But starlings I love, and particularly in autumn when their chatter is music over London's hum in the trees of Leicester Square, on Charing Cross, and in the quiet square of Lincoln's Inn.

* * *

Every year as I read this report I swear most solemnly to myself to keep my eyes open wider in the following year. And I believe I do and every year when the report comes out I am astonished anew. And that says a great deal for the people who make up the report.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—In the article on the above subject by Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, published in your columns on October 1st, he says that "those whom one may take to be completely unbiased prove him (the little owl) guiltless; those whom it will be difficult to prove unbiased, claim him guilty."

I can only presume that poultry-keepers and game preservers are intended to be included in the latter category, and I therefore write to say that the British Field Sports Society, as representing the game preservers, was itself entirely unbiased until it had carried out its own inquiry into the subject, the results of which were published in 1935. In addition, as we are accused of being biased, I think it is only fair that your readers should be made aware of certain facts with regard to the views on field sports of those whom the writer of the article describes as "completely unbiased." In actual fact, the name of Miss Alice Hibbert-Ware, who wrote the report of the recent inquiry and acted as analyst, has appeared for some years amongst the list of subscribers to a society which is bitterly opposed to all that the British Field Sports Society represents, whilst Dr. W. E. Collinge, who is one of the signatories of the Foreword of the Report, is a Vice-President of the same society.

I may say in ordinary circumstances I should have preferred not to refer to these matters, but in view of the accusation of bias, I feel that it is essential that they should be made public.

The article referred to also says that "one is tempted to ask whether the evidence which is furnished immediately the inquiry closes was forwarded to that inquiry for independent investigation." This, of course, I cannot answer, but in the report there is a complaint that "in spite of special appeals being made to them, people interested in game took part in the inquiry to a very limited extent."

I should, therefore, like to make it clear that the British Field Sports Society was never approached to assist in this inquiry, although our own report showed that we were in an ideal position to do so. Is it possible that the organisers were "biased" against the society?

The society, however, has no wish to see the little owl exterminated, but is extremely anxious that those who suffer from its depredations should be allowed to defend themselves and that it should not be possible, as happened in 1934, for a keeper to be summoned and fined for shooting a little owl whilst it was actually carrying away a pheasant poult in its claws.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM
(Secretary).

British Field Sports Society,
3, St. James's Square,
London, S.W. 1.

PONIES AND MOTORISTS

SIR,—Is it possible to save the ponies of the New Forest from being maimed and destroyed by inconsiderate motorists? While passing along the Lyndhurst—Southampton Road on September 7th I was distressed to see a lovely little colt knocked down and its leg broken by a car driven at nearly forty miles an hour. Despite the fact that there were mares and foals grazing on both sides of the road, liable to cross at any moment, the motorist was quite unable to see that he had committed any enormity; and so ignorant was he that he could not credit the fact when I told him the animal's leg was broken and it would have to be destroyed. To make matters worse no official could be found nearer than Lymington, ten miles away, to attend to the matter; and when he came could do nothing without the help of a couple of "marksmen," or forest rangers—who were apparently very difficult to find—to lasso the pony before it could be destroyed. After waiting one-and-a-half hours unavailingly to see this done I was obliged to continue my journey, but the memory of that terrified little creature dragging its broken leg haunts me still.

A resident of the forest, who noticed my distress, told me that nearly a hundred of these unfortunate animals have been killed in this way since the beginning of the year. (One mare was left for four hours, with both hind legs broken, before anyone could be found to destroy her!)

We have innumerable powerful societies for the welfare of animals—the R.S.P.C.A., the Animals' Welfare League, the Institute of the Horse, to mention only a few. Why cannot these for once pool their vast resources and their influence in order to put an end to such a disgraceful state of things? If, as the law stands, it is impossible to insist on a 30-mile speed limit through the forest, it would be simple to promulgate a special Bill to this end. What is the Hon. Member for South Hants doing in this respect? In the meantime a qualified veterinary official installed at Lyndhurst, two or three more rangers on the forest roads, and numerous warning notices to motorists on both sides of all roads, would have great effect in lessening the toll of suffering.

Yours faithfully,
EVA DUNBAR.

Ashill House,
Ilminster, Som.

THE ARMANT DOG

SIR,—In the course of research into the origins of sporting dogs, I have come across a number of references to the Armant dogs of Egypt. This sheepdog or watchdog dates from Napoleonic times and appears to be of Alsatian origin, but was subsequently crossed with the native dogs of Egypt. The head usually resembles that of an Alsatian, although I have seen an Armant which resembled a woolly sheepdog.

Can any reader tell me whether these dogs have ever been broken to the gun or used for any sporting purposes? In view of the Egyptian State Tourist Department's plan for developing shooting in that country for visiting sportsmen, it would be interesting to know whether this dog could not be turned into an efficient gundog. It is cumbersome and difficult to take a gundog from England to Egypt because of the obvious regulations of quarantine, customs, and so forth. This is where it seems to me that the Armant dog, properly trained, could be put to a very useful purpose in a country which abounds with wildfowl of every description and can offer some of the finest shooting in the world.

The Armant can be grey, fawn or black in colour, and is of medium size. It is a muscular, deep-chested type and very much a one-man dog. The eyes, which are hazel in colour, take on an unusually timid expression when the dog is with its master, but the moment a stranger appears this expression changes entirely. It can be one of the fiercest of all dogs, and as a watchdog or sheepdog it probably has no equal anywhere. With this heritage of intelligence, hardihood and individual character, the Armant surely could be put to good sporting uses.

The Arabs know how to handle them, but I doubt if any Englishman could make the most of one of these dogs unless he lived on the spot all the year round or took the trouble to introduce it to this country and develop it here. It is a highly individual breed and although it cannot claim anything like the ancestry of the Saluki, it nevertheless merits attention as an outstanding indigenous type.

Yours faithfully,
J. WENTWORTH DAY.

2, King Street,
St. James's, S.W. 1.

A FEATHER FLOAT

SIR,—Possibly the following method which I have recently devised and used with much success in dealing with recalcitrant fish late in the season is already known to experienced fishermen, but it may, nevertheless, be of interest to some of your readers. Every chalk-stream fisherman knows those days, particularly towards the end of the season, when the water may be ringed with "rises," and every dry fly in the collection may be offered without result to fish that are manifestly feeding below the surface. "Nymphing" is not very practical unless one can actually see the fish and therefore observe when it takes the bait, and in low clear water they will not permit the fisherman near enough to make this possible.

May I suggest the following method of dealing with the situation?

Tie a long 4X point with a blood knot, leaving 3in. projecting after the manner of a point in wet-fly fishing. To this attach the largest dry fly of suitable pattern, preferably one of Lunn's long hackled type or a "Ride-Right" with ample flotation, and on the end of the cast the equivalent nymph. The moment the fish takes the nymph the surface fly will drag visibly and in a different manner from the ordinary drag applied by the line.

The incurably orthodox may be shocked, so much so that it may be necessary to invent a name for this type of fishing. It could be said that fly fishing will have turned a complete circle back to the float, but it is very delicate float fishing indeed, and surely excusable late in the season when hand-reared fish are better out of the river.

Yours faithfully,
G. O. J. FAIREY.

Bossington House,
near Stockbridge, Hants.

BIRDS OF CENTRAL GERMANY

SIR,—Midway between Kassel and Marburg—the town associated with the life history of Martin Luther—lies Bad Wildungen, a little town in the woods famous for its waters; there I spent the best part of August. I was struck by the great variety of birds that are to be found in this district.

Within a radius of one mile from my hotel I identified in the course of two days no less than 35 species of birds, namely, song thrush, blackbird, black redstart, robin, garden warbler, goldcrest, nuthatch, great tit, marsh tit, coal tit, crested tit, blue tit, long-tailed tit, tree creeper, water wagtail, grey wagtail, spotted flycatcher, swallow, house martin, swift, greenfinch, serin, hawfinch, bullfinch, goldfinch, chaffinch, house sparrow, linnet, crossbill, yellowhammer, green woodpecker, great spotted woodpecker, jay, buzzard, redbacked shrike. The most common bird was the black redstart (I saw no ordinary redstart); the least common the house sparrow.

In addition to the above species, there were numerous other warblers which I lacked the time to identify, and I was told that only a few miles away the bluethroat (*Cyanosylvia suecica*) too is to be found.

Soaring over the Edersee—a lake that lies at a distance of about ten miles from Bad Wildungen—I saw the kite, very appropriately called "der rote Milan" by the natives, a bird almost extinct in Britain. The weather could not have been more favourable for observation. The white head of the bird, the reddish plumage of the upper parts and the forked tail were clearly discernible in the brilliant light of the day. It would be interesting to learn if any of your readers have ever seen such great a variety of birds in so small a circle, particularly so many song birds, including such comparatively rare species as the goldcrest and the crested tit. Not only was the variety great, but so also was the number of individual birds. I ascribe these conditions mainly to the numerous nesting boxes provided by the local inhabitants.

Yours faithfully,
A. A. JUCKER.

Union Club,
Manchester 2.

AN APPEAL TO TROUT FISHERIES

SIR,—During the next few months many owners of trout fisheries will be netting their streams for coarse fish and grayling. In the ordinary course of events the probable fate of these fish would be burial in the banks, or, at best, conversion into fish manure. This wholesale waste of fish life, which no doubt the owners themselves are the first to deplore, is the more regrettable when it is realised that there are many coarse-fish angling clubs who would joyfully welcome such an addition to their stock.

I should, therefore, be very grateful for the help of your columns in promoting a scheme for remedying this sorry state of affairs by bringing together the sources of supply and demand.

Briefly, the idea of this association is to invite owners of trout fisheries to notify us of the dates when it is proposed to undertake netting operations. The association will then get into touch with the secretary of the angling club nearest to the water in question, informing him that the fish are to be had for the asking if he cares to send suitable transport.

This, of course, is only the bare skeleton of the plan, and it is fully realised that there are several difficulties in the way of its practical operation. One which will at once occur to mind, for instance, is that netting operations are necessarily dependent on the weather. But this and other difficulties can doubtless be overcome in the light of further experience, and with the goodwill of all parties to the transaction. The chief thing at present is to make a start.

With this object, therefore, I ask those owners of trout fisheries and secretaries of angling associations who may be interested, to communicate with me at the address below. I need scarcely add that any suggestions for the practical application of the scheme will also be most cordially welcomed.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. WALKER
(Secretary, National Association of Fishery Boards).

Room No. 639, Grand Buildings,
Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

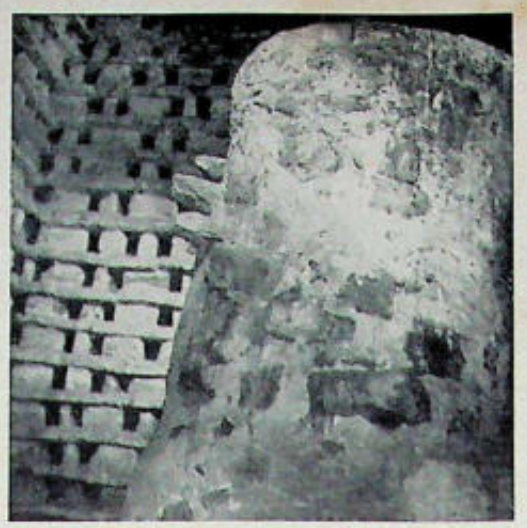
A HEIFER'S HOMING INSTINCT

SIR,—The following instance of the homing instinct in animals seems worth recording. On September 5th a three-year-old heifer was taken by lorry to Gloucester Market from the farm at Oxlinch, where she had been born and which she had never left. She was bought in the market and taken by train to Dudbridge Station and was one of a dozen cattle turned out for the night in a field about one-and-a-half miles from the station. The road and rail journey together would be about 20 miles. She was still in the field at 7 a.m., Tuesday morning, but had got out by 8.30.

Just when she got home is not known, but she was in the field from which she was taken the previous morning by 6 p.m. Tuesday night. She must have walked at least six miles to reach home and gone over ground rising 700ft. to do so, and the contour of the ground makes it quite impossible for her to have seen anything visible from her home field.

Yours faithfully,
W. F. B. WARMAN.

The Woodlands,
Stroud, Glos.



AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COLUMBARIUM
(*See letter "The Penmon Dovecote"*)

THE PENMON DOVECOTE

SIR,—I enclose two photographs, which I hope you may think worth printing, of the very unusual columbarium at Penmon Priory in Anglesey. I think that the privilege of keeping pigeons, which in the Middle Ages was restricted to lords of the manor and great monastic and other Church establishments, was by the reign of Elizabeth abolished, with the result that many more dovecotes were built. At any rate, there are a good many still existing of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, although many are unfortunately being allowed to fall into decay.

This one, attached to the Priory of Penmon, was no doubt of early seventeenth century date, as the barn adjoining, which blocks the east window of the dovecote, bears the date 1637. The whole range is built of stone, probably obtained from the ruins of the Priory buildings, which were allowed to decay after the Dissolution in 1536.

As will be seen, it is a square building, 25ft. across and 20ft. high to the eaves, from whence there springs a stone vaulted roof. In the apex is a circular opening, covered by a cupola. The interior is lined with the usual nesting holes, in nineteen tiers, and it is said that of these there are nearly a thousand, perhaps a record number. There is a window in each wall and a narrow doorway to give entrance.

But the feature which I think must be unique is the stone potence, a thick stone pillar, with the remains of some of the steps by which it was climbed to reach each nest. The usual form of potence is, of course, the revolving ladder fixed to a central post running up to the roof of the building, of which a fair number remain in some of the circular dovecotes of the Middle Ages.

The second photograph, taken from the door of the Penmon dovecote, shows this massive central pillar, which is large enough for several people to stand upon at once, some of the projecting stone steps by which it can still be climbed and a corner of the inner walls with the nesting boxes.

Yours faithfully,
M. W.

Mordiford,
Hereford.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS

SIR,—The letter of Mr. John E. Howard (*Field*, September 3rd, 1938) is important and interesting, and reminds me of an almost identical experience many years ago. The explanation of the gun going off was that my Norfolk jacket had "leather knot" buttons instead of bone buttons. Repeated experiments with the two kinds satisfied me that the "knot" button is a real danger, particularly if the head and shoulders are turned to look back. I have many times since demonstrated to other "guns" so equipped this possible danger; and one and all have made the change to bone buttons. If the sleeve also has buttons these should not be forgotten. The reason appears to be that the knot button does not easily disengage itself. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Howard had leather or bone buttons.

Yours faithfully,
C. B. HEALD.

27, Park Crescent,
Portland Place, W. 1.

KING JOHN'S HUNTING LODGE

SIR,—Reading in a recent issue of the *Field* the notice of "Henry VII's Hunting Box," I write to correct the statements of your correspondent. For generations it was in my family's estate of Dogmersfield, the head keeper's house, and always known as "King John's Hunting Lodge." The present Odiham Wood (?)—the corruption by the Hampshire dialect of "Woodiham"—is the remains of a vast forest, formerly a royal game preserve, where King John hunted when in residence at Odiham Castle—a single bastion of which still stands. It was from Odiham Castle that the King was fetched by the barons to sign the Magna Charter at Runnymede.

Yours faithfully,
ISABEL ST. JOHN MILDMAY.

The Dower House,
Dogmersfield, Basingstoke.

BULL TERRIER RETRIEVER

SIR,—I was interested to read a letter in the *Field* of August 20th referring to a bull terrier bitch who retrieved. I also have a bull terrier bitch who is as good a rough shooting dog as I have ever known. She will bring to hand any of our game birds, and they are many, with the exception of snipe, and these she will find, but will not pick up.

I recently winged a spar-winged goose, which fell in the middle of a large dam. Jane went in after it, and although the bird was only a few pounds lighter than she, she brought it ashore. When one realises the power of a winged goose in its own element, I think you will agree that this was no mean achievement. She will always retrieve duck from water, but I was doubtful as to the outcome of her scrap with the larger bird.

Frankelin are our commonest game bird, and it is very rarely that Jane fails to get her bird, even though the grass is in many places 5ft. to 6ft. high. One of her best efforts was to "take off" after a guinea fowl which had been brought down, but which got up again, only to be brought to earth once more by the tail from at least 5ft. up.

I could tell of more of her encounters with animals ranging from mice to a wounded roan antelope bull, but your valuable space is limited, and I may be prejudiced.

Yours faithfully,
ALAN J. C. HEWITT.

Makeni Estate,
P.O. Box 10, Lusaka, N.R.

HIGH WATER

SIR,—In your issue of September 17th you publish a letter and photograph from a correspondent, C. M. de Launay, regarding the high-water mark at Abbotsbury on November 23rd, 1824.

From your correspondent's letter it may be thought that prior to November, 1824, the site of the Abbotsbury Swannery was permanently submerged, whereas the high tide which is referred to on the notice at the entrance to the swannery was merely the result of an exceptionally violent storm. Records exist showing that the swannery and the land in the vicinity were, for many centuries before the storm, much as they are to-day. The statement that "in little more than a century, land that was some 22ft. under water is now the scene of Dorset Hills, &c." is not quite correct.

Yours faithfully,
DOUGLAS F. WOODFORD.

The Earl of Ilchester's Estate Office,
Evershot, Dorset.

THE EWE LAMB

SIR,—While fishing a Shropshire stream in the spring I witnessed a curious little comedy. I was eating my lunch, and in an adjoining field were a pony and a ewe with a very small lamb. The latter had evidently strayed from the next pasture. The pony had clearly "taken" to the lamb, which was too small to do more than hobble. At any rate it was bent on keeping mamma away from her baby, and was frisking round the lamb, never kicking, now and then nosing, the little creature which seemed rather to enjoy the attentions. Mamma ewe was plainly worried—and perhaps jealous—and kept bleating sadly. If she tried to get her child away the pony at once followed up and jostled her off in between its own feeds. This went on while I watched for perhaps half an hour, when more serious matters called me away. It struck me as an unusual liking.

Yours faithfully,
J. E. KEMPE.

Knighton,
Radnorshire.

DING DONG WELL

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, taken from below as an Indian well-jumper was falling down a well, may be of interest to your readers.

LOOK OUT! I'M COMING
(*See letter "Ding Dong Well"*)

This feat is performed in several places in India, but is not so well known as snake-charming, the rope trick, fire walking, sitting on spikes and other strange performances.

The jumper leaps into the well, which is about 7ft. in diameter, and falls some 70ft. in the sitting position before striking the water. No attempt is made to dive, and it is questionable whether a dive would be possible in such a restricted space.

The "trade" of well-jumper runs in families, and is practised by male members of all ages.

Yours faithfully,
D. A. BOYLE.

Bude,
North Cornwall.

Watch your step, Mother!

Don't you remember how the Old Man carried on the last time you carried off his Gold Flake? It's all very well saying you like their flavour. So does he. And you appreciate the fine Virginia tobaccos they are made of. So does he—and has done for years before women came into the field and developed the taste for a man's cigarette. Come now, be reasonable, and buy your own Gold Flake in future.

WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 574

GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—In our garden here are several baby trees (chestnuts and nuts), planted some years ago by a grey squirrel who was very friendly with us for a time. The Marquess of Ailesbury takes the usual view that these animals are destructive. I am glad to testify that our visitor left both eggs and small birds in the garden untouched. He learned to come to the bird table and to take food from my hand, and we were sorry when he moved elsewhere.

Yours faithfully,

Fairfield, Burnham, Bucks. GWLADYS MCKENNA.

AN EXCEPTIONAL INDIAN ELEPHANT

SIR,—You may be interested to have the details of a huge rogue elephant which I shot in February, and which must be, if not the record for India, at least something very near it.

The elephant had killed a number of people, and having shot a number of bad elephants under the Elephant Control Scheme of Assam, I had tried to shoot it for nearly a year, but the animal was very cunning. I give below one of the letters reporting some of its depredations as sent in by a timber contractor:

"I have the honour to say that one tusker having one of his tusks broken is giving immense trouble to cartsmen going up beyond Bismuri. He has killed men, buffaloes and wounded some cattle. He roars near about the Lungsung path. Unless this naughty elephant is killed it will be simply impossible to continue the work now.

"I therefore beg, sir, you will be kind enough to arrange for shooting the said elephant."

As it lay, the animal measured 10ft. 10½in. One tusk measured 6ft. ½in., and was 17¾in. in circumference, and the other, which was broken, was 4ft. 11in. and 18in. in circumference.

The footprints, measured on many occasions, were invariably 21¾in., and the circumference of the feet, as checked by Major Darrell-Hill and two other officers of the Cameronians, was 5ft. 4½in. Twice this is usually accepted as coming very close to an elephant's height, and thus it would be 10ft. 9½in.

Yours faithfully,

Calcutta. G. MACKRELL.

SPEARS FOR MONKS

SIR,—This curiously shaped stone, which stands among the gravestones in the churchyard at Alkborough, Lincs, was used by the monks of the neighbouring monastery for sharpening their spears. The sides are worn with the metal, and there are

A USE FOR GRAVESTONES
(See letter "Spears for Monks")

grooves where the points of the spears were rubbed. If one wonders why monks had spears, it should be remembered that this church was built by the three knights who murdered Thomas à Becket as a penance for their crime. Doubtless even peaceful monks needed defensive armaments at times.

Yours faithfully,

Nottingham. EDWARD RICHARDSON.

HOODIE TRAPS

SIR,—I should like to call the attention of owners of what are known here as "Hoodie Traps" to the great cruelty which may be occasioned by leaving them in operation during the non-nesting season. During the season they are, I hope, periodically visited, and the catch removed and destroyed, but later, if the netting is left down, birds get in and die of starvation and thirst. I passed one the other day, near here, in which was the body of a hawk which had got in and been left to perish miserably.

Yours faithfully,

Gilmerton House, St. Andrews, Fife. R. W. PURVIS.

ANCIENT COMPASS

SIR,—I have enclosed a picture of a ship's compass of three centuries ago. The compass belongs to Mr. W. H. Thorne, of Charminster, near here, and nothing is known of its history, which no doubt would be interesting.

The compass is in a box with a lid, and on the bottom of the box is cut the date "16th March, 1623," when Charles I was King. The sextant—no doubt this originally formed part of the outfit—is missing. The maker's name, Henry Sutton, can be seen clearly.

Friends who have examined the compass wonder whether this Henry Sutton was a well-known craftsman in those days. Perhaps he was one of those who made compasses for the Navy?

Yours faithfully,

28A, High East Street, Dorchester, Dorset. L. A. J. HAWKINGS.

MOVEMENTS OF HORSES AND CAMELS

SIR,—In your issue of September 17th, Major C. E. Radclyffe provides excellent photographs to show the action of the horse.

I suggest that as he has mentioned camels he should provide a set of photographs and give their movements a close study.

He repeats the traditional statement that a camel raises both feet on the same side at the same time.

With all respect to the authorities I venture to disagree and to suggest that a camel walks like a horse, with the possible modification that he may raise the fore foot appreciably before the hind on the same side lands behind it.

In watching a camel the eye is caught by the prominent line of the femur, which is, broadly speaking, kept parallel to the radius, and this creates an illusion that the two legs on one side move forward together.

Will any of your correspondents support me against tradition?

A camel walks slowly, but with dignity and rhythm. No rhythm would exist if he moved with a succession of lurches from side to side.

Yours faithfully,

90, Princes Street, Edinburgh. C. W. INGRAM.

FIELDFARES IN SUMMER

SIR,—Respecting the letter in the *Field* of July 16th, it may interest Mr. Medlicott that I obtained a male fieldfare on August 14th, 1907, at Hockley, Essex. It was larger than other specimens I had measured, and heavier, weighing 3½oz., having an expanse of wing from tip to tip 17½in., and wing from carpal joint to end of primaries 6in. It had been feeding on a number of gooseberries. I also on August 2nd, 1927, saw a fieldfare on a grassy slope of a cliff at Worth on the Dorset coast. Occasionally fieldfares are late in their departure, and have been as late as the first week of June, which, of course, is exceptional.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

GOOD SHOOTING

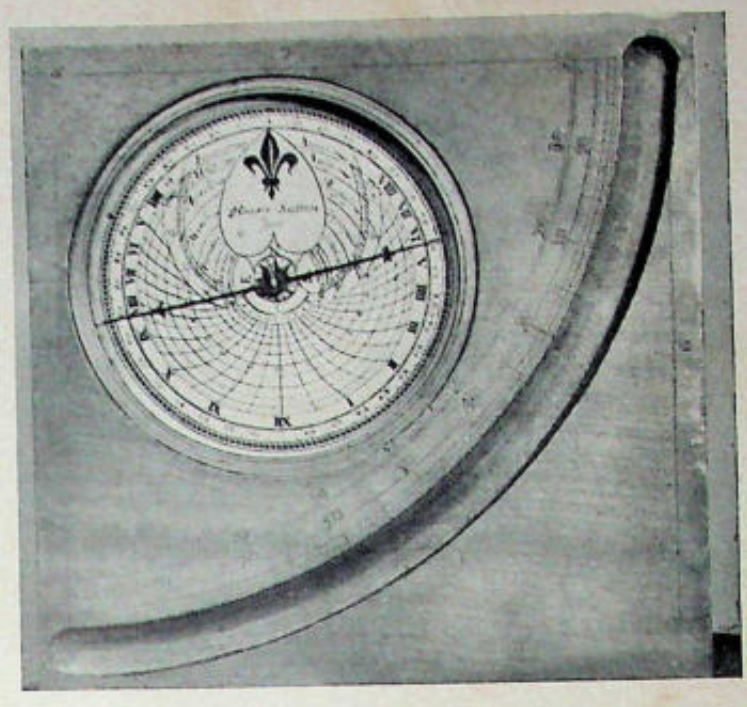
SIR,—In reply to a letter signed "A. W. L." in the *Field* of September 10th, expressing interest in the shooting record of "O. E." over a period of 60 years.

Frequently during the last twelve years I have seen "O. E." shoot, and I have also seen the bag for each day in his game book, which is entered up at once, and never left to memory.

The answer to the keeper's comments is that "O. E." has been, and still is, in spite of his years, "a wonderful shot," and I discountenance the alternative suggestion that his shots were picked. Actually other expert shots frequently average 53 per cent. of kills to cartridges used. Two of the higher totals in "O. E.'s" record are driven grouse and partridges, which do not particularly lend themselves to picked shots.

The interest in the record is that it is probably unique over 60 years.

"O. E." pointed out in his letter that he has never been concerned with big bags, and it is very seldom indeed that he has taken part in the killing of over 400 pheasants in a day, which, with eight guns, gives an average of 50 pheasants to him—a not difficult number for his loader and himself to count fairly and with accuracy.



"HENRY SUTTON FECIT 1623"
(See letter "Ancient Compass")

It may further interest "A. W. L." to know that "O. E." has always shot with 16-bores.

Yours faithfully,

Chirk. J. L. P.

DEVON BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—I have been much interested in your notes in recent years calling attention to the decrease in butterflies.

On September 27th at 2 p.m., wind south-west and warm sunshine, I counted in one herbaceous border at the Manor Hotel, Moretonhampstead, South Devon, 37 red admirals, 5 peacocks, 1 comma, 52 small tortoiseshells, but only 2 cabbage whites; all were feeding on the Michaelmas daisy plants. Personally I have not seen such numbers in a small space for many years.

Yours faithfully,

Roehampton Lane, S.W. 15. COLIN C. AYLMER.

The daily application of Larola makes such a difference to your skin. Autumn winds have no ill-effect on your complexion when protected by this delightful preparation. It prevents roughness and coarseness, leaving your face and hands exquisitely soft, white and smooth. Use Larola regularly throughout the year with the same confidence as it has been used by many generations of women. Larola is absolutely free of all pre-clogging ingredients.

Larola

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from:—

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England

Write for interesting Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," post free

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-; Single Tablets, 8d.
Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge) the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes with Puff 1/- and 2/6.

GOOD KASHMIR RIVERS

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of sixteen trout caught by myself and my wife recently on the Madmati in Kashmir. There had been rain the night before and the fish were taking freely. In addition to these, and apart from small fry, we returned another fourteen trout of just under 10in. to the river.

We had booked 27 days, and on eight of these conditions were quite hopeless; our beats included six different rivers.

We kept 145 trout over 10in., and returned 188 over 9in. to the rivers, making a total of 333 trout; added to this we took 23 country fish. Best fish 3¾lb., 2¾lb. and 2¼lb., with a large number between 1lb. and 2lb.

The Kokarnag and Madmati are far away the best sporting rivers, as the others are now overfished.

Yours faithfully,
Rawlinson Barracks, T. B. BUTT.
Mingaladon, Burma.

A FINE BAG OF TROUT
(See letter "Good Kashmir Rivers")

HYSTERIA IN DOGS

SIR,—It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have tried and found success in the following treatment brought out by a French chemist (name, Nocord): Nephtol, 1 drachm; ether, 3 drachms; olive oil, 10 drachms. Six to seven drops in each ear, plug with cotton wool for 15 minutes. Repeat in two days. Hold dog for 15 minutes to prevent it shaking out cotton wool.

So many cures have been suggested and tried that this may be worth trying.

Yours faithfully,
Foresters' Lodge, F. FENWICK.
Wolsingham, Co. Durham.

KENNET'S TROUBLES

SIR,—I am quite sure your observations will be read by a large number of people with great interest in regard to the Kennet at Hungerford.

I happened to be visiting Hungerford in August, and the water bailiff head keeper informed me the river was not less than 15in. below summer level in normal seasons. 1938 was particularly curious in respect to rain, and whereas here, for instance, there were floods, no rain fell at all except odd showers for the whole of August in Cambridgeshire, where I was staying.

I sincerely hope that your remarks on the flow of the stream is entirely due to this abnormal absence of rain in certain districts and possibly the Kennet was so affected, and not due, as you appear to indicate, to some tapping of the stream elsewhere.

You will excuse my writing, but I, too, was particularly impressed with the absence of stream or rather the flow one associates with a river of this character. Perhaps you will pursue the matter, and give details in the *Field* upon the result?

Yours faithfully,
The Sefton Hotel, J. D. WEBSTER.
Dawlish, Devon.

PARTRIDGES AS FOSTER PARENTS

SIR,—One late afternoon during July I heard a game fowl chick cheeping in some long grass in a meadow. On looking around I saw a brace of very distressed partridges quite close to me; so I retired discreetly.

Two hours later my gardener found a partridge's nest in the same meadow containing twelve eggs, which were stone cold, but on them was an Old English Game Hen's egg shell which had evidently hatched out. Ten yards away he found an Old English game chick, cheeping also, at least a fortnight old, carrying a sturdy tail with wing feathers fully fledged.

The inference is that one of my game hens had laid an egg in a depression, and that the hen partridge began incubating that single egg before she had actually started laying her own clutch. The game chick was hatched out alone, and being a nuisance the parent partridges must have deserted their own eggs in order to look after the singleton. Having no game chicken under four months old I am wondering whether I can rear the little fellow, who at the moment is in a large aviary of canaries, supplied with plenty of egg-food, milk and dry meal, for being a partridge by environment and feeding he is extremely wild and he may succumb to the complete change of living conditions. I might have said that all the partridge eggs had chicks in them.

Yours faithfully,
The Warren, G. T. WILLIAMS.
Warren Row,
Wargrave-on-Thames.

TIGER MOTHS BY THE MILLION

SIR,—I visited the island of Rhodes last month and was taken to see a very remarkable sight.

Near the village of Peveragno there is a wooded ravine in which there are thousands—I think I may say millions—of one species of moth.

They swarm in every bush and tree, and when disturbed fly out in their multitudes.

I was told that this ravine is the only place in the island in which the moths are to be found and also that they reappear year after year.

On referring to *Morris's British Moths* the moths would seem to be the same as our common tiger.

Yours faithfully,
13, Wellington Square, N. N. BLOMEFIELD.
Chelsea, S.W. 3.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—To be elderly, in failing health, and to have literally no income, is the tragic plight of a widowed gentlewoman, aged 69 years. Too ill with chronic rheumatism to work, at the moment she is receiving charity from a kind friend in the form of room and board. Until she is eligible for her Old Age Pension she has not one penny of her own for chemist's or doctor's bills. Will someone send us £13 so that we may promise her 5/- weekly for one year? Even this tiny allowance would be literally a godsend for the poor soul.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THERE are so many "ifs and buts" about stock markets at present that the average operator scarcely knows which way to turn. A short period of adjustment is considered necessary following the hectic times experienced during the recent crisis. Many are busily engaged in an attempt to total up the cost to the country of recent emergency measures.

One conclusion arrived at is that more taxes are coming in the next Budget. That I find one reason why fixed interest bearing stocks, including the funds, have been thrown overboard. An increase in income tax, already extremely heavy, will naturally reduce net income on fixed interest securities.

Many fight shy of the leading industrials. Prices for such issues are largely based on dividends. There have been several indications recently giving the direction of the wind. Dunlop Rubber directors have reported material reduction in trading results so far this year "owing to extremely unsettled conditions." Electric and Musical ordinary dividend has been cut from 10 per cent. to 5 per cent.

Other examples can be given indicating loss of trade. Recent employment figures have been anything but satisfactory. Provincial cheque clearances have shown hefty contraction. Goods receipts on the railways are steadily dwindling. All these point to trade recession, so that industrial equities are much less favoured than they were twelve months ago.

That, of course, is taking industry in general. Some companies are believed to be doing exceptionally well. I understand that Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) met with an embarrassing demand for its products during the crisis.

Ever Ready has a most consistent dividend record. Total dividend on £1,010,402 of ordinary capital for the year to March last was 35 per cent. Previous to that, regular and substantial dividends had been forthcoming and always the dividends have been well covered by earnings. The 5/- ordinary units, despite the good record, are not particularly popular. They stand around 18/6 to yield as much as £9 10s. per cent. on the last distribution basis.

I hear optimistic views concerning the outlook for Cork Manufacturing Company. This is another company which can point to a good and regular dividend record. The market for the shares is admittedly a rather narrow one. That, however, is immaterial, as long as the buyer is prepared to put the shares away for a time.

This company has a subsidiary called Flexo Plywood Industries, Ltd. The chairman of Cork Manufacturing, at the annual meeting on June 30th last, said the subsidiary company was enjoying greatly improved business. I hear indirectly that the plywood section is now doing extremely well. Cork Manufacturing 5/- shares can be picked up around 8/-. Total dividend for the year to April last was 12½ per cent. Here is a prospective yield of over £7 15s. per cent.

American stocks are popular at the moment on a belief that trade recovery is coming in the United States. There is speculative buying of such shares as American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation at a price around $17½. The theory is that the American building trade must participate in any industrial revival.

Still others turn their attention to the more speculative South African gold shares. They buy such shares as Western Holdings, Marievale and Venterspost. Most operators, however, desire some dividend return from their securities. The developing gold shares will not produce results for years to come. That is why the average public are partial to industrials outside the leaders. Bargains can be snapped up just now, but it is as well to keep a watchful eye on trade developments and cash in while the going is good, otherwise one may be left with securities the market in which has dried up.

AUTUMNAL APPETITES

It was remarked last week that had there been a war all the poisonous snakes in the Zoo were to have been destroyed. This dark cloud hanging over the reptile world must not be thought, however, to have been responsible for the recent loss of appetite displayed by these creatures. Like most other inmates of the Gardens, although they are kept at a constant temperature of between 75 deg. and 85 deg., the snakes automatically attune their systems to the seasonal changes of this country, and as a result, the rats, pigeons and rabbits which form their diet find their way into their cages at much less frequent intervals. Some of the animals, however, refuse to be led astray by their new environment, and still continue to behave, even to the production of families, just as they did in the days of yore when cages were outside their comprehension and the stars of another hemisphere winked down upon them.

New Books

"SWEAT IS THE THRESHOLD OF MANY VIRTUES"

A Farmer's "Design for Living"

Farmer's Creed. By CRICHTON PORTEOUS. (Harrap; 8/6 net.)

IF the precepts of the ancient poet are still to be believed, farmers must be among the most virtuous of men. For it will be remembered that Hesiod observed: "Sweat is the threshold of many virtues." In this book Mr. Porteous has recalled the manner in which he began his farming career, and it was a period when a great deal of courage, determination and hard work was necessary.

Mr. Porteous was born in Leeds and educated in Manchester. But even with a more rustic childhood I believe he would inevitably have found his way to work on the land, for never have I read a book in which appreciation of the joys of country life and work triumph more sincerely over a knowledge of its hardships and troubles. It is fatally easy to write a passably good book on the charm of country life, but only a man who has actually seen and encountered every aspect of the farmer's round can produce an authentic picture. Such a man is the author.

When he was quite young his uncle, who had made a fortune out of cotton, kindly undertook to make him equally wealthy, in the course of time and by "starting at the bottom," through the same means. Even now the longing for farming was on him, but filial gratitude triumphed and he became an office boy in the firm of his uncle. It was no less the confinement, dirt and apparent purposelessness of the office than the contemplation of his wealthy relative's character that made him decide to leave and chance his arm in the country. A family conference followed at which all that could be said against farming and for the desirability of a fortune from cotton was duly said. The author, however, though by no means sure of his reasons, had instilled an ideal into the farmer's purposes, and this book may be regarded as the search for a crystallisation of that ideal through actual experience. Not until the last few pages does he capture the vision splendid.

He was taken on at a farm in Cheshire, where a quite unjustified hope that everything would come right in the end seemed to be the system of work. This naturally became depressing, and he wondered whether there was, after all, much difference in the purposes of farming and the cotton trade. But a friend advised him to go to a farm in the Peak District, where he was fortunate in meeting a farmer who was also a philosopher. This man's ideal was work, but he viewed it in a peculiar way. For he had a system and a purpose. Mr. Porteous was not slow to see the nature of the system, but it was months before he appreciated the purpose which was the mainspring of his master's life. He had begun seriously to doubt his ideals, for it seemed that farming was carried on to make a profit just as much as the cotton trade. But what he had been trying to find for years suddenly became clear when the farmer pointed out the quotation from *Unto this Last*, where Ruskin observes that a man who can make two ears of corn grow where there was only one before is of infinitely more use to his country than innumerable politicians.

The description of the country and the work of the farm labourer is an integral part of this search, and it gains enormously in effect because none of it is irrelevant. Mr. Porteous is not to be led into raptures over a sunset; he certainly saw it as a thing of beauty, and as a relief from work, but not as something separate. It would not have had the same effect if he had seen it at sea. He delighted in hard work and the manner in which it improved his physique simply because it made him a more efficient farmer. His delight in the local agricultural show was intense because he felt himself to be a part of it. He was, of course, greatly helped to adopt and sustain this attitude because the farm on which he worked was practically self-sufficient. Had it not been for this, and for the character of Mr. Boone, his master, Mr. Porteous might by now have been a cotton merchant.

There is a candour about these pages. The author makes no pretence of being an idealist, but having had thrust upon him the necessity of testing his idea that there was a noble purpose in farming, he had the courage to search for it and the capacity to recognise it. R. C.

* * * *

Charcot of the Antarctic. By MARTHE OULIE. (John Murray; 12/6.)

Seldom can any biographer have had a richer subject than Jean Charcot. Few men have been so truly "great" as he was: renowned firstly for being his father's son, his own personality quickly won him the good will of his friends, and finally his prowess and achievements in his voyage to the Antarctic earned him a place on the list of men whose names will never fade.

As a small child Jean was asked whether he really did want to be a sailor; "Pourquoi pas?" was his reply, and those words he took for his motto, and also became the names of his famous ships; it was whilst on the last "Pourquoi pas?" that Charcot met his death in 1937.

Parental discipline ordained that Jean should be a Doctor of Medicine, and he was sufficiently devoted to his father to cheerfully comply. But when he was twenty-four his father died, leaving him much wisdom and also money. Jean was then able to follow the wish of his heart and own his own ship and travel the seas. His first voyage North was in 1901, when once again a Frenchman entered the list of Antarctic explorers; from that day he made many expeditions, the achievements of which have become history and are fully described in this book.

But as a man Jean Charcot was probably as near fulfilment as any human being has been, for he was most definitely human. A strong democrat, a powerful leader inspiring amazing affection, and the possessor of a courage and physique of the gods; all this was crowned by a simple trust and belief in his Maker which found practical expression in his daily life.

One of Jean Charcot's last acts in this world was to loose from its cage a tame gull which had lodged on the "Pourquoi pas?" As the ship sank with her leader on the bridge the bird flew free. A few days later as Charcot's coffin was raised from the French destroyer to a quay-side in Brittany, a white gull hovered over the body for a few seconds. Some people say this was the same gull: "Pourquoi pas?" At any rate, the legend is in keeping with the memory of the great man.

The biography is well written; it is by a woman, and I think that such a life requires a man's hand and understanding to do full justice to it upon paper. C. N.

* * * *

Family Golf. By ELEANOR E. HELME (Published by Dent & Sons at 5/-).

There was a time when golf was considered a game designed exclusively for crinolines, indisposed colonels, and the older generation, for the simple reason that it was a game which did not demand an excess of exertion. But, not surprisingly, "times have changed." They have been changed by the rising of a new generation with a new attitude towards sport; an attitude that, instead of taking things for granted, demanded reasons for things and, above all, improvement and progress. And that golf should change was inevitable.

This book is quite typical of the modern attitude towards the game. It is the story of a family who go to Scotland for their summer holidays, mainly to play golf. It is really a sort of sugared pill, the pill being instructions, transformed nowadays almost into hard-and-fast rules, on how to play the game. It is a good book and will doubtless achieve its purpose in improving the play of both young and old. But whether it will help golf as a family game is a matter of opinion. It all depends on whether you play golf merely to see how few shots it takes you to get round in or whether you play for the exhilaration of hitting the ball out of sight. In any case, it is well worth reading for the reason that it provides a novel medium for teaching the most studied and most scientific of all games. J. H. D.

* * * *

Soil-less Growth of Plants. By ELLIS AND SWANEY. (Chapman & Hall, Ltd.; 13/6.)

That it is possible to grow plants without soil has been realised for some years. This is the first introduction of the conditions which bring this fact to pass. It is, of course, a matter of science; other mediums than soil are produced to take its place.

The plant can be grown in sand with the food which is normally supplied by the soil substituted by a solution containing the required nutriment. The three recognised methods of soil-less growth are explained (water culture, sand culture and sub-irrigation): the systems are clearly described. The advantages of this form of horticulture appear impressive; the diseases from the soil can be eradicated, and in glasshouses much space and time can be saved. These points are beneficial for commercial production. There is possibility here which is worthy of fair trial. B. V-F.

* * * *

Thrills of the Northern Trawl. By Skipper ALBERT HUTCHINSON. (Hutchinson; 12/6.)

This is one of the best sea books yet written. The author has been a fisherman on a Grimsby trawler for 31 years; he wrote this book at sea, putting into it the daily happenings and events of the members of his crew. Thrills there are in plenty, and also laughter and jokes in the true seaman's tongue. But other memories have crept into these pages which are sufficient to make one look at our next succulent herring or cod with respect. Memories of men who will never return from the northern waters, memories of men who remember four years of mine sweeping as the easiest days of their lives, and men whose worst fear is embodied in the word "glut." This is no purged edition: it is written by a seafaring man in the only language he knows. With every page the sea breezes blow and the armchair by the fireside seems doubly precious. C. N.

* * * *

Kilmarney Line. By K. BALBERNIE. (Martin Secker; 7/6.)

For generations the Kilmarneys have lived in a red bricked manor house, now mellowed with age, protected from vulgar curiosity by hills and encircling trees.

Through the ages this family have lived adventurously and lived boldly, and in their descendants of the present age we find the same emotions and passions that characterised the lives of their ancestors.

For those who love an aspect of England which is disappearing all too fast, the setting of this story about an old English family will have an irresistible appeal. The author portrays this study of hereditary instincts breaking through the barrier of modern sophistication in a vivid and convincing style. V. R.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Once again the Cotswolds are the subject of a book. In *Mr. Prune on Cotswold*, R. Blake Brown (Martin Secker; 10/6), the author, draws special attention to the larger types of country houses. These beautiful buildings, their surrounding villages and the hills in the midst of which they all are set are described in an effervescent and original style. Many lesser-known places are introduced which (like Mr. Prune) readers will find deserving of repeated visits.

An Indian Army officer's life is well described in *Khyber Calling*, by Rajput (Hurst & Blackett; 7/6). Details of the existence on the frontier, the mess, the enjoyments and the trials of the routined life, all form part of the story which culminates in active service. At a time when the "North-West Frontier" is one of many problems, this tale is interesting for its vivid description of the conditions confronting the Army and politicians. A straightforward and well-written book.

Mr. J. A. Hunter has spent a life of excitement caused by big game hunting. In his book *White Hunter* (Seeley Service; 15/-) he describes many of his experiences. He has learnt extensively of the ways of the wild beasts, and there is practical advice here for every sportsman who visits East Africa, and especially for the young hunter. The style of writing may be called old fashioned (it is deeply courteous), but the wise and proved advice cannot be safely ignored.

The English call it "lilly"

. . . it happened one day in Paris that un anglais was tempted to try a Lillet, which he pronounced bon, and then to the horror of the French asked the waiter to bring encore garçon avec two-thirds Lillet and one-third gin which as all the English are mad anyway the waiter did. So our travelled Englishman brought Lillet from France and it has been welcomed by conservative clubmen ever since as not so bad old boy, not so bad.

LILLET

5/6 a bottle

Agents:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.,
16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3

The Country House

A DIFFICULT TIME IN THE GARDEN

Planning Summer and Early Autumn Borders

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN planning the summer and early autumn border, I think the most difficult time and one frequently forgotten is the pause, so to speak, between the flowering of the queens of the summer border, *i.e.*, the Delphiniums, Campanulas, &c., and the splendours of the autumn border when Michaelmas Daisies, Heleniums, Rudbeckias and so forth are in full beauty. The really decorative plants that bridge this gap are invaluable.

I think I should put in the first rank for filling this gap the delightful old-fashioned favourite, the French Honeysuckle (*Hedysarum coronarium*), *Clematis recta*, all the Bergamots, *Nepeta grandiflora*, Phloxes, *Heliopsis scabra imbricata*, *H. S. incomparabilis*, *Gypsophila paniculata* and the pink-flowered species *G. Oldhamiana*.

The French Honeysuckle is not a perennial and is best treated as a biennial, but it makes such a bushy, handsome plant that it is well worth a place in the border. With its abundant foliage and heads of deep crimson clover-like flowers, it strikes an unusual note. This native of south-western Europe flourishes in almost any soil and on rather light soils sows itself. Bees love it. *Clematis recta* is surprisingly absent from most borders yet it is one of the most attractive and graceful white-flowered plants, holding its heads of numerous small scented flowers bolt upright on stems about 4ft. high. This perennial is quite easily raised from seed and succeeds in most soils.

The Bergamots I find particularly fascinating, and in rich soil what more decorative from July right into late autumn than their handsome whorls of flowers borne in tiers one above another? I like to associate them with the pink-flowered Hyssop, for Hyssops have as long a flowering period. Also with that lovely Persian *Nepeta*, *N. grandiflora*, to my thinking one of the most decorative of all the Nepetas. It makes bushes quite 4ft. across and nearly as much high and is continually haunted by bees and butterflies. Next season I am going to grow a border of Phloxes in mixed colours with this Nepeta, Bergamots in various colours and Hyssops (both the blue and the pink) and Winter Savory massed in front. Winter Savory would be appreciated as a late summer sub-shrub if it were not also a kitchen herb. This border anyhow in the South should be lovely all through late summer, *i.e.*, from July onwards right into October.

Great breadths of Bergamots in mixed colours are always a delight. It strikes me as curious that so few firms list seeds of them. They are quite easy to raise from seed, which is, however, at least in my experience, rather slow in germinating—usually about six weeks. The earliest to flower are the scarlet and white forms of *Monarda didyma*, and the varieties of *M. fistulosa* flower as a rule about three weeks later. It is never worth growing these handsome plants in dry soils. They make miserable growth, usually only a foot high, and produce only one head of flowers and not the characteristic tiers of bloom.

WITH NUMEROUS BLOOMS HELD BOLT UPRIGHT

Clematis Recta is one of the most attractive late-flowering herbaceous plants

Gypsophila paniculata is grown in most gardens for it is invaluable for picking all through summer, and how the bees love it, though it is not usually listed as a bee plant. The double form is also attractive. The pink-tinted species, *G. Oldhamiana* will, I fancy, soon become popular for it is very dainty and attains about the same height as *G. paniculata*. The comparatively newly introduced *G. pacifica* also has pink flowers, but it is later flowering. The annual species *G. elegans*, especially the white form, is a charming white-flowered plant for the annual border, but not so commonly grown as it might be.

Most of the varieties of *Heliopsis scabra* grow about 3½ft. to 4ft. high, and they are not only amongst the most decorative yellow flowers for the border, but useful for picking. They make a pleasant change from Heleniums in mixed bouquets. The most recent introduction is *H. scabra patula*, which has very large golden flowers.

The Pentstemons are, I think, amongst the most attractive of all the late summer-flowering plants and on warm soils they continue in beauty till late autumn. I like them grown in mixed colours. Amongst the pick are King George V (vivid crimson), George Home (scarlet with white throat), Countess of Dalkeith (purple with white throat), Pink Beauty, Princess Elizabeth (cherry red and white throat, a most attractive hybrid), Mrs. Fulford (red flowers, white throat) and Emperor (blush pink and white throat). Pentstemons are so easily increased by cuttings taken in late August and struck in very sandy soil in a cold frame, that it is not expensive to get up a big stock of them. Only in the mildest parts can they be left out of doors during the winter. Otherwise they have to be treated like Geraniums, *i.e.*, housed through the winter in a cold greenhouse and kept as dry as possible.

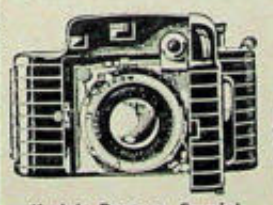
Many of the most imposing *Hemerocallis* flower in late July and August, amongst the pick are those costly treasures Byng of Vimy, *H. fulva rosea Flavia* (the flowers of this hybrid are 6in. across), and June Boissier. But there are also less costly kinds which are nearly as decorative, notably *Thunbergii*, Sir Michael Foster, Mercia, Imperator and *H. multiflora Luna*. The Day Lilies are still rather neglected plants in the average garden though they have every good quality. They are both beautiful and vigorous, perfectly hardy and flower for weeks on end. Cut for indoor decoration they are delightful in big jars and they have an attractive scent. Although they do best in a waterside position they succeed admirably in most borders provided they can have full sun.

Sunflowers are sadly absent from most modern borders, and many people despise them, but when all is said and done no other flowers diffuse so much light and warmth in a border as they do. As a rule they begin flowering early in August, and continue through early autumn. One frequently hears the comment that modern kinds are not so imposing as those cottagers used to grow. I think this is due to the fact that cottagers saved their own seeds. The finest plants are those raised from seed saved from the first very large heads produced by the plants. Unfortunately, birds have a marked preference for these heads, and will strip them as soon as the seeds are sufficiently formed and long before they even begin to turn colour. The seeds on the smaller heads are often left untouched.

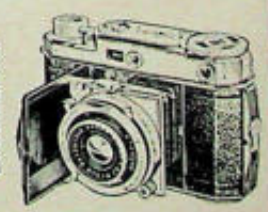
The dwarf annual Sunflowers are not, I think, very attractive. Their colourings compared to those of the tall kinds are somewhat dingy. I had, however, seed of dwarf annual kinds sent me from California, and the difference is marked.

"Always something new"
out of
KODAK

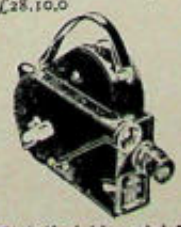
Behold a selection from the latest additions to the Kodak family. On my left, a miniature with a difference. On my right, a precision camera with the finest type of coupled range-finder, yet costing from £30 *downwards*. Below, two 16 mm. *Ciné*-'Kodaks' that make home movies laughably easy. There are now over 50 different Kodak and Ciné-'Kodak' models.



Kodak Bantam Special. New kind of 'miniature.' Picture-size 40 x 28 mm. 8 at a loading. Extra-precision coupled range-finder; f 2 lens, 9-speed shutter (1 to 1/500th sec.) etc. Takes grainless 'Kodachrome' colour. With ever-ready case. £28.10.0



'Retina' II. A fully-fledged 36-exposure 'miniature' at unusually low price. Extra-precision coupled range-finder; lens f 2, f 2.8 or f 3.5; 9-speed shutter (1 to 1/500th sec.). Takes grainless 'Kodachrome' colour. £20 to £30.



Ciné-'Kodak' model E. 16 mm. Lens f 3.5 or f 1.9. Slow-motion. Viewfinder shows (1) picture-area, (2) amount of film being used, (3) amount still unexposed. Takes 'Kodachrome.' £20-£25.

Magazine Ciné-'Kodak.' 16 mm. Loads up, or switches to 'Kodachrome' colour, in 5 secs. Lens f 1.9. Slow motion, etc. Long-focus and wide-angle lenses available. £40.

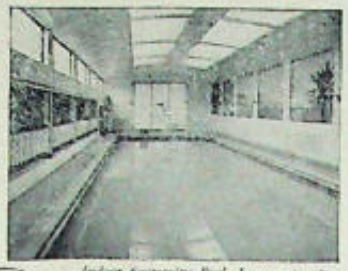
Deferred terms available under Kodak's new 'Credit Account' plan.

Ask your photographic dealer for a Kodak catalogue; or write to Mr. F. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

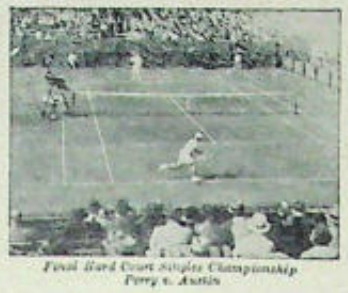
'EN-TOUT-CAS'

the fitting reply to a Fitter Britain

Swimming Pool and Dressing Rooms designed and built for the Marquis of Anglesey



Indoor Swimming Pool, Lounge, &c. designed and built for G. S. Buck Esq., Bristol



Final Hard Court Singles Championship Perry v. Austin

Squash Court built for Lady Howard de Walden, Chirk Castle, Wales

"... you can never be too old, too busy, or too fit to be fit. Join with us and make with us a fitter and so a happier and richer Britain."
Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, *President of the Board of Education*

"EN-TOUT-CAS" are the largest makers of Sports Courts in Great Britain—

HARD LAWN TENNIS AND SQUASH COURTS, SWIMMING POOLS, ETC.

"EN-TOUT-CAS" *Courts used for*

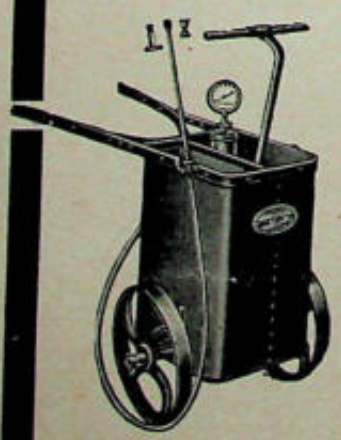
THE BRITISH HARD COURTS CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR THE LAST 9 YEARS.

THE BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR THE LAST 11 YEARS.

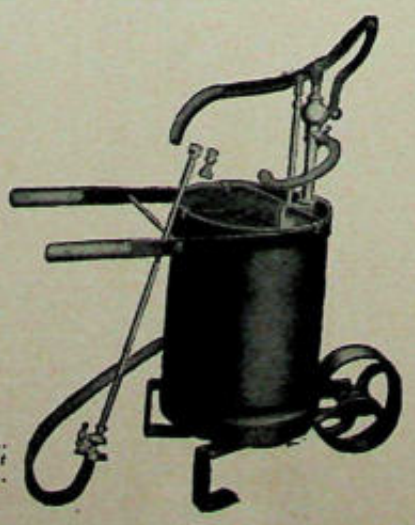
THE INTERNATIONAL PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS OF GREAT BRITAIN THE LAST 3 YEARS.

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO., LTD., SYSTON, LEICESTER London Office in Fortnum & Mason's, 182 Piccadilly, W.1

"Martsmith" S. 25. A. Sprayer with patent mechanical agitator. Price £4 : 16 : 6



"Martsmith" Connaught Spraying and Limewashing Machine. Capacity 18 galls. Price £15



"Martsmith" S. 27. A. Sprayer with patent mechanical agitator. Capacity 6 galls. Price £7 : 16 : 0

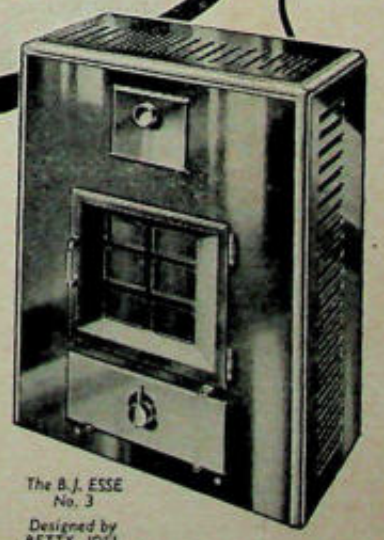
GET Efficiency!
GET Economy!!
GET a "MARTSMITH" SPRAYER!!!

There's a huge range to select from—at prices to suit the needs of all—and for every conceivable spraying requirement.

Your Ironmonger stocks "Martsmith"—or if unable to obtain details from him—write us and we'll tell you the exact sprayer most suited to your particular needs.

JAS. SOUTHERTON & SON, MARTINEAU & SMITH
MARTSMITH WORKS, SUTTON COLDFIELD
Phone: Sutton Coldfield 2243/4. Grams: Martsmith, Sutton Coldfield

Continuous Warmth THE WINTER THROUGH from 3d. for 24 hours



The B.J. ESSE No. 3 Designed by BETTY JOEL

ESSE PATENT STOVES

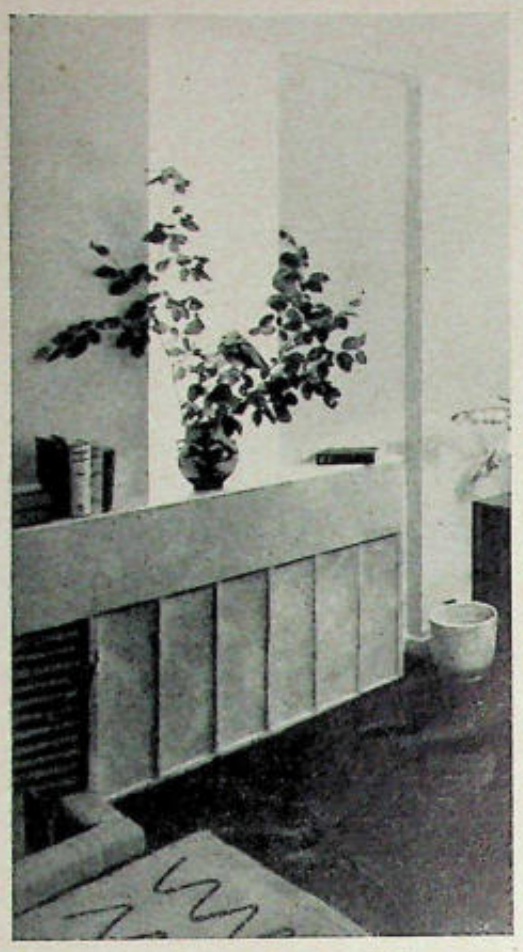
ESSE slow-burning Anthracite Stoves provide the most economical method of heating known. They are trouble-free, with no smoke, fumes or dust. ESSE Stoves are available in various styles, colours and finishes. Write for illustrated catalogue and details of ESSE hire purchase plan to Dept. F.S.1.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
Established 1854
LONDON: 11, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4 & 63, Conduit Street, W.1
LIVERPOOL: 20, Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17, Greenside Place. GLASGOW: 11, Dixon Street, C.1

NEW LIGHT ON YOUR FLOWERS

The Art of Indoor Floral Decoration

By MARGUERITE JAMES



MODERN STYLE DECORATION
Autumn leaves silhouetted against the light

IN a modern house I visited recently a wall niche is lit from below by hidden lights. In the niche stands a plant of *Ficus elastica*, the Indiarubber plant. I remember this because at first glance I failed to recognise it. Electric lighting from unusual angles has that effect ; it turns plant friends into strangers, and gives us new impressions of familiar flowers.

I do not think that all the attempts so far made with flowers and plants and lamps have been successful, but I am quite sure that electric lighting as an integral part of floral decoration has come to stay. That this section of floral art is still in the experimental stage adds to its interest, and both amateur and professional floral artists are toying with the idea and trying out various decorative schemes.

Special lighting of plants in wall niches and angles of the wall is useful in two ways : the light is reflected, and adds to the general brilliance of the room, while plants and flowers which might otherwise be overlooked are brought into prominence. Niche lighting is generally similar in effect to the floodlighting used in the open, and just as outdoor floodlighting is most effective when the light is directed on to objects of sculptural or architectural merit, so niche lighting is successful when the subject has good, bold outlines and is of some substance.

Colour naturally plays an important part, but outline and shadows (where a single light is used) are chiefly responsible for the success of the decoration. That is why a simple floral arrangement is best ; a complicated mass of foliage and flower loses rather than gains by unusual lighting effects.

Wall niches illustrate the modern taste for built-in or permanent furnishings and decorations. They are almost a necessity, for nothing could be more out of place in the modern house than odd vases set about on the floor and on occasional tables in the casual way they are distributed through old-fashioned houses.

Floral decoration in the modern house demands very restrained treatment. A single vase, such as a tazza loaded with fruit, a tall vase of dried Pampas Grass, or a clear glass globe holding three or four large blooms may be enough for a large room.

Dinner table decorations are more elaborate. They may be lit by (electric) candles, and by lights below as well as above. At least one interior decorator uses a dining table of mirror glass, with a central panel of light, so that the flowers of the centrepiece are lit from below. Still another table is of black glass with a light panel. The effects produced are definitely interesting, and worth still more experiment. On the lighted panel of the tables it is found that clear glass dishes and vases and light-coloured flowers are generally most successful, but very good effects can also be obtained by the use of foliage with bold characteristic outlines. Good subjects are the leaves of Virginian Creeper (*Vitis quinquefolia*), asymmetrical Begonia leaves, and the circular discs of Nasturtiums ; these last are particularly good. Floated on water in plain glass bowls they somewhat resemble the leaves of Waterlilies, while tiny Monthly Roses floated in the same way among them add to the effect.

A ring of light round a bowl or vase of flowers is another idea. This throws the flowers into sharp relief, and on polished or glass tables it creates charming reflections.

Such lighting devices are, in my opinion, very good indeed, but I believe we shall do even better when we have become more familiar with our flowers and foliage seen from these unusual angles.

In brief, then, we can sum up distinguishing features of modern flower decoration in this way. First there is an unfettered choice of material. Nothing is too humble, too bizarre, or too artificial to be included in the popular mixed arrangement. Treatment of the materials is, however, restrained. Bold architectural outlines, and comfortably harmonising or matching colours are imperative, while in size the modern arrangements tend to be smaller than of old.

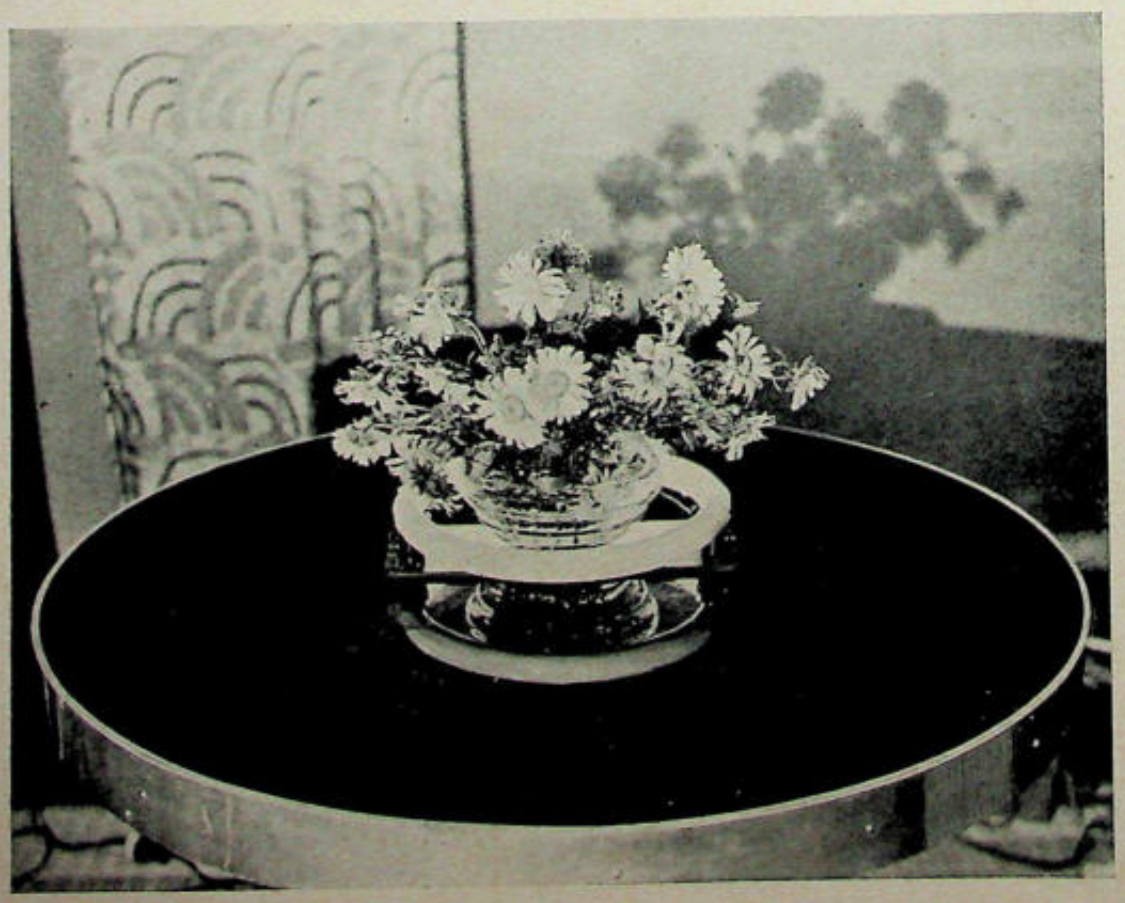
There is less use of the "splash of colour" type of decoration — the bowl-of-marigolds-in-a-blue-room. But not all decorations are mixed, and a subdued, even severe, arrangement of two or three flowers is quite right for a wall niche or staircase. The eye is led to this kind of decoration by lighting effects and not by vividly contrasting colours. For instance, in a room with peach pink walls, the only floral decoration might be a few spikes of Gladiolus "Apricot" standing in a flood of light.

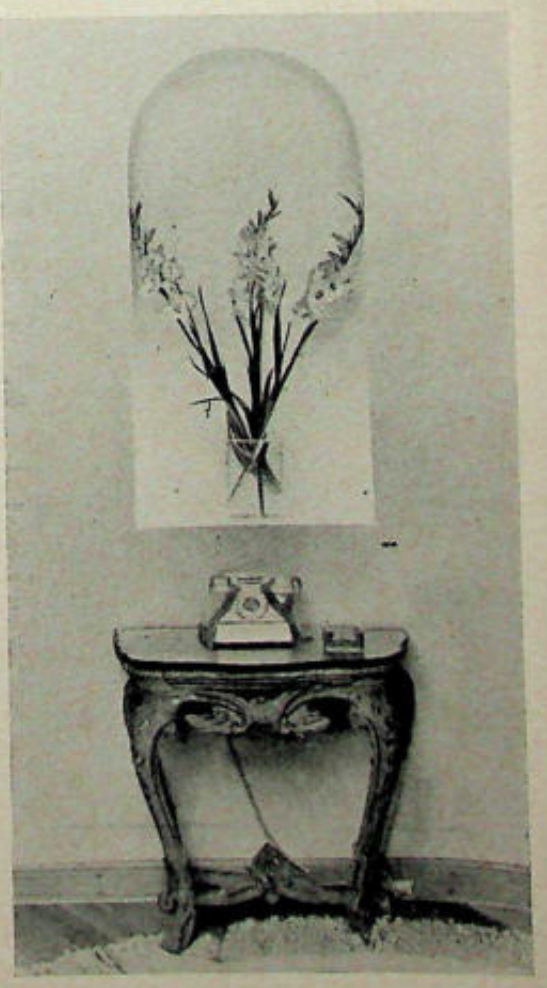
Apart from this, infinite care is often given to the arrangement of small intimate decorations which express the mood and personality of the artist, and which stand perhaps on dressing tables in guest rooms, or beside each plate on meal tables. These small touches are perhaps our nearest approach to Eastern floral art, in which every leaf and every line is significant of some emotion or thought. I often wonder if we shall ever get nearer.

The delicate adjustment of colour harmonies in modern decoration places increased responsibility on the gardener. A little too much pink or gold in a Gladiolus flower and the modern decoration may be ruined. That is why we anxiously await the use of the new Horticultural Colour Chart by nurserymen and seedsmen. It will never, I think, be an infallible guide ; colours of flowers vary according to the soil in which they are grown, and even the same flowers look different in different settings ; but at least it will help.

To know that on any special occasion your own greenhouses can supply Carnations, Roses, Sweet Peas or Chrysanthemums of just the right tone for your rooms is particularly useful in country homes. Even if you do not supervise the decorations yourself, it is probably better to employ a trained floral artist (a holder of the R.H.S. Diploma is to be preferred) to arrange your own flowers than to be entirely dependent on market produce.

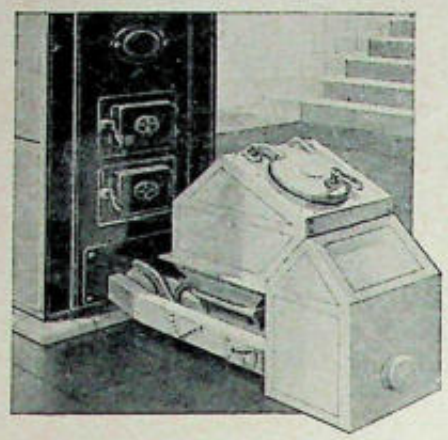
A BOWL OF FLOWERS WITH RING LIGHTING EFFECT
Delightful reflections in the table top add to the charm of this simple decoration





WHERE CORRECT COLOUR IS CHIEFLY IMPORTANT
A niche floodlit from below needs but the simplest form of decoration

Coal can be an automatic fuel with the 'Iron Fireman'



Coal is the cheapest fuel to use, and, with an 'Iron Fireman' Automatic Coal Stoker in your boiler house, it can be the most efficient fuel. Hand-stoking is eliminated and lower fuel bills obtained.

The electrical controls of the 'Iron Fireman' ensure definite predetermined temperatures during specified periods. It will pay you to investigate the advantages and the economy of this scientific system of coal stoking and combustion. Your existing boiler can be adapted.

Iron Fireman
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKERS

There are 'Iron Fireman' models for every domestic, horticultural and industrial purpose. Write to-day for our Catalogue A 5

Ashwell & Nesbit Limited, Barkby Road, Leicester.
South African Agents: The Dryden Engineering Co. Ltd., Selby, Johannesburg

Speed the work THE TARPEN WAY

● You can get through scores of tedious jobs in a fraction of the time with a Tarpen. Bringing power to every corner of your estate—without mains or wiring—the Tarpen makes light work of hedge-clipping, creosoting, spraying, pumping. Numerous other uses include lighting, sawing, milking. One man can wheel the Tarpen with ease. Drives by electric power or direct engine drive with pulley. Automatic governor eliminates skilled attention. Compact design. Sturdy, all-metal construction. Rubber tyres 400 watt model, as illustrated, £35. Other models, 1, 2, 3 k.w.

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS & DETAILS OF ACCESSORIES.

Tarpen Engineering Co. Ltd.
4 BALFOUR HOUSE, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C. 2
NAT. 1510. Or from MELVIN BROS. LTD., 20 West Nicholson Street, Edinburgh

TARPEN *Portable Generator*

Send for

a copy of "Magical Water" to The Permutit Company Limited, Dept. F.25, Permutit House, Gunnersbury Avenue, London, W.4. Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Install a
PERMUTIT
Water Softener

By Appointment to the late King George V

Wines & Spirits

Price List of Wines, Spirits and Cigars on Application.

- CHAMPAGNE
- Château Bottled CLARETS
- BURGUNDY & BORDEAUX WINES
- FINEST PORTS & SHERRIES
- OLD BRANDIES AND LIQUEURS
- SCOTCH WHISKIES, etc.

HEDGES & BUTLER LTD.
WINE MERCHANTS
Established 1667
153 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: REGent 4444

BORON AND BROWN HEART

Crops which Need the most Important of the "Minor Elements"

FOR many years it was believed that if the soil were kept in good condition, and if plants were supplied with the usual fertilisers, containing nitrogen, potash and phosphates, then they should obtain adequate nourishment.

It is now known that various other substances are necessary to keep a plant well fed and healthy. Although they are necessary in only very small amounts, crops cannot thrive if even these small amounts are absent.

One of the most important of these "minor elements," as they are called, is boron. Generally speaking the soil contains sufficient for the plant's needs, but here and there the available supplies are becoming exhausted.

During the last few years an increasing number of plant diseases due to lack of boron have appeared in various parts of the world, and it is not generally recognised that some of them are prevalent in parts of the British Isles.

English crops very susceptible to lack of boron are the beetroot, mangold, turnip and swede. Root crops suffer because they use more boron than other types, and a close watch should be kept for the symptoms, especially in districts known to suffer in this way.

Beetroot and mangold suffer from a disorder known as heart rot or crown rot, which has a harmful effect on the yield of beet and the sugar content of the root. Fortunately, the symptoms, which first appear somewhat after mid-season, are easily recognised.

The young heart leaves are first affected. They stop growing and curl outwards, and dark brown scurfy patches appear on the stalks. These become brittle and the leaves turn black and die. Later, the older leaves may be similarly affected.

Finally, the crown of the root is attacked by a kind of dry rot, which gradually spreads downwards into the flesh.

Brown heart of turnips and swedes (known as "Raan" in Scotland), another disease resulting from boron deficiency, is not so obvious as heart rot. It attacks only the inside of the turnip, and for this reason is sometimes overlooked.

The flesh of roots afflicted with brown heart is mottled greyish or brown, and often has a kind of water-soaked look. They are hard and stringy when cooked and have a bitter taste, being quite unfit for human consumption.

Brown heart is first marked when the bulbs are about 2in. across, that is, at about the beginning of August. It is not unusual to find them badly diseased in one part of a field, while in another they may be quite healthy. One or two roots should, therefore, be pulled up for examination in several areas.

Although these crops are the chief ones to be seriously affected in this country, there are several others which are known to be very susceptible to boron deficiency.

Lack of boron causes a disease of celery known as "cracked stem," which may cause serious losses. Browning of cauliflowers, arising from the same cause, produces a big percentage of unmarketable heads.

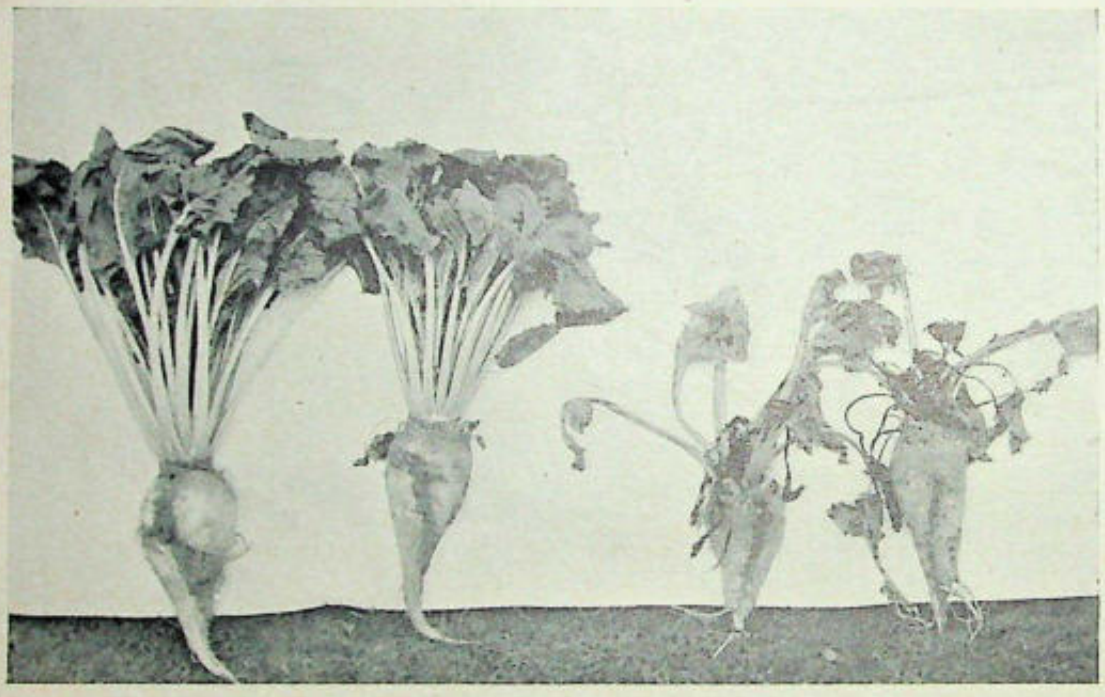
Potatoes suffer from a form of leaf roll which may be due to insufficiency of boron, while brown cork-like spots develop in the interior of apples. Another apple disease known as "measles" probably arises from the same cause.

Fortunately, these diseases can be checked quite easily, simply by adding a little boron to the soil. This should be done at the rate of about 1oz. per square yard. Although best results are obtained by treatment at the time of planting or sowing, a big improvement can be produced by dressing the soil as soon as symptoms appear. In the case of apples, a solution applied to the roots is beneficial.

Even distribution of the boron is essential, because too much of it may damage the plants. It should, therefore, be mixed with dry soil, or sand, or other convenient material. Suitable mixtures are now being marketed for this purpose at a reasonable price.

The boron is sometimes mixed with artificial fertilisers, but if this is done, care should be taken to add sulphate of ammonia last, to avoid unnecessary loss of ammonia.

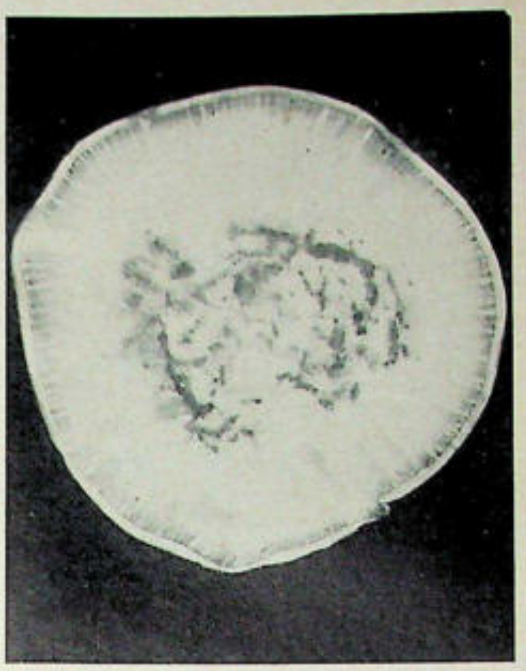
RONALD QUARENDON, Ph.D., B.Sc.



TWO LOTS OF SUGAR BEET FROM NORFOLK

Needless to say, the beet on the left has been treated with boronated basic slag, and its healthy condition is in marked contrast with the brown heart on the right

VERTICAL SECTION THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE ROOT



CROSS SECTION OF LOWER HALF OF A TURNIP WITH BROWN HEART

WELSH HILL FARMS

WHENEVER people talk of farms and agricultural policies they appear to think in terms of large farms, farms which in time of war could easily be disorganised by disease bombs. Surely the time has come to consider especially the hill farms of Wales, which have the advantage of being near to the Midlands but off the track of possible raiders.

Tucked away in the hills are some of the healthiest herds of sheep and cattle in the whole country. The calamity of the sheep industry has hit them very hard, but expenses are low and young cattle have been selling well.

It is to that district that the dairy farmers of Cheshire go for strong stock.

A surprising number of herds are T.T. Very nearly all of them could be if the farmers so desired, but the irksome visits of inspectors deter the hillmen, who are used to being their own masters.

Motor transport has brought them very much nearer to England in time, and a railway line runs up the Dee Valley from Chester to Bala and on to the coast. Another line follows the north coast through Bangor and Caernarvon, so that Liverpool is only about three or four hours away from the majority of farms in that area. Naturally, the more remote they are, the more time it will take, but roads have been greatly improved in recent years.

Professor Stapledon has shown the advances that can be made in the grasslands of Wales, and it is well known that the encroachment of bracken is largely caused by the decrease in the number of cattle.

If the rearing of stores and the improvement of grassland to feed them to the finishing-off stage could be encouraged, the fertility of the land would be increased.

But red tape will not accomplish this increase. The farms are difficult to inspect and the farmers would not stand for the officialdom that exists on English farms.

The men and their methods must be understood, for they live a hard life without any luxuries. The same applies to their animals, which are hard, lean beasts with strength and stamina. It would be difficult to find a beast in those small markets properly finished off, and, therefore, it would be foolish to encourage it. The better trade exists in yearlings to be finished in the yards or deep pastures of such districts as the Midlands and Cheshire.

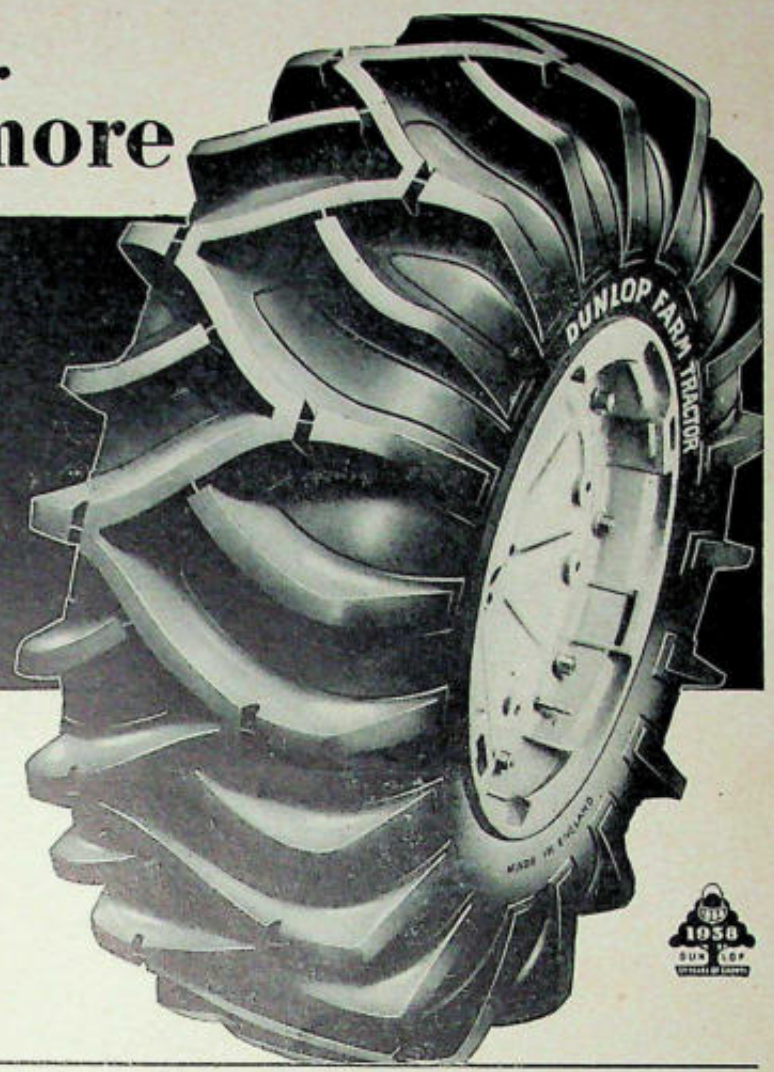
Without doubt the output of the hill districts of North Wales could be doubled, and most of the farmers have the necessary capital for expansion. But they need to be assured that the market exists. To try to force them to increase their stock would be fatal. They are the kind of men who must be asked, for they will not endure orders.

Once their co-operation was secured, and the increase of their stock was recognised, they would be a very great help to the big Midland populations when the country is at peace, but of inestimable value in the event of war when enemy 'planes, chased from the towns, might well unload their bombs on the big Midland farms on their way home.

J. F. BOYDELL.

It costs you no more... yet it gives you *far* more

THE *NEW* DUNLOP TRACTOR TYRE



Dunlop, without raising the price above that of other tractor tyres, have been able to incorporate two notable improvements—enormously increased grip and supreme durability.

GREATER GRIP

This has been achieved by giving the tyre maximum flexibility, which permits the greatest possible tread area to make contact with the ground and prevents the divisions between the lug bars from clogging.

LESS WEAR

Dunlop have embodied a new scientific method of linking each tread bar which prevents excessive wear, especially on hard surfaces.

THE TYRE WITH THE GREATEST GRIP ON EARTH

8L/37

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES & WHEELS
The ideal equipment for **POWER BINDERS**

They save the binder from the shocks and vibration which cause heavy repair bills—thus it can be operated at maximum speed with safety.

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World. C.F.H.

Bring out THE BEST in your dog!

Keep him at the very top of his form—on WINALOT. In this genuine and appetising wholemeal food he is assured of the nourishing, vitalising and strengthening elements of the finest whole wheat, extra wheat germ and cod liver oil. There is no finer dog food.

WINALOT
THE DOG'S WHOLEMEAL FOOD

MEAL OR BISCUITS

Free from meat, WINALOT forms the ideal cereal base to which fresh meat may be added.

SPILLERS Limited, 40, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3

WINALOT is a SPILLERS product

D. 155

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

Incorporated by Royal Charter. Founded 1860.
Patron His Majesty The King.
President—His Grace the Duke of Portland, K.G.
Chairman of the Council—The Right Hon. Lord Elvisley, K.B.E.

Grants annuities to destitute aged farmers, their wives, widows, and unmarried orphan daughters, subject to certain qualifications, who are the sole beneficiaries. Since the foundation of the Institution in 1860 more than

£1,319,000

has been distributed, and over

7,000

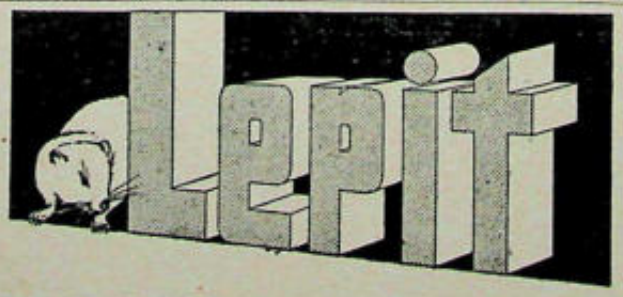
pensioners have been relieved. Annual pension charges

£30,000

THIS SOCIETY—THE FARMERS' CHARITY—HAS A
SPECIAL CLAIM ON HUNTING MEN AND THOSE INTERESTED IN FIELD SPORTS
in view of the many facilities afforded them by farmers for the pursuit of their sport

THE SECRETARY, R.A.B. INSTITUTION
Vincent House, Vincent Square, London, S.W.1

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



GAS CARTRIDGES

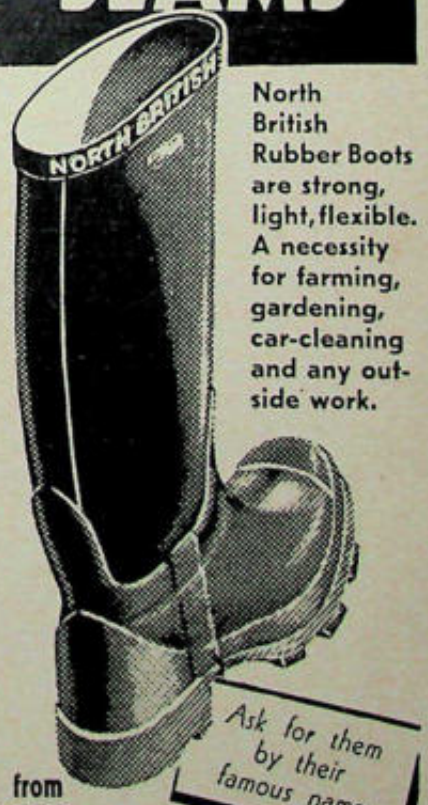
Will not Explode. Harmless to Humans

Exterminate Rabbits, Rats, and other vermin wholesale by this simple and safe but very efficient method. 'Lepit' saves valuable time and money as the Apparatus is automatic and requires no pumping or blowing. Simply ignite the Cartridge. *Write for full particulars to Dept. I*

Scherings LIMITED

185-192, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

The boot with the WELDED SEAMS



North British Rubber Boots are strong, light, flexible. A necessity for farming, gardening, car-cleaning and any outside work.

Ask for them by their famous name

from 10/11

NORTH BRITISH

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.

A 1939 MODEL 2½ LITRE DAIMLER, IN THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE OF URCHFONT, ON SALISBURY PLAIN

REDUCING THE RUNNING COSTS

The Standard Car Programme for 1939

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE Standard Motor Company, of Coventry, have announced their programme for 1939, and a very interesting and comprehensive one it appears to be. The range of cars consists of an Eight, Nine, Ten, Twelve, Fourteen and Twenty, and prices run from £125 for the Eight Open Tourer, to £325 for the Twenty Saloon.

There are three entirely new models in this range, namely the Eight, Ten and Twelve, all of which are fitted with four-cylinder engines. It appears obvious that for 1939 all the manufacturers, at any rate those who are constructing light cars, are concentrating their energies more than ever on reducing the running costs of their vehicles. The Eight is a typical example of the trend of modern design. Here we have a grand little car costing only £129 for the four-seater saloon, which has a maximum speed of just over 60 m.p.h. and is capable of averaging 45 to 48 miles on a gallon of petrol; on second gear a speed of 40 m.p.h. can be achieved. The four-cylinder engine has a bore and stroke of 57 mm. by 100 mm., the cubic capacity being 1,021 c.c. R.A.C. rating 8.06 h.p., and the tax £6 per annum.

The motor, which has a compression ratio of 6.7 to 1, develops as much as 31 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m., and is flexibly mounted in the chassis. The carburettor is fitted with an air silencer, and the tank situated at the rear of the chassis holds six gallons of fuel, sufficient for a journey of at least 270 miles. Cooling is carried out on the thermo syphon principle and is assisted by a fan, and ignition is effected by means of a six-volt battery and coil. The gearbox has three speeds and reverse, top and second being synchro-mesh, and all the gears are helically cut; the ratios are as follows: Top 5.14 to 1, second 8.63 to 1, and bottom 18.75 to 1.

The brakes are Duo-Servo operated by enclosed cables and the emergency brake, which also actuates on all four wheels, is fitted just under the scuttle, and within easy reach of the driver.

The new 8 h.p. Standard is most up to date in design and the little car is equipped with independent front wheel suspension with transverse spring, the rear suspension being effected by means of half elliptics. Easy-clean steel wheels form part of the car's equipment and they are shod with Dunlop tyres, size 4.75 by 16. The four-seater two-door saloon body is of all-steel construction, and there are no foot wells—an excellent feature. The driver's seat is adjustable, and there is plenty of room for four adults with a large enclosed suitcase locker at the rear. The spare wheel is housed in a separate compartment below the luggage locker, in which are also stored the tools, jack and wheelbrace. The equipment of the car is very comprehensive, including self-cancelling direction indicators, Triplex glass to all windows, an accessible jacking system, and an electric windscreen wiper.

A de luxe model is available at £139, which has a sunshine roof, chromium-plated lamps and real leather upholstery. The chassis dimensions of the Eight are as follows: Wheelbase 6ft. 11in., track 3ft. 9in., and the extreme length of the complete car is 11ft. 4in.

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, WITH CAPTAIN J. P. BLACK, ENTERING THE FIRST OF THE NEW 8 H.P. FLYING STANDARDS AFTER AN INSPECTION OF THE STANDARD SHADOW AERO FACTORY

The rating of the new Ten Standard is 9.99 h.p., the bore being 63.5 mm. and the cubic capacity 1,267 c.c., the engine giving off 36 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. Petrol consumption on this model works out at approximately 40 miles per gallon, with a maximum road speed of 63 m.p.h. The specification is somewhat similar to that of the Eight, although it is a larger car, the wheelbase being 7ft. 6in., and the overall length of the complete vehicle 12ft. 6in.

The Ten turns the scale at 17¾cwt., being ¾cwt. heavier than the Eight, and the price with Standard Saloon body is £169, with de luxe coachwork £179, or with a super saloon body £185. All three types of coachwork have, however, six lights, and are fitted with four doors. In addition the Ten has a four-speed gearbox, top having a ratio of 5.29 to 1, third 7.68 to 1, second 12.84 to 1, and first 20.86 to 1. On this model the electrical system is a 12-volt, and both the de luxe and super saloons include twin electric horns and windscreen wipers.

The new Twelve is a most attractive looking car, with a wheelbase of 8ft. 4in., and an overall length of 13ft. 9in. This vehicle is a four to five seater, and weighs 21cwt. unladen; it has a petrol consumption of thirty-two miles per gallon and is capable of a speed of 70 m.p.h. on the road. The engine, although rated at only 11.98 h.p., actually gives off 44 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m., and is priced at £205 with a four-door light saloon body, or at £225 for the de luxe model. I have not yet had an opportunity of driving any of these new models, but am looking forward to doing so in the near future. They are all good-lookers, and this feature is particularly pronounced so far as the Twelve is concerned.

The Standard Motor Company are to be congratulated on bringing out for the coming season such a comprehensive range of vehicles which are so up to date in design, and I feel sure that they will meet with the success which they so thoroughly deserve.

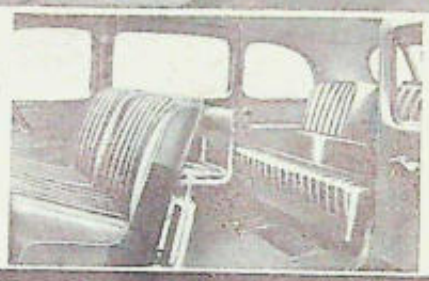
"I can take SIX of you!"

SIX PASSENGERS IN SEARCH OF A CAR will find there is plenty of room for themselves and a driver in the Austin '18'. The Austin "Windsor" and "Iver" 7-seater saloons are remarkable cars. They are big but easy to handle; fast but they are safe; powerful but they are quiet. For those who want a smaller car of the same horse-power, to seat 5 instead of 7, there is the "Norfolk" Saloon.

To drive an Austin '18' is to experience a new feeling of confidence and control. From the driving seat there is a clear view well over the bonnet and both side lamps are visible. The improved engine with aluminium cylinder-head gives a very brisk performance. The car has adjustable steering, pistol-grip handbrake, synchromesh gears, powerful Girling brakes and many other features of mechanical interest. The comfort of the car is all-embracing and the equipment complete to the smallest detail.

PRICES (*at works*)

IVER saloon (*with division*) . .	£383
WINDSOR	
7-seater sliding-head Saloon . .	£375
7-seater fixed-head Saloon . .	£370
NORFOLK	
5-seater sliding-head Saloon . .	£355
5-seater fixed-head Saloon . .	£350



SPACIOUS INVITATION

Look at this inviting Austin '18' interior providing luxurious travel for 7 people. Wide doors, a flat floor without foot wells or transmission tunnel, luxurious upholstery—a car in which to sit back and relax.

BRITISH CARS — BEST IN THE LONG RUN

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST IN AN AUSTIN "18"

NOTABLE NUMBERS

THE HOUSE OF AGNES — 71, St. Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, traditionally associated with Charles Dickens and said to be the original of Mr. Wickfield's "very old house, bulging out over the road."

Notable, in matters of smoking, is that other famous number—Player's No. 3. It is a number with definite associations . . . the mellowness, the distinctive flavour and aroma of a *finer quality* cigarette.

PLAYER'S No. 3 are supplied either plain or cork-tipped so ask for which you prefer.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

7 x 50 MARSEPTIT
LEVITAS BINOCULARS

Leitz Levitas Binoculars are light-weight glasses; the Marseptit model weighs only 28 ozs. Extreme light transmitting power and wide field of view make these glasses ideal for sportsmen and marine use. Large exit pupils ensure that the field is not lost even in the heaviest swell. Price £23 . 12 . 6

Write for literature to:—

E. LEITZ (LONDON) LTD.
20, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE GRACE OF THE GLIDER

A gull-like glider, piloted by Doret, the French stunt pilot, about to land near Toulouse

A GREAT YEAR FOR BRITISH GLIDING

Some Notable Achievements of the Season

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

THE issue of the 1,000th British gliding certificate by the Royal Aero Club is a significant indication of the progress that motorless flying has been making quietly in this country. It is little more than eight years since the first of these certificates was issued, and in view of the difficulties the movement has had to face the advance can be considered highly satisfactory.

Even more important, however, is the growth in the number of "C" licences issued. It is not until he holds the "C" licence that the sailplane pilot can be considered fully qualified, for it demands at least five minutes' soaring. In 1930, the first year in which certificates were issued, of the total 115 awarded, only five were in the "C" category. To-day, as many as 427 out of the 1,000—more than 42 per cent.—are "C" certificates, which indicates that the increase in numbers is accompanied by a comparable advance in skill.

It is fitting that the 1,000 mark should be passed at this time, for the season now drawing to a close has seen an all-round advance in the movement. Some very notable flights have been made, and the prophecy made in these articles on the eve of the National Gliding Contests that the gap between British and Continental achievement would be lessened has been gratifyingly fulfilled.

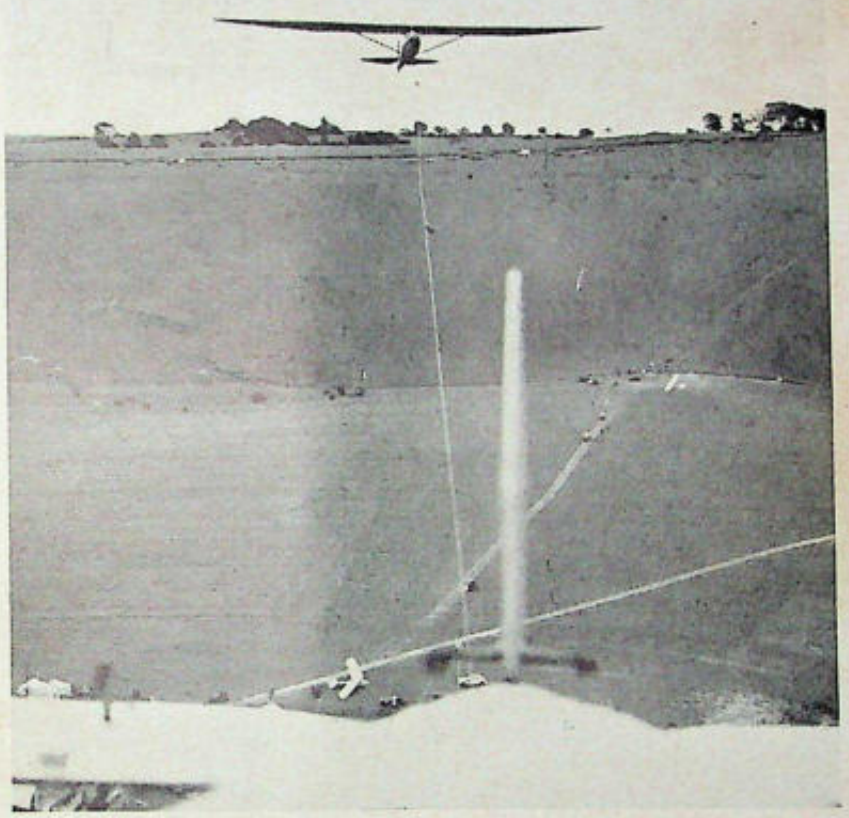
At the contests, the most publicised flight was, of course, that which set up a new world's record for duration in a two-seater machine. On that occasion, Flight-Lieutenant Murray and Stanley Sproule stayed aloft for 22 hours 13½ minutes.

This was a very notable achievement, but perhaps the most significant aspect of the meeting was the general standard attained. That it revealed a steadily advancing technique, by newcomers as well as old hands, was generally admitted. New machines were seen, and there was every evidence of vigour.

The two-seater duration record is, of course, the only world's sailplane record held by this country, and, even then, it is not an "absolute" record, the greatest duration of soaring flight so far attained being held by Germany at 41 hours. Nevertheless, progress is being made, and in the past two or three months other new British records have been established.

On July 31st, Mr. H. O. Pick put up new duration figures for single-seater sailplanes, when he beat the three-year-old record held by Mr. J. C. Neilan, by 20 minutes, returning a total time of 13 hours 27 minutes. This new record was not allowed to stand for long. Three weeks later, Flying-Officer A. N. Young, of the Fleet Air Arm, increased the British duration figures for single-seaters to 15¾ hours. This achievement was all the more notable in that the pilot had been practising motorless flight for only five days.

In the early part of the season, Mr. Philip Wills established a new height record of 10,080ft. Though this figure still stands officially, it has been exceeded by a British pilot, Mr. Peter Davis, who, on August 6th, attained an altitude of 11,300ft. This flight was not admitted for record purposes as it was made from an aerotow, the sailplane being released at a height of 1,500ft. In height records, this country still has a lot of leeway to make up, since in the same week that Mr. Davis attained 11,300ft., a German pilot, released from an aerotow, broke the world's record by rising to 23,190ft.



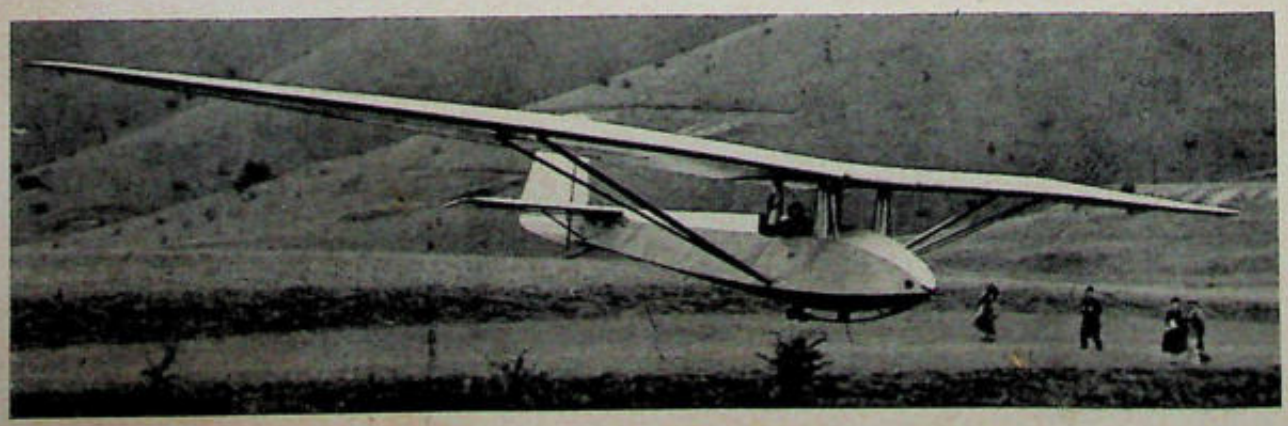
REFUELLING A GLIDER IN THE AIR

While Murray and Sproule were in the air they ran out of food and attempts were made to transfer supplies from another glider. This photograph shows the relief glider being towed into the air by an aeroplane, from which it was taken.

Records, however, are not the true indication of the progress of a sport such as gliding, the whole *raison d'être* of which is that it offers the nearest approach to flying for all yet available.

That British motorless flying is acquiring that solid foundation of achievement which marks, in particular, German and Russian gliding, is to be seen in various ways. The Dunstable competitions revealed that the ability to make cross-country flights—which alone render gliding a real flying sport—is becoming much more general. Actually no fewer than 90 per cent. of the competitors took part in such flights, while the number of "goal" flights, which aim at reaching a specific destination, was greater than ever before.

There can be little doubt that with the steadily increasing support accorded to the movement and the stability given by the subsidy, motorless flying is establishing itself in this country. The time cannot be long delayed before some of the absolute world's records fall into the hands of British pilots. In the past, the prestige of the British movement has been in relatively few hands; to-day, skill is more widely distributed. Applications for membership of the Civil Air Guard indicate the keenness of the men and women in this country for the air, and it is evident that many must wait for some time before flying instruction can be given them. Increased gliding facilities might well help to bridge the gap; for though the value of motorless flying as a preliminary to normal power flying instruction is still debated in some quarters, there can be no doubt that the sport does accustom people to the air. An association of a movement that has done so much in the face of so many difficulties and setbacks, with the new broadening of interest in aviation, might well make gliding as important a branch of aviation in this country as it has become elsewhere.



STANLEY SPROULE AND FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT MURRAY LANDING AFTER THEIR FLIGHT OF 22 HOURS 13¼ MINUTES

They landed at 2.24 a.m. after an adventurous flight during which they were ankle deep in water and half frozen

Deep-chested males who enjoy nothing better than "a crust of bread and cheese at the local, old man," whose holidays are riots of self-sacrifice in tents on the edges of cliffs—such men (we refuse to believe there are such women) are demoralised by the sinister luxuries with which we surround them.

Our offer of free golf, tennis, squash, swimming and a complete gymnasium is of no avail—our beds have sapped their energy, our menus have broken their iron wills. . . . Oh, good heavens, no! They like it.

Phone: Torquay 2271

Palace, Torquay

Dear Sir, we are very nearly afraid your usual room for Xmas is almost booked by another Ex-Spartan.

FOR RIDING ON THE GLORIOUS SOUTH DOWNS

Stay at the New and Wonderful

OCEAN HOTEL
SALTDEAN, BRIGHTON

MORE THAN 400 BEDROOMS

Inclusive terms - - from **£4 : 4 : 0** weekly

A WEEK-END FOR £1 : 5 : 0

AERIAL VIEW OF THE OCEAN HOTEL

The Saltdean Riding Stables have horses always available for riding on the gently undulating Sussex Downs. Also excellent hacks for hunting and coursing over some of the finest sporting country in England, which is within easy reach of the Ocean Hotel. Miles of Downland with bridle paths open to guests.
First-class cuisine. Licensed, with American Bar. Every bedroom furnished with most comfortable box spring bed, central or electric heating and running hot and cold water. Ample sunbathing facilities for every guest. Swimming Pool. Ballroom Dancing on one of the finest sprung floors in England. Sports Manager. Group morning exercises on the Downs. Exercise Room, Tennis, Billiards, Hairdressing Saloons, Children's Nursery, Paddling Pool. Near two Golf Courses. 18-hole Practice Golf Course free to guests. Garage Accommodation for 250 cars.
Take Streamline Taxi or 12B Southdown 'Bus from Brighton Station direct to Hotel.

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE FROM MANAGER

OCEAN HOTEL
SALTDEAN, BRIGHTON

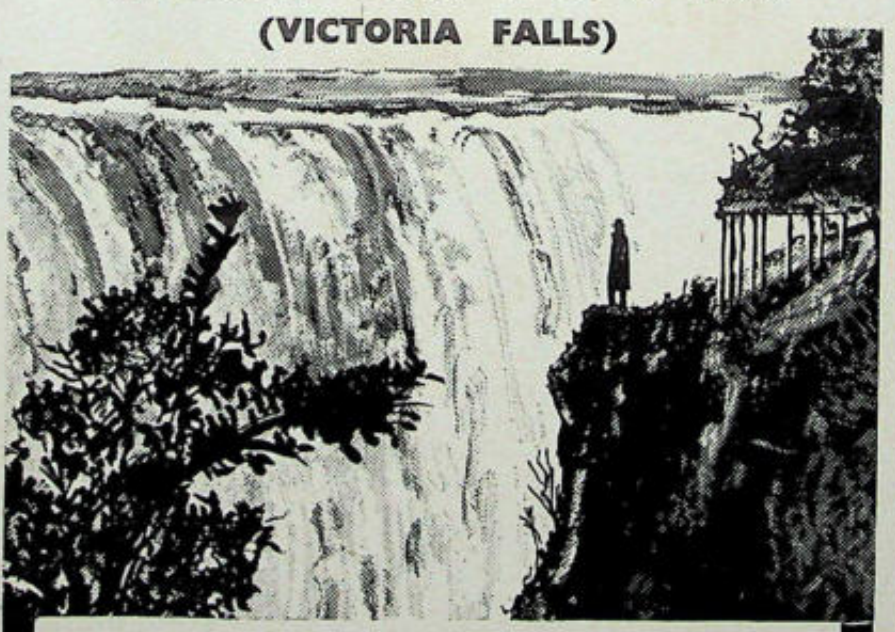
'Phone: Rottingdean 9272 (5 lines)

No more than ninety miles away from London but a world away in atmosphere. Health is in the fresh keen air at the Forest Park Hotel: healing in the quietude of forest glades, happiness in games and sports enjoyed against a background of green and tranquil beauty. Within the hotel, service, cuisine, comfort make the perfect compromise between country simplicity and the amenities of urban life.

FOREST PARK HOTEL
BROCKENHURST

Golf, tennis, riding. The sea five miles away: the forest at the door. Hot and cold water in every room. Ample garage accommodation. Write for illustrated Tariff to the Manageress.

"MOSI-OA-TUNYA"
(VICTORIA FALLS)



THE 'Smoke that Thunders'—the mighty Zambezi's stupendous leap into space—is only one of Southern Rhodesia's many thrills for Tourists of all ages. The mystery of the strange Zimbabwe ruins; Rhodes' grave in the lovely Matopo Hills; scenery unequalled; many species of big game—all these, and civilised comfort in travel and hotels, combine to make it a perfect holiday-land. 5 days by air, 16 by sea, from London. But Southern Rhodesia also offers the grandest home-life imaginable—a healthy climate, low living costs, good prospects, no Income Tax on married incomes under £800.

Write for Booklets on Touring or Settlement to Dept. F., Rhodesia Travel Bureau, 219, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

dining and dancing, places and plays—where acute deafness, or even hard-of-hearing, robs you of pleasure and sends you into isolation. Why, in a world where SOUND IS LIFE, put up with this disability, when "ARDENTE," pioneers of Aural Science, can give you hearing and happiness, as they have already given to thousands—INCONSPICUOUSLY and INEXPENSIVELY for Home and Business, Church and Shopping (street safety), Cinemas, Radio, Sport and Social Life—the whole world of sound.

CALL FOR FREE TEST

or write for details, "Medical Reports" and A FREE TEST IN YOUR OWN HOME.

Make no mistake—the address YOU want is

309 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

(opposite John Lewis) Mayfair 1380 1718 0947

ARDENTE, LTD., have Service Bureaux for your convenience at *Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.*

HEARING AIDS — Ardente — THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

ASK FOR details of the wonderful new "AERODENTE"—hearing without plugs or attachments in any part of the Church, Theatre, Cinema, and for Telephone.

FOR DEAF EARS' NEED—ARDENTE LEADS

LONDON TO CAPE TOWN

An Escape to the Atlantic Isles

ON many of the ships which make the voyage round Africa there are nowadays to be found several passengers who, while avoiding much of the rigour of an English winter, are indulging a mild attack of wanderlust by seeing new places at a cost rather less than they would have incurred by staying in England. Some of them do the whole round trip on the same ship, others take advantage of the two months' break allowed on their tickets, and spend it seeing something of the Union of South Africa, or perhaps the wild animals of Kenya.

The voyage is, in itself, most pleasant, and the latter half of November a good time to be steaming down channel, on the second day out passing the forbidding cliffs of Ushant with their

THE TORTOISE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. HELENA, REPUTED TO BE 200 YEARS OLD

memories of Admiral Howe's great victory over the French on the "Glorious First of June" gained within sight of them, and Cape St. Vincent on the fifth, after a crossing of the dreaded Bay of Biscay, which at that season of the year is just as likely to be calm as rough.

If on one of the Union Castle "intermediate" ships, the Canaries, once known as the Fortunate Isles, will be sighted after about a week at sea, with the great cone of Teneriffe, looming 13,000ft. above the sea, away to the west as the ship steams along the coast of the Grand Canary to enter Las Palmas at its southern end.

It was from Las Palmas that General Franco flew to start his rebellion in Spain, and the black-clad customs police spend much of their time at the head of the ship's ladder returning Fascist salutes from passing small craft. There is little to see on shore, for the cathedral which looms squatly above the long line of the town is so dark that it is difficult to appreciate its interior; but fruit is usually plentiful and cheap, 50 bananas being purchasable for a shilling, and grapes are also good. Last time I was there a Greek steamer with a shell hole in her side bore witness to there being a war.

The next land seen is Cape Verde, the westernmost point of Africa, jutting out just north of the French port of Dakar, with a row of wrecks lining the reef inside the headland's lighthouse.

Then the "Line" is crossed, about four days out from Las Palmas, with deck sports in full swing, varied by lazing in a chair watching the porpoises leaping in the bow wave of the ship, and about 30 hours later she will be drawing up to the rolling green and brown hills of Ascension Island, rimmed with black rocks and white foam.

Since it was discovered by the Portuguese on Ascension Day, 1501, the island's only claim to fame has been its trade in live turtles, now discontinued. Its inhabitants are employees of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and myriads of seabirds, conspicuous among them the wide-awake, or sooty tern, whose flocks come in their thousands to nest there every eight months and then disappear into the South Atlantic, while frigate birds are certain to be seen wheeling overhead, the long scissors tail opening and shutting.

Then comes a 700-mile run to St. Helena where, having hired one of the numerous cars in Georgetown, it will immediately climb some 1,500ft. and take the visitor to Napoleon's tomb, where he lay buried for nineteen years before his remains were taken to his magnificent Paris mausoleum. The tomb is in a hollow beside a spring which Napoleon visited every day to drink its water, and is shaded by trees planted after his death. Then Longwood, the house

"THE LONG BLUE ARM OF HOUTS BAY"

in which Napoleon lived throughout his stay in the island (for he never occupied the new house which was being built for him a furlong away), and which contains many relics of that wonderful man, and also an atmosphere of death and dry rot.

The car will then complete the round through lovely hill country past Government House, and finally down the terrific zigzag hill crowned by the marine barracks, up which climb the 700 steps of the "Jacob's Ladder," by which ammunition was brought up to the guns long ago.

Before returning on board from Georgetown it is well worth looking at the naval monument in the gardens by the old Customs House. It records the deaths of ships' crews stationed there a century ago, and is remarkable for the terrible percentage of loss, and the youth of many of the victims.

The next land sighted will be the guano-bearing Dassen Island, 30 miles north of the Cape Peninsula, and 25 miles south of it is Robben Island, which used to house South Africa's lepers, but does so no longer, and then comes Cape Town, with Table Mountain dominating the city and harbour.

There is plenty to see in the country round Cape Town, with its mixture of old and new, rustic and urban. If a modern view be wanted from an ancient standpoint, then ascend to the top of Table Mountain by the cableway, but there will be no view if the "tablecloth is laid," as is termed the mist which often lies on the flat top and swirls around it. Nor will the cableway be working if that bane of Cape Town, a south-easter, be blowing, and if this horrible wind be at its worst, progress through the streets will mean holding on to one's hat all the time, and being blown round corners with imminent danger of collision with other pedestrians.

It is well worth taking a car to do one of the advertised tours in the country behind the city. One I can strongly recommend is some 50 miles in all. Up to the top of Kloof Nek, where the city and harbour are spread beneath one; then down to Camps Bay and up again, overlooking Cape Town's chief beauty spot, the little bay called Llandudno, and down over the next ridge to the long blue arm of Houts Bay. Then turn left, along a shady road with fruit trees all around and old Dutch houses sometimes right on its edge, to cross a ridge and descend through oak forest with the vineyards of Constantia clothing the hills to the right, and so to the villa suburb of Wynberg. Then comes Rondebosch and the imposing building of its University, high above its playing fields, its harder outlines softened by a garment of creepers, and just after leaving the gate the driver will certainly stop for you to admire the ancient windmill. One more long ridge and the car drops gently down into the centre of Cape Town once again.

While at Cape Town try the South African white wines. They are cheap and really made of grapes; an excellent accompaniment to a dinner preliminary to visiting one of the city's excellent cinemas.

C. H. STOCKLEY.

RIGHT: A PASSENGER COMING ABOARD AT ASCENSION AND ABOVE, S.S. DURHAM CASTLE LYING OFF ST. HELENA

FISHING
SHOOTING
CAMPING
SKI-ING
CANOEING
SAILING
BATHING
GOLFING
CLIMBING
RIDING
MOTORING
WALKING

Apply N.Z.S. Co., Ltd., Agents (J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd.), 138 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or Trans-Pacific Passenger Agency, Ltd. (W. L. James, General Manager), 14 Cockspur Street (1st floor), S.W.1, or principal Travel Agents.

Visit **NEW ZEALAND**

Why not make one of the New Zealand Shipping Company's 17,000 ton luxury liners your home for a "Round Voyage" and see for yourself some of the scenic wonders for which this Dominion is famed?

NEW ZEALAND LINE

★ ★★

STRATHMORE & VICEROY of INDIA

to SPANISH MAIN · South AMERICA
WEST AFRICA · CAPE TOWN
TRISTAN DA CUNHA · ST. HELENA

★ **14 JANUARY · 32 DAYS · FROM 64 GNS**
★★ **20 JANUARY · 46 DAYS · FROM 92 GNS**

Apply 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, Australia House, W.C.2, or Agents.

P&O - FOR SUN IN WINTER

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

Ever fallen for the lure of South America in Winter . . . ever followed the sun beyond the blue horizon, 'rolling down to Rio' and those other fabulous cities of pleasure? If you have, then its charms live forever in your memory . . . one chapter at least in your record of wanderlust brilliantly written, dazzlingly illustrated!

A magic continent this . . . steeped in the romance of storied Inca and Conquistador. Land of vast pampas . . . of the mighty Andes . . . of impenetrable jungle and deep-flowing river. A country of Latin verve and tropic beauty . . . where one can bathe one's being in sunshine, drench one's soul in colour.

Rio de Janeiro, with 'Sugar Loaf' standing sentinel over the sparkling blue bay . . . Buenos Aires . . . Monte Video . . . Santiago . . .

Gay cities, these, with their plazas and their boulevards, their race-tracks and casinos. As modern as the hour . . . as sophisticated as Paris, London, New York. Where one can lounge in the bar and hear drinks called in a score of tongues in as many minutes.

Cities that live in 'carioca time.' Not the coldly efficient carioca we know in the North. But the passionate native rhythm that swings you irresistibly into the dance . . headlong into the swim of things!

For the coming season Cooks have a rich menu of travel plans featuring South America. Here are some 'stars':

CRUISES ROUND SOUTH AMERICA
M.V. "Gripsholm"
82 Days, from 144 Gns.
Sailing from Southampton, Jan. 16.

M.V. "Reina del Pacifico"
75 Days, from £55
Sailing from Liverpool, Jan. 11.

1,000 MILES UP THE AMAZON
S.S. "Hilary" and "Anselm"
7 Weeks from £75
Monthly sailings until Mid-February.
Send for descriptive brochures.

For general information about travel to South America, ask for the fascinating handbook on World Travel:
"WINTER SUNSHINE OVERSEAS"

THOS. COOK & SON, LTD.,
Berkeley Street, London, W.1

Offices in Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago, Sao Paulo, Lima, San Carlos de Bariloche. Over 350 throughout the World.

GO THERE THIS WINTER!

WHERE TO STAY

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

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY

Near LYNTON, N. DEVON

THE GROUNDS, a natural bird-sanctuary, are now a delight to the eye. The

PRIVATE GOLF COURSE

is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are moderate.

Why not spend this Autumn . . . with us? At any rate, write for an illustrated brochure or

TELEPHONE LYNTON 24.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES

LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244

FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,580 lbs.).

SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.

RIDING.

Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.

See page 861.

BRACKEN BANK

Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER — Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th. Tel. 41 and 48.

CHEQUERS HOTEL, HOLBEACH

Exceptional Comfort. Moderate Cost.

OUTSTANDINGLY GOOD WILD FOWL AND GEESE SHOOTING

ARUNDELL ARMS

LIFTON, DEVON.

7,000 acres good Mixed Shooting. 11 MILES OF EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING. Electric light; h. and c. in bedrooms. Telephone: Lifton 4.

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

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartnoll" Country House Hotel, Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton, Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

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

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

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—MERRY WIVES HOTEL; central heated, h. and c. all rooms; loose boxes; 20 rooms; from £3 3s.

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; centre of staghunting; fishing, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3207, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COBDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

IRELAND'S NATURE CURE HYDRO.—Osteopathy, Massage, Hydrotherapy, Colonic Irrigation, Fasting, Treatment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Constipation, Obesity, Hunting Accidents. Guests can enjoy hunting (four packs—Island, Coollattin, Wexford, Bree), shooting, fishing, golf.—Apply SECRETARY, Upton, Kilmuckridge, Gorey, Co. Wexford. City Clinic, 1, Merrion Square, Dublin. Tel. 62604.

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

OSBERSTOWN HOUSE, NAAS, EIRE.—GUESTS RECEIVED for hunting season; up-to-date Private Hotel centre Kildare hunting country; ten loose boxes, saddle rooms, accommodation for grooms.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

TRUST HOUSES

Full particulars of this chain of comfortable country Hotels from

TRUST HOUSES ENQUIRY OFFICE - 81, Piccadilly, W.1

(Close to Green Park Tube Station.)

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE FOX INN AT NORTH ASTON

EVERYWHERE at this season of the year the gardener is busy sweeping away the autumn leaves. Changing hues make the countryside wonderfully attractive; and now, indeed, is the time to go down into the Cotswolds. Cub-hunting is in full swing, and there are few finer sights than this lovely district bathed in the early morning light. I could direct your steps to many a cosy little inn among these hills and valleys, but at the moment my thoughts are—one might say, naturally, considering the season—of The Fox, at North Aston.

Situated on one of the easternmost spurs of the Cotswolds, this hotel is built of the characteristic stone of those parts. It is difficult to give the house a definite age, for, unfortunately, there has not as yet been discovered a record of its early existence, but it is undoubtedly of considerable age. So far as is known it began as a posting inn, and later the mail coaches running between Banbury and Oxford used to change horses there.

About 40 years ago the licence lapsed and the house became a farmhouse. Gradually the building fell into neglect, but a few years ago the Lord of the Manor, whose property it is, realised its possibilities as a private house if carefully reconditioned. A considerable amount of money was accordingly spent. Modern improvements, such as central heating, bathrooms, and electric light, were added. It was thus as a fully equipped modern house that the present proprietor took it over and hung out the sign of "The Fox." Although it is now an hotel the private house atmosphere still prevails, and this, perhaps, is a part of its natural charm.

The entrance hall used to be the bar in the old days. During alterations it was necessary to take up some of the stone flags, and it was then discovered that some of them were tombstones still bearing the inscriptions. One wonders how many other old inns have similar stone-flagged floors!

You will like the wide open fireplaces in the hall and dining room, where in winter log fires are kept burning. And is there anything more attractive on a cold day than a log fire? Probably years ago there hung over these fires iron pots from which would come forth bubblings and gurglings, and a vague suggestive steaminess. You still get these smells—warm, rich and varied smells, which are such a delight to hungry people—in farmhouses where the cooking is done over an open fire. But although they do not do their cooking in public at The Fox, the hotel is well famed for its excellent cuisine. The best English food is always provided for guests.

The Big Room at The Fox, used as a sitting room for guests, was in former days the Manor Court Room. This accounts for a dignity of proportions unusual in houses of this date. You cannot help admiring the Adam bookcases in this room; while the house is furnished throughout with old furniture in keeping with its age.

It is the object of the proprietors to conduct the hotel exactly as a pleasant, well-run private country house. The furnishings and appointments are as one would find in such a place, and the attention and consideration shown to guests are exactly as would be shown in a friend's house.

There is much in the neighbourhood to interest and amuse guests. Hunting can be enjoyed with the Heythrop and the Bicester, or golf nearby for those who do not ride, while the motorist is in a beautiful district for exploration trips. And in the evening you will gather round the glowing embers of the great log fire and picture yet again the yellows and browns of the countryside as you discuss the success or otherwise of a stout running fox.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

THE "FIELD" HUNTING REGISTER

Handsomely bound in red

Ample space to record details of every run throughout the season.

5/-

(Postage 6d.)

FROM BOOKSELLERS, OR FROM THE "FIELD," BREAM'S BLDGS., E.C.4

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

PARIS

HOTEL DE FRANCE ET CHOISEUL, 239-241, Rue St. Honore (Place Vendome); first-class; large inside garden; 125 suites and rooms. Rooms from 10/-. RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

HOUSE ISLA, AROSA.—Newly, first-class. Family Hotel, particularly well protected, sunny, woodland surroundings, up-to-date high-class cooking. Inclusive terms during summer from Fr.14; during winter from Fr.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

Welcome in Switzerland

EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITY OF LAUSANNE

Theology — Law — Medicine — Philosophy — COMMERCIAL COLLEGE—Police Research—Lectures in French—Technical College for Engineers — National Economic Consular Courses — University Library of 430,000 volumes.

Winter Term beginning October 15th.

Apply to:

UNIVERSITY SECRETARY, Palais de Rumine

London

¶ Brown's Hotel still maintains the respect for tradition that has made it the favourite resort of an exclusive society . . . here, as a matter of course, is to be found both comfort and convenience and that rare personal touch that is everywhere identified with the idea of distinguished perfection.

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

Rooms and suites with or without central heating

Brown's Hotel

DOVER STREET AND ALBEMARLE ST., W.1

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

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate

THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance.

BRIDGE

THE ACOL SYSTEM OF BIDDING

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

THERE are fashions in Systems, as in women's dress, and at present, and particularly amongst the younger players, there is a vogue for the Acol System which first came to notice in 1937. The System derived its name from a London club, where it was developed by a little group of players who met with considerable success in duplicate tournament play. Originally it was published under the title of the "Acol Two Club," but as the Two Club bid is only a part, in the recently published *Summary* (Joiner & Steele; 1/-) it has been re-named "The Acol System."

What are its characteristic features and essential differences from other systems? First, it gives considerable latitude in the opening bid of One of a suit allowing it on a hand containing as little as one-and-a-half honour tricks in certain conditions. But, lest you should imagine that a light opening bid is permitted or recommended, it is necessary to observe that a bid on the minimum is to be made only (*a*) when the *distribution is good*, (*b*) *the hand contains a sound re-bid*. Thus, holding ♠ K, x, x, x, x, x. ♡ A, x, x. ◇ Q, x, x. ♣ x, you should bid One Spade because of the distribution, and the fact that you can re-bid Spades if your partner responds with Two of any other suit. This is contrary to the doctrine that opener should have at least two quick tricks in defence, and some say two-and-a-half. But I am prepared to believe that there are advantages in it.

Yet as the same bid of One is to be made on a very strong hand even containing as many as five or six honour tricks "when it is not of game-going strength," partner is left in doubt as to conditions.

On the point count, A=4, K=3, Q=2, J=1, he must pass when not holding five points and bid One No Trump on five to nine points and Two No Trumps on eleven to thirteen points, Three No Trumps on fourteen to sixteen points. Also he should prefer a suit response to No Trumps response when the suit can be bid at the range of One. I find little to criticise in this. It has elements of the One-Over-One and common-sense bidding, and the principle of preparedness or anticipation.

Another feature which I like is the Two Bid. In Spades, Hearts or Diamonds (Clubs are reserved for an artificial bid) you should open with Two on hands with exceptional strength. In placing the minimum strength as eight playing tricks I consider this is rather too high. The Simple System allows six tricks when not vulnerable, and seven when vulnerable, and that I believe to be better.

On Acol principles the gap between a One and a Two bid is too wide. If you guarantee eight playing tricks (and mark, of course, this has nothing to do with honour or quick tricks) you limit, as I consider unnecessarily, your opportunities for making this useful and valuable bid.

On my System the bid of Two is highly provocative, and a strong invitation to partner to keep the bidding alive. And that, I believe, in the long run achieves better results than a stereotyped eight tricks.

On the Acol System the bid of Two is forcing for one round, and lacking values necessary for another bid, responder must say Two No Trumps.

The Acol Two Club bid is reserved for hands containing a minimum of five honour tricks. It is forcing to game with one exception.

Holding a balanced hand and not less than 23 points, Two Clubs should be opened and Two No Trumps called over Two Diamonds. This is the only situation in which a Two Club bid may be allowed to die short of game. In this respect the "Acol" differs from other artificial Two Club systems.

Pre-emptive bids are much on the same lines as "the Simple System." Opening Three bids show five to six playing tricks not vulnerable and six to seven when vulnerable. But I do not agree with the recommended bid of Three Clubs on ♠ x, x. ♡ x. ◇ x, x, x. ♣ Q, J, 10, x, x, x, x. While a pre-emptive bid may be sacrificial in purpose a bid of Three Clubs on such a hand is, in my opinion, useless. It cannot deter opponents, but may convey a totally wrong impression to partner. It is a bad bid.

A bid of Two No Trumps by defender over an opening One No Trump demands a take-out and is forcing to game. Partner must bid his longest suit. This, it is stated, is a new bid published for the first time. It may have advantages, but unless the opener has made a very light or psychic One No Trump, I doubt its efficacy.

In presenting this brief precis of the Acol System I neither endorse it nor "crab" it. In so far as it is the work of practical players who have devoted considerable thought to it, I would recommend you to study it for yourself.

CHESS

A GOOD FINISH

In a game in the first round of the Premier Reserve Tournament at the recent congress at Plymouth the following position was reached after White's 35th move:—White (H. Saunders): King at K Kt 2, Queen at K 2, Rooks at K sq and K R sq, Bishop at K Kt 3, Pawns at Q 3, K B 3, K Kt 4, Q R 4, K B 5 and Q B 5; Black (T. D. van Scheltinga): King at K Kt 2, Queen at Q 2, Rooks at K sq and Q Kt sq, Bishop at Q B 2, Pawns at K B 3, Q B 3, Q R 3, K 4, Q 4 and K Kt 4.

Black now finished off the game as follows:

WHITE. H. Saunders.	BLACK. T. D. van Scheltinga.	WHITE. H. Saunders.	BLACK. T. D. van Scheltinga.
35. . . .	P to K 5 (*a*)	42. R to K Kt sq	P to K 6
36. B takes B	Q takes B	43. Q takes R P (*g*)	Q to K 5 (*h*)
37. B P takes P	P takes P	44. R(Kt sq)toKt2(*i*)	P to K 7 (*j*)
38. P to Q 4 (*b*)	R to Kt 6 (*c*)	45. Q takes K P	Q takes Q
39. R to R 2	Q to B 5 (*d*)	46. R takes Q	R to B 8, ch
40. K to R sq	R to Kt 6	Resigns (*k*)	
41. R to K B sq(*e*)	R to K B 6 (*f*)		

(*a*) Beginning a break-through in the centre.

(*b*) If P takes P, then Q to K 4, threatening either R to Kt 7 or Q takes Q B P.

(*c*) Threatening Q to Kt 6, ch followed by R to R 6, ch. If now 39, R to R 3, then 39. . . . R takes R; 40. K takes R, R to R sq, ch; 41. K to Kt 2, R to R 7, ch; 42. K to B sq, Q to B 5, ch; 43. K to Kt sq, Q to Kt 6, ch and mate next move.

(*d*) Now Black threatens R to Kt 6, ch followed by Q takes Kt P.

(*e*) 41. R to K Kt sq is better, although after 41. . . . R takes R, ch; 42. K takes R, R to Q Kt sq White has a big advantage in position. If (instead of 41. R to K Kt sq) 41. R to Kt 2, then 41. . . . R to R sq, ch; 42. K to Kt sq or R to R 2, R (Kt 6) to K R 6.

(*f*) Much stronger than Q takes Kt P. If now 42. R takes R, then 42. . . . P takes R with a winning game. (If 43. Q takes R, then 43. . . . Q to B 8, ch and mate next move.)

(*g*) White has no satisfactory move.

(*h*) Threatening R to B 8, ch followed by R to R sq, mate.

(*i*) If 44. Q to R 7, ch, R to K 2; 45. Q to R 8, then 45. . . R to B 8, ch; 46. R to Kt 2, P to K 7 and wins.

(*j*) Finishing neatly. If now R takes P, then R to B 8, mate.

(*k*) After 47. K to Kt 2 there follows 47. . . . R takes R, ch; 48. K takes R, R takes R.

A FINE GAME BY ELISKASES

The following game, from a tournament at Milan in April, was finely played by Eliskases.

(*Sicilian Defence.*)

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

(*a*) Not good, for White has either to exchange the Bishop for a Knight or else to retreat with loss of time. The usual move is B to K 2.

(*b*) White now has control of Black's Q Kt 3.

(*c*) Preparatory to P to Q 4.

(*d*) Black now threatens B to B 5. Moreover, White has a weakness at his K 3.

(*e*) A mistake. White should, instead, play 17. Q to K sq, to be followed, if 17. . . . P to K 4, by 18. Kt to B 5 or, if 17. . . . B to B 4, by 18. Kt to Kt 3. If (instead of 17. Q to K sq) 17. Q to K 3, then 17. . . . B to B 4, or, if 17. Q to Q sq or Q 2, then 17. . . K R to Q sq.

(*f*) A very good move. If now 18. Kt takes K P, then 18. . . . P takes Q; 19. Kt takes Q, Q R to B sq; 20. B to Kt 6, B to Q 3; 21. P to K Kt 3 (the only move), Kt to K 7, ch; 22. K to B 2, B takes Kt; 23. K takes Kt, B takes B; 24. P takes B, R takes P, ch with advantage to Black.

(*g*) A strong move.

(*h*) Not 19. . . . Q takes B P because of 20. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 21. Q takes B.

(*i*) Black's plan now is to exchange Bishops and then occupy White's K 3 with the Knight.

(*j*) Preparatory to Kt to B 2.

(*k*) A very strong move. If now 27. Kt to B 2, then Black has the choice between three advantageous replies, viz. (1) 27. . . . Kt to Q 8, (2) 27. . . . R to Q 7, to be followed, if 28. Kt takes Kt, by 28. . . . P takes Kt, or, if 28. R takes R, by 28. . . . Kt takes Kt, ch, and (3) 27. . . . Q takes R P.

(*l*) Played to prevent a subsequent Kt to Kt 5.

(*m*) Threatening P takes P followed, after P takes P, by R to B 3.

(*n*) Not Q takes Kt because of Q to Kt 6.

(*o*) Threatening Q takes Kt, ch. If now 33. R to K sq, then 33. . . . R takes Kt, ch; 34. R takes R, P to Kt 8=Q.

(*p*) If 34. K takes P, then 34. . . . Q to Kt 4, ch; 35. K to B sq, Q to B 5, ch with a mating attack.

(*q*) If K takes P, then either Q takes Q or Q to Kt 4, ch.

(*r*) He might as well resign here; his game is hopeless.

(*s*) If 44. P to K 6, then 44. . . . P to Kt 7; 45. P to K 7, Q takes R, ch and wins.

A STRONG ATTACK

THE following game, from a recent tournament at Örebro, shows a strong attack by the Swedish master, G. Stahlberg.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Sundberg.	WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Sundberg.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	12. R takes Kt	P to K 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	13. B to Kt 3 (*a*)	P takes P (*b*)
3. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	14. P takes P	Kt to Kt 3
4. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	15. R to K sq	Q to B 3 (*c*)
5. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	16. Q to K 2 (*d*)	B to B 4 (*e*)
6. P to K 3	Castles	17. Q to K 7	Kt to Q 2 (*f*)
7. R to B sq	P to B 3	18. Kt to R 4 (*g*)	B to K 3
8. B to Q 3	P takes P	19. R takes B (*h*)	P takes R
9. B takes P	Kt to Q 4	20. Q takes K P, ch (*i*)	R to B 2 (*j*)
10. B takes B	Q takes B	21. Kt to B 5 (*k*)	Resigns.
11. Castles	Kt takes Kt		

(*a*) Alternatives here are P takes P, Q to B 2 and P to Q 5.

(*b*) This move has the disadvantage of opening a file for White's King's Rook and a rank for his Queen's. 13. . . . P to K 5 is better, *e.g.*, 14. Kt to Q 2, Kt to B 3; 15. Q to Kt sq, B to B 4 followed, if 16. R to B 5, P to K Kt 3; 17. R to K 5, by 17. . . . Q to Q sq, threatening 18. . . . Kt to Q 2.

(*c*) Q to Q 3, with a view to playing Kt to Q 4 and (if B takes Kt) Q takes B, is preferable. White, however, can obtain good attacking chances by playing either Kt to K 5 or Kt to Kt 5.

(*d*) Kt to K 5, threatening R to B 3, is a very good alternative.

(*e*) 16. . . . B to Q 2 is better. After 17. Q to K 7, K R to K sq; 18. Q takes Q, P takes Q Black has a chance of saving the game.

(*f*) After 17. . . . Q takes Q; 18. R takes Q White would have a very great advantage in position.

(*g*) Threatening to win a piece by Q takes Q followed by Kt takes B. If now 18. . . . Q R to K sq, then 19. Q takes R, R takes Q; 20. R takes R, ch, Kt to B sq; 21. R to B 3, Q takes Kt (not P to K Kt 3 because of Kt takes B); 22. R takes B (threatening either B takes P, ch or R takes P) and wins.

(*h*) A fine move.

(*i*) Not Q takes Kt because of Q takes P, ch and mate next move.

(*j*) If 20. . . . K to R sq, then 21. Kt to Kt 6, ch, Q takes Kt (or 21. . . . P takes Kt; 22. R to R 3, ch and mate next move), 22. Q takes Q and wins, for, if 22. . . . P takes Q, then 23. R to R 3, mate. If (instead of 20. . . . K to R sq) 20. . . . Q takes Q, then 21. R takes Q, ch, R to B 2 (if K to R sq, then Kt to Kt 6, ch and mate next move); 22. Kt to B 5 (threatening Kt to Q 6), K to B sq; 23. B takes R, K takes B; 24. Kt to Q 6, ch, followed by 25. Kt takes P and (if 25. . . . R to Q Kt sq) 26. R to Q Kt 3 with a winning game for White.

(*k*) Threatening either (1) Q takes Kt or (2) Q takes Q followed by Kt to Q 6. Black has nothing better than 21. . . . Q takes Q, which after 22. B takes Q, K to B sq; 23. B takes R and 24. Kt to Q 6, ch gives the variation in note (*j*) arising from 20. . . . Q takes Q.

PROBLEM No. 3983

By the late A. M. A. VAN DER VEN.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K Kt 7, Queen at Q B sq, Bishop at K sq, Pawns at K Kt 2, K B 3, K 4, Q 5 and Q B 6.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at K Kt 4, Pawns at Q B 2, Q 3, K R 3 K 4, K B 5 and K Kt 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *De Schaakwereld*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3982

1. R to R 8, Any move; 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 486

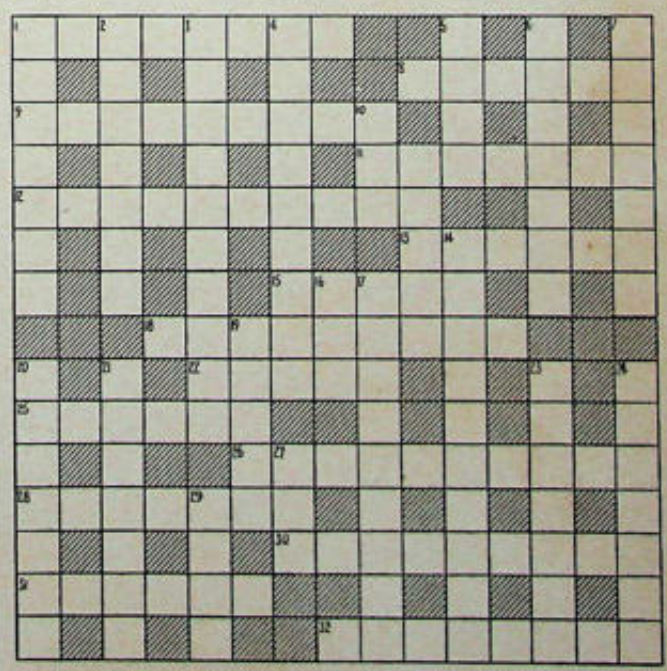
ACROSS.—1, This puzzle has it. 8, Hurry up for this. 9, Batsmen like it high, golfers low. 11, Both malt and meat are mixed in this. 12, End Sorting (anag.). 13, A bee in this is absolutely worthless. 15, A pleasant tract, but hardly religious. 18, Directors' work. 22, Oh! You saints shouldn't be excommunicates. 25, Belonged to the English for a few months. 26, Threads. 28, "For who would embrace virtue if you removed her ——?" (*Juvenal*). 30, Medical men swallowed by fishes. 31, Back to front to hear. 32, Sounds as if some holes had been made—to let the rain in perhaps.

DOWN.—1, No burglar would walk like this though he would like the start he would get. 2, Fits fits. 3, I mean noted (anag.). 4, Watched by politicians, doctors and stockbrokers. 5, Backward alternative in a famous race. 6, Not particular. 7, Both deer and flowers are this. 10, Platonic virtue or Gnostic powers. 14, Scientist discredited by many, but with a change of two letters acknowledged by all. 16, This should come out pat with a bit of wangling. 17, Sustained musically. 19, In front of the fire, at the back of the train. 20, This this for short. 21, Was oval (anag.). 23, For this Marlborough used wood, Wellington metal. 24, Pressingly persists. 27, Dogberry knew he was this. 29, Ferric hydroxide to some.

SOLUTION TO No. 485

Published October 8th

B	A	R	G	A	I	N	I	N	G	■	A	C	M	E
A	■	E	■	B	Y	■	I	■	O	■	L	■	D	■
I	N	T	R	U	D	E	■	T	E	R	M	I	N	I
T	■	R	■	T	■	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	T	■
■	S	E	A	S	H	O	R	E	■	T	A	N	G	O
B	■	A	■	■	V	■	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	■
I	N	T	E	R	C	E	S	S	O	R	■	S	K	I
N	■	■	E	■	R	■	W	■	I	■	■	■	A	■
O	R	T	■	P	I	S	C	A	T	O	R	I	A	L
C	■	H	■	L	■	■	N	■	■	N	■	S	■	■
U	N	I	T	Y	■	R	O	S	E	■	B	U	S	H
L	■	S	■	I	■	I	■	■	A	■	T	■	S	■
A	T	T	U	N	E	D	■	H	A	R	D	E	S	T
R	■	L	■	G	■	E	■	U	■	O	■	A	■	A
S	H	E	D	■	P	R	O	M	E	N	A	D	E	R



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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Trout Scales for Examination.—No. 1 appears to be five-six years old; No. 2, four-five. Trout scales are never so distinct in summer and winter growths as salmon, but the ages given above seem fairly distinct. The growth seems to be rather slow, with a very short winter non-feeding period or reduced feeding period.—*E. E. J., Mont.*

Forestry

Conifers.—Conifers are subdivided into groups of which the principal are the pines, the firs, the cedars, the larches, the sequoia, the yews and the species cupressus, with which can be grouped the thuyas and junipers. Under the heading of firs would be grouped the silver firs (*abies* species), the spruce firs (*picea* species) and the Douglas firs (*pseudotsuga* species). The distinction between a cupressus and a thuya is as follows: *Cupressus*—The twigs are frond-like, much branched and covered with small scale-like leaves compressed against the stem and overlapping in four ranks. *Thuya*—The twigs at the ends of the branches are flatter and wider than cupressus and more tape-like. These two characteristic distinctions are sufficient to enable the two species to be distinguished, but there are, of course, botanical differences which I will enumerate if you desire further information.—*P. S. L., Birkenhead.*

Garden

Orchid Sent for Identification.—This is an abnormal specimen of *Ophrys apifera* (Bee Orchid).—*L. W., Bridport.*

Pears Sent for Identification.—(1) Beurre d'Amanalis. (2) William. (3) Marie Louise. Flower sent arrived too faded to identify.—*E. M., Helston.*

To Eradicate Tree Stumps.—The quickest method would be to have them blasted out, but an expert should be engaged for the job.—*L. C. B., Lockerbie.*

Flowers Sent for Identification.—(1) *Teucrium scorodonia* (wood germander or wood sage); (2) *Geranium pratense* (meadow cranesbill).—*D. M., Dornoch.*

Preserving Passion Fruit.—It would be advisable to apply to the Research Station for Preserving Fruit and Vegetables at Campden, Gloucestershire.—*H. C. B., Cambridge.*

Tomato Leaves Sent for Inspection.—These have evidently been scalded, *i.e.*, the sun has shone on them when they were very wet. The fact that the fruits are not ripening properly indicates wrong cultivation, though it is impossible to say exactly what is wrong without knowing the whole process.—*N. P., Builth Wells.*

Kennel

Haliverol.—You may give up to fifteen drops of Haliverol daily to an adult basset hound, and eight to ten drops to your Jack Russell terrier.—*J. St. A. F., Teignmouth.*

Border Collies.—The dogs that are most numerous at sheepdog trials are Border collies. They are of the collie type, but a good deal smaller than the show dogs, and are black or black-and-white. Sometimes they have a little tan. They are rough-coated. The sheepdog most often seen in Wales is generally a blue merle in colour and smooth-coated.—*C. A. T., Okehampton.*

Distemper Vaccine.—(1) The producers of the vaccine, Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome, have a branch at Bombay, and would be in a better position to advise you as to the possibility of obtaining the vaccine, &c., by Air Mail. (2) Dirt eating is quite often due to a lack of potassium salts in the diet, and may usually be controlled by the addition of black treacle in doses just short of relaxing the bowels unduly.—*J. C. W., India.*

Unruly Lurcher.—It is the most natural thing in the world for your lurcher to chase hares or rabbits, and if you cannot make him biddable, the only thing will be to put him on a lead when he is exposed to temptation. Of course, if a dog is disinclined to come in when called, and is thrashed when you catch him, he will take good care to keep out of your way. A small bribe in the shape of a bit of biscuit or something of that kind will be more likely to bring him to heel. We would suggest putting him through a course of training that can be done when you are out for a walk. Put him on a leash or, better still, a long check cord such as is used for preventing gundogs running in when they are being trained. Take him where there are rabbits, and as soon as he attempts to chase pull him up smartly, saying, "No. Heel!" Pat him if he goes quietly and tell him he is a good dog.—*H. R., Ipswich.*

Naturalist

Caterpillars Sent for Identification.—The caterpillars which you sent for identification are those of the Noctua moth, *Agrotis exclamationis*, which is a common species. This caterpillar feeds on a number of different plants, and by day hides in the ground. They are not at all uncommon in gardens.—*R. F. B., Liss.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Air-sac Mites of a Bantam.—A bantam's death was due to inflammation of the lungs brought about by air-sac mites, *Cytodites nudus*. The bird was also badly infected with tapeworms and round worms of the bowels. These findings are evidence of the insanitary conditions of the pen and house. We advise the removal and burning of the litter and nestbox material, followed by a thorough scrubbing of the entire interior of the house with hot soda water and soft soap to each gallon of which a cupful of paraffin has been added. The in-contact birds should be culled, wasters being destroyed. The remainder should be housed on sawdust and treated with the Nicotine Compound Pill (Willows Brand), a second pill per bird being given after an interval of seven days. On the ninth day the treated birds should be removed to the disinfected house, and penned on a clean piece of ground.—*R. P. G. V., Sussex.*

Gapes.—The threadworm infection of the windpipe and lungs known as gapes sometimes appears, especially during a wet season, about the last week on the rearing field. Usually, however, the disease is first observed among poults after they have been a few weeks in covert. Well-nourished birds are picked up dead in the earlier part of the epidemic, and among the coverts no snicketting can be heard, and the stock looks well. These earlier specimens usually die rapidly from pneumonia or blockage of the windpipe by the worms. Snicketting and weakened birds are observed after the disease has been spreading for several weeks, usually during the latter part of September and October. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground, food and drinking-water supply by the worm-containing droppings of infected birds. Since curative treatment, which is practised on the rearing field, is not practicable for birds at liberty, our measures are limited to attempting to stop the spread of the disease. Any poults showing signs of disease should be destroyed and their bodies should be burned. Food should be laid on fresh patches of ground each day, and in order to reduce the risks of birds crowding together the feeding places should be dotted about the coverts. Another factor which aids the propagation of the disease is damp ground and shade. Thus water-logged areas in the coverts should be drained. Sunshine and air should be let into the coverts by cutting down thick undergrowth and thinning out some of the trees. Poults, particularly, require sunshine and fresh air for their healthy growth. Patches of ground on which coops have stood and food has been laid should be dressed heavily with quicklime. Some owners stock up their coverts with part-grown birds. Before turning them into covert, these newly-purchased birds should be penned for at least a week, during which they can be closely observed for signs of disease. The fewer the birds per pen the better. Should gapes appear in one or more pens the affected birds can be treated or destroyed while they are under control. A common method of treatment is blowing a mixture of equal parts of camphor and chalk upon the birds within a coop. Some keepers use chloroform as an inhalant. Others prefer to inject 1 c.c. of a 5 per cent. watery solution of sodium salicylate into the windpipe of each infected bird by means of a hypodermic syringe. Usually it is cheaper and more efficient to destroy the gapers at the outset of the trouble. Among the specimens was a mallard infected with the species of gapeworm *Cyathostoma*, which is almost invariably confined to waterfowl; our other specimens were pheasants infected with *Syngamus Trachea*.—*J., Berks; J. W., Cumberland; A. C., Suffolk; W. E., Berks; G. A. M., Leicestershire.*

Shooting

Advice on Gun Purchase.—We should certainly advise you to take a pair of guns as, apart from the possibility of large bags, there is always the chance that one of your guns may develop a defect, and then you will be placed in the embarrassing position of having to borrow one from a member of the party. You can safely assume that your host will provide you with a loader, and it might be as well if you tried to get some practice in exchanging guns before you actually arrive at the shoot. It is quite in order for you to write to your host and ask him how many cartridges you will be likely to require, but in any case it is as well to arrange with your gunmaker to forward you further supplies on the receipt of a telegram. The question of whether you ought to take your retriever with you depends largely on the nature of the shoot, but as you say that you have not got a dog at present, it will be safe to assume that your host will provide one. As a general rule, it is unwise to take a dog with you that is not used to sleeping away from home, as he is likely to howl for the greater part of the night. When you arrive at the shoot, you will probably find that there are seven guns, and it is likely that you will draw numbers for positions. Every time the line moves on, you will move up too. A great temptation for a rough-shooting man who suddenly finds himself with a party is to shoot his neighbour's bird, and you must be careful to avoid this. It would, we think, also be advisable if you were to take a cartridge bag, and one made of canvas will be quite adequate.—*J. C. T., Shipley.*

Cartridge Tests

It is practically impossible to judge the ballistical merits of cartridges when only four are available; however, judging from results obtained your red cartridges should certainly prove effective against game, both velocity and pattern being well up to standard. Pressure was normal for the load employed, namely, 31 grains of powder and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot.—*M. P., Halkirk.*

Stable

Food for Horses.—The ordinary raw linseed oil is suitable for adding to the food of horses, but not the boiled as it contains driers which are poisonous.—*S. R. G., Potters Bar.*

Travel

Hotel in Ireland.—We are certain that you would like the Butler Arms Hotel at Waterville. Waterville is built on a narrow neck of land which divides the sea from the island-studded Lough Currane, claimed to be the best free fishing fresh water lake in Southern Ireland. Situated midway between the seashore and the lake is the Butler Arms Hotel, which gives a view from its verandah of sea and mountain scenery of surpassing beauty. Visitors to the Butler Arms can enjoy free salmon and sea-trout fishing on the lough, and also reserved fishing on the famous Waterville River, about half-a-mile in length, which connects the lough with the sea. There are also excellent beats on the Inny and Cummeragh Rivers, and the best drifts on Lake Derriana and others. Fishing starts from February 1st and closes on October 15th, and for the convenience of guests a supply of the suitable flies and tackle is kept at the hotel. The present-day Waterville is made lovely in the summer by the rich delicacy of flowering myrtles and arbutus, while the ruins of the sixth-century chapel on Holy Island, Lough Currane, remind one of its quiet, long drawn past. Here St. Finion prayed for the "forgiveness of the sins of all mankind," and possibly other holy men with no such universalist hopes interceded for many who seemed past praying for. Quite near Holy Island to-day are certain deep pools, where are to be found plenty of small brown trout whose forbears may have seen St. Finion quietly praying. Many place names in the district perpetuate the saint's name, whilst in Waterville are relics of all periods of Irish history, and personal and place names help us to realise historical continuity down to the present day. The proprietor of the Butler Arms Hotel also owns the Southern Hotel, Caragh Lake, and the Royal Hotel, Valentia, and meals and fishing are interchangeable. The distance separating the three hotels is about 30 miles, and such an opportunity of visiting different neighbourhoods without consequent expense is very rarely offered. It is a chance which should appeal to many. Caragh Lake, only 21 miles distant, is embosomed in broom and heather-covered hills. It is six miles long and provides good salmon and trout fishing, whilst excellent sport may also be obtained in the Caragh, Caraghbeg, Oregarriv and Meelagh Rivers. The visitor who stays at the Butler Arms Hotel can enjoy the beauties of Killarney's Lakes when he has a will to do so, returning to sleep far from the madding if friendly crowd of American and British visitors to Killarney. Here at Waterville is a neighbourhood "where anglers gather" in a paradise all their own. Good cuisine and home comforts are guaranteed at the Butler Arms and its two associated hotels. What more could anyone wish for than ideal sport in a beautiful land by day and genuine comfort and peace when day is done? To save you the trouble we have asked the proprietor of the Butler Arms to send you his brochure and terms.—*A. M., Wilts.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	*Canada.* £ s. d.	*Elsewhere abroad.* £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1930) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Oct. 15, 1938

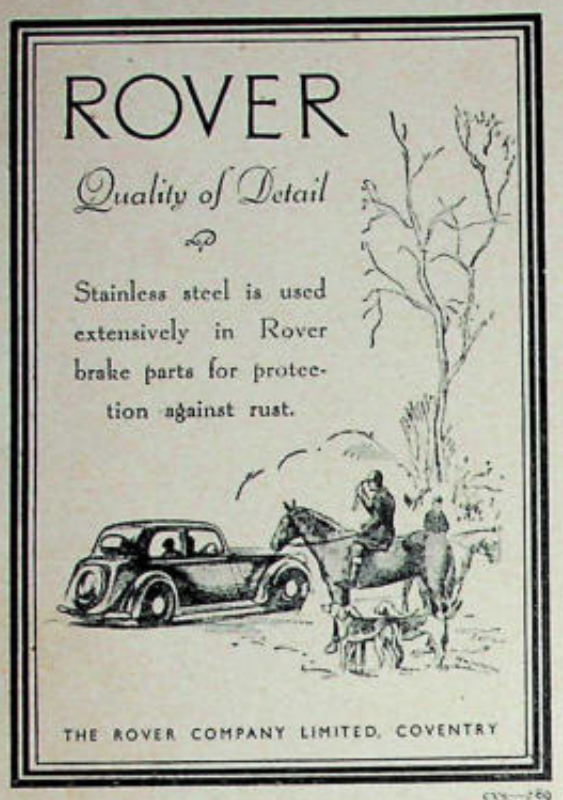
THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4478. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.

THE CAMBRIDGE STAND-OFF HALF CUTS THROUGH

R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, stand-off half of the Cambridge team, is one of the most valuable players in the University side. He uses his head as well as his body when he plays Rugby, and may be expected to produce the unusual at any moment in a match. This photograph, taken at Twickenham last Saturday, shows him side-stepping a Harlequin player coming up behind him. From the balance of their bodies there is little doubt that he "got away with it."



THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 965
EFFICIENCY IN THE PIG INDUSTRY . . . 965
LAKELAND A NATIONAL PARK 966
UN CAMBRIDGESHIRE FRANÇAIS 968
"DRESSING" A HORSE 969
WHO DEVISED A SPOON? 970
LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS 971
GOOSE SHOOTING ON JAMES' BAY . . . 972
POLO OF THE SUPERLATIVE ORDER . . . 973
COLONEL HAWKER AND THE CREATURE COMFORTS 974
HOOKING A TROUT 975
SOME WADERS OF THE ESTUARY 976
FOURSOME GOLF AT WORPLESDON . . . 978
IN TOUCH 978
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 980
FIFTY YEARS AGO 980
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 980
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 981
IN THE CITY 984
NEW BOOKS. 985
LILIES OF THE VALLEY 987
CARE OF THATCH 987
LIGHTING FOR PERIOD ROOMS 988
DOGS OF SOUTH WALES 988
ADVANTAGES OF RED POLL CATTLE . . . 990
PEDESTRIANS AND ARTERIAL ROADS . . . 992
INAUGURATING AN IMPORTANT AIRWAY . . 994
UP THE EAST AFRICAN COAST 996
CARDS AND CHESS 999
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1000

TOWN AND COUNTRY

THERE is more than one reason why the importance of preserving the English countryside is not universally regarded as one of the most important problems of the day. The great majority of townspeople regard the country as a place to which they may periodically retire, but to which they owe no obligation. The seasons of nature appear to revolve, and they suppose that the farmer's sole and easy duty is to follow them and to sell the produce—for, after all, are not the shops full of the yield of the land? The increased urban acquaintance with the countryside which the motor car has produced has not been accompanied by a similar increase of sympathy, and there are still many townsmen who cheerfully stroll across the farmers' fields, yet who would be infuriated if the farmer were to walk across the lawn of their town house. It is difficult to see a satisfactory solution to this problem.

The farmer, on the other hand, is not quite clear in his mind as to the exact nature of the question. The land, to him, exists in order that he may make his living from it, and he may be pardoned if, when looking at a field of wheat, he is more concerned about how many bushels to the acre it will produce than with any æsthetic qualities it may possess. In the present state of agriculture he is only too pleased to allow advertising hoardings to be erected on his land, and any concern he may once have had for the beauty of his farm has long since been lost in the all-absorbing struggle to make it pay its way at all.

Yet the preservation of rural England is an integral part of the economic welfare of the country. No one—least of all the Council for the Preservation of Rural England—wishes to create a dormant but pleasant countryside. For, indeed, that conception is but a contradiction in terms, and Professor Abercrombie did well to emphasise recently that the beauty of the countryside is wholly dependent on its prosperity. Not until the disastrous lack of balance between town and country is redressed can our economic position improve and the face of England be preserved from pollution. Such questions as ribbon development and the making of new roads are invariably regarded from the townsman's point of view. A new road makes possible quicker transit and a decrease in accidents. The townsman has, therefore, less opportunity than before to watch the country, and a lovely and useful tract has been sacrificed to the doubtful advantage of the careless driver. The advantage to the countryman is practically nothing. Ribbon development is, perhaps, the greatest menace, and there are few towns of any size in England whose approaches are not consistently hideous. Yet it is the melancholy truth that many farmers are struggling on with the sole idea of finally selling their land for these abominable purposes.

There would seem, therefore, to be only one solution to this problem, and it undoubtedly lies with the Government. If an agricultural policy were framed and put into execution which was capable of restoring a general prosperity to farmers, their land would necessarily become more beautiful. A greater measure of farming wealth would make possible an appeal to the farming conscience in such matters as hoardings and the sale of land for urban development. A successful policy of this kind would also combine town and country into one effort for prosperity, and a united England would bring both confidence and beauty to the rural areas.

PRIDE OF CRAFT

HEDGING, thatching, shearing, and wood-work and metal-work, which were part and parcel of our rural industries it has long been said, are being added to the catalogue of lost arts, and it is good to learn that they are taking their place in the curriculum of agricultural institutes and colleges. With their decay, as the autumn issue of *Rural Industries* justly points out, much of the beauty of our rural life is being sacrificed, and any movement which tends to revive a pride of craftsmanship is to be welcomed. Not only is it necessary for those of the future generation who are taking up farming to have a grounding in the elements of the old crafts to restore the soul of agriculture and its allied occupations, but also from a practical angle to enable them to undertake and supervise necessary repair work. In this way shoddy makeshifts which are an eyesore will disappear, for the skilled instructor will breed an abhorrence of slovenliness. The disappearance of the apprentice has been a vital factor in the deterioration of village crafts, and it is good to hear that an effort to bring young blood into village trades in the Eastern Counties is meeting with success.

THE LATE LORD STANLEY

In the death of Lord Stanley the country has suffered a loss which is incalculable, coming at a time when young shoulders are badly needed to carry the burden of responsibility. His death, at the age of 44, occurred when he was reaping the reward of a career of steady endeavour, one that could, indeed, be divorced from political interests, as having displayed that sincerity of purpose and devotion to national affairs which is the tradition of his family. When the Prime Minister appointed him Dominions Secretary it was realised that here was a fitting position for his particular qualities and for one who had Dominion interests at heart. Lord Stanley maintained his family's association with the Turf, and it will be recollected that the running of Quashed under his colours against the American Omaha in the Ascot Gold Cup race was an outstanding event of 1936.

The nation's deepest sympathy will go out to Lady Stanley, tragically laid up with an injured ankle in the nursing home to which her husband was taken, and to Earl Derby in the loss of his eldest son.

SCOTTISH ART IN LONDON

After the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow it seems only fitting that the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts should in honour of the occasion deal with Scottish Art. So on January 6th we are to have a national display not only of Scottish pictures at Burlington House, but also of silver, pewter, glass, embroideries and representative examples of the elaborate decoration lavished on arms and weapons and accessories to Highland dress. Jacobite relics and other articles of historical or romantic, as well as artistic, interest will add further variety. Their Majesties the King and Queen have graciously given their patronage to the exhibition, which will contain a number of choice examples from the Royal collections, and many exhibits will be loaned from private sources in England as well as Scotland. Scottish pictures with established dates are known from 1620 onwards, and though many a Scottish artist has made his name renowned in the world of art it is anticipated that much work little known outside Scotland will be on view.

NOT TOO OLD AT FORTY

When Jean Borotra beat D. W. Butler at Queen's Club with the loss of a set he won the covered courts lawn tennis title for the ninth time. Since 1926 he has only suffered three defeats, losing twice to H. W. Austin and once to K. Schröder, of Sweden, where the indoor game predominates. In spite of all that is said about the modern game the old hands can prove a stiff proposition for the younger school, and Borotra's victory recalls memories of many players who, when far older than he, could prove a stumbling block to aspirants to championship honours at Wimbledon. They often made up by craft what they lacked in agility; though a charge of inactivity cannot be levelled against Borotra! To reach the final the French player had beaten C. M. Jones and M. D. Deloford, to each of whom he dropped a set.

PIKE AND THE TROUT STREAM

October's last week generally sees an attack on the pike of a trout stream. A spring netting is more favoured than one undertaken in autumn and more profitable in the size of the bag as a rule. Also, since pike feed less in cold weather, it is probable that (if only one attack in the year is contemplated) the removal of pike in the spring when fish have moved up from other waters, and may stay if they find their new habitat "empty, swept and garnished," is a better protection to a water than one undertaken in October. But in either case, if pike are to be removed wholesale, a fairly severe weed-cutting must first be made. Which raises that perennial difficulty: when to cut weed to the best advantage. If it is done in the spring a good deal of fly life will be lost; if it is done in the autumn the winter floods will carry off the silt in which, according to some anglers, a great deal of immature fly life exists. But the merits of a clean, hard bottom to a river are held by many owners of fisheries to be worth the risk of a serious wash-out should the winter be wet.

LORD HAWKE

The autumn gales go by with troubled voices
Across a darkening world of bodeful truce,
And that in which the summer's heart rejoices
Moves dimly while the Fenris-wolf runs loose.

But some there are for whom no summer ceases.
One passes now who held a sovereign sway.
Amid the driving storms that hide the creases,
The greatest Yorkshire captain goes his way.

And though the hour be one of wildest weather,
Green memory sees him strong and striding forth,
Keen as a moorland wind that shakes the heather,
The dour and dauntless victor of the north.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE contrariness of autumn! More changeable than spring, richer in experience than summer, as many-mooded as our Shakespeare's Cleopatra, autumn is all things except staid and dull. That famous lady's requiem on the more-than-human stature of her dead lord: "For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas That grew the more by reaping." Hers and Keats's empurpled Ode both immortalise the aspect of fruitfulness in autumn. So, too, Hardy enlarges and symbolises the figure of Giles Winterbourne, stained with sweet pumice after the cider-making: "He looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sunburned to wheat-colour, his eyes blue as corn-flowers, his sleeves and leggings dyed with fruit-stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips."

An apple-tree whose russet globes are half-hidden, half-disclosed among cloudy branches, there is no kinder sight in all the world, and that is so because it is at once the product and the emblematic device of autumn, the witness of its abundance and the embodiment of its spirit. There is another aspect, close-allied to that of plenty and fulfilment, which may be called the benignity of autumn. This is best "felt in the blood and felt among the heart" on those calm evenings upon which all things—the tranced trees, the hushed air, the swooning light, the floating scents of flowers, a booming dumbledore, the unruffled navigation of amber- or rose-tinged clouds towards the dusk—contrive to shed their benediction. At such a time of grace the whole earth is full of music, the more ravishing, the more penetrative because it is unheard. Autumn is ripeness, the full of the year, but on such a vigil evening, transparent also, since through it "we see into the life of things."

And then the Maenad. Gale bursts upon the earth like the elements upon the head of Lear. The apples are wrenched from the boughs, the wind gives tongue like a pack of wolves, leaves panic in an infatuated mob, grasses hiss, trees crack and disjoin and gardens are deflowered. Clouds race and elongate as though distorted in a mirror, scuds of rain lash the panes like a drunken carter belabouring his team. The sheep huddle under the hedge and gusts scalp its tousled crest. On the crown of the hill a grove of whitebeams winks against the pell-mell of the blast. The air roars like Gargantua, twilight swallows noon and the very sun is sodden. A few hours ago and the earth was "quiet as a nun"; now the cloak is torn off its back with a violence that apes the senseless malignity of human power.

The mood changes. The winds have outrun their passions and on the bruised apple in the plundered orchard the red admiral prinks down and sips. Tortoiseshells and painted ladies pulsate upon the dishevelled heads of the Michaelmas daisies, "all-Danae" to the sloped beams of the sun. The wild cherry repeats the vision that Abraham saw; the bracken flushes in the softer showers; the elm lights its torches one by one; dogwood, maple, blackberry, spindle and wild rose clothe themselves for "a wedding or a festival." This is the Church Ale of autumn, when every shade from tawny to pale yellow, from crimson to the silvers of the Traveller's Joy declare a medley of song and laughter with a something of religious pomp. A slow mist rises to curtain the rich revels, and the next morning the first frost has unpeopled branches with a more deadly sureness than all the equinoctial rages. The gaiety of the plumed twigs is off, and against the mockery of the sun they stand "more black than ash-buds in the front of March."

But the repertory of autumn is not done. "From death to life thou mightst him yet recover" the old, famed sonnet ends, and life and death sit at the same board in autumn. The strangest of its variations is a second spring. The roses bloom once more and innumerable seedlings clutter trim garden-borders and reach the pale light from choked ditch-bottoms. Furred fruit-buds accompany the apples that make their branches droop. Each separate season congregates upon one bough and the robin sings his rival down as when his mate was sitting. Autumn is Proteus: each form succeeds another and denies it until the uniformity of winter acts Cromwell and sourly closes down the play.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Sunday newspaper dated October 9th:

"The Hon. Mrs. Ashley is now having her second shoot at Six Mile Bottom. . . . Pheasants were plentiful at the first drive a fortnight ago."

From an answer to a correspondent in the *Field*:

"Undoubtedly the best way of getting high birds in flat country is to block the birds out of the coverts where they are fed into gorse or out on to the roofs."

The morning feed

EFFICIENCY IN THE PIG INDUSTRY

A Problem of Confidence

THE terms of the contracts embodied in the Bacon Industry Act have recently been published, and farming opinion is at present divided as to whether the scheme can succeed. The end of this month is the first critical date in the progress of the plans, and before then it may be useful to remember the purpose of the Act and the means considered by authority to ensure its working. It will then be possible, in the unhappy event of failure, to apportion the blame fairly between farmers and the Board.

The Act was passed "for the better organisation of the bacon industry and the pig producing industry and in that connection to provide for payments out of and into the Exchequer. . . ." This ideal of greater efficiency has been entrusted to the Bacon Development Board, made up of representatives from the Pigs Marketing Board, the Bacon Marketing Board and five other persons selected for their experience.

The measures so far taken display considerable foresight, much of which is based on a recollection of the causes of failure in the similar schemes of past years. Undoubtedly, one of the main reasons why the previous plans broke down in 1936 was because a considerable number of farmers—chiefly those farming on a small scale—were unwilling to help in the effort to make the scheme succeed. They believed that more profit lay in the chances of the open market, and accordingly they were content to prefer their own advantage to the possibility of a general prosperity. This attitude has now, as far as possible, been prevented. In future, with certain exceptions, "a producer of pigs who is not registered shall not sell any pigs to any registered curer."

It is hoped that the Act may bring a sufficient prosperity to the industry to enable it to work without assistance in three years. The Government, therefore, have guaranteed the prices for that period only, and—so great is their confidence—the payments will be on a declining scale. The basic price for the first contract period is 12/6 a score, for the second 12/5, and for the third 12/3. These prices will, however, be adjusted every month where there is a rise or fall in the price of feeding stuffs—the standard rate of which is 8/6 per cwt. If this standard rate should fall below 8/6, the result would be no less critical than curious. Yet the risk had to be taken, for such a standard was essential. No Government guarantee will be available unless the producer sells to the curer under a "long contract" as defined in the Act.

There are various kinds of contracts of which the producer may avail himself, and it should be easy for the individual producer to decide which suits him best. Every contract made must pass through the hands of the Pigs Marketing Board, and there is an implied authority given by the producer that the Board should carry through the contract for him. He is at liberty himself to decide what nature the contract shall take, but after that responsibility passes to the Board.

In one type of contract the producer may inform the Board of the name of the curer with whom he wishes to deal. The Board wisely makes no promises, but should this be impossible the producer will receive an extra sixpence for each pig. If no curer is named in the offer to the Board, each pig will have a premium of two shillings in addition to the contract price. The smaller pig producer has not been forgotten. He will be unable to name a curer in his offer, but for his benefit the group system has been reorganised, and every pig sold under such a contract will have the two shillings premium. This will find its way into the pocket of the agent acting for the producer. New grading arrangements have been made, as a result of which only two classes are left in which pigs may be offered to the Board. Two obvious facts emerge from a consideration of these contracts. They embody most of the demands which pig producers have been making since 1936, and it is quite clear that if they are to be useful farmers must submit wholly to them. For a half-hearted co-operation in a scheme of this sort is just as fatal to it as a widespread hostility.

The arrangements for transport should be welcomed by the pig producer. The prices guaranteed will be increased by the cost of conveyance on the railway, and if a producer delivers pigs in his own vehicles he will be able to claim compensation at definite rates. Provision has also been made for payments in the event of loss of weight during conveyance. The standard pig envisaged by the framers of the Act has now been duly defined by the Minister of Agriculture, and he has, in the last Regulations, prescribed the "weight, quality and kind." Finally, it should be noted that any possible attempt at preferential treatment has been rendered impossible by the appointment of official inspectors.

These proposals frame a very definite policy, the success of which depends, in the last resort, on co-operation. It may be assumed that the Development Board will carry out its duties: the attitude of the farmers is still in the balance. There are, of course, those who take Grumpy's words on their lips as an article of faith, and are already "agin 'em." More reasonable farmers point out that November 1st is the last date on which the Pigs Marketing Board will consider offers, and they wonder whether, having regard to the fact that there has been for some time a steady decrease in the number of pigs, sufficient animals will be available to carry out the scheme. This is a reasonable doubt, but in any undertaking—most of all in farming schemes—chances must be taken. Without any plan the pig industry could only deteriorate: with these proposals it may regenerate itself. At all events, a very strenuous effort should be made by farmers to make it succeed, and this can be done only if they submit themselves wholly to its provisions. Law can provide for much, but the success of any Act, whether it refers to pigs or road accidents, is finally dependent on the spirit of those for whose benefit it was passed.

In conclusion, and incidentally, it is interesting to note that a proportion of white fish meal has been officially allowed for in the standard ration. The value of this food was long regarded with a certain amount of scepticism, but it has been gradually establishing itself and appears now to have achieved a recognised position. Its inclusion in the standard ration is to be welcomed as giving support to a growing industry.

CREAGHT.

LOOKING ACROSS LAKE DERWENTWATER TO WALLA CRAG FROM ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND
"Then there will come a time when it is the only place in the world for you"

LAKELAND A NATIONAL PARK

The Only Way to Save Its Natural Beauty

"Ramble from stone wall to stone wall, from beck to beck, from top to top, and you will know that you are with friends. Then there will come a time when it is the only place in the world for you."

IN the above words Sir Hugh Walpole once summed up his feelings towards the English Lake District. There are many besides the well-known author who are as strongly attracted to this lovely compact stretch of country, yet I wonder whether many of us fully realise how this district is being spoiled by the hand of man. Some, of course, do not care, others are too lazy to appreciate the dangers, but certain it is that ugly telegraph poles, electricity pylons, road construction and widening, iron and concrete railings, ribbon development, petrol pumps and incongruous architecture have invaded the Lake District without nearly enough opposition.

To-day you will find steel pylons on Shap Fells, a cats-cradle of electric wires over the charming little village of Braithwaite, gruesome fencing at South Coniston, Whinlatter covered by commercial spruce, and untidy and ineffective hotel signs in many beauty spots. As far as has been possible voluntary societies, such as The Council for the Preservation of Rural England and The Friends of the Lake District, have done all they can to stop such desecration, but real success can only be obtained if the district is State controlled. In Lakeland there are at the moment seven separate planning authorities. Necessarily they cannot have a common standard, and they are not bound to consult each other. This, more than anything, should demonstrate the urgent need for Government control.

A NATURAL AND PRETTY STONE BRIDGE
This is one of the beauty spots of the now famous walk over Watendlath

There are, after all, few more suitable districts for a National Park. When I speak of a National Park I do not mean merely the preservation of mountain peaks, but also the lakes and the villages which grace the vales. Heaven knows they need a protector. You have only to compare the natural shore of Derwentwater or Elterwater with the now dammed, droughty, ragged, afforested shore of Thirlmere. Half the folk in Manchester drink, and bathe in water from Thirlmere, and during a dry summer they little realise what they are doing to a once beautiful little lake. While one might reasonably have hoped Manchester had enough rain without going elsewhere, the danger of other corporations raiding Cumberland for their water supply is obvious. It is human nature to follow a lead given by another.

Then there is the vital question of the roads. Often enough the spoliation of nature's gift to the countryside is carried out by quite well-meaning people. Motor traffic has increased so enormously during recent years that new roads have had to be made. People no longer tolerate winding roads. The straightest line between two points is what is demanded, so that here and there the Lake District hedgerows, flower-sprinkled banks and, worst of all, the old moss-covered stone walls have had to be sacrificed in "the interests of progress."

New bridges have had to be erected. With examples like Eamont and Newby the planning should have been easy, for both these bridges, being well designed, add to the beauty of their surroundings. However, the authorities prefer a "standard"

bridge. They have failed to realise that a design which is suitable for Whitehaven or Carlisle (both industrial Cumbrian towns) does not fit into a Lakeland valley. I remember being in Keswick four or five years ago when there was a great deal of trouble over the widening of the Greta Bridge. The townsfolk rebelled against the side walls being made of cement posts. Only after a stubborn fight with the county authorities were the old "coping" stones replaced. A National Park would eliminate such quarrels.

To-day the widened roads have assisted charabancs to approach within a mile of the Gable and Scafell, yet when I went to the Lake District only something like sixteen years ago, I used to ride by coach from Keswick. People tramped along beside the road in comfort, but can the same be said to-day? Easier roads have increased speed, and instead of the cheery rattle of harness a rude motor horn tells us of the approach of a vehicle. No longer is there a friendly wave of the hand and a "Good morning" call from a coach-passenger; all we get to-day is an unholy row from a supercharged sports car and a mouthful of dust as it passes. No one who has grown to love the Lake District as strongly as I have done can think without abhorrence of this invasive mechanisation, this racing consumption which devours its beauty.

And, despite the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932, Lakeland is slowly becoming disfigured by buildings which do not fit into their natural surroundings. In the main, the dwellings of the Cumbrian dalesmen are simple in the extreme and strongly localised. It is largely the climate which has dictated the essential shape of the Lake District house: low horizontal lines, few gables or awkward jointings on the roof, heavy chimney-stacks, small window openings, and porches built for shelter. Equally notable are the good composition of the house groups which make up a hamlet and the good composition of the units which compose the house.

I remember with pleasure my first sight of the Swan at Grasmere. Here the whitewashed roughcast of a long low building sinks into its background without conflict. It is all the more distressing, then, to find to-day houses without conformity sprouting up which have no right to be erected. Only by having the whole district as a National Park can design be really controlled.

To constitute the Lakes thus will bring no harm to local agriculture. The fells are rough grazing occupied by Herdwick sheep; and, since there is no conflict of interest between sheep and those who walk, the local agricultural system and free access are good partners. Besides, nearly every farmhouse caters for the visitor, so that a National Park—which would encourage the tourist—would be welcomed.

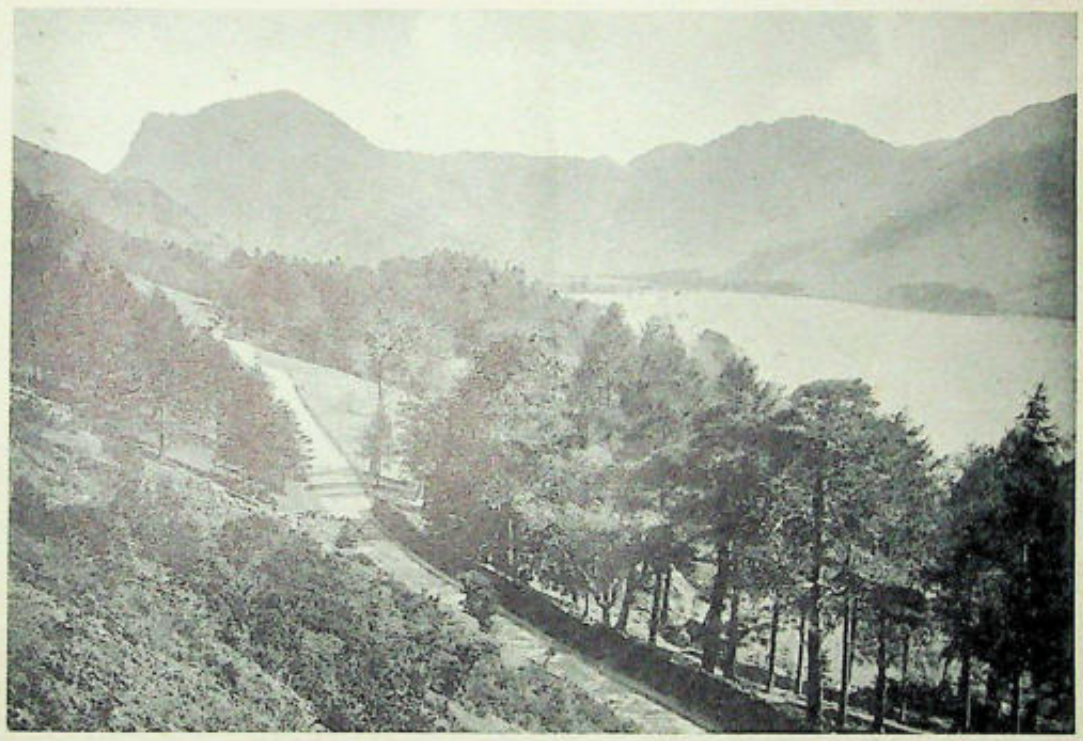
You must, however, understand this to get the full value of the idea. A National Park does *not* mean confiscation or a breaking up of traditional life. Rather does it mean preserving the beauty and the peace of the district as we know it to-day. If you have never been to Lakeland, then try and go there now. There are few lovelier sights than Lake Derwentwater on an October morning when the faded foliage of the stately oaks speaks of the glories of a summer passed, when clouds and mountains are reflected in the water round Friar's Crag and everything is still. If you could only see it thus—as I have many times—you would understand that these things are worth fighting for. In a world which is plagued by wars and rumours of wars we can do with the preservation of all the beautiful things of the world, not least of them the magnificent loveliness of the Lake District.

At the moment it is left to the voluntary bodies to organise opposition to any steps which would tend to destroy the beauty of the district. They cannot always succeed, as witness the ugly petrol pumps by the lake at Ambleside and the areas at present being ruined by afforestation. Even to-day there is a scheme afoot for bringing a new 33,000-volt cable on pylons through the Vale of Keswick. While there is every likelihood that an objection lodged by the Cockermouth Rural District Council will be upheld this latest danger does show the red light clearly enough.

Surely it is the duty of all those who have learned to appreciate the grandeur of these hills and lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland to join one of the public-spirited societies who are doing their utmost to save them from the hand of the Philistine. To ensure that at least they cannot be accused of having allowed some of the finest scenery this country can provide to be sacrificed for want of a little effort on their part. Now is the time to make that effort, for we have had enough examples of the fate which overtakes the most beautiful stretches of our countryside when realisation of what is happening to them comes too late.

WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE.

WHERE THERE IS NO SIGN OF DEVELOPMENT
The three reaches of Ullswater seen from Glencoin



A GRAND ROAD FOR WALKERS
Here we see the head of Buttermere and Honister Crag

LOOKING OVER THE SUGGESTED NATIONAL PARK
The view from Scafell Pike, England's highest mountain, showing Sty Head Pass, Great Gable (on left), Borrowdale, with Lake Derwentwater, Skiddaw and Saddleback (on right) in the distance

UN CAMBRIDGESHIRE FRANÇAIS

Carslake's Wonderful Riding This Season

So much has already been written about the Cambridgeshire that one feels averse to writing any more ; but as some of the readers of these notes live far away from anything, in the far corners of the world, and rely for their sporting news on this paper, it is only fair that it should be recorded that a five-year-old mare, French-bred, French-owned, French-trained and French-ridden, won the Cambridgeshire by a head from another French-bred, owned, trained, &c. The mare was Helleniqua, owned by M. Mellor, ridden by Guimard, and trained by Webb, an Englishman who has lived for many many years in France. Helleniqua started at 50 to 1. Khasnadar was second, and Domaha third. Couvert was beaten by another head for third place, with Edgehill close up fifth.

After Michoumy had had to be taken out of the race—and incidentally he may not run again this year, if ever—Khasnadar was made favourite, and very nearly won. He started at 8 to 1, and Domaha at 100 to 9. The winner is a very small mare, and when some visitors saw her in the paddock before the race they thought that she had got there by mistake. She stands just less than fifteen hands. She has, however, wonderfully good action, and must be as game as they make them, for she held off the long-striding Khasnadar all the way up the long hill leading to the winning post. It was a most gallant effort and reminded some of us who are not so young as others of those wonderful races at Queen's Club years ago, when the tall and lanky Cornwallis used just to beat the little Crabbe in the Oxford and Cambridge half-mile.

Really, it looked as if Helleniqua could have walked under the seventeen hands high Khasnadar. I believe that the real reason that Helleniqua was sent over from France to run was that she might find a buyer before the race as a brood mare, as she had won a number of small provincial races in her own country. Mr. Rank, Steve Donoghue and Mr. M. H. Benson were all offered her, but they did not want her when they had seen her. It may be that Domaha was a little unlucky not to have won, for he was stopped in his work shortly before the race and was drawn on the far side of the course. Further, he had to carry 2lb. overweight, as G. Richards could not quite do the weight. The first and second were drawn on the stands side of the course, which in the Cambridgeshire is generally considered to be the better side. Couvert had to race by himself in the last quarter of a mile in the middle of the course. Richards was certain that he had won, but the onlookers had no doubt that the verdict was the correct one, while more than one photograph taken from behind the judge's box on higher ground proved that it was so.

There has been much discussion ever since about the race, it being considered by a lot of people generally regarded as being of reasonable intelligence that Mr. Fawcett, the handicapper to the Jockey Club, let in these French horses too lightly. How can any one justify such a statement ? After all, the race was won by a head, with another head between second and third, and yet another head between third and fourth, with the fifth on the top of the four other horses. If all five horses had been trained in England Mr. Fawcett would have been praised and praised, but as the first two came over from France he is being blamed. I am certain that he made one of the best handicaps that even he has ever made, and there let us leave that point.

WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET TOWN PLATE
Mrs. S. Langley with her horse Lucky Patch which she rode to victory

Another point of interest is the number of races that are being won in this country by horses bred in France or in other countries. By those horses I do not mean those who are merely foaled in France, but are really bred there, for a number of foaling mares are sent to France each year to visit French sires and naturally foal there while on the visit. The Grand National was won this year by an American-bred horse. The Derby was won by a French-bred horse, and now the Cambridgeshire has been won by another French-bred horse. To make matters worse, the best two-year-old of the year, Foxbrough II, was bred in America and is a full brother to that great American racehorse, Gallant Fox. It is no use arguing the point, but it would really seem that other countries have now got as good, if not better, blood than we have.

Foxbrough II had suggested by his running at the First October Meeting that he was a two-year-old of great possibilities, but he had then, when winning, been in receipt of a lot of weight from the second. He showed how good he was when, last week, he made all of the running in the Middle Park Stakes of six furlongs and won in good style by a length and a half from another very promising colt, Blue Peter, with Rogerstone Castle third, beaten for second place by three lengths. Excuses were made after the race for Rogerstone Castle, it being stated that that colt had recently been coughing. Cough or no cough, I shall be surprised if Rogerstone Castle ever beats the two colts who finished in front of him last week.

There is no doubt that Foxbrough II is a really useful two-year-old who, on looks and breeding, should make a great three-year-old, and quite likely one of the few American-bred horses ever to win the Derby. If I had to choose now a colt who might beat him and keep that great race in the country of its birth it would certainly be Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter. I called attention to this colt's promise after he had run well, but greenly, in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, his only race before the Middle Park Stakes. Once again he ran rather greenly, this time early in the race, but he was running on at the end and suggested by his manner of finishing that he would stay. He is, however, by Fairway, and his stock have not always stayed well, while in some cases they have been inclined to be temperamental.

The running of Rogerstone in this race would suggest that Foxbrough II is better than Panorama. The two of them are trained by Captain Boyd-Rochfort. I do not know whether they were ever put together, but I should doubt it, and if they were it is none of our business. In the fourth edition of his two-year-old handicap Captain Long has placed Foxbrough II 7lb. behind Panorama, but in the final edition I have no doubt that he will place the American colt at the top, even if he has to couple Panorama with him. The only other two-year-old that may also be with them is Portobello, who made a reappearance at the Second October Meeting in the Clearwell Stakes, which he won with ease. He is a gelding, and will not run again this season. He, like Panorama, is likely to be only a sprinter next year, but it will be fun if they ever meet, say, in some such race as the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot.

Foxglove II, who won yet another race for Mr. P. Beatty, this time the Jockey Club Cup of two and a quarter miles, is also really French bred. He won with ease from Dubonnet, the pair running at level weights. As a result of this race Dubonnet has been made favourite for the Cesarewitch to be run at Newmarket next week. I did not think, at the time, that this public trial was good enough, but someone who knows much more about Foxglove II than I do was of the opinion that no better trial could have been run and that it gave Dubonnet a great chance next week. Another Cesarewitch candidate to win at Newmarket was Mr. Rank's Black Speck. So long as Michoumy was in the Cambridgeshire this horse was kept favourite for the Cesarewitch in order that doubles on the two races should not be too serious.

When Michoumy had to be scratched Black Speck went out to long odds, but he came back with a rattle when he won the Visitors' Handicap by inches from Colorado Boy and Aristocracy. He was carrying 9st. 7lb. Carslake has never ridden a better finish. It is true that the distance of the race was only a mile and a quarter and that the Cesarewitch is run over two miles and two furlongs, but the race showed that Black Speck retained his speed. I am not sure that he will stay the last quarter of a mile in the Cesarewitch, but if he does, then his fine burst of speed at the end of a race will take him first past the winning post. He will be ridden by Carslake, who has never in his long and distinguished career ridden better than he is doing this year. Indeed, his riding in the St. Leger and the Doncaster Cup made that Doncaster meeting historical.

The death of Lord Stanley, although it did not surprise his many friends, was none the less sad, and everyone will sympathise with his father, Lord Derby. Lord Stanley was only 44 years of age, and was a most charming and modest man. He had a few horses in training for a number of years, and had been a member of the Jockey Club since 1924. His best horses were Versicle and Quashed, each a daughter of Verdict and leased during their racing career from their breeder, Lady Barbara Smith. Versicle won at Ascot, but was never as good as Quashed, who won the Oaks and the Gold Cup at Ascot among many other races.

Those of us who were privileged to see that Gold Cup must count ourselves lucky. All the way up that long climb to the winning post Quashed and the American challenger, Omaha, fought a mighty and thrilling duel. Neither would give way an inch, and the two riders on them were at their very best, Perryman on Quashed and Rufus Beasley on Omaha. I have never seen such a race, and if ever I have the great luck to see such another I shall be amazingly lucky. In the end the filly got the better of the horse and won amid silence. But when her number went up the place was in an uproar, and there was a rush to see her come back to the unsaddling enclosure.

When the time came Lord Stanley would have been a great owner and, no doubt, a great Turf administrator. His eldest son, who is 20 years old, is just as interested in racing and hunting as have been all his ancestors.

GNOSTIC.

DURING HUNTER TRIALS NEAR KNEBWORTH
Mr. R. H. Nicholson on Knock Knock and Miss Nicholson on Alphonso

"DRESSING" A HORSE

The Evil of Using Water

IT is the cubbing season ; a gentleman, a London stockbroker, who is a real enthusiast, comes down to Leicestershire to go cub-hunting every Saturday morning (he arrives, of course, on Friday night), and as in September the meets are at the early hour of 6.30 a.m., and he likes his manes plaited, it can well be imagined that this business of plaiting needs very careful consideration, as for some meets the hunter has to be ex stables "*completement pret avec* second horseman" by five "ack-emma." What does all this mean to the stableman ? There is the horse to be fed, the stable to be mucked out, the grooming and dressing to be done, and the saddlery (which has, of course, been got ready overnight) to be fitted.

Our stableman is an Irishman and deaf, though by no means dumb, for he has been continually moaning around the yard that he could work much better if only he could get some more sleep. Incidentally, he is a glutton for this latter, for he sleeps after breakfast, after mid-day dinner, and all night long. What with all this afore-stated work and sleep combined, he decides to do the plaiting overnight, for in his own words, he did not see the point of getting up at midnight in the cubbing season to get a hunter ready for Mr. Permanent Wave (his nickname for his master). It is worthy of note that country gentlemen, as compared with townsmen, do not expect their hunters' manes plaited for early morning cubbing.

I happened to stroll into the box while Danny was doing his nocturnal plaiting (it reads more like putting a flapper—if such a thing exists—to bed), and there he was perched on a stool at his tonsorial art, cussin' an' blindin' in the most approved and groom-like manner the while. Now manes have to be plaited and threaded tightly, if they are to stay put, and this takes a long time to do. This process is painful to the horse, for every time it stretches its neck down it tears at all the roots of the hair of the mane. Horses with plaited manes have been known to break out into sweats on this score before now, and my worthy friend Danny proceeded to give me a practical demonstration of what this meant, by giving my few remaining, and alas rapidly greying hairs, a vicious tug, and exclaiming "Glory be to God, and now you yourself knows what it will be feeling like. The divil take them and their manes ! "

So now perhaps you, O gentle reader, may gain some idea of what this mane plaiting entails ; though I doubt if my remarks will make much impression on the fair sex, who are themselves quite prepared to have their eyebrows plucked out root by root and hair by hair to satisfy their vanity, but I can at least add that, while this operation is in progress, they are not careering about the fields and jumping fences at the same time. As no doubt eyebrow plucking will eventually go out of fashion, it is to be hoped that plaiting horses' manes will do likewise. This mane plaiting is so popular that I am firmly of the opinion that, given two horses of equal quality and merit in the show ring, the one with plaited mane and the other without, the prize would go to the former.

I was glad to note, when I was up in Leicestershire at the beginning of the hunting season of 1937–38, that one gentleman very well known in the hunting field (he had been Master of two packs at different times) refused to have his horses' manes plaited, and furthermore, if he had occasion to lend them or send them away, his instructions invariably were that no manes were to be plaited. Would that more folk emulated his example.

There are two methods of plaiting, the ball and the sausage. The former is smarter, more painful, but usually more popular. The number of plaits to the mane is another source of controversy. Major Faudel Phillips tells us that six plaits and the forelock plaited is the correct thing. At one crack place where I worked seven plaits were made, and at yet another only five. Where I now work, we dress to Major Faudel Phillips's formula. With so much diversion of opinion, who can lay down the law as to how many plaits there should be ? Far better trim the mane, and leave it in its natural state.

Putting water to a horse's body is a practice which is very severely condemned by all knowledgeable horsemasters. The experts are very much in unison upon this point ; in fact, it may be said that it is one of the few points of stable management upon which they are in complete accord. Nevertheless this practice of using the water brush upon the horse's body is almost universal amongst grooms in England. The quarters, the hocks, the knees, and under the belly are favourite spots where grooms like to apply water. Where there are stains, ruffled hairs, and straw marks, they are invariably treated in this manner. When a man has got four horses to do he has no other means of getting through his work than by adopting this method. Of course, the proper method is to brush the dirt away with a dandy brush, but as this often needs the application of a certain amount of elbow grease, and entails much time to eradicate, it is not popular.

An impression is abroad among stud grooms, especially those of the old school, that straw marks left on the coat by lying down during the night is a sign of bad grooming. There is only one way to get these marks out with despatch in the morning, and that is with the water brush. Now water, if not thoroughly dried off, is bad for the skin ; it is apt to crack and chap it, that is when horses are in stables and regularly groomed, to say nothing of being clipped, the grease in their coats is being continually removed, and therefore the skin is deprived of its natural protection. Further, this practice tends to make the coat scurfy and the hair matted. In fact, applying water in this manner is bad stablecraft.

What does it matter if a few bed marks are imprinted upon the hairs of the coat ? Exercise will take them out. What does matter is that the skin is loose, the coat healthy, and with a fine bloom. Using a water brush or damp rag gives a superficial bloom only to the coat, whereas the dry brush loosens out the hairs, cleans and massages the skin, and promotes a healthy circulation. As already stated, where there are few grooms and many horses, the water brush is the main utensil used in grooming, but the writer, when he has been forced to work under conditions where it is impossible to do his charges to his satisfaction, has found a better way of dealing with this matter of making a horse good in the coat than by reverting to the water brush. From his hard-earned and poor pay he prefers to buy a little linseed oil, some powdered sulphur and resin mixed in equal parts (note the linseed oil is not mixed with the powder), and with these he adulterates the feed, perhaps twice a week, on different occasions with each ; it really depends upon the condition of the coat, which will get a good bloom ; the skin will be healthy, and the internals will be benefited as well by this method, which may cost a few pence, but is well worth the extra expense.

Singeing is another item in dressing, and it is a useful way of removing whiskers and cats' hairs. When using a singeing lamp, it is necessary also to have some tissue paper at hand, in order to remove the burnt ends from the hairs whilst they are still warm. If this is not done, the marks will remain for some time, which is unsightly. Grey horses should not be singed, as even with the use of tissue paper the marks still show up.

It is fashionable to remove the whiskers round the muzzle, the contention being that these are unsightly ; this is a debatable point, for some contend that these hairs act as feelers for the horse, and therefore should not be removed. No less an authority than Captain Hayes was against this practice of depriving the horse of its whiskers, contending that they are sensitive and become painful when shortened and pressed upon. Some like to clip the eyelashes ; this is neither necessary nor beautifying. Perhaps even the ladies will agree with that, for I am told that, rather than remove their own lashes, they add artificial ones.

R. M. S. BARTON.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Our usual hunting accounts will appear throughout the coming season, starting the week after next, with the issue of November 5th. The Pytchley, Cottesmore, Belvoir, Quorn, and Duke of Beaufort will be reported regularly ; other packs according to their sport.

PIKE FISHING ON HICKLING BROAD

"I consider a Devon as no more than 'ropes in beer' compared with a spoon in still water"

WHO DEVISED A SPOON?

Reflections on a Well-known Spinning Bait

By H. D. TURING

SOME years ago a correspondent, writing to the *Field*, asked: "Why does a spoon spin?" If one comes to think of it that question is something of a poser. In the case of other forms of spinning bait no such difficulty arises, for they are fitted with fans which correspond very nearly with the blades of a propeller, and if they are drawn through the water, the resistance pressing against them pushes the blade out of its way, as it were; since the surface of the blade is inclined at an angle with the line of resistance, it naturally follows that its path must be a spiral and the blades with the bait attached revolve. But there is no such simple inclined surface in a spoon. No doubt the reply given at the time is correct; that a perfectly-balanced spoon drawn through perfectly still water in a perfectly straight line would not spin; it would simply take up a position which would allow the friction on the inside and outside of the spoon to balance and move along thus without revolving.

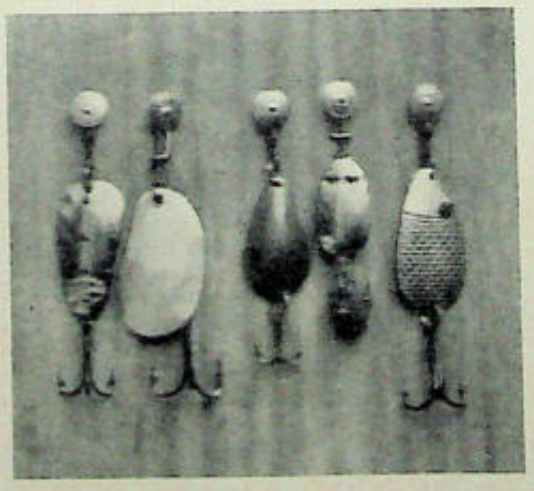
It is really the problem of the flapping flag: Why does not a flag simply stand out at right angles to its mast instead of waving in the air? And the answer: That no wind ever maintains a constant direction but varies with every yard of its course—applies equally to a bait pulled through the water by an angler; it is impossible for the motion to be truly even and in a straight line; some slight variation in the line of pull causes the free end of the spoon to move sideways and follow a spiral; once started the spiral becomes more marked until a balance is established and we have the perfect "spin" which spoons, above all other spinning baits, seem to give.

I should like to know who first invented the spoon. I do not think it can be a very old form of spinning bait. March, in his *Jolly Angler* (1833) does not mention it, though he comments on "an artificial bait much in fashion of late years, commonly called a *Devil*, which is to be bought at any of the tackle shops. This is manufactured of silk, tinsel and other gaudy materials, in the shape of a minnow with a bright tin tail." The tin tail, I take it, was bent at an angle after the manner of the tail of a natural dead bait mounted on a Thames flight. Apart from that, it does not seem to differ materially from the artificial minnow used by Izaak Walton: "the mould or body of the minnow was cloth, and wrought upon or over it, thus, with a needle; the back of it with very sad-green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine." He says nothing about any hooks, so presumably it was mounted on a flight after the manner of a dead bait. There is no mention of this artificial minnow in the first edition, by the way, so possibly it may have been invented, as well as made, by the "handsome woman that had a fine hand and a live minnow lying by her." Are anglers to-day indebted to a woman for the idea of an artificial spinning bait?

But that does not help me towards discovering the inventor of the spoon. Whoever he, or she, was, the invention has certainly been of enormous benefit to the spinning community, for even to-day, when every kind of ingenuity is exercised on devising new forms of artificial baits, it probably accounts for almost as many fish as all the others put together. At one time, I remember, I had very little faith in spoons, partly, I expect, because I used them in swift rivers, but even more because I had not realised the paramount importance of keeping them spinning evenly. I had adopted a sort of sink-and-draw motion with the idea of making them more "lifelike," thus destroying the illusion I was trying to create.

This question of the lifelike appearance of a spinning bait is one on which almost every inventor of a non-spinning bait goes astray. How very "unnatural" it is, they say, for a minnow to revolve in the water. No doubt it is; but the bait does not appear to be revolving to the fish. The effect of a spinning motion on a spoon, for example, is to create the illusion of a solid body, and a remarkably fat and attractive body it has, too, as it comes through the water. And this is where the importance of an even spin comes in, for if the bait stops, or slows up noticeably, this illusion of a solid body is momentarily lost, and a fish detects the deceit and turns back instead of seizing it.

I fancy this also accounts for the comparative ill-success of a spoon in swift rivers as compared, let us say, with a Devon. If it is cast across stream and recovered "across and down," as it must be in a swift river, there are sure to be variations in the current which will affect its spin and defeat one's efforts; whereas with a Devon, which has something of the shape of a small fish even when at rest, the



VARIOUS TYPES OF SPOON

Left to right: (1) *Reversed spoon. This travels wide end forwards; not as good a type for spinning as the others, but has a different motion in the water.* (2) *Kidney bar spoon in mother-of-pearl; the most successful spoon I have ever possessed.* (3) *Standard silver and copper spoon, probably the most generally successful type.* (4) *Canadian bar spoon. This has a red tassel and is made in halves so that it collapses when seized by a fish; good just as the water is clearing.* (5) *Red and silver spoon. The fancy design is of no particular advantage, but a spoon which is red enamelled inside has a good appearance when spinning*

alteration in the speed of the spin is not of such great consequence. In lakes it is otherwise. I consider a Devon as no more than "ropes in beer" compared with a spoon in still water; especially a bar spoon with a feathered triangle on its tail with which, I think, I have done better than with any other type.

A hunt through nineteenth-century angling literature (a formidable task) might possibly reveal the origin of the spoon. The late H. T. Sheringham, who wrote a series of articles on the early days of tackle dealing, makes no mention of spoons but records the invention of the phantom minnow (was this the first minnow with fans?) by William Brown, the originator of the well-known Aberdeen tackle house, Brown & Co. This was in the '50's. Was the spoon earlier or later? Perhaps some of our tackle makers can say when they first began to list them.

FISH OF GREAT AGE

A Pike 250 Years Old?

By T. G. BRIDGES

SOME months ago a letter appeared in the *Field* mentioning the death of a goldfish which had attained the ripe old age of 30 years. This fish had lived all its life in a pond. The carp family are proverbially long lived. The big golden carp which inhabited the Roman bath at Bath, and was so tame that it would take food from the fingers of visitors, was at least 20 years old when it died in 1923. It was known as the "Knight Commander of the Bath."

There are many stories of aged fish, some no doubt apocryphal, but that of the Royal carp of the Emperor Josef II is well authenticated. When the Emperor was fighting the Turks on the Danube Serbian fishermen brought him a large live carp as a present. The Emperor rewarded the fishermen, fastened a golden ring bearing the date (1788) to the fish and released it. At the same time he established a fund from which any fisherman who caught the carp and brought it alive to the authorities at Temesvar was to be paid twice the value of the fish on condition that it was released, unharmed.

Five times this great carp was captured, paid for and released. The fifth capture was in the year 1835. In 1934 the carp was taken for a sixth time. Alas, there was now no fund left to redeem its life, and this wonderful creature, at least 150 years old, was cut up and sold in the market for 8d. a pound.

Even this is not a record, for in 1497, in a fish-pond in Swabia, an immense carp was taken, in the gills of which was a copper ring with this inscription in Latin: "I am the first fish that was ever placed in the pond by the hand of Frederic II, governor of the World, on the 5th day of October in the year of Our Lord 1230." So this fish was at least 257 years old.

The pike shares with the carp the record for longevity. Gesner relates that, at about the same date of the taking of the ancient carp just mentioned, a very large pike was captured in a lake near Heilbron. This had a brass ring attached to it, recording that it was placed in the lake in the year 1230, making this fish 250 years old.

As a general rule eels, when seven years old, leave fresh water and go down to the sea to mate and breed. Then presumably they die. That an eel can, however, live to a much greater age is proved by Samuel, an eel which belonged—and may still belong—to a family named Collins living in the Commercial Road in London's East End. In 1921 Mr. Collins, visiting a local fish shop, saw a little elver alive on the slab. He took it home and placed it in a home-made aquarium, where it not only lived but grew and flourished. It soon became very tame, so tame that it refused to eat food dropped into the water but only what was offered it by the hands of its master and mistress. In 1936 Samuel had an accident. A stone fell on him and damaged his eye. He was taken to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals and there treated and cured. At fifteen years of age Samuel was still fit and lively.

In 1932 a marked flounder was taken off the coast of Norway. The label proved that this fish had been marked by the German Expedition near Seven Islands off the Murmansk on June 21st, 1913. So this flounder was at least 20 years old. The age of flat fish can be accurately estimated by examining the otoliths or ear stones in which alternate white and dark layers each represent a year's growth. In the case of round fish, such as cod, haddock and whiting, a microscopic examination of the scales gives the age.

Among shell fish lobsters probably live longer than others. In 1921 there was taken at Shag Harbour, New Brunswick, one of the largest lobsters of which record exists. It was 3ft. 1¾in. long, including its feelers, 1ft. 4in. round the body, while the spread of its claws from tip to tip is said to have been ¼in. over 8ft. It weighed 33lb. Such a lobster must have reached a great age.

It is interesting to speculate on the possible age of some of those gigantic octopods which live in the great depths. It may be that their tale of years exceeds even that of the whale. The age of sperm whales is estimated from the size and number of laminæ of the whale bone, and it seems fairly certain that a whale may live to become a centenarian.

Letters to Young Shooters

SOME UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES

(Sketches by Maurice Tulloch)

MY DEAR GEORGE,—There are a few matters which may generally be arranged under the heading "Deportment," with which I will deal in this my last letter. It is rather a ghastly word, suggesting one of those handbooks telling you how to phrase a letter to the angry brother of a discarded fiancée or the correct use of the finger bowl. However, let it cover here a multitude of those sins you will never commit.

First of all about clothes. There is very little to be said about clothes, and if there is I am not the person to say it, so you may in all decency please yourself, but the young should avoid extravagances. Elaborate spattings may grace the calf of the alderman of sixty or so: they ill become the legs of his grandson of sixteen. If you are buying a tweed shooting suit let it be not too dark in colour, though so-called heather mixtures do not in fact sink any better into the background than other patterns. A poacher's pocket is always useful, and good, big outside pockets with flaps. You will find in Scotland that a certain number of guns wear a very loud check. I sported one myself for many years. Uncle Harry called it the McRalph tartan. These colours, being a form of camouflage, sink very well into the background: witness the number of deer stalkers who wear them.

Beyond this there is not much to say. A fair head of hair such as yours is best shrouded in a grouse butt by cap or hat, and there are so many different sorts of good waterproof on the market that you may take an infinity of choice. Personally, I prefer those like the clerical bosom, which from neck to tummy are unbroken by stud or button: the sort which pulls over the head and is worked by a zipp fastener. And remember that no waterproof or coat known to man will ever effectively and ultimately keep the knees dry. The only other question that may worry you is whether to wear shorts or not. Personally, I like shorts, and think they are a healthy and sensible dress. I should not hesitate to turn out for a day's grouse driving in shorts and an open collar. But you must remember that they annoy some of the older school of thought immoderately. If, therefore, you are bidden to shoot by old Colonel Doodlepop, and he is known to be touchy on the point, wear plus fours or breeches. As between the merits of these last two you will notice that men who go in for rough shooting usually favour the latter.

As regards the rest of your equipment eschew gloves like the plague, as they rid you of all tactile sense, but you may, if you feel inclined, wear mittens, which take the chill off ice-cold gun barrels. Cartridge bags have much similarity of appearance in a shooting van, so either have your initials stamped clearly on yours, or have one easily distinguishable. There are few things more annoying than when you have scaled the steep ascent that leads to that far, far distant butt locally known as the Eyrie, to find yourself accompanied by a bag just like your own, but containing the 16-bore cartridges of your host's sister, who, at the bottom of the Gadarene slope you have just mounted, is busily trying to find out why your "twelves" don't fit her weapon. And be sure that your cartridge bag has a large opening. There must be no fumbling in moments of stress. I am no exponent of the shooting stick for the young, but for grouse driving, at any rate, let it be an adjustable one. The walls of a butt are not built to a sealed pattern height. And, finally, you will find one of those shooter's knives with a screwdriver, a 16-bore and 12-bore cartridge extractor, a big blade, a button hook, and a corkscrew, of use some day. Yes—even the button hook and the screwdriver.

THIS TIPPING BUSINESS

Now there comes the question of tips. This is a difficult subject, especially for the young. There is no doubt that the size of tips is growing steadily, and growing beyond reasonable bounds. This has led to the sort of defensive alliance—the local tariff, the let's-all-do-the-same-anyhow sort of attitude. Now the object of the tip is a form of expression of one's pleasure, and the attitude I have described, though perhaps inevitable, is obviously not an expression of pleasure. But here are three points to bear in mind. Firstly, I have never known a small tip accepted ungraciously, despite the many stories to the contrary. Secondly, very few keepers indeed would expect a young man to tip on the same scale as his elders. And, thirdly, as a rule we are inclined to overtip. This is the opinion of one of the best known shooting men of his generation on the subject: "The tipping question has latterly reached such an absurd height that it is a very dangerous subject. When I shot regularly 10/- a day was the correct tip for *any* covert shoot, and generally 5/- for a day's grouse shooting. — who shot a very great deal in the 1890's, never gave more than 10/-, which was the proper thing to do." And here is the *de profundis* of your cousin Charles—what is he?—26 and almost as good a shot as he thinks he is: "I shot three days at Ich Dien last year; 800 pheasants; and we arranged to give the keeper £4 each. My loader was thirty bob, and there was a butler and a footman, half a crown for the housemaid and something for the chauffeur. There was a first return ticket to North Wales—I had to travel first because I went down with old Moses Muttlebury—and my cartridges and what I lost at poker. There wasn't much left out of three five-pound notes."

I have tried to remind you of both sides of the question, the idea that we are all inclined to overtip, and the undoubted fact that keepers do a lot for one, and that one wants to do the same for them as other people. Yet things may reach such an extent that one must refuse invitations, and you may even have to do this. There was one famous deer forest with many beats, each with a stalker, gillie and pony man of its own. One might perhaps, in a week's stalking, have employed six of each category, each of whom would probably have shown one good sport. It looked like an expensive week. But the very understanding old lady who arranged these things would draw one aside and let it be known that one tip to the head stalker was considered enough, if that fell in with your ideas on the subject. And it generally did.

I suggest that if you are at a loss to know what to give as a tip work on the scale of 10/- a hundred head. You are not likely to go to many shooting parties at present where more than 200 head is slain. Of course one could hardly put the tip for a 3,000 head day at £15. (Yes, they have happened, but they are not likely to come your way, or mine.) But that is a matter of adjustment. If, say, 500 head have been killed and the guns congregate at the end of the day and suggest giving £2, that is all to the good. Go with the others: there is no need to give more, and if £2 is beyond you—well, give less. There are also local tariffs. I was talking about shooting tips to a friend who shoots without cessation (except on the Sabbath) from mid-August to mid-October. He remarked—quite firmly: "In this part of Scotland we give 10/- for a day's grouse driving. Whether it is a 50 brace day or a 200 brace day the tariff does not alter." Do not, therefore, my dear George, dance on local corns in these respects.

If a loader is engaged for you 10/- a day is the normal pay, and, since he is your servant, no tip. If an odd man carries your cartridges and waterproof let it be two bob or half a crown. There only remains the question of the keeper of the beat. Some men say he does much of the work that has made the day enjoyable, and that the headkeeper should not pocket the tips. But remember that

HOME WITH FULL GAME BAG

the headkeeper was an under-keeper once. Some headkeepers divide their tips with their subordinates. Others do not. I should leave it at that, and not tip the keeper of the beat.

Finally, remember that a "few kind words," or a real interest shown in just how that splendid high rise at the last stand before lunch was evolved, cause very genuine pleasure. I know it is difficult in that stroll round to the back of the lodge while one's luggage is being put into the car, in that misty half light as one is piling into the shooting brake of a November evening, to think of something original, kindly and truthful to say. It is like a bread-and-butter letter. But try to do it. And by the same token never fail to write that letter by return of post. Most people say they don't want it, but few fail to notice its non-arrival. And if you are asked to shoot at fairly short notice a telegram only costs 6d., and it gives your host more time to make his arrangements, and will certainly be counted unto you for righteousness.

There now only remains the question of safety catches in shooting. You tell me that you were taught by your gunmakers at their shooting school to automatically push forward your safety catch when you shoot, and that you can do it without slowing up your shooting and quite automatically. Well, anything that makes for greater safety in shooting is obviously to the good, and if you can manipulate the safety catch to this good purpose by all means do so. I do not consider it essential, but heaven forfend that I should call it wrong! My generation learnt to shoot on hammer guns, or were taught by men who learnt on hammer guns. There must be many like myself, who, when walking up game, provided the ground offers tolerably secure foothold, keep their safety catch forward, and would never in middle or old age get into the habit of pushing the safety catch forward as the gun comes up. Hence I say that to do so would inevitably lead to lost chances.

First and foremost bear in mind that the real measure of safety in shotgun shooting is the direction where the muzzle of the loaded gun is pointed. It has been proved conclusively that a gun can be jarred off with the safety catch *on*, but if it is pointing at a turnip at the time it will only damage a useful but nevertheless easily replaced vegetable. I raised this point with the best known shooting school in England, where hundreds of thousands of cartridges are fired in a year. They do not teach the pushing forward of the safety catch as essential, though they do not pretend that it is in any way wrong or even undesirable. I raised it also among a number of shooting friends. Their opinion is divided to the extent of about fifty-fifty. In general, the elders are among the Yeas, or I-keep-it-forward school, the younger ones principally among the Nays, or I-don'ts. So if you find that you can make the action automatic follow the lead of your contemporaries.

As editors say when a battle of words has degenerated beyond the average of fatuity or insult, "This correspondence must now cease." I have done no more than try to give you some ideas to chew on, and I wish you many, many happy shooting days for their mastication. One can only pray that you will never be called on to fire at aught save fur and feather, and that you will get a deal of that.

Your affectionate,

UNCLE RALPH.

[*This article concludes the series of Letters to Young Shooters, which are to be published later in book form by Rich & Cowan.*]

GOOSE SHOOTING ON JAMES' BAY

A Memorable Week in Northern Canada

THE tremendous tidal marshes fringing the low-lying southern shores of James' Bay, that southern offshoot of the great semi-Arctic inland sea known as Hudson's Bay, are a gathering ground in late September and early October for vast numbers of blue geese (*Chen cærulescens*) on their southern migration from their breeding ground in Baffin Land, 1,000 miles to the north, to their winter quarters on the Gulf of Mexico.

The writer was fortunate in being a member of a shooting party which spent a week at this season of the year in this flat and swampy locality, and some account of the shooting of the blue goose and the terrain where it is conducted may be of interest.

Moosonee, ten miles from the mouth of the Moose River flowing into the Bay, is now the northern terminus of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway; the journey from Toronto takes 25 hours, of which ten is taken up by the 190-mile stretch from Cochrane to Moosonee completed about six years ago, which is periodically traversed by a train of many times this age.

Three miles from Moosonee on an island in the river lies the old-established Hudson's Bay Company's post, Moose Factory, some of the buildings of which, incidentally, are the oldest in Ontario. Thanks to the Hudson's Bay Company's organisation and the trouble taken by the post manager, the arrangements for the expedition were made.

The journey from Moose Factory to the shooting grounds is made in large freighting canoes equipped with outboard motors and takes from four to 36 hours, depending on how far it is desired to go, and the weather and the tides. Of these the latter are the controlling factor, as access to what, for want of a better term, is known as land can only be made at high tide, and then only at the mouth of a river or creek, the extreme flatness of the shore making a tide of only 1ft. or 2ft. all the difference between success and failure in attaining one's objective.

Our objective in this case was a small scow cast up beside one Partridge Creek by the highest tide on record and since that time immovable on the mud. The time of its casting up could no doubt have been determined by a competent archæologist by means of the successive strata of egg-shells, goose bones and feathers, tin cans and other debris left by previous shooting parties, all somewhat reminiscent of the ancient kitchen-middens found in certain parts of Europe left by the prehistoric lake dwellers.

The scow was our shelter for six days. About a mile to the north-east were the brackish waters of the bay, although at low tide it was impossible to distinguish where the mud ended and the water began. At normal high tide grass and weeds commence, becoming denser and more solid going towards shore to the limits of extreme high tide, where sparse willow clumps begin to grow. These, in turn, become denser, interspersed with alternate patches of swamp and finally patches of poplar growth until, about two miles to the south-west can be seen the low saw-tooth outline of the pines which mark the true dry land. This dry land, of course, we never reached; the intervening marshy scrub made a hard barrier even at this time of year; in summer, with black-flies and mosquitoes, it would have been an inconceivable inferno.

Fortunately these marshes and mudflats are passable, the soft mud being seldom deeper than a foot or two and usually only a few inches, with a hard clayey bottom; the outflowing creeks and watercourses in fact have a gravel bottom. Walking, therefore, is slow and tedious, but reliable, although as one goes inland through the willow-swamps it tends to get worse.

The blue geese, or "waveys" as they are called locally, fly in large flocks up and down the coast or feed on the eel-grass near the water during the day, flighting to or from the land at dusk or dawn. It is best, although not essential, to be on the shooting ground at daybreak, a place where birds have been feeding being selected. Decoys are set out, and blinds consisting of circles of cut willows planted on either side. The most effective decoys are simply lumps of the grey mud turned up with a spade with an artificial white head of the typical old bird planted at one end; if this is not available a white feather serves equally well. If the weather is stormy and the geese are flying low and decoying, these crude lures will bring a small flock within easy shot over the decoys. If one can then succeed in bringing down the leader, the remainder of the flock may almost be counted upon as a certainty, for the younger birds will return again and again, searching for their late lamented parent or elder relation, until they are annihilated.

Our party, however, was cursed with fine weather during most of their stay, with flocks flying high overhead or occasionally wheeling to give our decoys a cautious inspection at a tantalisingly extreme range. Encouraged by the calls of our guides, later imitated by the rest of the party, a flock occasionally would present one or two of its members to a long shot, or more rarely, simply flighting overhead and being subjected to an intensive "anti-aircraft" bombardment, would lose some unfortunate. More usually, however, on these occasions, after an intense moment of agonised indecision, one refrained from firing. Such an event inevitably called for post-mortems, with the subsequent impression that, after all, perhaps they were within range and consequently would be followed by a long-range fusillade upon the next delegation, which perhaps would be even higher. Fortunately, a bird which was evidently hit but failed to fall immediately could be followed with the eye and its subsequent fall on the bare mudflats marked, with a fair degree of probability of later retrieving it.

Thanks to the weather which prevailed, most of our shooting was of this nature, from blinds at high-water mark, and, although the bags were not heavy, the satisfaction of the occasional high bird crashing down compensated for the lack of numbers. There was fascination, too, in watching the high V's of grey birds, picked out with the dazzling whiteness of an occasional snow-goose, forming, re-forming and wheeling in their steady, unhurried flight, their almost musical cries resembling nothing so much as a pack of hounds in full cry. Then to watch the flocks at dusk against the flaming sunsets, with the jagged edge of pines far inland etched on a pale cold northern sky, repaid the aggravation of the unproductive high shots, and the low-flying bunches of black duck, pintail and teal swooping in after dark afforded opportunities to retrieve fancied disgraces.

Then there was the day, a day of rain turning to wind from the north, when our guides, either by good luck or good judgment, led us over some miles of swamp and tidal flotsam to where two flocks of perhaps a thousand birds in each arose from their feeding ground among the willow clumps. The second flock turned downwind and flew right overhead about 25yds. up, giving the writer his first chance at a right and left, mercifully, for his subsequent peace of mind, successfully accounted for. We then installed ourselves in blinds on this feeding ground after laying out decoys, and for four or five hours had experience of shooting blue geese when really decoying.

It cannot be claimed that a blue goose decoying into the wind is a difficult shot, although one turning downwind may be different, but the novelty of shooting a large-sized bird under new conditions has a fascination of its own. Compared to its larger cousin, the Canada goose, the blue goose is a stupid and somewhat slower-flying bird. Like the Canada, it may be attracted by calling, its particular call being a sort of high-pitched yelp, followed by a "ga-ga-ga-ga," said to be the feeding cry: this feat of calling was successfully accomplished by members of the party, sceptical scoffing by other members notwithstanding. Unlike the Canada, it is comparatively easy to attract by decoying, when conditions are right, and apparently shows much less intelligence than a Canada or a black duck in spotting an ill-concealed hunter or crude decoy. Again, too, a wounded blue goose makes no attempt at concealment and only thinks of making for open water if there is any available; those who have shot black duck or mallards will appreciate the difference.

As mentioned previously, the lovely white snow-goose flies with the flocks of blue geese indiscriminately, the proportion apparently being about one in twelve; in fact the Indians consider them as merely an albino form, and indeed there is little difference in size and shape. The young, though fully grown, blue goose is of a dull grey nondescript plumage and does not attain the characteristic white head and mottled blue-and-grey wing and black plumage until its second year. The weight is 6lb. to 8lb., with small variations.

THE GUNS AND THE BAG

The south shores of the bay apparently form the main gathering place for the flocks before they start the long part of their flight south. When the freeze-up comes or a particularly severe north gale blows they all usually leave almost at the same time. At Hanna Bay, about 25 miles to the east of where we shot, are the main hunting grounds of the Indians, who shoot "waveys" literally in thousands, depending on them for their main winter food supply. Contrary to popular conception of the Indian habit, there is no waste; the meat is smoked, including tongues, livers and even feet, and the heads and entrails eaten at the time.

The difficulties of shooting at Hanna Bay are the tides, and the chances of being held up by high winds, rendering it impossible for the traveller with limited time on his hands to count on catching the train at Moosonee on a given date.

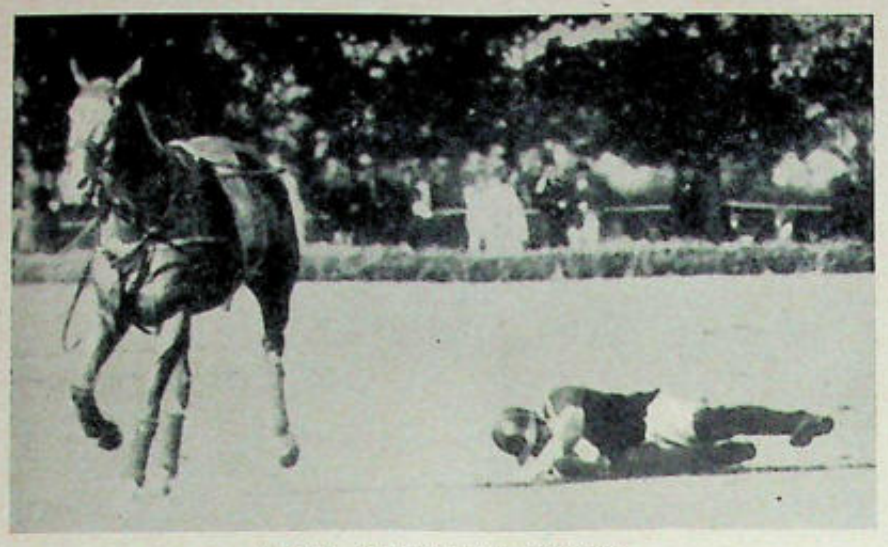
Little or no mention has been made of other game. Canada geese are rare on the south shore, although they are reported more common on the west shore; duck are about equal in number to geese and so less conspicuous, and are represented mainly by pintail, blacks and teal in order of frequency. Snipe, last but not least, are in abundance, and form a welcome diversion when walking to and from the blind when the geese are not flying; on an average one can count on a snipe for every five minutes of walking if one's eye is in. This should satisfy the most spoiled sportsman.

The non-migratory wild life of this desolate region is as limited as one might expect, being chiefly represented by white fox, the mainstay of the local fur trade and chief source of revenue of the natives and the Hudson's Bay Company, together with its natural prey, the Arctic hare. Local nomenclature notwithstanding, there are practically no moose, their northerly limit in this section being about 100 miles to the south; this, of course, applies even more to deer and black bear. The nearest polar bear are found on the Belcher Islands at the mouth of James' Bay, about 400 miles north.

The traveller or sportsman therefore may be thankful to coincide his southward journey in October with that of his quarry, and re-embark on the creaking coal-oil lighted "Moosonee Express," before its tri-weekly journey gives way to its winter schedule of bi-monthly, leaving this bare country of marsh and stunted timber to the first winds of winter blowing down from the Pole.

POLO OF THE SUPERLATIVE ORDER

Pony Power and the Westchester Cup



A SPILL IN THE FIFTH CHUKKER

Mr. Cecil Smith's pony, Cacique, crossed its legs and its rider fell, chipping a piece of bone out of his right elbow. The accident prevented him, after the game, from playing polo for the rest of the season

THE American Open Championship at Meadow Brook established beyond question that the Old Westbury team, which totalled 34 goals on handicap, is the strongest and best organised team that has taken the field for a good many years past. What, also, was made clear is that Mr. Tommy Hitchcock is unquestionably the greatest player in the world and, I am prepared to add, still the greatest player of all time. The victory of Old Westbury over Greentree in the final round was by 16 goals to 7, which, on paper, looks overwhelming. But although defeat for Old Westbury never once seemed in the least probable, the game was in fact a great deal closer than the scores suggest. Last year Old Westbury, with the same team, won the final against Greentree, with Mr. G. Balding in place of R. Cavanagh, by 11 goals to 6.

Old Westbury, consisting of Mr. Michael Phipps (No. 1), Mr. Cecil Smith (No. 2), Mr. Stewart Iglehart (No. 3) and Mr. S. V. Whitney (back), the first three of whom are pretty certain to fill the same positions in the American team for the Westchester Cup next year, were most gloriously mounted. They played consistently together as a real team, and their combination could not be disturbed even by Mr. Hitchcock. Greentree lined up with Mr. G. H. Bostwick (No. 1), Mr. Roberto Cavanagh (No. 2), Mr. T. Hitchcock (No. 3) and Mr. J. H. Whitney at back, and their handicap in the aggregate is 30 goals.

Substitute Mr. Hitchcock at back in the Old Westbury side and there you have next year's American team, totalling 39 goals and well worth it. That is unless they decide to put up Mr. Phipps to 10—an almost unprecedented rating for a No. 1, which is not in the least unlikely, both on his performances and by way of little propaganda against next June, when they would be a 40-goal side. Added to that is the fact that all are certain to be mounted on the pick of the ponies in America, most of which were playing in the Open, and it is clear that their team will be desperately formidable.

The final was, despite the discrepancy in the scoring, quite one of the finest games of polo that I have ever seen. Played at absolutely top pace from start to finish, with beautifully long and accurate hitting on that really glorious ground, it was a game that will be long remembered by all who saw it; and there were more than 36,000. If one can single out one player where all went splendidly, I think it must be Mr. Cecil Smith, who brought out a really terrific game, several times almost immobilising Mr. Hitchcock, his opposite number.

Mr. Phipps and Mr. Iglehart demonstrated their perfect understanding of each other. Those long hits-up, those oblique passes judged to a yard and taken on time and time again by Mr. Phipps, who has the art always to have his ponies (and they are very fast ones) going in the right direction at top pace at the right moment, were tremendously impressive. So, too, was the drive and good riding of Mr. Bostwick, always a most popular figure with the crowd, who only suffered by comparison with Mr. Phipps, and the long hitting of Mr. Cavanagh—if only he were a rather more accomplished horseman—and above all, the valiant and brilliant play of Mr. Hitchcock, who, towards the end, sustained an almost single-handed defence. All were men of might. The Whitney cousins, both rated at 5 goals, played a really fine game, and were worth considerably more than their handicaps. They are splendidly mounted, and Mr. Jock Whitney, for his part, certainly has never played better. Mr. Sonny Whitney, despite a painful accident in the second chukker, made very few mistakes.

Where Old Westbury really had the advantage was in pony power. After I had seen the Greentree ponies I could not imagine that any other side could have much of a pull in the matter of mounting. None the less, Old Westbury did have it, and to Mr. Ivor Balding, who manages Mr. Sonny Whitney's stable, they owed a great deal. Outstanding ponies were Mr. Smith's mounts, Cacique, Jemima and Estalista; Mr. Whitney's Slippery Sand, Fuss Budget and Tornasol; Mr. Iglehart's grand little old chesnut pony, Little Red and Housemaid; and Mr. Whitney's Rubisela, whom Mr. Iglehart rode. All played two chukkers, the last-named, three. That wonderful grey pony, Brown Fern, also played three—one with Mr. Iglehart and two with Mr. Phipps; and, so far as I could see, was perfectly fit and ready to play a fourth if he had been wanted. Of those played by Greentree, Mr. Bostwick's chesnut mare Marcelina, from Argentina; his brown Hawaiian-bred Be Charming and Douglas Dawn showed remarkable pace (all his, indeed, do), and Mr. Whitney's Pampero, a liver-chesnut gelding of Mr. Luis Duggan's breeding, Nodmore and Perla Negri all did well for Mr. Hitchcock.

On that very big International field in a fast game, no pony that is not of superlative quality is of any earthly use. I had been told so many times and, now that I have seen it for myself, I can reiterate that statement. Perhaps during the past London season I have insisted on the importance of pony power to the point of tedium, but I am now persuaded that this is even more important than I dreamed. I noticed, too, that not a single pony (and some of them were young ones) showed the least sign of "greenness," which proves the efficiency of their schooling.

There was one great disappointment, and that was the showing of the Jaguars. At first it had been hoped that Mr. Hesketh Hughes, summoned by cable, could be mounted to play at No. 1, which which would have meant three likely British Internationals in the team, but the ponies could not be procured, and accordingly Mr. Hughes, as I think rightly, withdrew from the team both on public and private grounds. Mounted indifferently, he was unlikely to do himself justice, but that would not have been considered against the fact that a team containing three of our Internationals had taken a heavy beating. It was too steep a chance to take. The virtue of preliminary propaganda is nowadays recognised. The Walker Cup match at golf proves its value.

One player, not in the least to my surprise, who has covered himself with glory during the Open and Monty Waterbury Cups is Mr. Eric Tyrrell-Martin. In London, playing behind a victorious team, he was consistently excellent. On Long Island, playing behind a rather disorganised team, he has been nothing short of brilliant. He has been criticised for coming up into the game too much in the Greentree *v.* Jaguars match, but he did not do so until it was clearly a case of a losing battle. He has had several of the Hurlingham ponies to play, and the black Docker pony, French Cottage, has, I think, proved her class. The big Argentine gelding by Rico, Alarido, may turn out well, but is as yet a trifle green. Miss Destiny and the showy Atalanta may prove to be of real class, and Velos and Trece de Abril (by Footman) have, on occasion, played well.

Mr. Gerald Balding has played well in parts; indifferently for him in others. He seems just a trifle stale, and an opportunity to think of his own game exclusively would, I think, put him right. Of Mr. Rous's ponies that he has been playing the chesnut Waler mare Royal Mint, by Goldmint, has gone really well, even when compared with the *élite* of America. Brown Sherry, another Waler, has gone well, but could do with a rest, and Elaine has also distinguished herself. Of his others Peperina, a chesnut Argentine mare, is too, I am persuaded, quite of International class.

Captain C. T. I. Roark, who is a member of the Aknusti team in which are the Gerry brothers and Mr. Raymond Guest, has been showing much of the form that has made his American reputation. They rate him at 9, whereas in London at the end of the season his handicap was reduced to 6. He is a strong and splendid horseman and a joy to watch. The true surface of the ground at Meadow Brook suits his style of hitting—what a lovely wrist he has—and American critics regard him as still one of our finest players.

Impressive as has been the polo shown by the American teams I am still convinced that, after plenty of hard (and I accentuate the "hard") practice early next year, and the collection of really top-class ponies to play, there is no reason at all to regard the chances of our team as hopeless or anything like it. It would be idle to suggest that the Americans will not be immensely powerful, but they, too, have their pony problem, and no team is invincible. For ourselves we have the best team of players we have had for years. Given the ponies and a well-developed team technique they will, in any case, put up a very close game.

TEAM PLAY ON THE BOARDS DURING THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL

Mr. Cecil Smith (on left) frequently had the better of his duel with Mr. Hitchcock (centre). Mr. Stewart Iglehart is on the right

The results and the teams in the Open Championship are given below:—

First Round.—Greentree (30) (G. H. Bostwick (7), R. Cavanagh (8), T. Hitchcock, jr. (10), J. H. Whitney (5)) beat Jaguars (30) (T. P. Mills (7), W. F. C. Guest (7), G. Balding (8), E. H. Tyrrell-Martin (8)) 15—9.

Old Westbury (34) (M. R. Phipps (9), C. Smith (10), S. Iglehart (10), C. V. Whitney (5)) beat Aknusti (29) (E. T. Gerry (7), R. L. Gerry (6), Captain C. T. I. Roark (9), R. R. Guest (7)) 13—7.

Semi-final Round.—Greentree beat Ramblers (23) (W. G. Reynolds (5), G. S. Smith (6), R. E. Strawbridge, jr. (6), J. C. Rathborne (6)) 20—7.

Old Westbury (Ivor Balding No. 1 substitute for M. R. Phipps) beat Aurora (22) (S. H. Knox (6), F. S. Van Stade, jr. (6), L. Smith (4), R. S. Santamarina (6)) 14—8.

Final Round.—Old Westbury beat Greentree 16—7.

JEMADAR.

COLONEL HAWKER AND THE CREATURE COMFORTS

IN 1844, when Colonel Hawker finished off the final edition of his *Instructions to Young Sportsmen in All That Relates to Guns and Shooting*, he made it clear in his preface that he had left out everything that he considered inessential to his young sportsman's knowledge. In spite of this he did find it necessary to include a chapter of advice on the health and comfort of the young sportsman which, to those of us who get a glow of righteous self-esteem out of the mere physical achievement of spending a night on the mudflats waiting for the geese, must come as something of a dampener. For the Colonel thought fit to advise on food—not what to eat when arrived at headquarters, but what to take with one to avoid death from starvation or stomach trouble; on drink and how to make it palatable; on the ills of the body, and these, be it said, included, in his estimate of the possibilities, the risks of malaria, bronchitis, pneumonia and enteritis; finally, he advised on the possible ills of the soul and the proper use of leisure.

The "young sportsman" of a hundred years ago, in fact, had to take a very different view of life and his sport from the young sportsman of to-day, with his shooting school behind him, his organisation of keepers and beaters and loaders at his service, and his creature comforts of hot food, hot water and cheering stimulants on tap, within a few minutes by car of his sport. The Colonel opens his chapter of advice so disturbingly as to turn most of us moderns from shooting to some comparatively gentle and luxurious sport like cross-country running.

His admirable but, as it turns out, somewhat understated object is to save his young sportsman from "unnecessarily hard fare when quartered in a small public house," and he opens with a distressing picture of the landlords of such public houses living exclusively on fat pork and tea—in coastal districts, red herrings and tea. Small wonder that later on the Colonel says of one of his specifics, tartar emetic, that it "sometimes performs wonders among the common people who are subject to having the stomach disordered by eating voraciously of bad and unwholesome food"! Even a nobleman, in the Colonel's experience (and here, perhaps, a hint of bitterness creeps in, as of a commoner bit, when he says that the nobleman is, of course, "by common people thought in the greatest extreme better than a gentleman without a title"), is only likely to improve on the salt pork or herring diet to the extent of a chop or a steak. And what a chop or steak—one that the commoner, if able to get it at all, can either despise and so starve himself to death, or eat and so kill himself with indigestion.

For drink, the young sportsman, nobleman or not, gets beer, sour enough to be comrade in arms with the meat in the attack on his digestion, and brandy or gin, the first "execrably bad and unwholesome" and the second almost certainly diluted. This dilution is a practice to which gin will probably ever be subject: things have at least improved since the Colonel's day when it was deliberately distilled "above proof" so that it could stand a certain degree of dilution without complete ruin. In fact, the process of dilution then was so far from being dishonest as to be the common practice, "not only with many respectable innkeepers, but by retail merchants themselves."

But to return to the young and unprepared sportsman. Having chewed his leathery meat and either made things worse with bad brandy and beer, or failed to cheer himself with ineffective gin, he takes his pain-racked body to bed. The bed, unaired as it is, brings on rheumatism, and the unchecked draughts give him toothache (here the modern attitude has changed, although the difference between fresh air and a draught still leads to argument). Next morning he arises to break his fast with milkless tea and is so "bedevilled" that he cannot touch a feather all day and returns empty handed to be double bedevilled again that evening and night.

So, presumably, in an ever narrowing and vicious circle until rheumatism, toothache and indigestion or starvation finally carry him off.

But Colonel Hawker, unlike some of our modern social and political theorists, does not expose a condition without suggesting not only proven remedies but proven measures for preventing recurrence. He certainly paints the worst of the picture, but he then sets out to suggest palliatives which, even to the pampered modern ear and stomach, raise hopes that, in spite of all, shooting in 1840 could be made tolerable and even enjoyable.

Although he tends to digress in this chapter, as he does through the whole book (and these digressions, for one reader at least, make up a great deal of the charm of his work), his palliatives can broadly be divided into headings which fall intelligibly, and some of them happily, on the modern ear—food, drink, tobacco, physical good sense, medicine and, lastly, for the Colonel was philosopher as well as sportsman (as some of our modern sporting journalists are also wont to be), the proper use of leisure.

One by one in this series I hope to review each of the Colonel's palliatives for the miseries of shooting, and see how we have changed or how we have stood still. And, although the final analysis is not yet made, it begins to look as if one can say of shooting, in its incidentals at least, that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

It is to be hoped that Colonel Hawker's gloomy estimates of the discomfort his "young sportsman" would have to face were partly coloured by the natural desire of the expert to instil a proper respect into the novice. But his adjectives on the question of drink—"sour beer, execrably bad brandy, diluted gin"—hint at a bitter and general experience.

His slashing condemnations, however, were directed only at the remote country publican's

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PETER HAWKER
Author of "Instructions to Young Shooters"

wares, and do not mean that the Colonel was an opponent of the bottle. He was in this, as in most things, impartial and temperate in judgment and behaviour; he had views on the value of alcohol, and had much to say to his young sportsmen about it.

The task he set himself was to advise how to deal with the bad liquor his pupils would meet on their more remote travels. Sour beer, the first danger to the young, he suggested masking with nutmeg or powdered ginger and brown sugar, but he recognised that this process was akin to coating the pill with sugar—the evil was there even if its face were hidden—so he recommended a little carbonate of soda as well. This hint, if it works, as it reasonably might, is one that some modern landlords might well take.

The Colonel's way with bad spirits was to refuse them, and drink rum instead, as a spirit which would "soon be spoiled by adulteration." Why this should prevent it being adulterated like his gin and brandy, I cannot see; perhaps the Colonel had more faith in his own power of detecting adulteration of any spirit than in his young pupils'. But that is by the way. The sportsman is advised to get his rum, which no one will have dared to adulterate, and will have brought with him some lemon-juice. The inn provided sugar and the "focus of a good punch" on the formula, "One sour, two sweet, four strong, eight weak," was there. The Colonel only claims his punch as a basis, a sort of iron ration among punches, and he suggests refinements such as pounding the sugar very fine, using a little orange juice instead of part of the lemon, and reserving the addition of the spirit until the end. But his moderation leads him to issue a stern warning against excessive embellishment. "It becomes a necessary caution against error to accept that punch which is composed with all the dainties of an alderman, who, by the way, is welcome to them, and to the gout which follows." For the warmer weather the Colonel has a cold punch, the recipe for which he got in Glasgow (although it contains no whisky). Reduced to a similar simple formula to that of the hot punch, it runs: "One sour, two sweet, four strong and twenty weak."

This one carried a true punch; it is one of those innocuous hot-weather drinks distinguished to-day by some benefactor's surname, with which the unwary still get trapped. "After wine," the Colonel writes, "it is a drink to metamorphose a man into what he would not like to be called, by making him drunk." Can this be the beverage which was the undoing of Mr. Pickwick? Can Colonel Hawker (for Pickwick's was a shooting party, too) have been the "unknown compounder" to whom Pickwick drank his third glass of the series which led him so swiftly to disgrace in the village pound? Perhaps not, but had fact met fiction the two of them would have found much in common to discuss.

The Colonel, leaving punches, starts on what is half digression and half logical sequence, for he turns to medicine, and in particular, medicine for those who have made "too free with French wines, or hard, stale port." Thence on to port drinking itself, where he prepared the ground for serious argument with some of the moderns by recommending early bottling into magnums. But he modestly disclaims the ability to deal properly with wine, although he does say one thing which should bring a response from those of us who object to the modern trend in wineglass design. "Let no silly fashion dissuade you from drinking your wine out of a narrow-bottomed glass . . . fashion is all very well, but reason has a prior claim."

There is a suspicious sound about the Colonel's next use for alcohol—as a night-time dentifrice. Suspicion *of him* is actually unjustified, for he had the same doubts, and recommended adding a little camphor to the brandy or whisky, not only to preserve it, but also, very wisely, "to prevent the vassals of the place from drinking it."

His dentifrice provides a bridge from the social to the medicinal aspects of drink. He rejects morning spirit drinking, even of a very popular mixture of rum and milk called a "Doctor"—a concoction familiar in name and not unfamiliar in content to the modern cocktail drinker. The rejection is not really complete, for he does except "purl," a mixture of spirits and beer, with the actual spirit unspecified. More picturesque names, like "dog's-nose," have grown around "purl" since, and in these days such drinks are taken for pleasure. There is a good one made of rum and strong ale. But the Colonel saw no pleasure in "purl" for he says that "if it is not thought too disgusting a beverage hot at night, or cold in the morning, it is one of the most powerful stimuli of all things an ale house can provide." Incidentally, he recommended it against "the ague"; from his attitude towards it as shown in the previous quotation it performed more than one of the functions that quinine now performs for us.

The Colonel has much more to say about drink, from the medical point of view, but as another article in this series is intended to examine his medical theories, it may well wait until then.

H. A.

MOOSE AND WAPITI IN NEW ZEALAND

Reports from time to time indicate that the moose herd in Dusky Sound are holding their own so far as numbers are concerned, but to what extent they have increased it is impossible to estimate owing to the dense bush and rugged nature of the country. They are still only in an area confined to a radius of not more than 20 miles from the point of original liberation. Very few animals have been shot and only one head taken (a small one). The cast antlers picked up do not indicate any exceptional growth of horn, rather the contrary.

All restrictions have been raised by the Government for the taking and killing of these animals, and last summer a party of Government deer killers visited the Dusky Sound area and spent some three months in the Seaforth Valley and vicinity. No statement has been made officially, but the information has been obtained that only one cow moose was killed. This was wounded heavily by .303 rifle fire, and eventually escaped to die in the dense forest. Many fresh signs of moose were seen from time to time, but the animals are very elusive and cunning, and only an expert with plenty of time and patience would be successful in the country they inhabit.

The wapiti herd is doing well and splendid heads are still being taken. The Government cullers were in this country also during the summer and did a great deal of damage to the herd. A cast antler which measured 64½in. long was picked up this season.

T. E. Donne.

HOOKING A TROUT

To Strike or Not to Strike?

By JAMES DICKIE

I HAVE seen it stated in print that it is not necessary to strike trout when one is using an artificial fly. Admittedly, this may be so where one is fishing with a sunk fly in a lake or across and downstream in a river: if the trout snatches at a fly of the Alexandra type or at a small salmon fly, it may hook itself—or it may not.

But to say that it is unnecessary to strike when using a wet fly, fished upstream, or a dry fly seems quite absurd. Cases are quoted where fishermen left their rods with their flies on the water to keep the gut damp and sat down to have lunch; on returning they found trout hooked. Some of these incidents are well authenticated, but they do not prove the point at issue.

A trout, when it discovers that it has sucked in an uncomfortable and tasteless conglomeration of feathers and hook, undoubtedly tries to blow it out again. In spite of the fact that its teeth point backwards and the hook may catch in its gills, it succeeds nine times out of ten. On days when trout are feeding strongly, about one in ten is hooked in the gills, and no amount of blowing by the trout will shift a hook from there. It is exceedingly difficult to do so by hand after the trout is caught; a fact which causes the death of many undersized trout. I suggest that these are the trout which have given rise to the story that one need not strike.

How soon, then, should one strike? That depends on many different factors. I propose, as rough directions: (1) In sunk-fly fishing strike as you see or feel the line begin to tighten. The difficulty here is with the trout which follows the fly and takes it in its mouth. Once in Lough Arrow, I was fishing a sunk Invicta; it was sunny, and we drifted into the lee of an island, where the water was, I thought, too calm. I was just taking in my line to move when a wave followed the fly.

I rested the fish and cast again; this time the line definitely began to tighten, and I struck, but met nothing solid—just the faintest pull as if the fly had caught a floating weed; I had to fish deep as the water was so calm, so I could not see what was going on. A third time I threw out, waited for the fly to sink and, with the top low, took in line, under my forefinger, 6in. or 1ft. at a time. Again the line began slowly to tighten and I snatched—I was into a biggish trout. I had it on for a couple of runs and it jumped; that fish was certainly over 4lb. It kicked off, as all shy risers are liable to do, but that trout proved for me that a deep fly may kill without a ripple and in the sun.

Incidentally, if the rules allow, fish an Invicta deep in rain; especially in the evening, the results can be amazing. If it is raining a breeze is quite unnecessary.

In sunk-fly fishing you cannot be too quick if you watch the line, but you can be too quick if you see the wave or swirl of the fish. Keep your top low and take in line, as in fishing for summer salmon; try to make the trout take a fly on a taut line.

Never fish very fine with the sunk fly; trout sometimes hit it with a bang that will break 2x gut. (2) In nymph fishing, striking is the main difficulty. Trout will suck in a nymph, sunk a few inches, without the slightest disturbance of the surface. If you can see the trout come for the nymph, strike as it turns; sometimes, all one can see is the drag of one's cast on the water. In any event, strike at the slightest suspicious sign, you will be amazed how often a trout is there. (3) In wet-fly fishing strike quickly; the only possible exception is in the case of a big trout, seen before it takes. In that event do not quite "half-volley" the rise, but never be really slow. A deliberate rise calls for a deliberate strike, a quick rise for a quick strike.

In dry-fly fishing this last rule holds good, though, sometimes, with very heavy trout, one should strike quite slowly (about a second between the rise and the strike). The smell of the Liffey, as is well known, is one of the "sights of Dublin," but in its upper reaches, it is a very beautiful river. I was fishing in Co. Kildare and was after a famous local trout called, for some unknown reason, Mary Anne. She lived under a spreading tree; I forget if it was a chestnut; anyway, it spread near enough to the water to make casting, from across or below, impossible. I was determined to compass the destruction of Mary Anne; I crawled to the edge of the water and lay flat under the tree within 3yds. of where she was eating light olives.

Without raising my top more than couple of feet off the ground, I flicked a fly in her direction, and, by some fluke, it fell right. Against the dark water it shone like a good deed in a naughty world, until engulfed by Mary Anne. Being in those far-off days, still a disciple of the late Mr. Halford, I paused before I struck, there was a flurry a foot under the water, and I saw my light olive shoot into view, blown violently at least 4in. clear of the mouth of the horrified Mary Anne. I am told she was not seen for days after—gave 'er quite a turn, it did!

I saw the other side of the picture a few years ago, on the Kennet. My host said it was useless to fish, but I found one trout—a greyish-brown shadow, picking amongst spinners. Not another trout did I see that afternoon, but my grey-brown friend was worth all my attention; it looked about 3lb.—it also looked as if it would eat a small tup. The tup was a bad guess; it was inspected and rejected; apparently a tup looked to this trout (as it does to me) exactly like a tup.

I tried several other flies, still the same; some were inspected, others ignored. Then I tried a small pheasant tail of my own tying, one with a nice brassy hackle and a black thorax. The fish came up very deliberately, and down went the pheasant tail; I struck and pulled it sideways out of its mouth, before it had closed. Slow rise—slow strike; that time I was too quick.

Try to guess when the trout closes its mouth, that is the moment; then drive in the hook, as firmly as your gut will stand. Big hooks need more driving in than small ones.

UNHOOKING THE CATCH

A nice 1¾ pound trout from Linlithgow Loch. The loch on which stands Linlithgow Castle formerly contained only perch and other coarse fish. It has now been stocked with trout and produces some good fish of 1lb. to 1½lb. Tickets can be obtained locally

COASTAL SALMON

Some Observations of Their Habits

IT is a mistake to suppose that salmon cannot be caught by angling in salt water. Evidence that salmon were taken in Loch Fyne and Kilbrannan Sound by an angler who caught the fish on large phantom minnows in water up to 50 fathoms in depth came into my possession many years ago. That evidence was conclusive, for it was had from an eye witness, the actual gillie of the angler who, beginning to troll for salmon in the salt water near Inveraray, continued to try all the way down Kilbrannan Sound. He hooked and lost a good few salmon in a six-weeks trial, but actually landed four, the largest of which, a 16-pounder, was caught in 50-fathom water off the Arran coast. Sinkers of different weights according to rates of tide flow were used, and the minnows were 4in. and 5in. blue and silver phantoms.

I have a record of a grilse being caught in the Sound of Jura on a blue and silver phantom, and I know that flounder fishers who use sand eels for bait, have caught salmon and sea trout, as well as grilse on their set lines.

Salmon and grilse which arrive on our coasts in July are constantly seen leaping within easy casting distance of the rocks, but in all my experience I never once saw a salmon or grilse come at any kind of lure in shallow coastal waters. Investigation of the shallow spots where the fish are seen leaping near the beaches reveals the fact that the bottom of the salmon "lies" is heavily covered with tangle and is full of rocks and rock ledges. Cover is, in fact, as essential for the safety of a salmon in salt as in fresh water, so the shoals of migratory salmon swim stealthily from one wrackbed to another along our coasts.

Seals await the fish in the open sandy places, but a salmon which has a wrackbed at hand is in no danger from a seal, as at a glimpse of danger it is under a tangle-covered rock. So, also, when a big salmon is pursued by a grampus or killer whale. Of course, a seal or grampus does occasionally beat a salmon in the race for cover, as on more than one occasion I saw. Seals are adept at herding salmon in partly-enclosed ports or runnells of deep water on shallows, and the killer whale can take a salmon in the run-up; in fact, I saw one catch a salmon as it fell back towards the water after a tremendous leap in the air.

At Westport, in Kintyre, there is a gathering place for salmon, which, in fine clear weather of July and August, hesitate to cross the five or six miles of sandy ground which lies between Westport and the Mull of Kintyre.

That the salmon know it is useless for them to seek entry into rivers in dry weather is very evident from their behaviour, for when the glass falls and the raindrops patter on the surface, the fish leap in numbers from the water, particularly at the turns of the tides.

Close observation showed that the local seals are very clever indeed at snatching a salmon which is on the move outside of its cover at late evening or earliest dawn. I cannot recollect seeing a seal with a salmon except at earliest dawn or latest dusk, and the seals spend most of the daylight hours asleep on the rocks. The animals know that salmon and other fish change their quarters chiefly at high tide, so it is when there are high tides at dawn or dusk that one is most likely to see a seal bring its hunting to a successful conclusion.

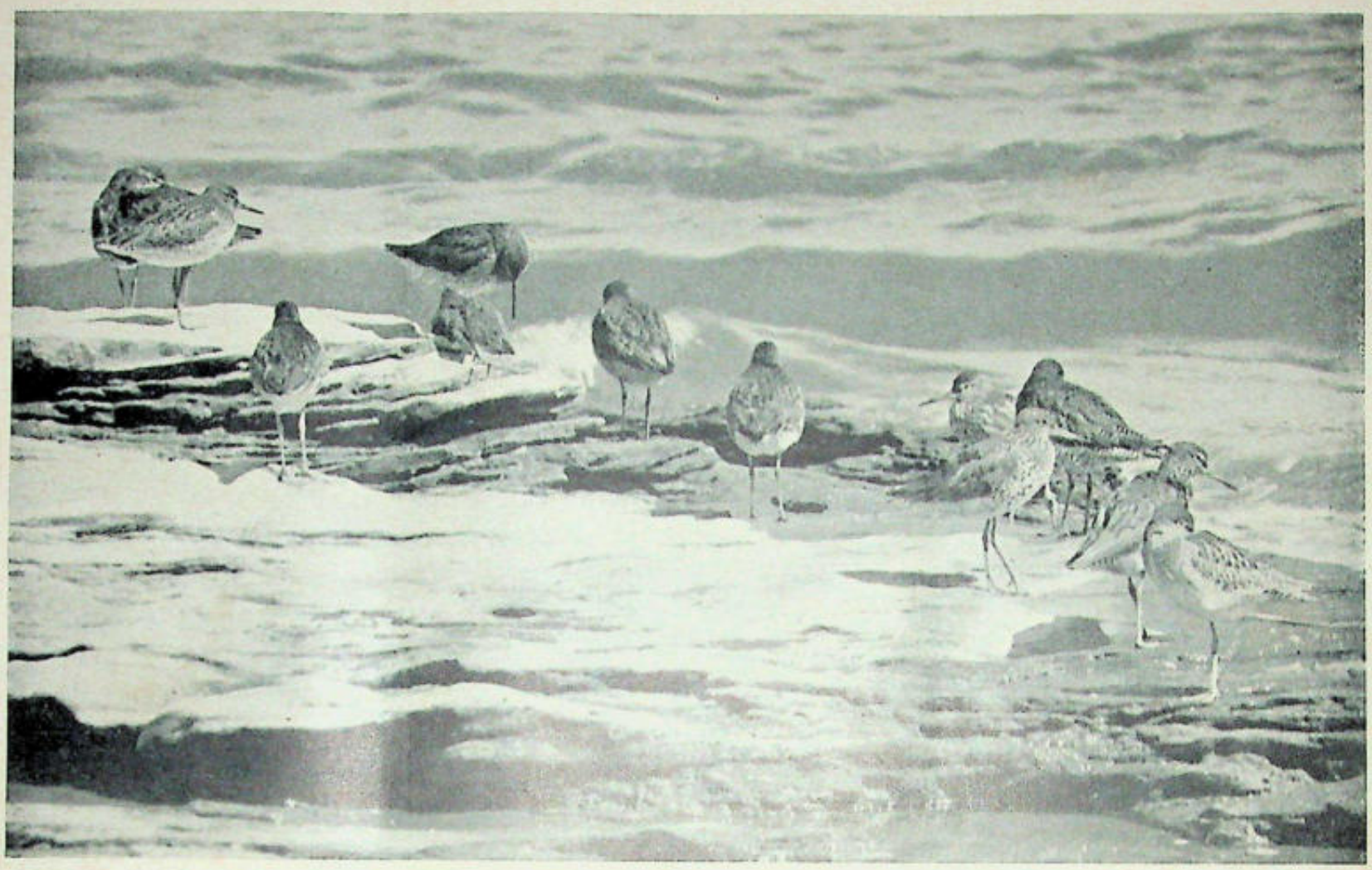
DUGALD MACINTYRE.

SOME WADERS OF

WHEN, some months ago, we published for the first time some of Mr. Farrar's photographs of waders, considerable interest was aroused among ornithologists. Here is another selection from Mr. Farrar's latest pictures, and we feel sure that our readers will agree that they fully maintain the very high standard he set himself with his first photographs. Mr. Farrar is, we believe, the first photographer—artist would be a better word—to take photographs of waders at close range on the shore. Reading from top to bottom of this page these photographs are of :

1. A young bar-tailed godwit, a bird of the year, with oyster-catchers.
2. Whimbrel resting at high tide. Whimbrel are seldom photographed anywhere—and very rarely away from the nest.
3. A group of turnstone, knot, dunlin and sanderling resting at high water.
4. A group of adolescent sanderling photographed in late July. These little waders require more than one season to attain maturity.

THE ESTUARY: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES *by* GUY B. FARRAR



REDSHANKS, THE WATCH-DOGS OF THE ESTUARY, AT REST FOR A MOMENT

A FLOCK OF SANDERLINGS RISING FROM THE EDGE OF THE TIDE

FOURSOME GOLF AT WORPLESDON

A Bright Spot in an Over-loaded Calendar

By E. R. TIPPLE

ANOTHER long season of competitive golf has ended. All the various kinds of tournaments that make up a much over-crowded calendar of events have been held, and now only the usual Alliance meetings and the matches between the London clubs and the two 'Varsities will disturb the peace of the winter months. Many will be relieved because it is felt that the position has been reached when too many tournaments are staged.

There was a time when the general cry was for more and yet more tournaments. That appeal was answered, and new fixtures were added to the list year after year. To-day there are so many that clashings are unavoidable, and hardly a week goes by without some event of so-called importance being played. From the leading professionals' point of view, this is all to the good: the more tournaments the more chances they have of adding to their incomes. Most of these competitions are sponsored for publicity purposes, but because of the number of them they will not receive support indefinitely.

The ordinary club golfer will not go to watch more than a certain number of events, and if several are held over his own course, thereby interfering with the play of the members, he will object in no uncertain terms. The time has come when the whole position should be reviewed, and the number of open events curtailed. Even professionals cannot expect to participate in all the competitions—if they did, their clubs would hardly see them at all! Their members expect the services for which they are primarily engaged. Some professionals complain of lack of business, but they are away so much, leaving assistants, who are not so competent as themselves, in charge, that they cannot expect anything else.

If the amateur player entered all the events open to him he would not have time to do anything else. The national championships are naturally important, but many of the subsidiary competitions could be omitted without much loss. At present they are fighting each other and defeating themselves, for only a few are receiving large entries. Unfortunately, too many amateurs are treating the game as a business, forgetting that, when all is said and done, golf is just a game.

Two tournaments are different from all the rest—the Halford-Hewitt event and the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, of which the latter has just been concluded. At Worplesdon, in particular, games under ideally pleasant conditions are enjoyed, and the winning of them is not overstressed.

Having won the event eight times with seven different partners and playing over her home course, Lady Heathcoat-Amory is always the main attraction. For the second time she unsuccessfully tried to establish another record, and with her husband be the first victorious husband and wife partnership. They were beaten by a young couple, Miss J. Gordon and J. O. H. Greenly, the old Oxford "Blue," whose consistent golf merited their victory.

Foursome golf is not easy. Two brilliant exponents of the game do not necessarily make an impressive partnership. Foursome golf demands far more than individual brilliance, although at times this is necessary. Team work and a complete understanding of, and confidence in, each other are essential. So one often finds two moderate golfers making a strong partnership and overcoming two better players.

At Worplesdon the men do not have the heaviest burden to carry. Indeed, I think the ladies suffer more than their partners. The superb course is a great test, and the wayward player quickly finds himself up to the knees in bracken and heather or hidden by a gorse bush. The lady players consequently have to extricate the balls from places they never visit themselves, and that they can do so with some success is always astonishing.

Even for a husband the task of partnering a great golfer is difficult. Sir John played well until the fourth round, and then committed several cardinal errors. Lady Heathcoat-Amory was by no means her immaculate self, for many of her shots lacked the usual accuracy, although at times she produced a brilliant recovery stroke such as only she is capable of executing. For example, at the short thirteenth Sir John sent his tee shot into the wood at the back of the green. The ball lay behind a jagged tree stump, and the line was between two tall pines standing close together. Lady Heathcoat-Amory judged the pitch to a nicety, the ball rose sharply, just missed the tree branches, dropped on the green near the hole, and the putt was sunk for a much-needed half. A magnificent shot which only put off the inevitable defeat as their opponents were then two up.

It is true of all match play events that the winner has at least one narrow escape from defeat. Mrs. Garon and E. F. Storey, after a struggle lasting four hours, finally won at the twenty-fourth from Miss Henderson and G. Grant-Govan. This was an extraordinary game—one of the most drawn-out in the history of any event.

In the final Mrs. Garon and Storey easily overcame Miss Wanda Morgan and Morrice, who earlier had combined particularly well. Morrice played a number of destructive shots, and his partner, for once, could do little right on the greens. The winners, on the other hand, putted impressively, and rarely left the beaten track. Brilliant putting ousted other notable partnerships, and the usual crop of surprises were recorded.

Throughout the meeting the standard of play was as high as ever, some couples achieving wonderful scores. The best game of all was undoubtedly that between the Amorys and the Critchleys, which the former won. The players themselves, as well as the interested spectators, thoroughly enjoyed the match. That, after all, is the object of all who play at Worplesdon, and indeed it should be of any golfer anywhere.

IN TOUCH

A Mixed Rugby Bag

THE British team, whose play seems to have won the admiration of the South African football enthusiasts, have now returned home, and their tour is settling down into its allotted niche in Rugby history, where, with the passage of time, it will assume its true proportions. It is doubtful whether it will ever be spoken of—even over in Africa—in the same breath as such tours as the famous 1924-25 All Blacks visit to this country, but that it was a sporting success there can be no shadow of doubt.

In winning the third Test match Britain showed she could produce a team capable of beating an international side, and not merely provincial teams, and South Africa, be it remembered, is probably the strongest of the Rugby-playing countries at the moment. Playing 23 matches in all, the British team lost only six, winning the remaining seventeen, to emerge with an aggregate score of 407 points against 272, which, it must be admitted, is good going.

When the tour commenced the ground was iron hard—an unusual condition over here—and a nasty crop of casualties resulted, which fact, added to the necessity of making long journeys between matches, may fairly be considered to have accounted for some of the six losses, which of course included the first two Tests.

The first Test was a defeat for the forwards. Africa seemed to have had the heavier pack and, added to this, the loss of W. H. Traviers's hooking meant the loss of the ball in many of the tight scrums. The third Test was quite another story; here was a fine display of form on both sides—every man doing his bit and no one trying to do someone else's. As a result the game was notable for its sporting and attractive play.

One of the most extraordinary aspects of the whole tour was the number of penalty kicks awarded. The British score shows a bag of 24 penalty goals, and that of their opponents, 25 (they only scored 27 ordinary goals). It would seem that these kicks were not so much the offspring of unsporting play as of strict refereeing. In the ultimate, the game's the thing. A tour will never become famous through its scores, and so there is little need to bewail this unusual quality of the matches.

One interesting matter which has come to light in the tour is our preference for the forward 3—4—1 formation in place of the more orthodox 3—2—3. It has been suggested that 3—4—1 formation may find its place in English Rugby teams as a result of the tour, but personally I doubt it. We are a terribly conservative nation, and any change so radical would necessitate an upheaval of Rugby temperament. It may sound a poor argument—indeed it is—but time will, I think, prove me right.

The Oxford and Cambridge trials would seem to give rise to comment. Whether Cambridge will win the 'Varsity match this year is a matter of opinion. She did not do so last year, although to my mind she had the more finished team. Readers may not agree with this, but I feel that, had the Cambridge forwards shown the understanding in the loose scrums that they displayed in the tight, the result might have been substantially different, for behind the pack they showed a very good field with some sure hands and fast legs.

Oxford have lost all but three of the forwards who took the game so effectively into the enemy half last season, so, in a sense, they are an unknown quantity this year, while the Light Blues are in an exactly opposite position, having lost only three of their scrum. Were I cynical I might suggest that this last fact is a great pity, but with the hope that in the twelve intervening months they have learnt how to deal with ugly forward rushes, I will restrain myself.

Oxford may be short of forwards, but H. D. Freakes, their captain, must find the number of potential stand-off halfs quite embarrassing, for, amongst others, he has D. M. Strathie (Rugby and Trinity), a freshman who last season played in the centre for the Scottish Public Schools. I. H. Watts (Sutton Valence and St. Peter's Hall), who played in this position in the final Oxford Trial, and who will no doubt ultimately fill the position, and M. J. Davies (Bishop's College, South Africa, and Trinity), another freshman of high quality. I see that one Rugby writer, in a burst of enthusiasm, described Davies as "a ready-made stand-off already up to any post-War 'Varsity standard, and one who may yet be compared with the three greatest Oxford Blues in that position—Munro, Stoop and Cunningham." This seems a little optimistic so early on, but there would seem to be little doubt that Davies is a really sound player. In the Freshmen's Trials he played opposite Strathie and played brilliantly, while in the final trials he played in the three-quarter line for the Possibles with Strathie at stand-off.

Lastly, I must make mention of a new book on the game written by H. F. Macdonald and J. Idwal Rees entitled *Rugger Practice and Tactics* (Arnold; 3/6). The authors are coaches at Fettes, and Idwal Rees, of Welsh international fame, is of course right up to date, since he first appeared in the Welsh team in 1934 and was much in evidence in all three internationals last season.

The book is largely designed for schoolboys and has that all-important feature of being readable, while each short section such as Tackling, Dribbling, Body-swing, have bold titles which make reference easy. One of the best features of all is the illustrations, many of which were especially taken for use in the book. There is nothing like a well-captioned photograph to explain important technique; indeed, I would go so far as to say that the ideal book on how to play the game would be made up of nothing but photographs with adequate interpretation alongside. There can be few evolutions in the game which could not be photographed, and human beings are so much more understandable than dots and squares and arrows.

I especially recommend this book to those who are still within hailing distance of their schooldays, but I think that some of those whose rugger is, of necessity, played at the ringside or at the fireside, will find in this volume something constructive which will help them to grasp some of the important principles of the modern game—principles of which some of us appear to be painfully ignorant.

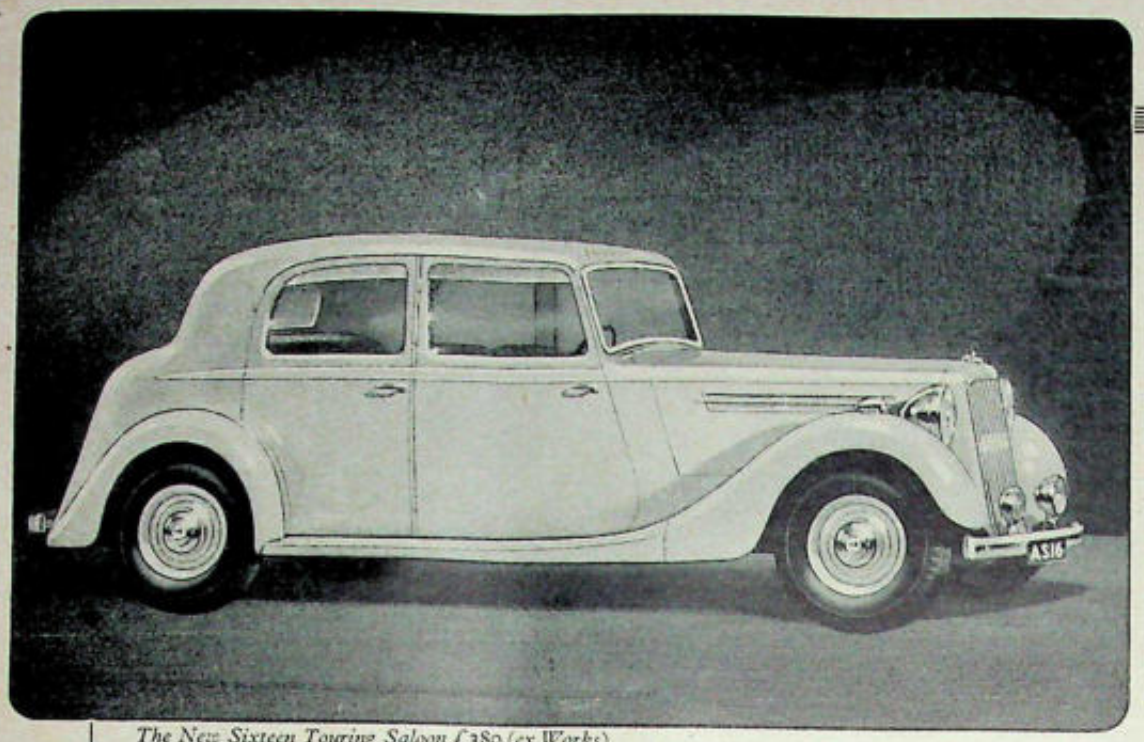
L. N. R.

UTILITY GUN DOG SOCIETY

BY kind permission of Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, the Surrey and West Sussex Branch of the Utility Gun Dog Society held their trials at Hever Castle, Edenbridge, Kent, on October 12th. The judges were Captain A. K. Hole and Messrs. W. H. Ecott and E. Crosswell.

In the Ordinary Members' Stake for any variety of dog, Mr. W. T. Turner's Labrador Jester of Fullers was placed first, with Mr. A. E. Butterfield's Labrador Donald Duck second and Mr. S. J. Ling's Labrador Beeding Maxim third. Reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. G. S. Evans's Labrador Buckswood Shot.

Mrs. H. G. Gregson's Labrador Muntham Quaint was first in the Honorary Members' Stake (any variety of dog), and she won the challenge cup presented by the society outright. Second place was filled by Miss A. M. Bickerton's crossbred Shelsley Niky, and third by Sir Clive Baillieu's Golden Retriever bitch Golden Wattle. Reserve and certificate of merit, the Hon. Mrs. D. Carnegie's Golden Retriever Heydown Grist; certificate of merit, Miss V. Cuff's Golden Retriever Rakelands Swank.



The New Sixteen Touring Saloon £380 (ex Works)

FIVE BRILLIANT NEW CARS. Embodying every modern refinement, these Armstrong Siddeley cars give a new conception of sparkling effortless performance. Their high-efficiency 16 and 20 h.p. engines are based on the latest aero engine experience. Their stylish coachwork is outstanding for its comfort, spaciousness and good luggage accommodation.

You are invited to write for our illustrated catalogue and our new booklet "How Balanced Ride is achieved". Please mention 'The Field'.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

BRITAIN'S NEWEST QUALITY CARS

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY

LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1. *Agents in all Centres*

BRITISH CARS ARE BEST — in the long run

A5GSC

THE COUNTRY BOOK FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE

The Old Enchantment

by SIDNEY ROGERSON

VISCOUNT HALIFAX

"Mr. Rogerson's sketches of English character and the English scene depict various aspects of the countryside. I recommend them unreservedly to the attention of all Englishmen." (*From the Foreword.*)

A. G. STREET

"One does not suspect the enchantment of these sketches until one has fallen under their spell. Anyone who appreciated the country life of years ago will enjoy reading this book."

BONAMY DOBRÉE

"This is the rare sort of book one would like to see more often published. An 'uncommercial' book which, however, should sell, since it will appeal to all who love the country as it is and as it was."

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

"Mr. Rogerson, though compelled to be a city dweller, retains a love for country people and country ways, which makes his book a sheer delight to those who, like him, grow weary of the 'pavement grey.'"

WITH TWENTY-ONE SUPERB WOODCUTS

8s. 6d. net

Nicholson & Watson

The finest Liqueur with after-dinner coffee

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

The well Balanced Liqueur

"As one of the oldest 'Coasters' now in West Africa, I would like to add my tribute to the ever-reliable qualities of Barneys. Never too dry, even in blazing sunshine! Never too damp, even when the rain is pelting down! And so mild on the palate that one's enjoyment of both labour and recreation is trebled. It is sheer joy to lean back and give way to the mood of the moment when Barneys fills the bowl."

(The original letter can be inspected)

Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full strength*). In "EVER-FRESH" Tins: 1s. 2d. oz. "READY-FILLS": Cartons of 12, 1s. 2d.

"... As one of the oldest 'Coasters' now in West Africa"~

We have received many wonderful letters from Barneys smokers, but never one which gave us a greater thrill than this. The man who sent it is a "*doer*" (he has built up a thriving business in West Africa), yet out of sheer friendly appreciation he has given us a word-picture of Barneys and the men who smoke it, unexcelled for happy turn of phrase or obvious sincerity.

There is little need *for us* to say more about Barneys . . . just read *his* letter and remember, we have been getting letters like it for twenty years: from Africa and Asia, from the New World and the Antipodes.

Barneys

(T. 103) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

THE Portuguese introduced viticulture into the island of Madeira in the early part of the fifteenth century, and Alvise da Mosto, a Venetian traveller who visited the island in 1455, wrote that the vines of Madeira were the finest sight in the world, "la piu bella cosa del mundo da vedere."

During the following 200 years the growing of sugar canes was the principal occupation of the people of Madeira; grapes were not grown to any considerable extent, and most if not all the wine made was consumed by the islanders.

The sugar canes were uprooted and replaced by vineyards, and the export of wine became the chief source of revenue of Madeira during the latter part of the seventeenth century, owing to an Ordinance of 15 Car. II, cap. 7 (1663), by which it was enacted that:

"Wines of the growth of Madeira, the Western Islands or Azores, may be carried from thence to any of the Lands, Islands, Plantations, Colonies, Territories or places to his Majesty belonging, in Asia, Africa or America, in English-built ships."

At the time no wine nor any other commodity was allowed to be shipped from France, Spain, Portugal, Italy or Germany to the British West Indies and British Settlements of North America, two important markets the supply of which, as regards wine, became from 1663 the monopoly of Madeira and the Azores.

The taste for the wines of Madeira was brought to England by officers and merchants returning from the American plantations, as they were then called, and the West Indies and there was no more popular wine in military and naval messes than Madeira during the first half of the nineteenth century. The taste for Madeira declined after the two successive visitations of the odium, in the '50's, and the Phylloxera 20 years later. Many of the vineyards that were destroyed then were never replanted, and supplies of good wines became more difficult to procure, and more expensive.

The wines of Madeira have always been known by the names of the species of grapes from which different types of wines are made and not by the name of any individual vineyard. The three finest species of grapes of Madeira are the Sercial, from which the driest wines are made; the Malvazia, from which the richest sorts of wine are made, which are known under the name of Malmsey; and the Boal, pronounced Boual, hence the English spelling Bual, which is not so dry as the Sercial nor so luscious as the Malmseys. Madeira is a fortified wine, and the best Madeira is the oldest, provided that it was made from good grapes in the first instance and happily blended. There is no wine, with the exception of Tokay, that keeps so long and improves so much with age as Madeira. The finest old Madeiras are not kept in casks but in great jars or demi-johns for many years before being bottled. From the driest Sercial to the richest Malmsey, there are ever so many different grades and qualities of Madeira to suit all tastes and circumstances.

Six and Eightpence

"Meredith, I want to make my will. My fox-head scarf-pin to my Uncle Philip, unless he remarries. My collection of film stars' portraits, autographed, I leave to the Mess. To my faithful butler, Albert Hawkins, the contents of my cellar . . ."

"But, Lord Henry, isn't this rather sudden? It was only last night that I chanced to catch sight of you in Regent Street on the roof of a taxi-cab, sounding a fanfare on what appeared to be a hunting-horn."

"Don't remind me of it, Meredith. If you only knew how I feel. Not a morsel of food has passed my lips since a brace of devilled bones at three a.m."

"I am indeed sorry to hear that, Lord Henry, but in all my long experience I have seldom known a hangover prove fatal. Are you not cognisant of Rose's Lime Juice?"

"I think so, Why?"

"Because the said Rose's, whether taken as 'Gin and Lime' or consumed before bed, does, by virtue of its therapeutic properties, neutralise the after-effects of alcohol and render hangovers null and void."

"Is this true, Meredith?"

"I am speaking, Lord Henry, as your solicitor."

"Thank you, Meredith, from the bottom of my heart. You have given me fresh hope. Believe me, when I *do* come to make my will you shall not be forgotten."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.

LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of October 20th, 1888.

MANNERS of Masters. "Modern hunting men may possibly congratulate themselves that manners and customs incidental to the chase are not what they once were. In the home counties, Mr. Oxendon in Kent, Mr. Craven in Sussex, and Mr. Conyers in Essex, appear to have been what are called rough diamonds. A run of exceptional excellence was, as often as not, celebrated by something very like an orgie, and even Colonel Cork, who wrote *Observations on Foxhunting*, was by no means a desirable acquaintance when in his cups, which, if his friends are to be believed, was of frequent occurrence. Mr. Conyers never claimed to be a considered leader of society, and it was his custom to take his stand, with a friend, at a hunting wicket when the field were coming through, and to pass remarks upon them, at the same time announcing in a stage whisper the amount of each man's subscription—which, by the way, was in Surrey fixed at £100."

* * *

Lord Walsingham's Bag of Grouse. "Many of our readers having manifested some curiosity to know the guns and charges used by Lord Walsingham on August 30th last, when, as subsequently recorded in our columns, he killed 1,070 driven grouse to his own gun, his Lordship, in reply to our inquiry, has been good enough to supply the following information.

"'On August 30th, when I killed 1,070 grouse to my own gun in the day, I shot with four breech loaders. No. 1, a gun made in 1866 by Purdey, subsequently converted from pin-fire to central principle, to which new barrels were made last year. Nos. 2 and 3, a pair of central-fire breech-loaders, made also by Purdey, about 1870, for which I have likewise had new barrels. No. 4, a new gun made by Purdey this year to match the two mentioned above, but with Whitworth steel instead of Damascus barrels. The guns are all 12-bore, with cylinder 30in. barrels, not choked. My cartridges were loaded by Johnson, of Swaffham; those used in the down-wind drives containing 3¼drs. Hall's Field B powder to 1¼oz. No. 5 Derby shot; those used in the up-wind drives (where the birds, of course, came slower) had 3drs. only of the same powder, with the same shot; not hardened shot in either case. . . . The Whitworth barrels become hot much more rapidly than the Damascus; and this is a serious drawback, especially to a man who shoots without gloves. . . . I am now replacing them with Damascus, as in all my other guns.'"

IN THE SALEROOM

SOTHEBY'S are holding one of their first autumn sales on October 27th and 28th, at which porcelain, pottery and furniture in the collection of the late Dr. J. Maurice Harper and Mrs. Ada Dollar will be auctioned. The sale includes a quantity of interesting Staffordshire pottery of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, among which are some rather fine Toby jugs, a figure of a sportsman in green tunic, and another of a falconer, a falcon on his wrist; a rare figure of a military officer leaning on a gun; a Ralph Wood figure of a sailor boy similar to one in Falkner's "The Wood Family of Burslem"; and a Wheildon figure of a soldier with a musket at his side. Also in the sale are some interesting English drinking glasses and lustres, while the furniture contains some sound old English pieces well worth viewing.

The *pièce de resistance* in the sale world of pictures is that of the Mensing collection to be held at Amsterdam by Frederick Muller, on November 15th. The catalogue, containing 65 illustrations, is worth a place on any bookshelf, as the reproductions of paintings of Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Jacot and Salomon Van Ruysdael and many other great Dutch masters are perfect. In addition, there are masterpieces of the French, Italian and German schools from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The famous portrait of Maerten Looten from the Holford collection, and Antony and Cleopatra from the Ribblesdale collection, should, and quite possibly will, fetch record prices.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

A FEW weeks ago a friend of mine asked me to go with him to Thame. He had from somewhere or another—and by devious and, I suspect, doubtful means—acquired a car, and he wished, I have no doubt, to share the somewhat spurious glory bestowed on one by driving a smart car about the countryside with his less fortunate, or less skilful, friends. Of course I accepted. I never turn down a free ride any way—London is far too expensive.

* * *

We went to Thame: not by Western Avenue (these new-fangled roads do not meet with approval from the middle-aged), but by Ealing and Southall and Hayes and Uxbridge. That is not one of the most pleasant ways out of London, for having left the more or less dignified architecture of class-conscious suburbia as manifested by Edwardian Ealing, you visit in turn the purely commercial sore that is Southall, and from there journey through wens, that would have made Cobbett, whose opinion of London was low if accurate, search the dictionary anew for adjectives, in the form of Hayes and Hillingdon. Much music comes from Hayes: Orpheus would not, I think, have been pleased with his modern headquarters. What comes from Hillingdon has, I doubt not, defeated those more astute than myself.

* * *

And then Uxbridge. I think if you desire to see tragedy in little you may see it in Uxbridge. There are fine buildings here, and small, inconsequent, winding streets and little cottages with walls aslant and windows askew. There is atmosphere and dignity—that atmosphere and dignity that clings to the things of craftsmen, something of the atmosphere that there is about an old shepherd. Yes, and next door some modern nightmare of straight lines and ferro-concrete; some neo-Georgian-Tudor villa planned on Queen Anne lines with synthetic mullioned windows, and doors that do not fit and a garden gate that warped in the first shower.

* * *

If you think of a town like Uxbridge—or even High Wycombe (though that is as yet saved from complete extinction atmospherically by its Market Square and by its surroundings)—you must surely think of modern life, with its all too prevalent tragedy of standardisation and its concomitants of loose thinking and loose building. Our bodies still retain the grace and strength and beauty that was theirs by an intention beyond our knowing. But on them we build—synthetic lips and synthetic eyebrows, false complexions and false minds, false thinking and false values. Uxbridge—how the Town Council is going to hate me—is rather like that. A tragedy that will not die; a tragedy that cannot even make haste—the bridge has been building for quite two years; a tragedy that is, I think, symptomatic of modern life.

* * *

But beyond High Wycombe is country—the same country in essentials as woad-dressed Britons travelled. Country with the trees just turning, and the land red in fallow and green in pasture; country where woods tumble down the hillsides (they call such woods hangers in Hampshire, but I do not know that Buckinghamshire has an especial name for them) black against the light, and of a surprising greenery where cloud has passed before the sun.

* * *

And Thame. A dull town. Yet again typical: and how typical on this day, with the show over—and the fair—so large a fair that there was but little of Thame free for the passer-by (which was, perhaps, not unintentional), so large a fair that I wondered how it could be made to pay. And that thought alone is enough to show where I live. For must country fairs pay? They are a bit of Old England: a bit of the old peasant life: crude, vulgar, loud, hearty, honest. So very different from the polite, garish, languid, over-painted, spurious shows of to-day. Their very name has a ring about it. Fair. Would you want more? And if you are above dinkums and dodg'ems, swings and round-about, coconut shies and try-your-strengths; if you distrust the owners and dislike the unwanted guests you may perhaps pick up, then I submit you are blasé and lacking in the warm spark of vitality that makes life a generous, exciting thing.

* * *

And in Thame I saw something that helped, I hope, to put for me the whole of a rather depressing journey in its proper perspective. For out of a narrow side turning came a large tractor—so large that its length was the width of the main road—and attached not one, not two, but four cumbersome trailers. They were part of the fair; they were hauled by a fair man, dark, saturnine, dirty, unimpressive. But he turned the lot out of that side road, in the face of traffic, without one reverse, without one pause of indecision, without expression, without elation. His job of work. Nothing, I understand, worries the B.S.M. The countryman does it without advertising. There must be a moral there somewhere.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ARAB

SIR,—The remarks under the above heading in your issue of September 17th call for a reply which I trust is within reasonable bounds seeing that the tone of your correspondent is clearly that of a captious critic.

He claims that all three of the so-called male progenitors were Arabs, and unconscionably straight away turns down my argument that the Godolphin was neither Turk nor Barb.

I quoted G.S.B.I. 391 that the Darley Arabian was a Turk (probably), and the G.S.B. in general is the accepted authority.

In substance, and as regards the Byerley Turk, he recommends me to refresh myself with a classic writer's books. This I have already done in which respect he himself fails. On pages 143, 144 of *Early Records*, the author not only accepts Captain Byerley's charger as a Turk, but quotes the church register on the correct spelling where your correspondent fails.

I might resent the way in which he puts his next point, but will courteously remind him that it is not to me, but the authorities, he should tender his advice. He has, however, either forgotten, or does not know that, after much controversy, some 60 years ago, the Jockey Club supported his idea by instituting an annual race for Eastern horses reared in, or imported into, this country. The first attempt at Newmarket in 1884 was little more than a fiasco. Next year trainers who had brought over upwards of a dozen such horses were agreed that a common English plater could give them 2st. and beat them. The idea was abandoned after a sorry exhibition at Newmarket when Iambic, a second-rater, in a match over three miles, gave the Arab champion Asil no less than 4st. 7lb., and such a beating as has seldom been seen. The moral of which is that half a century of care and acclimatisation might peradventure reward your correspondent's ambition, and that studs of the sixteenth and seventeenth century have so infinitesimal an influence on present-day breeding, in tail-male blending inheritance, as to be not worth considering, and how many breeders or even individuals do such studs interest ?

Yours faithfully,

Coombe Cottage, Fetcham, Surrey. E. W. BISHOP.

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the very sensible article on the little owl controversy appearing in the *Field* dated October 1st. The worst of it is that both sides exaggerate, and in consequence neither of them will believe a word the other says ! It is unfortunate that during the course of the B.T.O. Inquiry very few results came in from the rearing-fields. Why not ? Indifference on the part of owners, perhaps ; or lack of time on the part of keepers, or possibly because they knew. The only way to get to the bottom of this rearing-field problem is to make a list of owners who are willing to give definite instructions to their keepers to report to some central authority all harm that the bird does in one particular season, with, of course, the necessary evidence in the shape of pellets, dead chicks, gizzards and so on. Then if the list contained, say, 25 names and only one reported any harm, we should know where we were. There is no doubt from the B.T.O. Report that the harm done by the ordinary out-in-the-country little owl is infinitesimal. Personally, I believe that the partridge, wild pheasant, mallard and barn-door fowl are quite capable of looking after their own chicks ; I have had ocular evidence that the last two species more than held their own against carrion crows. But if a rearing-field (do they have hen pheasants there ? I am very ignorant of these matters) or a chicken-farm happens to have a little owls' nest close by, I can quite imagine that the latter, if hungry, would take their toll, just as a "rogue" kestrel sometimes does. In such cases it ought to be legal to destroy the bird, but that is quite a different matter from shooting all little owls simply on suspicion.

There is, I think, only one point in the article with which I do not agree. My own experience (limited, certainly) is that farmers do not as a rule dislike the bird.

Yours faithfully,

Reigate House, Laugharne, Carmarthen. J. F. THOMAS.

SIR,—I agree with you that it is utterly ridiculous to call the question of the little owl's guilt or innocence a problem, and I venture to suggest that the question is not whether it is guilty or innocent, but rather "what right has it to be here at all" ? It, in common with the grey squirrel and the musk-rat, are admittedly aliens, and all were introduced by man, *i.e.*, unnaturally and, in my opinion, quite unnecessarily and undoubtedly inadvisedly. There is no necessity for any one of them to be here at all. So far as the owl and the squirrel are concerned they were not introduced to help any of our native fauna to overcome an outbreak temporary or permanent of some local pest, and the owl competes, quite needlessly, with all our fauna that feeds on the same food as itself. The squirrel is an insufferable nuisance and of no real value, except sentimentally, because it has engaging ways—a futile argument not to be weighed against its ill-deeds. As for the musk-rat, that also is utterly unnecessary, because there is no reason for wearing fur in this country, and the excuses ought not to have any weight. The existence of all three of these creatures should be terminated without delay, before any of them does irreparable damage.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

FIELD TRIAL JUDGING

SIR,—The field trial season has only just begun, but already we have seen how the lack of any basis from which judges make their awards, militates against the gamefinder.

Once again, as strongly as possible, do I put forward the plea that awards in trials should go to the dogs which do not fail to find during the day, and that those who do fail should not, for one reason or another, be placed above dogs which "deliver the goods." Once more I stress the obvious : Retrievers are required to fill the game-bag, and questions of style, pace and perseverance *without* a retrieve resulting, should not prevail over the first principle of finding. The present system is the cause of more discontent amongst handlers than anything else, to say nothing of the bewilderment of spectators who go to see retrievers *retrieving*.

I am in this case speaking as a spectator.

Yours faithfully,

Chequers Hotel, Newbury. W. M. CHARLESWORTH.

WHITHER WEEDON ?

SIR,—I should like, through your columns, to bring up the subject of the future of the Army Equitation School at Weedon.

If any reasonable standard of equitation is to be kept in the British Army surely the circle of those eligible to go there should be increased from the four remaining horsed regiments and the few gunners who have the good fortune to get there.

Horsemanship is still an integral part of an officers' training (even the Army Council realises this, as shown by its inclusion in the curriculum at both the R.M.C. and R.M.A.), and yet the number of those being trained as instructors is practically negligible. The French, indeed, still send a certain number of their mechanised officers to Saumur because they realise the extreme importance of equitation as a training for the officer (and they still have quite a considerable amount of cavalry).

Even if the War Office are bent on total mechanisation, surely Weedon should still exist as a training centre open to more than half a dozen officers. In the event of a return to the horse, a body of instructors would then be available and the re-horsing would have a good start. Expense is of small account when a particular training is so necessitous. As a last resort no doubt a small contribution might be exacted from those taking the course (I pray we do not have to descend as low as this).

The bulk of the population, even now, is extremely suspicious of the Government's policy of complete mechanisation—viz. : letters to this effect in every kind of magazine and newspaper throughout the country. It is time something should be done to show that the general public does take a definite interest in this vexed question of mechanisation.

Yours faithfully,

York. AMAZED.

THE FILM "OWD BOB"

SIR,—At a Liverpool cinema the film "Owd Bob" was recently shown to an audience of six collies and six Alsatians, or German shepherd dogs, as a test of canine reaction. From notations published in the leading dog journal we learn that the Alsatians were keenly interested in the picture, their emotional control being somewhat strained during certain episodes during its projection. At the time I read of their attitude rather indifferently, but since having seen the film I confess to wondering why the Alsatians were even so mild, for of the hundreds of varieties of dogs available to the picture-producing centres the poor Alsatian was chosen to enact the rôle of villain !

Mr. Bagshawe's Glyn, a sheepdog, is in this film the hero—all very good ; but Mrs. Griffin's Black Wull, an Alsatian, must needs be the villainous "killer," which is *not* so good. Why ? Well, in the first place, some ten years ago the Alsatian fancy was having a pretty rough time. Folks called Alsatians "wolves of the streets" ; they were "treacherous" ; were given a bad name—a bad name which stuck for years. However, these dogs "turned the other cheek," as it were, and were trained to do guide work for the blind, police work, &c. ; became the Service Dog No. 1. This was done in a desperate effort to regain public confidence in the breed. Now, remember, public confidence is of paramount import to this much-slandered breed, yet, on the very eve of its being regained, the British film chiefs must connive to undo all the good work done by Alsatians and their breeders by dubbing this breed a "Black Wull," a villain, renegade and killer ! What is otherwise the most enjoyable British film yet made is thus marred by thoughtless bias.

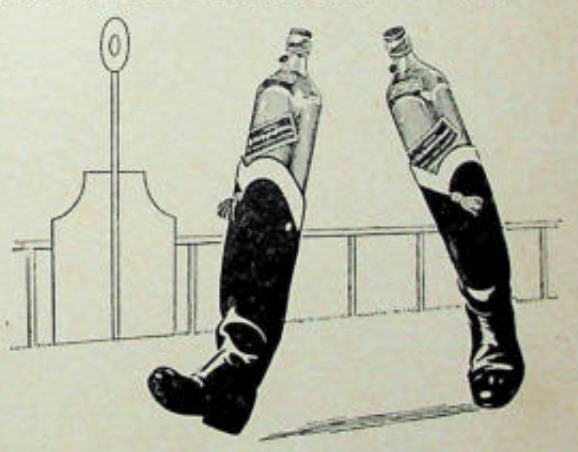
In the American film, "Killer-Dog," some consideration for the Alsatian fancy was shown by revealing the "Killer-Dog" itself as a wild coyote (*Canis latrens*)—an exposure which offended no one, as the coyote was never the most popular breed, with over a score of clubs behind its welfare—and the Alsatian actor as the hero. Well, granted that *we* cannot produce coyotes, hey presto ! : granted that even the inventive genius of the picture-production world has its limits, why in the name of all fairness did the killer in "Owd Bob" *have* to be an Alsatian ?

I submit that the welfare of the Alsatian fancy will suffer considerable reversals through the warped and twisted portrayal of "Black Wull" in this film. Moreover, as the breeding of dogs is a national industry of the British to-day, is it not a serious error in film production to jeopardise the markets and goodwill of a branch of that institution by the release of such a derogatory, biased film as "Owd Bob" ? The psychological reaction to the minds of the uninitiated after seeing the shooting of the killer-of-sheep "Black Wull" in "Owd Bob" is that the Alsatian is "not to be trusted"—an attitude throwing back to the old fallacies of a decade ago—whilst when those who already are no friends of the breed will leave their cinemas with an air of "I *told* you so !" which defeats rational argument.

Is it not a tragedy that whilst the film "Owd Bob" is the first full-length British dog film, incidentally a fine piece of propaganda for the sheepdog trials of which Mr. Moorehouse wrote so instructively in a recent issue, it should at the same time be labelled as a venomous libel upon our most dependable, intelligent and useful canine product, the German shepherd dog or Alsatian ?

Yours faithfully,

445, Portswood Road, Southampton. CANIS.



Here's a favourite that's always a winner !

Your most-fancied horse may fail you, but Johnnie Walker is always true to form. Many fine whiskies, each one specially chosen for its distinctive character, each one fully matured in the wood, meet together in the blend of Johnnie Walker. The result is always the same—Scotch Whisky at its best and smoothest. Always ask for Johnnie Walker by name.

Johnnie Walker

walks away with it !

Born 1820—still going strong

SPRING FLOWERS FOR COVENT GARDEN
(See letter "Flowers from a Hat Box")

FLOWERS FROM A HAT BOX

SIR,—The Scilly Islands are now well known as the Flower Islands, but the origin is, perhaps, curious.

Some years ago, when trade was bad in these islands and the potato crop failed owing to bad weather, a friendly visitor noticed some early flowers, daffodils and narcissi in particular, growing in profusion. It was suggested that a box or two be sent to Covent Garden to see if they would sell. The only receptacle available was a hat box. This was packed and posted to Covent Garden, and so well received that others were soon following.

Now the business has grown into a great and specialised industry, and the photo which I enclose shows boxes of flowers being loaded on the quay of the island of St. Martin's. They are sent by the motor boat to St. Mary's, and loaded into a larger boat, which the Scillonians have purchased specially for this industry, a boat named The Scillonian. From there they go to Penzance, and then by train to London, and very often it is a special train load.

As St. Martin's has a population of only about 100, and the other islands of Bryher, St. Agnes, Tresco, also have a population of about the same number, while St. Mary's has a population of about 1,200, it will be gathered that this industry has grown considerably, judging by the single load waiting to go by this one boat.

And a hat box started it all!

Yours faithfully,
G. L. H.

Enfield.

ACREAGE OF FIELDS

SIR,—With reference to my article on "Methods of Checking the Acreage of Fields" (*vide* issue of September 24th), you will be interested to learn that recently 22 farmers were fined at Lincoln for giving wrong returns of the acreage under cultivation with potatoes. The fines totalled £106, and the prosecution was the result of action taken by the Potato Marketing Board.

Yours faithfully,
Hull. F. R. BARKER.

BEAGLING

SIR,—I came across the following in the section devoted to hunting in the *Encyclopædia of Sport*, published in 1897:

"BEAGLES—the pursuit with beagles is no doubt a form of hare *hunting*, and a very prolonged method, too. There is but seldom any hare *catching*. If beagles are small enough to give their field any chance of living with them, they will want a rare scenting day and a long one to effect a kill. If the pack is not of the miniature size, a man may easily do serious injury to heart or lungs without seeing much of what happens in the chase. It is absurd to ride to the little fellows, a horse is wasted on them, so why not have rather more size and a pace that will kill the pursued instead of the pursuer?

"Still, beagles are better than nothing. . . ."

Apropos the article in your Hunting Number on the "Size of Beagles," I thought this might prove interesting.

Yours faithfully,
27, Hadlow Road, Tonbridge, Kent. JOHN WILLIAMS.

TREE PARASITISM

SIR,—As I cannot recall cases of parasitism among English trees I am sending you this photograph, taken on the golf-course at Samaru, Northern Nigeria, of a fine example of tree parasitism. It shows a fig parasitic on a shea butter tree. The tree with large leaves and pale trunk and branches (on the left in the photograph) is the fig (*Ficus platyphylla*), while the one on the right with the smaller, narrower leaves and darker, rougher bark is the shea butter tree (*Butyrospermum Parkii*), which is called after the explorer Mungo Park. Both species are of economic importance, the fig being the producer of red kano gutta, and *Butyrospermum* of shea butter.

The life history of *Ficus platyphylla* is only now coming to be fully understood. The young tree begins life either as a parasite or a saprophyte. The seed germinates in a hollow or fork of a living or dead tree, and roots are sent downwards either through the trunk of the host or enfolding it. Once its roots have reached the ground the young fig ceases to be parasitic or saprophytic, and begins to grow very rapidly, encircling, strangling and finally killing its host. I have seen one of this species of fig parasitic upon a dum palm; the fig had entirely enveloped the trunk of its host and only the dead crown of the dum palm remained visible. The seeds of the fig are dispersed by birds.

Yours faithfully,
Forestry Department, Zaria, Northern Nigeria. JAMES DUNDAS.

TITS IN DISTRESS

SIR,—It may interest some of your bird-loving readers to hear of my experience with a pair of tits.

I was sitting reading in the summer-house in our garden in Herefordshire, and was much disturbed by two tits who kept up a continual chirping cry in the tree overlooking the summer-house. They became more and more noisy and insistent, lighting on the lowest branches and peering into the summer-house. At last I gave up trying to read and went out to see what they wanted. They flew up a little higher, but continued their noise. Then at last I discovered what was the matter. From low down, near my feet I could hear a weak, squeaking sound, and on examining the wall of the summer-house found a round hole in the rough-cast with remains of a nest sticking out . . . but the nest itself was gone and the squeaks came from down between the laths and plaster. The wall was double, and evidently the nest had fallen off the ledge where it had been built, and together with the young birds was now resting on the ground a good 4ft. from its original situation, and completely out of reach of the parent birds. I knelt down and cut a round hole at the foot of the wall with my knife. Before the last bit of plaster was out of the way the mother bird shot over my shoulder into the hole with a large worm in her beak, to be greeted by her offspring with squeaks of joy.

After that I was left in peace to continue my book, but I had been much interested to see how such usually wild birds as tits appealed to a human to help them in their distress.

Yours faithfully,
Hellens, Much Marcle, Ledbury. HELENA GLEICHEN.

"HUNTERS AT GRASS"

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent's question as to where Landseer's picture, "Hunters at Grass" can be seen, about twelve years ago I was asked to lunch at Lady Fitzwigram's, at Lee Park, near Havant; and in the dining room was Landseer's "Hunters at Grass." I recognised it at once—one of the horses was a chesnut, the others bays or browns. Whether the picture is still there I know not.

Yours faithfully,
Alresford, Hants. NORTHBROOK.

TIGER IN BARRACKS

SIR,—Officers attending the course here were very interested in the letter written by Mr. A. G. Sandeman in the *Field* dated September 17th. Particularly so as Mr. Sandeman is well known to some of us as a *burra shikari* (big hunter). We questioned the mess mate (gardener) on the matter, who became very excited and said: "Han ji; Sandeman Sahib Bâhâdur jo ek mâzâz khandani Sahib hain." (Yes; Sandeman Sahib very highly-bred gentleman and very brave.)

Apparently this was a very daring performance, and all concerned showed great coolness except for Banta Singh, the motor driver, who went to ground in the mess office.

I had a man down to measure the tiger, which now measures 10ft.—a magnificent specimen.

Yours faithfully,
Ahmednagar Wing, Small Arms School, Ahmednagar. C. J. JOHNSTON.

SIR,—It was with extreme interest that I read the account by Mr. Sandeman of his experiences with tiger in Ahmednagar, in your issue of September 17th. I was staying there myself only the other day and went round to the mess to see the famous trophies that were presented by Mr. Sandeman during his course at the Machine Gun School. Unfortunately the tiger in question was no longer there. There was, however, a magnificent panther skin, shot, I was informed, under identical circumstances by Mr. Sandeman himself at about the same time that he shot the tiger. Mr. Sandeman is always extremely reticent about his experiences, which is, perhaps, why he did not mention the panther in his letter. Mr. Sandeman is an intrepid shikari, and there is a saying in the Punjab, "Jidhar Sandeman Sahib jate, udhar jate makhi." It means, of course, "Where Mr. Sandeman goes, there go the flies"—a delicate compliment to his prowess with a gun.

A FIG PARASITIC ON A SHEA BUTTER TREE
(See letter "Tree Parasitism")

Yours faithfully,
Cavalry School, Saugor, C.P. R. MASSEY.

Craven "A"
are so different—
so very satisfying!

Everyone appreciates the merits of Craven 'A' Freshness, coolness and smoothness are qualities which make this cork-tipped cigarette an outstandingly fine smoke. Try Craven 'A' for your throat's sake—you'll enjoy their extra touch of quality.

In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof Cellophane.

10 *for* **6D** • **20** *for* **1/-**

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras Ltd. 150 years' Reputation for Quality C.A. 510.

PURE WHITE GREBE

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that on October 8th last I had a close view of a pure white grebe (great crested) on Fleet Pond. I am well acquainted with the winter plumage of the great crested grebe, but this bird, except for the faintest tinge of blue-grey along the back, was white from beak to tail.

From its size it was doubtless an adult bird, and it showed a considerable crest as if it had not started the autumn moult.

My one regret was that I had no camera, otherwise at a range of perhaps 60ft. I might have obtained some sort of picture.

Yours faithfully,

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

GOLDEN ORIOLE

SIR,—I think it may interest readers that a male golden oriole was seen one day in the middle of September on the Isle of Coll by two ladies who were fishing by a loch side. The bird, from their description to me, was unmistakably an oriole. They saw it when quite near, making short flights from tree to tree, and one lady, who has lived in Africa a good deal, said for brilliance of colour she had never seen there any bird so bright in colour as this bird.

Yours faithfully,

Ballaig, Crieff, Perthshire. A. J. CAMPBELL-COLQUHOUN.

OLD-TIME FIRE FIGHTING

SIR,—In these days of auxiliary firemen in connection with Air Raid Precautions, it may be of interest to your readers to see an illustration of an olden time fire fighting appliance.

The photograph shows a large wrought-iron hook, something like a big boat hook, with a slender conical base—for fixing on a stout pole—and two strengthening stays. This hook was used in the

EFFICACIOUS IN ITS ACTION
(See letter "Old-Time Fire Fighting")

old days for pulling the burning thatch from the roofs of cottages that were accidentally set on fire. Its massive strength and its generous proportions seem to suggest that it would be efficacious in its action!

This curiosity was found reposing in the village church of Harringworth, Northamptonshire. The hook there is unmounted, as shown, but a few miles away, at Lyddington, in the same county, tucked away in the rafters of the fourteenth century Bede Houses, there is an exactly similar hook, but in this instance it appears "ready for action," for it is mounted upon a stout pole some 15ft. long.

Yours faithfully,

ERASMUS E. ELCOMBE.

Nottingham.

MEAT READY KILLED

SIR,—My brother, in Southern Rhodesia, has sent me the enclosed photograph of a python sleeping beside a dead duiker it had killed. He says that after taking the photograph he shot the python and ate the duiker.

Yours faithfully,

The Sol, Cookham, Berkshire. V. ST. G. DE LA RUE.

A SKELETON IN OAK

SIR,—No motorist travelling along the London-Colchester Road of late can fail to have noticed this derelict building on the outskirts of Springfield Village. Lath and plaster work has almost entirely disappeared, and the gaunt framework with its rotting timbers made a striking picture as seen against the western sky a few days ago.

"Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Retrieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks."

Some of the roofing appeared to be modern, but the main structure of this old country house would seem to date from about the time when Goldsmith penned his immortal lines.

Yours faithfully,

122, Kenilworth Court, Putney, S.W. 15. E. P. OLNEY.

"VAIN TRANSITORY SPLENDOURS!"
(See letter "A Skeleton in Oak")

A REMARKABLE ADONIS

SIR,—Since the Clifden or Adonis blue (*L. bellargus*) is rather local and, like the other blues, subject to considerable variations, it may be of interest to record that, on August 20th, the writer saw two fresh (second brood) specimens—a male and a female—on a heather-clad hillside in North Hants. The female, which was very elusive, was captured and subsequently released; it proved to be more or less normal, though, as is often the case with this species, a fair amount of the male's blue was exhibited on the upper side of the wings.

From the lepidopterist's point of view the most striking thing about the male (which, after some initial shyness, allowed me to examine it from every angle) was the colouration of the under side of the wings: instead of being greyish, the ground colour was creamy white washed with pale blue. On the upper side the wings were of the usual brilliant and faultless blue, the white borders (through which the nervures appeared black) being very marked. This superb butterfly was strikingly conspicuous whatever the type of background; in vulgar parlance it "stood out a mile."

This season, on those Hampshire and Hants-Surrey border heaths which I have visited, blues have been fitfully common, the silver-studied species being more numerous than the common and chalk-hill blues. In this locality they consort with graylings, small heaths, gatekeepers (hedge browns), and the brown argus and small copper.

Yours faithfully,

56, Cranmore Lane, Aldershot, Hants. PETER MICHAEL.

TUNNY OFF ALDERNEY?

SIR,—While fishing recently between Alderney and the Caskets a big fish kept jumping out of the water within about 20yds. of the boat. From photographs I have seen in the *Field* it struck me it might have been a tunny. Are they found as far south as Alderney?

They appeared to me to be about 4ft. long, of a blue grey on the back and almost white underneath. I am sure they were not porpoises; they had not a fin on the back and did not go in and out of the water like a porpoise. I shall be interested to know if you can identify it from my poor description. We were amongst the rocks at the time and fishing for mackerel.

Yours faithfully,

Les Poumiers, Guernsey. JOHN H. WELCH.

[Tunny are warm-water fish extending in Europe as far south as the Mediterranean. They have rarely been seen at all far up the English Channel, but the temperature would not deter them from travelling up it, though their usual route to the North Sea seems to be by way of Western Ireland and round the North of Scotland.—ED.]

THE PYTHON SLEEPS BESIDE ITS PREY
(See letter "Meat Ready Killed")

It's time to visit SOUTH AFRICA

DON'T you ever feel, when you come to the last page of a particularly vivid book of travel or adventure, that you yourself would like to do something different, to face new experiences and see how other people live?

Well, why not? Pack your trunks and take a holiday in South Africa. It is a country reserved by Nature for holiday-makers. Picture a land where the sun but rarely hides his face, where the air is as exhilarating as champagne, where flowers and trees deck hillside and meadow with a mantle of brilliant hues, and everywhere the mysterious lure of Africa surrounds you with its subtle hypnotic charm.

Picture the mighty scenic wonders of Africa—the Victoria Falls, an epitome of inexorable power and faerie loveliness, the magnificent Drakensburg Mountains, the unparalleled opportunity to study wild animal life at close quarters, the fascinating Native life and customs, the gay social life of the busy modern towns.

Go to South Africa this year and bask in the sunshine of an alluring land. The voyage there is one of restful comfort and takes only 14 days. Illustrated brochures obtainable from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or accredited Travel Agencies.

MERLINS' NESTS

SIR,—In Mr. Witherby's *Practical Handbook of British Birds* (1924 edition), it is stated that the merlins' nest is "generally on the ground, sheltered by heather, a mere scratching with apology for lining, a few heather stalks or grass bents. In trees and cliffs old nests of other species are annexed while in sand-dunes a fairly neat nest of bents and marram grass is made." Coward says that the merlin makes no real nest. Howard Saunders writes that it is but seldom that even a few twigs of heather are found as a border. Mr. Walpole Bond (in *Field Studies of Some Rarer British Birds*) writes that if the casual and possibly accidental presence in the scrape of a few wisps of cotton grass, broken moss, heather twigs or rootlets are excluded no nest proper is ever made.

In May, 1938, I discovered merlins nesting in a nest in which ravens bred in 1936, but not in 1937. The wool lining of the ravens' nest had quite disappeared, and there was a distinct subsidiary nest inside the ravens' structure in which the merlins' eggs were laid. In June, 1938, I found another merlins' nest on the ground in heather; in this case also there was a distinct nest of fine heather bents, not a mere scratching, nor a fortuitous collection of twigs.

In May, 1926, merlins nested in an old crow's nest lined with wool, and in July, 1936, the same species

YOUNG MERLINS IN THE RAVEN'S NEST
(See letter "Merlins' Nests")

nested in an old ravens' nest, also wool-lined. In neither of these instances was there any sign of a subsidiary nest of twigs. The inference is that in these instances, as wool lining already existed, no further nest-making was undertaken by the merlins. But the two 1938 instances show that nests similar to those made by merlins in sand-dunes are sometimes constructed in tree nests and among heather.

The enclosed photographs show the young merlins when recently hatched, and when partly fledged in the ravens' nest of 1938. In the earlier photograph the young birds cover most of the subsidiary nest, but some portions of it are just visible on each side of the nestlings. By the time the later photograph was taken the subsidiary nest had been trodden into the structure of the ravens' nest.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, Porlock, Somerset. E. W. HENDY.

MUSHROOM GROWTH

SIR,—While exercising my dogs in the park recently, I was astonished to find a huge mushroom, quite by itself. It was a perfect bell-shaped thing, with its tender pink inside, covered with soft white substance. We have no mushrooms locally this year, though usually the shops in the nearest town get a fair supply. Each morning since, I found one similar mushroom—they were excellent eating—but on the day of writing I discovered one weighing 6½oz., also the only mushroom, and evidently produced in 24 hours, as I had been over the ground the previous day. Also in texture and colour it was a very young mushroom. It seems difficult to account for this curious distribution. No spawn had been scattered; horses and cows are always in the park, and the grass is well eaten down.

Yours faithfully,

Peover Hall, Cheshire. D. M. G. PEEL.

REGROWTH OF GONADS

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers inform me at what exact or approximate date it is suggested that the perennial regrowth of the gonads begins in the following species of birds: Fulmar petrel, oyster-catcher, shelduck, lapwing, robin, skylark, pied wagtail, curlew, ringed plover, mute swan.

Yours faithfully,

North Devon. RICHARD PERRY.

LATE HOUSEMARTINS

SIR,—I have to-day (October 4th) seen young housemartins in their nest here, being fed by their parents. Surely even for these birds it is extremely late to be doing so in October—and what chance have these young birds of surviving their long flight across the ocean?

Yours faithfully,

Walden, Brockenhurst, Hants. (Mrs.) ELEANOR D. LEECH.

ARROW *v.* REVOLVER

SIR,—I was greatly interested in Colonel Chichester's letter under this heading, which appeared in your issue of September 10th. I feel sure the 15,000 archers in England were interested too.

At the recent International Archery Meeting in London, I shot at the next target to Mons. De Rons, Belgium's champion. The accuracy of his shooting, especially at the short ranges, filled me with awe. At 25-metre range he shot 60 arrows, making a 7in. group. It would be interesting to hear what a crack revolver shot could do under the same conditions.

Yours faithfully,

Threshers, Fordham, Colchester. J. WESTON MARTYR.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—Tragedy always stalks where old age and poverty join hands. We are trying to help a poor widow, absolutely stranded until she gets her old age pension next year. Her husband died eight years ago, leaving her no income and a mortgaged cottage. Her daughter manages to give her 5/- a week from her slender earnings, but beyond this she is absolutely penniless. Now the mortgage has been foreclosed, and she is faced with roofless starvation. Please send us something for this pathetic woman.

IN THE CITY

BY THE CITY EDITOR

THE development of the Northern Rhodesia copper field with the aid of British capital is a romance in mining history. Just one company, Rhokana Corporation, has concessions in Northern Rhodesia which are about the size of England. They extend right across the northern portion of Northern Rhodesia for a distance of about 400 miles. The greatest breadth is about 200 miles.

This company was originally known as Rhodesia Congo Border Concessions. The name was changed in 1931. The first profit made by Rhokana was for the year to June, 1933. The profit then was £40,863. The last available balance-sheet to June 30th, 1937, showed profits of £1,969,866. First dividend was 12½ per cent. for the year to June, 1935. For each of the past two years dividends have totalled 62½ per cent.

This must be regarded as amazing progress over a few years. It had been known for many years that Northern Rhodesia possessed undeveloped mineral resources, particularly copper resources, of great potential value. The character of the ores, however, made it impossible for successful development until Minerals Separation, Ltd., came along with new methods of great simplicity for treating the ores. From that moment there has been no looking back.

There are many points favouring rapid development. The climate of Northern Rhodesia is healthy. It is one in which white men and their families can live in comfort. Native labour is available in plenty. Working costs with the new treatment methods are low and allows the copper companies of Northern Rhodesia to compete favourably with other producers in world markets.

Recently a good deal of interest has been taken by investors and speculators in Northern Rhodesia copper shares. Besides, the Rhokana Corporation there are several actual producers. Roan Antelope Copper Mines is one. This company has just announced a dividend of 20 per cent. on a capital of £4,991,085. The 5s. units are a popular market around 18/6.

Control of Rhokana Corporation is in the hands of Rhodesian Anglo-American, which is a finance undertaking. Besides holding 1,340,288 fully paid £1 ordinary shares in Rhokana, the Rhodesian Anglo-American has share interests in many other copper undertakings. Each £1 share in Rhokana is worth about £12 in the market. Rhodesian Anglo-American 10/- shares stand about 27/-. Dividend for the year to last June was 15 per cent. The shares are popular with the speculative investor because the price is more suitable for the average pocket than that for Rhokana.

In years gone by Rio Tinto Company was one of the world's biggest producers of copper. That property is in Spain. The directors of Rio Tinto are to be congratulated on their foresight in investing large sums of money in Northern Rhodesian copper stocks and shares. Income derived from such investments has kept Rio Tinto from sinking as a result of the destruction of its Spanish business through the Civil War.

Rio Tinto is to-day in the unfortunate position of having to sell its production to General Franco's Government for pesetas of very doubtful value, or even promises of pesetas. The company is, however, able to pay interest on its debenture stock and preference share capital from income derived on investments in Northern Rhodesia.

There has been no dividend on Rio Tinto ordinary since 1930, but the £5 ordinary shares command a market price of £14 10s. One day when peace returns to distressed Spain the company will be on its feet once more.

Meanwhile Rio Tinto holds some 425,000 shares of £1 each in Rhokana Corporation, and a similar number of shares in N'Changa Consolidated Copper Mine, besides well over £1,000,000 worth of good class miscellaneous investments. The value of its investments in Rhodesia alone at the end of 1937 was given as £2,788,827. The total issued share capital of Rio Tinto in preference and ordinary is £3,750,000.

That largely explains why the £5 ordinary shares which have been without dividend for years have such a high market price.

DINNER DRAMA

SNAKES seem to thrive on publicity—and on their fellows presumably, for news has come that a large spitting cobra at the London Zoo sufficiently forgot its table manners last week as to swallow completely its smaller dinner companion. It appears that a slight *contretemps* occurred over the menu, for both began to masticate the same rat, and owing to the backward rake of the teeth, when they met at the waist-line it was a matter of the weaker going to the wall—or should one say to the stomach?

20 for 1/4D

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 for 8D

15 for 1/-

50 for 3/3D

100 for 6/4D

Handmade:—20 for 1/6

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. T.T.150E

New Books

THE POWER OF THE WORD

Mr. Rogerson on Propaganda as a Weapon

Propaganda in the Next War. By SIDNEY ROGERSON. (Geoffrey Bles; 5/-.)

THE last war was a long drawn-out, and more or less stationary, affair. It also had a definite fighting front, and civilian populations were for the most part untouched by the more savage weapons of warfare. The next war, we are told, will be swift and mobile, and directed mainly against civil population. That it will be mobile and directed against the civil population is, I think, beyond argument; but recent evidence in Spain and the Far East does little to support the theory that it will be of short duration. Be that as it may, the next war, when or if it comes, will come suddenly. There will be a crisis, a sudden uprising of national feeling, and in all probability the courteous formalities which we observed in 1914, in the form of official declarations of war, will be dispensed with. The first people to feel the brunt of any future war will be the civil population, as they go about their business. There will not, therefore, be very much time for propaganda to get into its stride, yet if propaganda was necessary in the last war to keep up the spirits of the home population and to dampen those of enemies' population, it will be even more essential in the next war if the spirit of the home front is to be kept sound and strong.

This is really the dominant note of Mr. Rogerson's book, though he covers all the ground (enemies, allies and neutrals) and gets into a very small compass a great deal of very important matter. He points out, and points out forcibly, that we start at a grave disadvantage. The essence of Dictatorship is that action should follow immediately upon—not infrequently coincide with—the spoken word; that a call to arms should meet with a prompt and enthusiastic support; that there should be no dissentient voice; and the whole of the propaganda of Dictatorship is used, and has been used for years, to ensure these results. Thus Mr. Rogerson contends it would be merely waste of time to conduct an anti-Hitler propaganda in Germany—the mass of Germans have been made proof against it. And to a very large extent the same holds good of Italy.

We, on the other hand, are in a very different state. As a nation our minds are confused. The British people cannot, at the moment, think clearly. As Mr. Rogerson says:

"For fifteen years they have been alternately stunned by the power of fear and soothed by the propaganda of optimism. Simultaneously they have been misled by the propaganda of labels, until they do not know where they stand or what to believe."

For this very unsatisfactory condition the State, according to Mr. Rogerson, is largely responsible.

"There is no unification or constructive policy. No one concrete idea is steadfastly advanced; instead there is a vague, intermittent warning to the public that democracy is at stake, and unfortunately a far greater appeal to fear—fear of bombs, fear of gas, fear of Germany, fear of the future, all with the idea of getting recruits for the various services."

I do not think that anybody could deny honestly that that was so. We have absolutely no co-ordination, so far as public opinion is concerned. Possibly this was all right before 1914. But the world has changed, communications are now so fast that frontiers to all intents and purposes are non-existent; and in Europe are countries ruled absolutely by one man, and, to use an Americanism, in those countries what that man says goes. In such conditions there is now no longer time for public opinion to form and strengthen.

Mr. Rogerson would replace the confusion which now exists by co-ordinating appeals delivered to the public against a background of truth and good will. He would have a central co-ordinating council on which would be represented the Press, the B.B.C., the cinemas, and Government Departments. This is the core of Mr. Rogerson's book. He would have this machinery and thinks that it would make systematic propaganda possible. It would stress the vital connection between voluntary service and democratic principle. It would stir the public conscience until the will to serve for democracy was active and voluble, and it would then indicate various forms of service to which that will might be put. Mr. Rogerson would make as little use as possible of politicians and soldiers, not because he thinks they would be poor propagandists, but because he realises that they would be suspected of having axes to grind. He would recruit his propagandists from the Church and the scholastic professions, from doctors, from journalists and from business men. He realises clearly that the various ways in which propaganda can be diffused must be co-ordinated, and in this connection he utters a warning that the use of wireless in war-time would have to be restricted because a transmitter in action would automatically give enemy aircraft their direction: and here he deplores the attitude of the Government towards re-diffusion, a method which has a great deal to recommend it in war-time, as it cuts out wireless waves with all their dangers.

Personally, I think Mr. Rogerson is right in almost everything he says in this book. Propaganda is a word which has a nasty sound for English people, but propaganda was invaluable to us in the last war—a worthy, if belated, tribute is paid to Lord Northcliffe in this book—and in any future war would be even more invaluable. The time when Britain can muddle through has gone. We have got to organise and we have got to make use of weapons which in themselves are clean enough, even though their titles are open to misconstruction. I very much hope that this little book will be read, and digested, by every Member of Parliament, and particularly by those to whom we have entrusted the fortunes of this country in a very difficult time. I hope, too, that it will be read by every responsible man and woman. It deserves to be. I can well believe that its contents will disturb, but I am quite sure that they will also give rise to serious thinking. And if that is so, the half of the battle has been won. This is one of the most important books published during the last 20 years, and one which contains constructive proposals of the most vital importance to this country.

B. V-F.

* * * *

In Korean Wilds and Villages. By STEN BERGMAN. (Gifford; 2/6.)

At the present moment Korea is much in the public eye. Her two near large neighbours, Japan and China, are at war, and she herself is the scene of a dispute between Russia and Japan.

This book is an account of a journey through Korea; it is written in a peaceful, simple style, telling of the quiet (sometimes termed lazy) dwellers of that land. It is an intimate description of the country from the north, south, east and west; the towns and villages and temples, the capital, Keijo, with the fairy-like festival each year to welcome the cherry blossom.

But Dr. Bergman is more than a traveller who can use his pen, he is a scientist and a sportsman. One of the reasons of his journey was to collect specimens of birds and animals for the Stockholm Museum. He tells of many birds and beasts which will interest naturalists, but unfortunately he has given no index to his work, and that detracts considerably from the practical value.

The author's accounts of his wild boar hunting and pheasant hawking cannot fail to arouse envy in most sportsmen. Another form of sport which he was lucky enough to experience was fishing all night from a native junk; the dawn saw a catch of sardines which broke the nets but supplied an excellent photograph.

This is in every way an easy and absorbing book to read, and the translation has been admirably performed.

C. N.

* * * *

Birdsworth. By KIT GUNTON and DONALD HUGHES. (Published by Basil Blackwell at 5/-.)

This book, as its title suggests, is chiefly concerned with birds—and puns and poetry; a courageous combination for any book, but, in spite of some rather drab drawings, it succeeds admirably. For example:

"I met a sparrow looking queer and half asleep,
And asked him 'How d'you feel, my dear?'
He answered 'Cheep!'"

Or, on the skylark:

"Herbert: 'Hail to thee, blithe skylark!
Sprite thou never wert!
Shakespeare loved a skylark!'
Henry: 'Don't Bysshe Shelley, Bert!'"

We cannot resist mentioning that we derived Hughes enjoyment from the poet's verses; anyway, he Donald the work.

J. H. D.

* * * *

Troubadour Sails On. By B. J. KLITGAARD. (Seeley Service; 10/6.)

This is one of the most charming books which I have read for months. The author and her Troubadour husband are already well known to readers through *Sailing Troubadour*, but this new book will surely make for them both fame and fortune.

This time the cruise was through Germany via the Kiel Canal to Denmark; here, again, Mr. Klitgaard gave his song and guitar concerts each evening from his boat, which have proved so popular.

The author's chief asset is her utter naturalness and absence of sentimentality; it is refreshing. She recounts the small events of the daily life and work on the boat, and they become as vital to us as if we were members of the crew of two. Trials and tragedies passed over the boat for the Troubadour is now really blind, and many times existence has been precarious; but there have been plenty of good days, and a cheery couple who knew how to make the most of them.

One other endearing quality is possessed by Mrs. Klitgaard; she loves dogs. She tells of her two dogs (Mike, sad to say, has a successor) with a happy understanding which is rare. The dogs were important people in this sailing home.

C. N.

* * * *

Manga. By RICHARD C. GILL. (Chambers; 5/-.)

This is the story of a young Indian boy whose home is in the jungle of the Amazon country. We see him first of all as quite a youngster being taught by his father, the head-man of the village, how to fashion his own spears and blow-pipes, and there are several very interesting hunting episodes which illustrate the effect of the deadly curari poison. He is joined later by a young white explorer whose chief mission is the photography of native life in the head-waters of the Amazon. These two have some perilous adventures hunting in the jungle and exploring the territories inhabited by hostile tribes. In these days of aeroplanes and wireless there is something peculiarly thrilling about this authentic account of life as it is still lived by the natives of South America.

V. R.

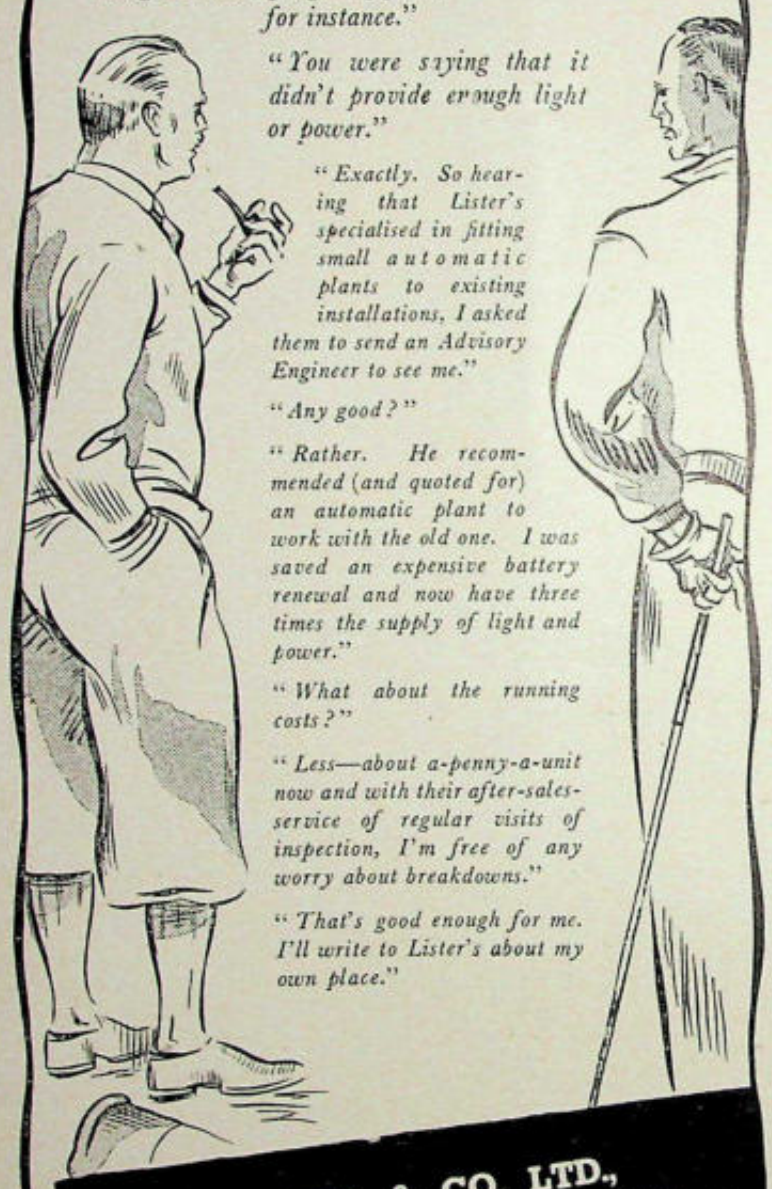
BOOKS IN BRIEF

A very useful and efficient new cookery book has recently been published. It is *Madame Prunier's Fish Cookery Book*, edited by Ambrose Heath (Nicholson and Watson; 6/-). The recipes are clear and concise, and not over elaborate. It is sad, though, to see that the cutting up of live lobsters is still apparently considered a normal occurrence. There are recognised humane methods of killing lobsters which should (and can) be practised by all cooks worthy of the name.

MISS WINIFRED DUKE states of her latest book—*Prince Charles Edward and the Forty-five* (Robert Hale; 10/6)—that she has nothing new to give. That may be perfectly true, for history has delved pretty thoroughly in the "Young Pretender's" strange story; but what is new is the style with which Miss Duke deals with her subject. It is an entirely readable book, and that can seldom be said of Jacobite literature. The facts and information are given, but the tale is a real one. The romance and pathos are expressed with a charm worthy of the subject. A book which cannot fail to interest historians of that period.

Obtainable from all leading Hotels, Restaurants and Wine Merchants.

Water & Electricity
IN THE COUNTRY – BY LISTER'S



"Going round with the Pro. puts me right on my game."

"Talking about being shown things. Take my lighting plant, for instance."

"You were saying that it didn't provide enough light or power."

"Exactly. So hearing that Lister's specialised in fitting small automatic plants to existing installations, I asked them to send an Advisory Engineer to see me."

"Any good?"

"Rather. He recommended (and quoted for) an automatic plant to work with the old one. I was saved an expensive battery renewal and now have three times the supply of light and power."

"What about the running costs?"

"Less—about a-penny-a-unit now and with their after-sales-service of regular visits of inspection, I'm free of any worry about breakdowns."

"That's good enough for me. I'll write to Lister's about my own place."

R. A. LISTER & CO. LTD.,
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. PHONE DURSLEY 177

will send, without obligation an Advisory Engineer to report on an Independent Electric supply or water pumping.

Largest manufacturers of small Diesel Engines in the World

R.S.V.P.

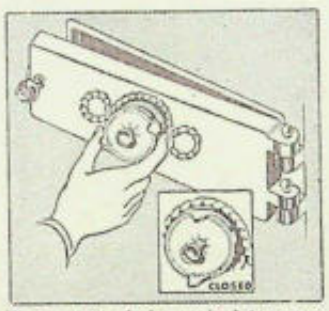
INCREASED WEAR RESISTANCE

Lister Diesel Engines are now fitted with Listard processed (Van der Horst Patents) chromium-hardened cylinders which have 400% increased wear resistance. Owners of Lister Diesel Engines not treated with this process can, when requiring a rebore or new cylinder liner, have existing cylinders Listard processed.

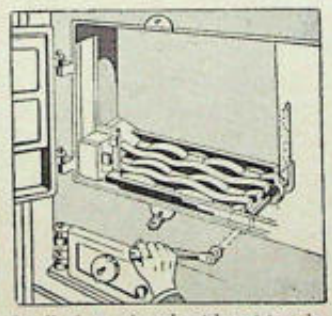
Scientific Construction makes them *highly efficient*

★ NO SPECIAL FUEL IS REQUIRED FOR COZY STOVES

Every COZY STOVE burns open or closed as required on ordinary kitchen coal, and is guaranteed to burn 12 hours without attention. This is largely made possible by precision in workmanship, which results in all doors fitting perfectly. The air draught, at all times, is under complete control.



The amount of air required to ensure proper and complete slow combustion depends upon the type of fuel used. The air regulating device in COZY STOVES is situated in the ash door and is operated by a disc. It is a most efficient arrangement.



Small pieces of coal not burnt to ashes can still give off heat. Dropped through to the ashpan they are wasted. With the new patent Rocking Grate fitted in all large size COZY STOVES the maximum efficiency is obtained. When used it may not show much movement on the surface, but down under the fire very little but the dead ashes fall through, which is as it should be.

COZY STOVES are scientifically designed to give maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption during the whole 24 hours. For efficiency, adaptability, and economy, YOUR home needs a COZY. There's a wide range of models available to suit all requirements.

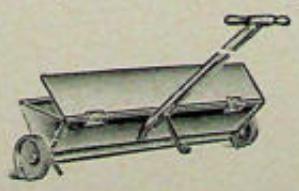
Write for catalogue or see them at your local dealers.

COZY STOVES are available on easy terms.

THE COZY STOVE CO., LTD.
43, Berners Street, London, W. 1

COZY STOVES

If you want good turf, use Pattisson equipment



SAREL SPIKED ROLLERS
Ventilate and aerate the turf roots, loosening the subsoil without tearing the surface. Rapidly produce thick close turf.

DRAG BRUSHES
Very useful for brushing and aerating the grass, scattering dew and worm-casts, etc.

DISTRIBUTORS
Give perfect distribution of fertilizers, worm-killer, compost, etc. Accurate adjustment from free supply to the merest film.

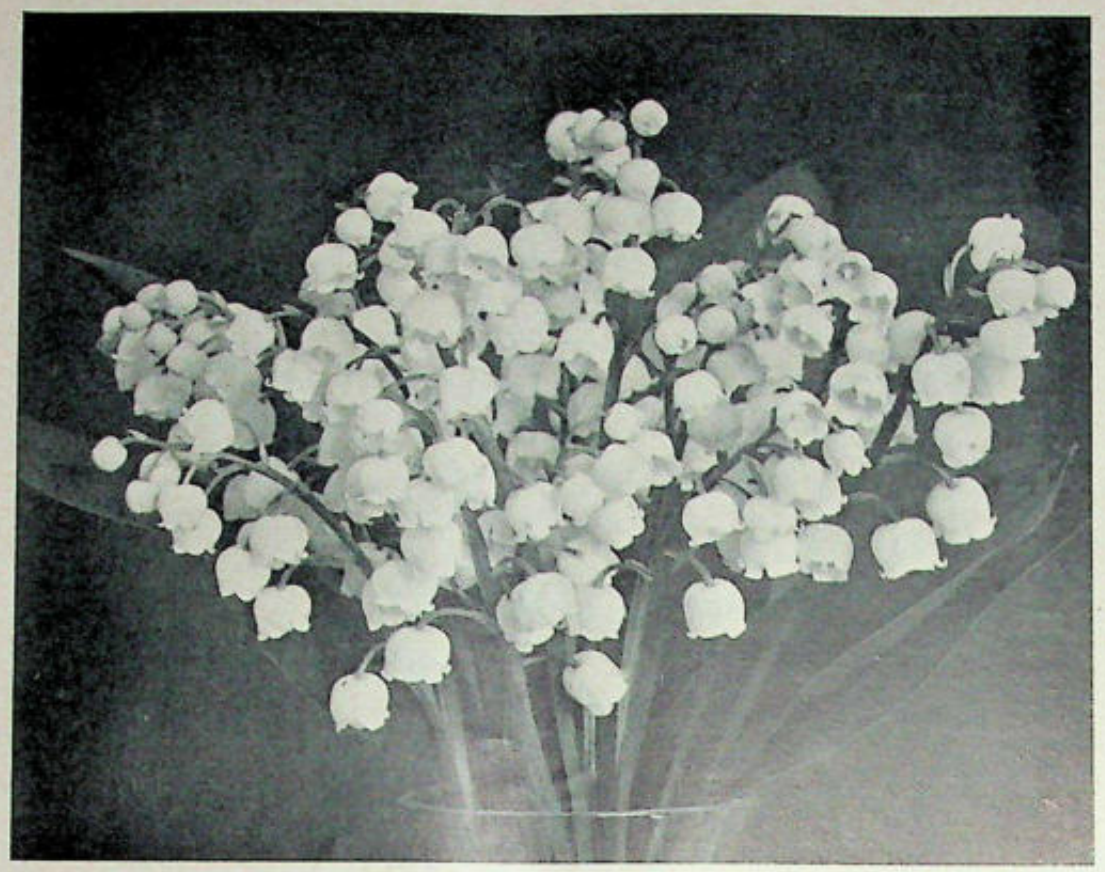
Write for Catalogue

PATTISSON ALSO MAKE
Harrows, Wood, and Iron Rollers, Pumps, Weed Eradicators, etc, etc.

H. PATTISSON & CO., LTD.
STANMORE - MIDDLESEX

PATTISSON

DHB



"THE LILY OF THE VALLEY IS ONE OF OUR FEW NATURE FLOWERS THAT IS STILL REGARDED AS AN INDISPENSABLE GARDEN PLANT"

The Country House

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

"A Flower mervallous sweete . . . Cultivated in Gardens"

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE Lily of the Valley is one of our few native plants which is still regarded as one of the indispensable garden plants, and although it has been cultivated for three centuries, it has mercifully not been "improved" by the hybridist. Formerly it must have been a common wild plant, for it was not till the close of the sixteenth century that it became a garden plant. For this we have the authority of Thomas Hyll, who in his *Profitable Arte of Gardening* (1577) says: "The wood Lillie or Lillie of the Valley, a flower mervallous sweete . . . the same of late years is brought and cultivated in gardens." Gerard says that it grew on Hampstead Heath. Parkinson, in his *Paradisus*, says that it grew wild abundantly in many parts, but the pink-flowered variety "only in the Gardens of those that are curious lovers of rarities." He mentions "Liriconfancie" as one of its popular names.

Unlike most sweet-scented flowers the scent of Lilies of the Valley is never cloying. John Lawrence, the first parson author of a gardening book, truly observed of this scent that it was "the sweetest and most agreeable perfume; not offensive or overbearing even to those who are made uneasy with the perfumes of other sweet-scented flowers." Medicinally this plant has been used from time immemorial, and its virtues according to Apuleius were taught to Æsculapius by Apollo. The old herbalists extolled it for its power of strengthening the memory, and, according to William Coles, a noted seventeenth-century herbalist, the flowers distilled in wine were "more precious than gold." Our great grandmothers valued the flowers for cosmetic purposes. They used to steep the flowers in olive oil, putting fresh flowers in the same oil until it was sufficiently impregnated and scented with them.

Lilies of the Valley never look so well in the open as in woodlands, where the soft light pours through the rich green leaves and the snowy bells are seen to perfection in this soft subdued light. In many gardens there are semi-woodland conditions which are often left vacant, but which they would adorn. Planting is best done in October. Lilies of the Valley do best in a thoroughly well-dug loam with a good supply of leaf mould in it, and if inclined to be heavy lightened with a liberal supply of sand. Soil that is too light should be enriched with leaf mould and very well-decayed manure. To secure blooms the first season it is customary to buy "selected crowns," but this is an expensive method on a large scale. The cheapest way is to buy clumps and divide them up, putting each crown in separately about an inch below the surface and 4in. apart.

It is waste of time and money to put Lilies of the Valley into hurriedly prepared ground. The site needs thorough preparation two spits deep and after planting the ground made really firm. The roots should be left undisturbed for four years, and the plants benefit greatly by an annual dressing of leaf mould and sifted well-decayed manure. Another important point is protection through the winter in all but very mild parts. These plants grow naturally in woodlands where they have a great deal of protection, and in the open exposed to severe cold they cannot produce such fine flowers unless given this protection. Leafless boughs laid over them make all the difference to the quality and size of the flowers, which are at their critical stage during what are usually the bleakest weeks of the year. Anyone who has tried it knows the difference this little extra care makes.

For pot work it is best to get selected crowns. The compost should be two parts fibrous loam and one part leaf mould and a little sand. In October put the crowns in an inch apart in 6-inch pots, the tops of the crowns being almost level with the soil. It is essential to make the roots very firm. Keep the pots sunk in ashes in the open till the turn of the year, and then in early January they can be brought into a temperature of 60 degrees. Nothing is gained by bringing them in earlier, for it is the sudden transference from cold to warmth that makes for early and vigorous flowering. It is important to see that the plants in this warmth never suffer for lack of water. If possible use rain water, for that from the main is poor stuff. Do not give the water until it has stood in the same temperature for 24 hours. Cold water gives all plants in a warm house a severe check. If neglected in the matter of watering, the crowns will almost certainly go blind.

Retarded crowns can be planted any time from now until spring, and they usually flower within a month or so of being potted. There should be no delay in potting them as soon as they arrive from the nurseryman. Never put Lilies of the Valley on bottom heat or the flowers will develop without foliage. Retarded crowns are popular for Christmas flowering and for this purpose they can first be put in a cold frame after planting for a week and then transferred to warmth. The drawback to these plants when grown in artificial warmth is the very pale colour of the leaves.

For scent nothing equals the old Lily of the Valley. The giant kind is handsomer, but not so graceful, nor so sweetly scented. Pink Lilies of the Valley have their admirers, but I cannot believe anyone prefers them to the type.

CARE OF THATCH

DECAY in thatch is brought about by a variety of causes usually acting together to effect the destruction of the roof. When one considers thatch, it is a little astonishing that a life beyond three or four years can be expected. Yet we find straw thatch lasting for 20 years and reeds for 60 years. Herein lies the justification for the thatcher's art, because with a material as obviously perishable as straw, laid in a carpet in a manner calculated to hold the dampness and encourage the attentions of nesting birds and mice, and withal a material so light as to be easily damaged by the wind, a beautiful and durable roof covering has been evolved.

The secure sewing of the straw to the rafters and battens, as described in a recent issue of the *Field*, is the great safeguard against wind damage, and is augmented at the ridge by strips of hazel held in position by hazel staples. When the job is well done in the first instance little damage by wind need be feared, but in exposed positions weaknesses at the hips and gables will be exposed by the next strong wind. The remedy is to remove all loose straw, fill the cavity with fresh straw tightly sewn to bring the surface level, and then to cover the area affected with a thin coat of new thatch held in position with rows of hazel rods 15in. apart.

Bad workmanship soon becomes apparent in another position, and that is on the flat of the roof between the different lands of straw. Each land is the band of straw set in position from one ticing of the ladder. When the ladder is moved to a new position, the junction between the new land and the old is always a source of weakness. In the best laid roofs it is here that the wet first penetrates, and the slovenly thatcher is soon exposed by wet gaining access along these lines. When a roof leaks in this manner it is necessary to fill the valleys that will have formed between the lands with fresh straw well sewn on to the rafters and thoroughly tucked into the gap between the lands. When the roof has thus been made level again, the new work is covered with a thin coat of new thatch set to weather the old work and held in position with hazel rods set 15in. apart.

Thus are the two principal defects remedied, and other holes in the thatch may be treated similarly, but the whole roof is liable to a gradual and unavoidable deterioration due to the decay of the straw. Wheat straw is the most lasting of the various cereal straws, but when set in a thick carpet on a roof it is exposed to the elements. Most of the rain and dew that falls on the roof runs off with little penetration, probably not more than 2in. except at the eaves, where it may be double that figure. Surface tension and capillarity inevitably ensure that some of the moisture remains in the thatch until the next spell of sunshine or drying wind causes it to evaporate. The straw is thus for the greater part of the year moist in its top layers, conditions which encourage fungoid attack. The first signs are a green mould which envelops and tends to soften the straw, and add to its retention of moisture. As decay progresses it penetrates more deeply into the thatch and finally the roof is no longer watertight.

If the roof is not allowed to deteriorate too much before it has attention, it is possible, instead of going to the expense of rethatching, to case the roof with a layer of straw. This is, in effect, to set a thin coat of thatch on top of the old. A life of ten years or so may be expected from a cased roof, and the straw needed will be 4cwt. per square of the roof surface. The labour cost is 7/- per square, as compared with 7 cwt. of straw and 10/- for rethatching.

Generally speaking, casing is not very economical, and it is far better to strip, rebatten and rethatch an old roof. Casing is to be recommended for a roof which was thatched not so long ago, but where, owing to bad workmanship, all the divisions between the lands have sunk and leak, or where an unprotected roof has become badly bird-holed.

Birds and mice find the conditions in a thatched roof ideal for nesting, a tribute to the water-tightness of thatch. Birds also find the straw, unless tightly sewn, tempting as nesting materials if their homes be elsewhere. The remedy is simple and effective and consists of covering the whole of the roof with wire netting as described in the *Field* of October 1st. The eaves and gables require particular attention as the netting must be carried right round the exposed ends of the thatch and secured to the rafter feet in a manner which prevents birds gaining access to the thatch at those points.

A thatched roof is not a suitable stand for ladders, or rest for hand tools, nor should it be stood upon during painting or chimney repairing operations.

REGINALD DAVEY.

LIGHTING FOR PERIOD ROOMS

Modern Methods of Illumination

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

THERE are differences of opinion as to the most appropriate methods of lighting new rooms furnished in the contemporary manner and with present-day furniture. In period rooms or rooms of a traditional character with period furniture, there inevitably arises the added difficulty of using modern services and facilities without making these appear incongruous or incompatible with their setting.

There exist rooms with their furnishings that are so completely true to their period that their lighting must remain a matter for particular care and very special treatment. Generally, however, the so-called period room is an ensemble of period pieces, possibly of different dates, carefully chosen and arranged in a fairly traditional setting.

In these rooms lighting from period fittings is impossible unless by the most elaborate faking and disguise, and lighting fittings that were originally intended for real candles can be adapted for electric light and the electric bulb substituted for the flickering candle flame. We have, however, come to like and require higher standards of illumination, and it is here that the real difficulty of lighting for period rooms is encountered.

The period fitting is quite unsuited to carry high wattage lamps, and it seems only logical to find other methods of producing effective and suitable illumination. Here, surely, is the great opportunity for the employment of indirect lighting whereby fabrics. By using electric light in this way, slavish imitation and the shamming of old forms are avoided. The flexibility and ease with which electric lighting can be used to give light, interest and colour, can supply an added atmosphere of romance and gaiety to old rooms, and the quality of material and workmanship of period decoration and furniture under the soft, kind lighting that is now possible, has more than original charm.

There are also great possibilities in the design of lighting fittings inspired by period forms and qualities. The crystal chandelier with its movement, liveliness, and the play of light on faceted crystal and metal was a thing of great beauty, and although there is something a little immoral in the exact reproduction of period fittings to accommodate electric light, there is great scope in the evolution of simpler contemporary treatments of the basic principle of the effect of light on and through glass of varied form, surface and colour.

After all, jewellery gains all its interest and brilliance from direct lighting, whereas the effect of totally indirect light on it is deadening. It is to relieve this rather muffled totally indirect light that really decorative lighting fittings, which are both effective and efficient, are so necessary.

Floor standards incorporating in the same way insets of crystal glass in their stems are now being

A SIMPLE ROOM WITH PANELLED WALLS, ESSENTIALLY ENGLISH IN CHARACTER
The lighting fitting serves a more decorative than useful function, and the illumination is from niches and portable lamps

light can be diffused on to ceiling and wall surfaces from almost concealed sources. It is impossible to give a formula for producing this additional illumination as rooms vary so much in proportion, colour, formation and also in their furnishing. However, in almost all rooms light can be incorporated either into cornices, recessed into the tops of fitments, directed on to curtains from pelmets or on to ceilings from standard lamps designed to be in character with the rooms.

By these means the level of illumination of a whole room can be raised exactly to our requirements and liking without interfering in any way with its general character, and where period fittings are employed, the lamps can be of very low wattage, while the real illumination is provided by these indirect light sources carefully concealed.

Totally indirect lighting tends to be, if used without relief, a trifle monotonous and uninteresting, but in period rooms there are almost invariably fittings, either pendants, wall brackets or table lamps, that can form lively points of interest in a pleasantly lighted room.

It is quite certain that had the immense possibilities of electric lighting been available to the period architect or designer, he would have welcomed it to enhance the beauty of mellow woods, decorated wall and ceiling surfaces, and have used it to the full for the lighting of niches, alcoves and used quite extensively, and there are hundreds of very beautiful table lamps with shades of a normal traditional form, but made of old materials with new trimmings, and with stems or bases of glass composed of faceted discs or rounded forms which sparkle with life forming little scintillating points of interest wherever they are used. A well-designed and well-made piece of furniture or piece of interior equipment whatever its period remains satisfactory indefinitely provided it is used intelligently. There is no reason, therefore, why a lighting fitting, logically designed of pleasing material and good workmanship, should not be in the same company as other pieces of well-designed furnishings of other periods.

Many of the loveliest buildings incorporate additions built at various times, and often employ different building materials, but they are linked together by this basic quality of good design and general seemliness.

There has undoubtedly been an orgy of modernist lighting fittings, which are quite out of place not only in the period rooms, but even in contemporary ones, and these are, and will always be, out of place and wrong wherever they are used. There must be a place for the really well-designed light fitting, which could be as happily placed in a period room as a crystal chandelier could be in the simple modern one.

Three of Mrs. P. Croysdale's Corgis

DOGS OF SOUTH WALES

By A. CROXTON SMITH

WALES has few breeds that are distinctly its own. Were we to go back to the beginning of things we might perhaps say that they can claim only the cattle dog, or Welsh corgi, the blue merle sheepdog that is used by shepherds and farmers, and the Sealyham. In all probability the Welsh terrier and Welsh springer are theirs by adoption, as the chances are that the one is the survivor of the old English black-and-tan terrier, and the other in all probability, though much further back, came from an English red-and-white spaniel. Our Welsh friends, however, deserve the honour of having made these breeds what they are.

About their right to the Welsh corgi there can be no dispute, the breed, it is supposed, having existed for centuries in the Principality. Some cite the laws of Howel the Good (tenth century) in proof of the belief that it was then known, for there is a reference to the cur dog, a name that is still in use. The word itself is said to come from "cor," a dwarf and "gi," a dog—dwarf dog. In some respects the history of the Sealyham and corgi run on parallel lines, both having been common to Pembrokeshire before anyone conceived the idea of making them more widely known through the instrumentality of shows. The terrier got the start of the cattle dog, having been first exhibited in London in 1910.

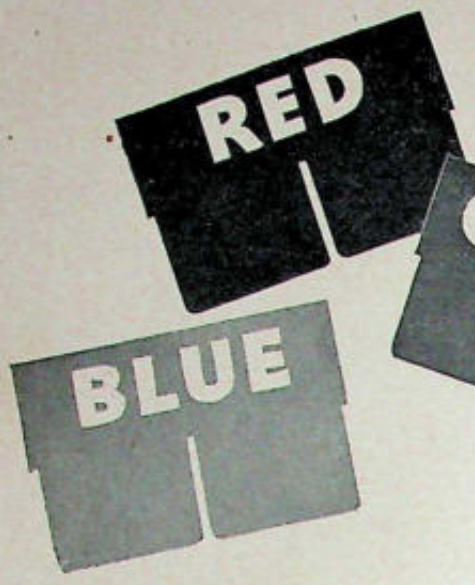
The corgi did not come until about 1926, when men and women with restless minds were looking about for novelties for the show ring. In that year the Welsh Corgi Club came into being at a meeting at Haverfordwest. After that we were told that these short-legged, foxy-headed dogs were used on cattle, and were common about the farms. They had the merit of being unusual in looks, and I wrote almost immediately expressing the opinion that they had a future before them.

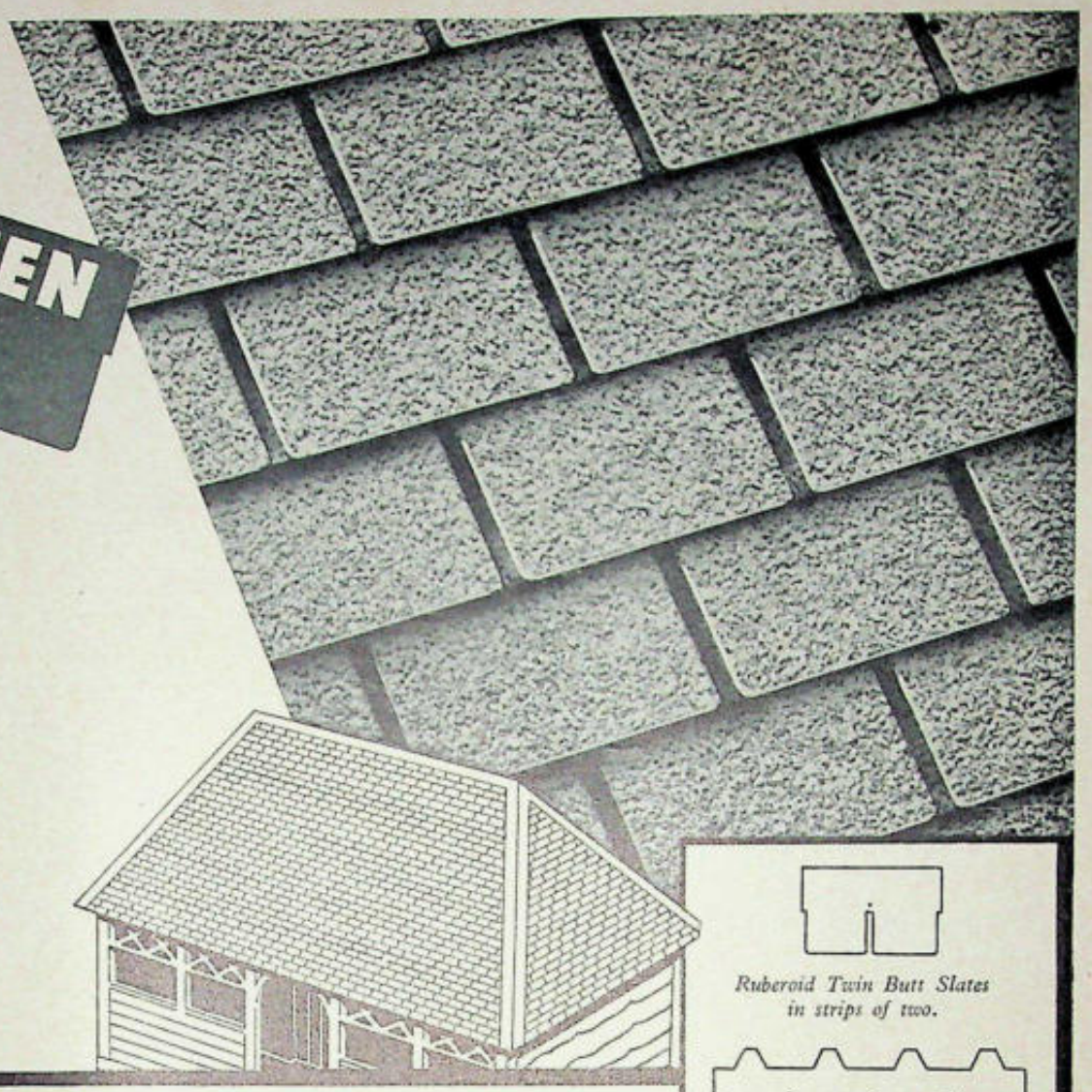
Experience has proved time and again that it is only a matter of a few years to put quality in a breed provided that it gets into the right hands. Corgis, having worked out according to plan, have now the quality and family likeness that we demand in show dogs. At the principal shows the average merit is so high that a judge has to do a good deal of thinking before marking his book, and when he has done he has a feeling of regret for some of those that have to go away unrewarded.

Before the Pembrokeshire dogs had been many months in the field the situation was complicated by rival claims brought forward on behalf of the Cardigan dogs, which were also corgis beyond a doubt, but there were differences. In one cardinal point it was a case of Gulliver's Big-Enders and Little-Enders over again, the Pembroke tykes having short tails and the others long. They were two incompatibles that were difficult of reconciliation. Although both recognise any colour except white, the Pembroke are often red or red-and-white. Both have foxy heads and erect ears as well as short legs. Also their coats are short and smooth.

For some years they had to be judged together, a matter that added to the difficulties of judges, who realised that they were dealing with different types. If this state of affairs had continued there is no doubt that progress would have been hampered, but four years ago the Kennel Club straightened things out by recognising them as two breeds, and offering challenge certificates to each. The wisdom of this decision has been justified by events, and corgis have gone along rapidly, especially the Pembrokes, which were aided very much by the fact that their Majesties took a fancy to them.

The purchase by the King of a brace from Mrs. Phil Gray was the means of calling public attention to them, and since then entries at shows have increased considerably. At Cruft's, last February, they were among the first half-dozen, which is remarkable for so young a breed that a few years ago was just an ordinary cattle dog. Perhaps the explanation of their success is that, besides being hardy and companionable, they have a distinctive appearance that cannot be mistaken. One might add that it is now permissible to dock the tails of Pembroke puppies if they happen to come long.

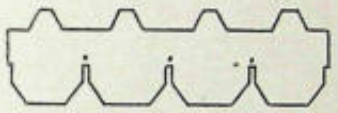




Ruberoid Slates are light—flexible—permanent. They make an attractive roof for Bungalows, Garages, Summer-houses and Garden Shelters. They can be laid easily with clout nails and hammer. Will not crack, break or slip. Storm and weatherproof. Supplied in three pleasing colours—Venetian Red, Westmorland Slate Green and Steel Blue. Standard or Rustic finish. Stocked by leading Builders' Merchants and Ironmongers. Specimen Slates and instructive booklet sent on request.

The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., 145, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Ruberoid Twin Butt Slates in strips of two.



Ruberoid Octagonal Slates in strips of four.

RUBEROID SLATES

TRACTORS & TACKLE

for Hire for

Farm & Estate Work

CULTIVATIONS
TIMBER HAULING
LAND CLEARING and RECLAMATION

Also PREPARATION OF PRIVATE LANDING-GROUNDS

Schemes prepared and Estimates given for Jobs in any part of the country.

P. J. EDMONDS
Itchen Abbas, nr. WINCHESTER
Contractor to the Air Ministry

LIGHT HORSES

Their Breeding and Management

By

SIR M. R. BURRELL

A practical handbook for the everyday use of owners of small stud farms (and their grooms) in concise and simple form.

3/6

Postage 4d.

FROM BOOKSELLERS OR FROM THE "FIELD," BREAM'S BLGS., E.C.4

ESSE

PATENT STOVES

ESSE slow-burning Anthracite Stoves provide the most economical method of heating known. They are troub'e-free, with no smoke, fumes or dust. ESSE Stoves are available in various styles, colours and finishes. Write for illustrated catalogue and details of ESSE hire purchase plan to Dept. F.S.

The B. J. ESSE No. 3. Designed by BETTY JOEL

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

Established 1854

LONDON: 11, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4 & 63, Conduit Street, W.1
LIVERPOOL: 20, Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17, Greenside Place. GLASGOW: 11, Dixon Street, C.1

Ask for WHITE HORSE as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

PART OF LORD CRANWORTH'S HERD AT ELMTREE

ADVANTAGES OF RED POLL CATTLE

The Evolution of the Dual-Purpose Animal

By LORD CRANWORTH

IT may be said that Norfolk and Suffolk can take equal credit for the evolution of the present justly celebrated Red Poll breed of cattle. A century and a half ago there existed in a small portion of Suffolk, not far from Ipswich, a type of cattle known as the Suffolk Polled cattle, very popular for milk production. Their colour was usually, but not invariably, red with white faces. Over a large part of Norfolk there existed another equally famous type known as the Norfolk Blood Red, which was a horned type of all-red cattle especially esteemed for its beef qualities. Some people believe that these cattle were the same as the Norfolk dun cow, but I think this more than doubtful. They would certainly appear to have had the merit of longevity as there is a well-authenticated instance of such a cow attaining the age of 35 years. The careful and selective mating of these two types over a period of years produced the origin of the present breed, and in 1846 prizes were first given for Norfolk Polled cattle. In 1873, by which time Suffolk would appear to have pressed her claim, the first standard description was produced for "Norfolk and Suffolk Red Polled Cattle." It is interesting to observe how "dominant" characteristics have their way. Thus the red colour of the Norfolk cow decided the colour, while the poll of the Suffolk animal ruled the head. Certain small breed points were established, such as a clear white nose. Not, of course, that there is any essential merit in such a point, but because it is important in establishing and building up a breed to ensure its purity. When a succession of herd books, extending over many generations, have established the breed, these technical characteristics cease, perhaps, to have the same importance.

In 1882 there came into existence the Red Poll Cattle Society of Great Britain and Ireland, which owed almost everything in its early days to its first chairman, Mr. Harry Mason, of Necton. Successive sovereigns have been its patron, and a new President is elected yearly. Continuity of policy is rendered easier by the maintaining of the same chairman over a period, though he is, of course, subject to annual election. During its long history the society has had but three.

During their existence of over fifty years the Red Poll Society have set their face firmly, and on the whole consistently, to the perfection of a breed which shall be a farmers' animal. They do not aim at spectacular yields of milk. They have received repeated evidence of the cost, both in cash and constitution, of the forcing of the last 100 and 200 gallons. Nor do they desire the highest prizes for open competition in the show ring, though they often get them. Their desire is to produce an animal which is calculated to pay the farmer to keep, and their experience has taught them that such an animal is one which will give a high average yield of good quality milk without any undue forcing and on rations that can be entirely, and should be mainly, produced on the farm itself. Such an average at the present time should be in the region of 850 gallons, though, of course, in many instances a 1,000-gallon average is exceeded. With such a milk yield they desire the production of the very highest quality of beef, all the calves to be reared and the steers to fatten quickly and cheaply into prime joints such as the housewife, and consequently the butcher, desire. In this latter object the society have already obtained almost 100 per cent. efficiency. It is rare indeed in my experience that steers, reasonably and economically prepared, fail to achieve the Quality Premium, while those who attend the Smithfield Show regularly will know the excellence of the super animals that appear there. Moreover, they never fail to be there or thereabouts at the top of the average price when the sales take place. This is due to the absence of excess of fat and the low percentage of waste.

It is interesting and satisfactory to note that last year's Smithfield Show, as indeed in previous ones, most of the winning Red Poll steers were the progeny of 800- to 1,000-gallon dams.

In fine, the object of the society is to produce dual-purpose cattle which they maintain with increasing conviction every year is what the farmer, as apart from the agriculturist, wants for the good of his pocket. The distinction between the two will be known to most readers: "The agriculturist makes his money in the town and spends it on the farm, while the farmer makes his money on the farm and spends it in the town."

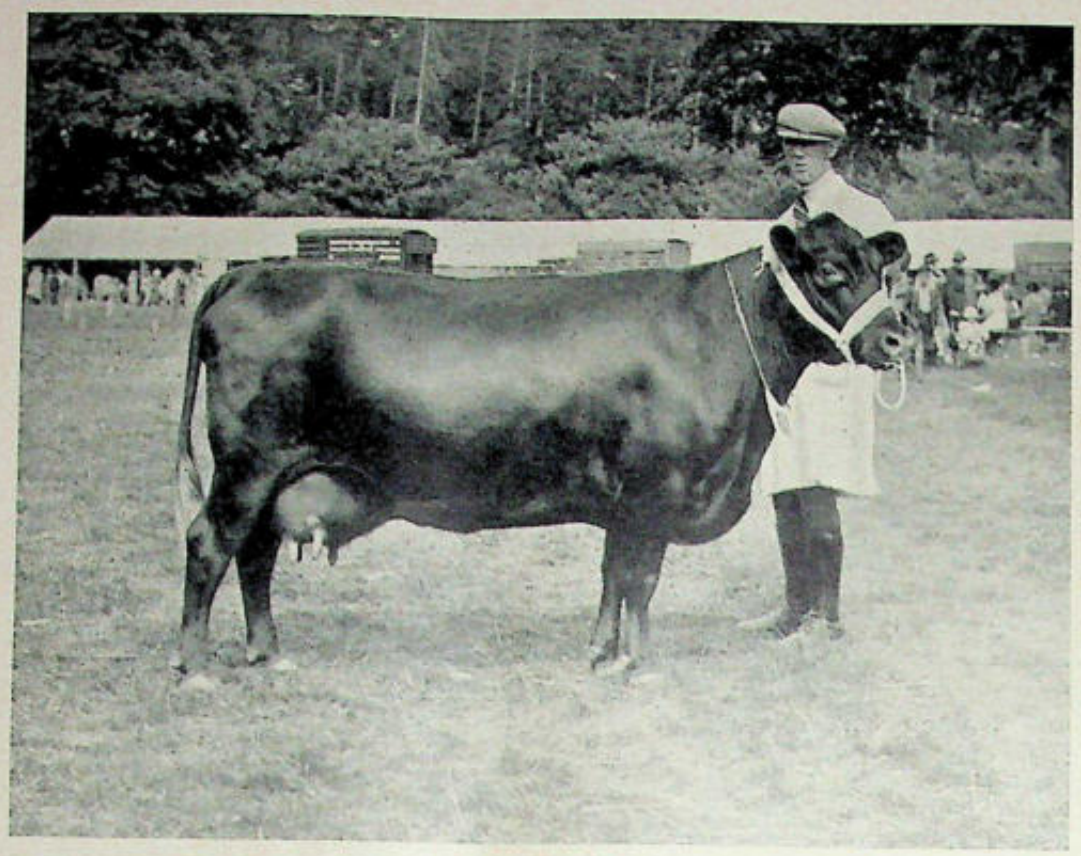
Among exhibitors there will always be some who stress one side or other of our two characteristics. Some value most highly success obtained at the Dairy Show, while others are made happier by an award at Smithfield. The society, however, endeavour to hold the balance even. I would quote from their standard description:

"The Red Poll is a dual-purpose animal. The breed was evolved to combine the production of the very highest standard of beef with a satisfactory milk yield. Accordingly, judging should aim at deciding the best *combination* of these qualities. Moreover, an obvious deficiency in one cannot be counterbalanced by superlative excellence in the other."

On this short paragraph all good Red Poll judges base their awards, and long may they continue to do so.

It would, of course, be foolish to suggest that the ideal animal has yet been evolved in this, or, indeed, in any other breed. When I first made the acquaintance of Red Polls, alas, 40 years ago, their marked deficiency lay in pendulous and unsightly bags. Forty years has enormously decreased this defect, and at the big shows udders will be seen of which any breed might be proud. It would, however, be altogether an overstatement to say that this is the case throughout the herds in general. Indeed, I think that it will be another 40 years before, in this respect, we can challenge comparison with, say, the Ayrshire. The council are especially keen on accelerating the improvement. For even if what comes out of the udder is more important than what it looks like, appearance, convenience and a freedom from accident are very real desiderata.

It must be admitted that in some quarters there is an antagonism to dual-purpose cattle, and I sometimes rack my brains for the reason. It is easy to understand that a dairy breed or a beef breed should resent competition from any quarter in its particular line, but I fail to see any legitimate cause for opposition in other quarters, and even in the Ministry itself. After all, if an animal were evolved which invariably produced the maximum of milk yield with the highest quality of beef and the maximum of constitution that would be unquestionably the perfect animal. Then surely those that aim at perfection should be encouraged, the more so when their progress is so marked. I would also point out that we live in a day of wars and rumours of wars. Should such ills eventuate, which God forbid, that will be no time to kill bull calves, but maximum production on both sides will be the cry. I would not, however, have it thought that I would decry the great single-purpose breeds, as, for example, the Ayrshire, the Guernsey and again the Aberdeen-Angus—splendid animals for whom I have the greatest admiration. But there is room for all, and an ill-service is done to the farmer by those who advise him to beware of dual-purpose.



A RED POLL COW, HALLINBURY RUBY 3rd

There are one or two special aspects of Red Polls that an enthusiast like myself would wish to stress. One is longevity. Throughout the county the average service life of a milking cow is little over four years, in many "flying" herds it is but little over two. In the Red Poll herds which I have possessed, the average life has been over seven lactations, and this I believe to be entirely typical, and I have had many a cow breed regularly and milk steadily up to seventeen or eighteen. Another proof may be found in the fact that in the list of the Ministry's Certificates of Merit for milk production in the last two years, the Red Poll entries averaged over ten years in one year and over eleven in the other. This longevity is the result of constitution, a characteristic of inestimable value. To keep such constitution is the determination of the society, and is one of the reasons why they set their faces against forced milk yields. High yields are very easily obtained. I would have little doubt that in a very few years I could obtain by breeding, selection and feeding, an average of at least 1,200 gallons for the herd. I am equally sure that I should lose in longevity, constitution and appearance, and that, on balance, I would be heavily down. This is why the council urge the necessity of raising our general average milk yield slowly even if surely.

Another characteristic is hardiness and a capacity to bear extremes of temperature. Not only can the Red Poll stand out of doors in such counties as I know, eleven months in the year, but he is an even stronger resistant of extremes of heat. In the last great drought in South Africa some two or three years ago, it was said to be most noteworthy how the Red Polls kept condition in comparison with the emaciation of most, if not all, other breeds. Recognition of this has been shown in the surprising demand from that Dominion, a demand which breeders in this country have found the greatest difficulty in meeting, and which persists increasingly notwithstanding the high cost and inconveniences of transport. The same applies to Kenya where the breed is very popular and where it is extensively used for crossing with the native cattle with admirable results.

The Red Poll is an old breed and a dominant breed, just as red is a dominant colour and the poll a dominant characteristic, and they are apt, in crossing, to pass on these points to their progeny. The native (Zebu) breeds are invariably humped and usually heavily horned, yet the third cross will usually eliminate these points and a group of such will be mainly polled and red, looking at a comparatively short distance remarkably like the genuine article. This same potency has been favourably commented on in Australia, and must obviously be of especial value wherever a large export trade in meat exists.

During my association with the breed there has always been a steady demand from overseas, though territories from which the demand comes have varied and will continue to vary. The Empire has been a steady customer and fine animals are to be found in many parts and especially in Australia and New Zealand.

But, after all, the real market is, as it should be, the British Isles. The "Scrub" Bulls Act, the effects of which are only just becoming apparent, means that "any old bull" will no longer do, but that something increasingly better must be used as a sire. The merits of a Red Poll for crossing are steadily becoming more apparent. Used even on such an acknowledged dairy breed as the Guernsey, admirable steers of high fatting quality are the result and command good prices, as has even been the case when mated with the Friesian cow.

I have known and loved the Red Poll breed for a lifetime. His evolution and improvement have given me continual enjoyment. Indeed, to go round the herd is to-day a thing to look forward to, even though disappointments are from time to time inevitable. Where is there to a farmer a more beautiful sight than a well-matched herd grazing in a well-timbered park or in a lush meadow? Their deep red colour, their white noses, their deep gleaming bodies on their short strong legs, seem to complete the beauty of a summer evening and satisfy my eyes, at all events, far more than any herd of deer. What is more, they pay! Their popularity is growing steadily, and I venture to think will continue so to do.

SOME OF THE KING'S RED POLLS AT SANDRINGHAM

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

TARN HOWS, A GEM OF LAKELAND SET IN THE BRACKEN OF THE FURNESS FELLS

PEDESTRIANS AND ARTERIAL ROADS

Foolish Demonstrations Which Aggravate High Feeling

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

I HAVE been a consistent champion of road safety for many years, sparing no personal effort to advance the progress of schemes devised to decrease road fatalities. The appalling number of road deaths which confront us week after week is eloquent testimony that much remains to be done before the Minister of Transport can justifiably claim that his department is operating successfully.

Blame has been laid at the door of the driver, who has been accused of carelessness and negligence; criticism has been levelled at the incidence of mechanical failure resulting in fatal accidents: whereas the fault undoubtedly lies with the highways.

From time to time I have urged that drastic steps should be taken, and have advocated bold re-planning of our national highways as the only means to effect a real decrease in road mishaps which so frequently mean permanent injury or death to motorists and pedestrians alike.

We need long, safe, fool-proof highways, dual carriage-ways, complete removal of "blind-spots" and the widespread use of non-skidding surfacing. These demands are well known to the average driver who appreciates the acuteness of the problem which the efficient handling of modern traffic presents. But apparently the pedestrian remains to be convinced.

I say this because recently there have been a number of demonstrations by pedestrians on several arterial roads and by-passes. There have been protests on Western Avenue and on the Kingston-by-pass. Large crowds of pedestrians have gathered, and have caused deliberate obstruction to the motor traffic on these roads. In long lines they have moved slowly across the road, thereby causing inconvenience and annoyance to all other users of the thoroughfares, and creating that bugbear of modern traffic—congestion.

By this action they hope to force the authorities into imposing the 30 m.p.h. speed limit along the particular stretch of road near to which they happen to reside.

I cannot too strongly deprecate both the motives which prompted this action and the methods used by the people concerned to air their grievances.

If protests are to be made at all, they should be made to the proper quarter—in this case to the local authority which is, in turn, responsible to the Ministry of Transport. Such public displays only serve to aggravate high feelings between motorists and pedestrians and tend to antagonise them. This is surely illogical when it is remembered that the aim of both is identical, in that the common goal is safety.

Another regrettable thing about these demonstrations was that large numbers of children were encouraged to take part, parents even leading their children by the hand. I take the gravest view of this particular aspect of the question, because if we are anxious to see road safety in the future, we must start by inculcating into the children the correct behaviour on public roads. I believe that it is through children that the most gratifying results can be achieved, and that they should be taught most carefully, in the schools and elsewhere, what is, and what is not, the correct procedure on the roads. But here were parents, who are presumably concerned with the welfare of their youngsters, actually committing a breach and setting the most unworthy example and encouraging their children to follow them.

Such action must inevitably instil the wrong spirit in the minds of the children. All the good work done by instruction in road safety is destroyed in one fell swoop when the pupils—and the road-users of the future—are led astray in this manner. It is tantamount to teaching children to behave in an irresponsible manner on the roads and is courting danger.

I have always had the keenest interest in road instruction for the coming generation, believing it to be one of the most vital factors to ensure road safety. As chairman of the Advisory Council of the Junior Road Fellowship, I have been able to see the amazing results achieved by intelligent juvenile education in the matter of road manners, and it is because of this that I feel so strongly about the participation of children in such demonstrations.

Apart from this, there is the undeniable argument of the motorist. He realised that the building of the arterial road and the by-pass was the first move in the right direction for the provision of an adequate national highway system and was designed to ease congestion, speed up traffic and, above all, to obtain some measure of safety.

The primary function of an arterial road is to obviate any traffic dislocation by pedestrians and to eliminate the danger from the jay-walker. At the inception of the plan for arterial roadways, the motorist believed that at last he was freed from the dangers attendant upon passing through a populated area. But the jerry builder shattered this dream by erecting innumerable houses, ribbon fashion, along these roads, thus saving all sorts of expenses incurred by road-making and estate planning.

Ribbon development means the downfall of the conception of a road for motorists, and despite the fact that it has been going on for years the Ministry have done nothing to prevent the practice. Now these residents living by the side of such roads realise that the average motorist is not apt to slow down, as is the case in a village or town, and give way to pedestrians wishing to cross the road, nor is he ready to accept the imposition of a speed limit.

Surely here the motorist has right upon his side, because it must be granted that a speed limit at frequent intervals on such a road must defeat the purpose for which it was originally constructed. I believe that the Minister of Transport is not inclined to grant any concessions to pedestrians in this direction, deeming such speed restrictions undesirable and inadvisable, preferring to see instead the construction of bridges or tunnels.

This will mean further heavy expenditure—which will doubtless be drawn from the pocket of the motorist—whereas legislation at the outset to prevent the building of houses along arterial roads would have saved money, bother and a great deal of bad feeling. It is another example of the manner in which the authorities refuse to look ahead in the question of road planning. I contend that in the event of further demonstrations being organised, stronger preventive measures should be instituted to restrain those citizens who wish to impede traffic by obstructing the road, in order to register their disgust.

Legally, I believe that if a motorist causes obstruction upon the highway, he is liable to be fined—does this not equally apply to pedestrians?

32 MINUTES TO SPARE

SUCH a large body as the 1,200 members of the British Legion who were to have gone to Czechoslovakia needed transport, and in all 25 vehicles were to be taken. There were six Vauxhalls (25 h.p. models) to serve as staff cars; the other nineteen were Bedfords—light vans, lorries and ambulances. All the drivers were naturally ex-Service men, those who were to handle the six staff cars being London taxi drivers. The Vauxhall people were sending three mechanics, who also are ex-Service men. A condition of the order—which was placed on the morning of Tuesday, October 4th—was that the entire fleet had to be ready to drive away by the evening of Thursday, October 6th. Although this involved the building of four ambulances "from the ground" and the special painting of the other fifteen Bedfords, they were all ready exactly 32 minutes inside the allotted time.

"I stopped experimenting . . ."

"In my younger days I've been offered liqueur brandy in impressive looking bottles, dim with the dust of decades. Alas! Often enough, the only thing 'impressive' turned out to be the price. I stopped experimenting when I found this Hennessy "XO." The bottle may look modest; but believe me the liqueur brandy it contains comes from a very venerable cask. Age alone is *something*; but in Hennessy "XO" age is beautifully balanced with body and bouquet—and that is *everything*."

It's the age in the cask that counts . . . . .

HENNESSY "XO"

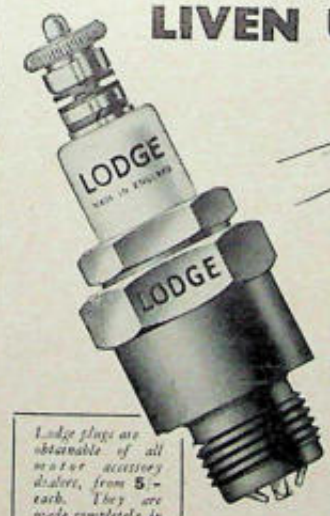
Fine Liqueur Cognac Brandy

OVER 45 YEARS OLD

BINOCULARS

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA
38, Holborn Viaduct
122, Regent Street

LIVEN UP YOUR CAR!



Lodge plugs are obtainable of all motor accessory dealers, from 5/- each. They are made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby.

by fitting a new set of

LODGE
THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD

THE FASTEST MOTORIST ON EARTH USES LODGE!
Capt. Eyston, who established a new WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD of 357.5 miles per hour (*subject to official confirmation*) used Lodge plugs in his Rolls-Royce engines.

ROBIN HOOD BOILERS

FOR CENTRAL HEATING
WITH
BEESTON RADIATORS

ROBIN HOOD ROYAL BOILERS are suitable for fixing in scullery or kitchen and will give warmth in every room when used in conjunction with BEESTON Radiators

Through all Heating Engineers
PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE BEESTON BOILER Co., Ltd.
BEESTON, Notts.
MAKERS of BEESTON DOMESTIC BOILERS

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

ESTABLISHED 1785

Gieves Flannel Sports Shirt—Collar attached 15/6

Gieves
LIMITED

21, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 6411
Telegrams: "Muftis, Piccy, London"

EDINBURGH, WEYMOUTH, CHATHAM, SOUTHSEA, MALTA, LIVERPOOL, PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, GIBRALTAR

MERCURY TAKING OFF FOR AN INDEPENDENT FLIGHT

AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA

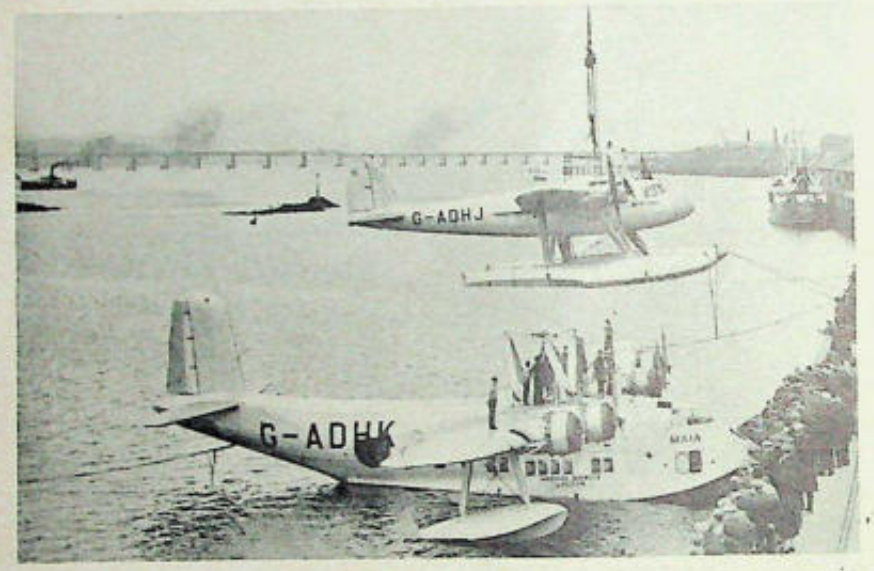
Inaugurating an Important Airway

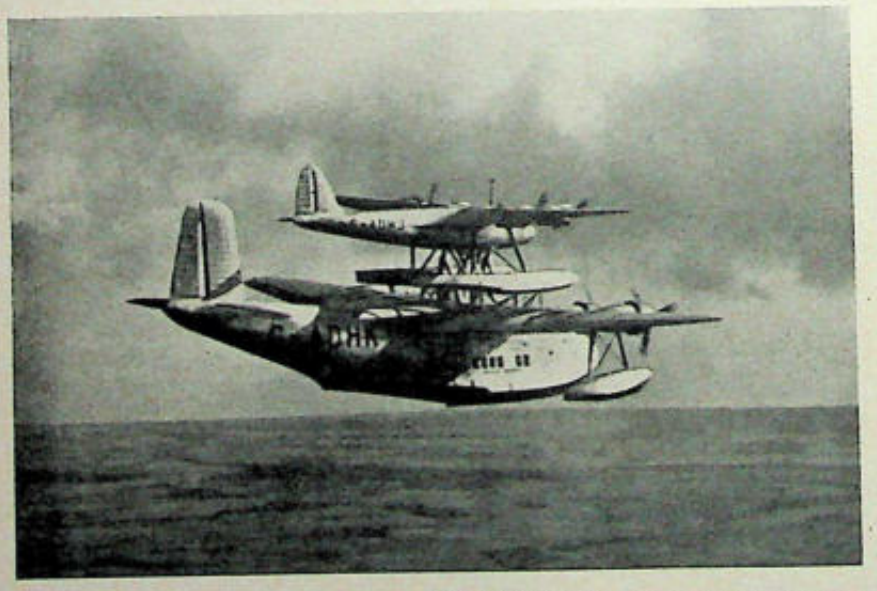
By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

THE inauguration of the London-Lisbon airway this autumn is the first stage towards the establishment of British air connections with West Africa and South America, and represents an important step in the development of our communications.

British interests in West Africa are many, and the present dependence of this country on the services of other nations has caused grave disquiet for a long time. Moreover, the South Atlantic air mail has been highly developed by German and French associated with the West African and South American project have been unnecessary. It has been argued that on this route much of the pioneer work has been done, that German and French operators have gained a great deal of practical experience, and that the ground organisation already exists.

Yet it is just this comparatively developed state that has been responsible for the apparent tardiness of the West African development. On the North Atlantic route, somewhat spectacular success has been won on





FOUR STAGES IN THE SEPARATION OF THE TWO COMPONENTS, MERCURY AND MAIA
From top left to bottom right: Mercury being lowered on to the back of her parent craft Maia, then the dash across the water, prior to the take-off, and finally, the parting of the two units

concerns, which carry British air mails in considerable quantities. Apart from any question of prestige (which is serious enough in itself), practical needs emphasise how essential an all-British airway is. This view was taken by the Cadman Committee in its report issued in March. In stressing the fact that "national prestige and the interests of British civil aviation require . . . first-class air services," the committee recommended that "every effort should be made to expedite to the utmost the inauguration of the proposed service to South America."

In view of the progress made on the North Atlantic route, which is generally regarded as the more difficult, many have felt that the delays preliminary flights through the close co-operation of the various countries concerned: Great Britain, Eire, Newfoundland, Canada and the United States. On the South Atlantic, however, the British service must necessarily enter into competition with existing services. Rights to fly over the territory of various foreign countries have had to be obtained. Moreover, the very fact that France and Germany have already built up highly efficient organisations makes it specially necessary for the British plan to attain a like efficiency from the very start.

These facts were stressed recently by Mr. W. D. Roberts, who is leading the British Airways' mission in South America—a body whose object is to clear the way for British operation on the other side of the South Atlantic. He pointed out that the very fact of other companies having already provided their own organisations necessitated that British Airways must evolve something as efficient or even better; and he drew attention to the problem of flying stock.

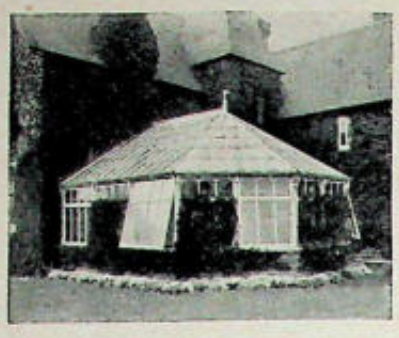
Suitable machines have, indeed, been one of the principal difficulties involved. It has been initially solved by the purchase of four Lockheed 14 machines from America, and it is these which are being used for the first flights between London and Lisbon. No decision has yet been taken regarding the type to be used on the South Atlantic crossing, but it is probable that the Lockheeds will be used when the Lisbon stage is extended to Bathurst in Gambia, the jumping-off place for the ocean flight.

In deciding on American aircraft for the preliminary work, the operators adopted what seems to have been the only course open to them. But it seems clear that British types are now being developed with characteristics suiting them for the duties of the route.

As already indicated, the proposed route lies between London, Lisbon, and Bathurst, on this side of the Atlantic, with some terminal in the Argentine on the other side. In the speech already mentioned, Mr. Roberts announced that the Argentine Government is going to construct a modern central airport in Buenos Aires. This will, no doubt, ultimately form one of the terminals in South America, though the fact that the mission intends to negotiate with the Governments of both Brazil and Uruguay indicates a wide conception of British participation in South American air transport.

It must be recognised that this project is quite distinct from the Atlantic flights that have been so much in the news this summer and last. In connection with those, a "southern route" has frequently been mentioned, but it must not be confused with the true South Atlantic airway. The former is the crossing via the Azores; its terminal on the western side is in the United States. The route under discussion here aims at providing an air link, under British control and direction, between this country and the South American republics.

This project is of the highest importance in itself and on the lines laid down for development, but it has another aspect of special interest to the Empire. With the route to Gambia in operation, a step will have been taken towards providing the British territories on the West African Coast with the same facilities for mails and rapid communications as those now possessed by the eastern ones. It has often been suggested that the West Coast route would be an ideal one for flying boats, and, indeed, the first official survey was made along it by this means. With the establishment of a British organisation over the difficult first stage, conditions are created in which further development might proceed. Thus, this new project, now nearing realisation, may well be not only a new link in world communications with Britain, but yet another aerial bond of Empire.



Appropriately designed

If you are requiring a conservatory or a greenhouse, you can be sure that from Boulton & Paul both the design and the quality will be appropriate. For over one hundred years we have specialised in this class of work. Designs are not only in harmony with the surroundings, but are evolved to provide the best growing conditions.

We shall be pleased to send illustrated catalogue 575 upon request.

BOULTON & PAUL *limited* **NORWICH**

Visit the London Showrooms:
HORSEFERRY HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

The boot with the WELDED SEAMS

North British Rubber Boots are strong, light, flexible. A necessity for farming, gardening, car-cleaning and any outside work.

from 10/11

NORTH BRITISH

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.

WORLD *Cruise*

From Monaco—January 21

by
EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

30,000 miles with the World's most accomplished hostess, s.s. Empress of Britain. A pleasant spaciousness, artistic interior decoration, a thoughtful personal service and faultless cuisine assure her guests every comfort known to modern travel. In four months, the Empress of Britain visits 19 countries on four continents. The itinerary includes 50 interesting and colourful places in Egypt, India, Ceylon, Siam, Hong Kong, Manila, Bali, Java, Durban, Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro, West Indies, New York, etc. Minimum Rate 438 Gns. First Class Only.

For complete information and reservations—Your Local Agent, or

Canadian Pacific

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY

Treasure from Scotland

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
PERTH SCOTLAND.
ESTABLISHED 1800

The WHUNDER

A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

"Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back. The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

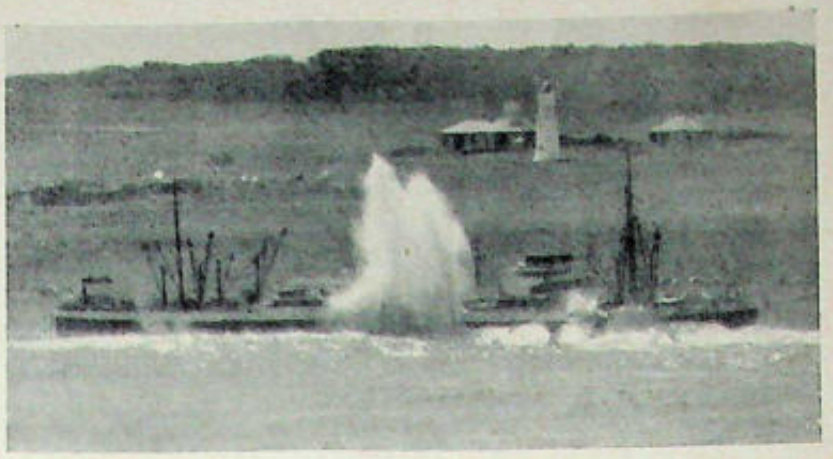
Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) — — — 64/- (Top 6/- extra)
CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

UP THE EAST AFRICAN COAST

The Return to England from the Cape



WAVES BREAKING OVER THE WRECK OF A 13,400 TON VESSEL AT EAST LONDON

FOR a ship leaving Cape Town for the East African coast, the first port of call is Mossel Bay, a small town with a background of scrub-covered sandhills which continue all the way to Durban. Its chief interest is Seal Island, the home of several hundred Cape Sea Lions, which can be visited by launch from the ship. On the way, one or two will be met leaping through the sea, to be mistaken for porpoises until quite close; also groups of tails just above the water, which belong to sea lions feeding on the crustacea of hidden rocks. The island is a rock mass 150 yds. by 40 yds. and about 30ft. high, so crowded with sea lions of all sizes that there seems to be no room for any more. Their barking is incessant, and the smell on the leeside appalling, but it is well worth the visit.

After Mossel Bay comes Port Elizabeth, famous for its Snake Park, where anti-snakebite serum is made for most of Africa; but, like all the new towns of South Africa, its buildings are more for utility than beauty.

East London is another day up the coast and possesses a fine bathing beach, while a trip up the Buffalo River, at whose mouth the port is situated, will reveal some grand scenery. It is a regular port of call for Finnish grain ships, and as many as four out of the seven large sailing ships left in this world of steam and motor may be seen there at once about December; they are beautifully kept and look most graceful with their lofty masts and spars.

Durban is the capital of Natal and quite one of the pleasantest towns it has been my good fortune to see. There is an atmosphere of freshness and cleanliness about it which I have only seen equalled in my native town of Plymouth; its shops are excellent, while almost any one of the row of fine hotels facing out to sea above the bathing beaches is well worth occupying for a couple of nights while the ship is wrapped in the gloom and dirt accompanying coaling.

The scenery of the Valley of a Thousand Hills is worth the motor drive, and if a permit be obtained to visit the Zulu Reserve, advantage should be taken of it to get a look at this fine nation before it is modernised out of existence.

Durban is also the centre of the South African whaling industry, and at times there are six or seven whales on the fleansing slips; though the whaling station, on the seaward side of the island at the mouth of the harbour, is not too easy to get at. Probably some whales will have been seen from the ship on the way up from Cape Town.

Lorenço Marques' fine harbour is about 30 hours from Durban, and here it will begin to get warm, though one does not swelter as in Beira; but the drive up to the big hotel on the hill behind the town, through flower-embowered villas, is a welcome change from dockside, while the beach below it provides excellent bathing. An expedition by rail-coach or launch to the hippopotamus reserve 40 miles up-river will appeal to many.

At Beira, the next stop, which is equi-distant from London either way round Africa, it will certainly be hot and there will be considerable cargo to be loaded. Most of the copper from Rhodesia comes here to be shipped, and a stay of four days is not improbable. Still, there are compensations, and a trip up the Buzi River to see a sugar factory and something of native life is almost sure to show hippo at fairly close range and crocodiles in plenty. It is flat, jungle-covered country, and wild animals, including lion and buffalo, are to be found within ten miles of the port.

A STREET SCENE IN ZANZIBAR
"Now the centre of commerce in such romantic-sounding merchandise as cloves, cinnamon and pimento"

WALTER HAGEN GETTING OUT OF A BUNKER ON THE GOLF COURSE AT TANGA

There is a good golf course at Beira just alongside the bathing beach, so altogether the time can pass quite pleasantly.

Through the Mozambique Channel and the Primeira Islands will be sighted a day before reaching Dar-es-Salaam, a lighthouse on stilts straddling above the casuarina trees. It was on Fogo Island, the outermost of the group, that fires were lit from July to October in the seventeenth century to guide galleons from India.

Dar-es-Salaam is a pretty little port, with evidence of the War still conspicuous in the form of ships sunk by the Germans to block the harbour entrance, but beyond a drive into the interior it provides no especial interest; though this cannot be said of Zanzibar, which island is reached next day.

The headquarters of the east coast slave trade and now the centre of commerce in such romantic-sounding merchandise as cloves, cinnamon and pimento, a drive round the island to see the spice plantations should be followed by a walk through the town. High, narrow streets, with a population drawn equally from Asia and Africa, many beautifully carved doorways to Arab houses and curios in the shops, all serve to make the usual stay too short; so that the six or seven hours of the trip across to Tanga will be occupied in regrets until daylight reveals this lovely little arm of the sea.

Tanga always looks as if it had just had a freshening shower of rain, with its red and white bungalows embowered amongst green trees on the edge of a long, low red cliff above the blue sea. Again a motor ride into the interior is the usual way of occupying time.

Leaving Tanga in the evening, the ship will be entering Mombasa, or Kilindini as the port is called, at dawn next morning. A beautiful inlet, lined with green forest and coconut palms, there are the Gedi ruins and old Portuguese fort to be seen, while a train leaves in the afternoon for Nairobi, getting in there about nine o'clock next morning, after passing through country where herds of game come right up to the railway line. It is also easy to fly there and back at very little more than the cost of the railway ticket, and if I were taking my two months' break between ships it is here I would do it.

Mombasa is the last of the east coast ports and the next stop is Aden, not nearly as bad a place as it is usually painted. Its ancient tanks, disused now that a good supply of water has been piped to the town, should be inspected, if only to wonder at the immense amount of labour involved in their excavation from rock.

Then past Perim Island, with its thirteen white inhabitants and three golf courses, set right in the gullet of the Red Sea, with a tide rip which will probably have several wrecks to show for its efforts, and half-way up is Port Sudan, built on hot and barren desert at the edge of the sea where the coral reefs are so steep that a hundred yards from the wharf it is too deep to anchor. There is a glass-bottomed boat here in which a trip may be made to view the many and multi-coloured fish which inhabit the jagged reefs.

The last lap lies to Suez and the Canal. Here we come to a part of the world which has been over-written by novelists and over-crowded by tourists, so that my theme is exhausted. Even the snow-capped hills of Crete, flaming Stromboli seen at night, or Napoleon's first prison, the island of Elba, will hardly stir the traveller's pulse, for, even if he has not seen them, he will have read of them to repletion.

C. H. STOCKLEY.

WORLD CRUISE.—An attractive world cruise has been planned for the Empress of Britain lasting 123 days and commencing on January 21, 1939. The fares range from 438 guineas and include the cost of innumerable shore expeditions. Starting at Monaco, the cruise takes into its itinerary such places as Jerusalem, Cairo, Bangkok, Bali, Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro and Havana.

"Snug as a Motoluxe Rug"

There is an air of quiet dignity . . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe Motor Rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery. At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort, and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

OTHER MOTOLUXE PRODUCTIONS

Footmuffs to match Rugs - 39 6
Baby Carriage Rugs - - 29 6
Gauntlet Gloves - - - 21 -
Ladies' Jackets and Coats from £4 . 4 . 0 to £10 . 10 . 0
Men's Coats - from £9 . 9 . 0

Write for latest illustrated booklet of all Motoluxe products to :—

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL.

MOTOLUXE
The SNUGGEST of RUGS

Agents Everywhere

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen St. Works, Regina St., London, N.W.1

By Appointment to the late King George V.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

Essential for Cocktails - Ideal for long drinks

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LTD., 170-3 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. *Distillery,* Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. Est. 1858.

This Winter's Greatest Cruise

16,000 miles of sunshine

CANARY ISLES · AFRICA (Senegal) · SOUTH AMERICA · PANAMA · WEST INDIES BAHAMAS · FLORIDA · MADEIRA

by the favourite cruising liner

"LACONIA"

20,000 tons

From Liverpool **JAN. 26**
From Southampton **JAN. 28**

52 days from 100 gns.

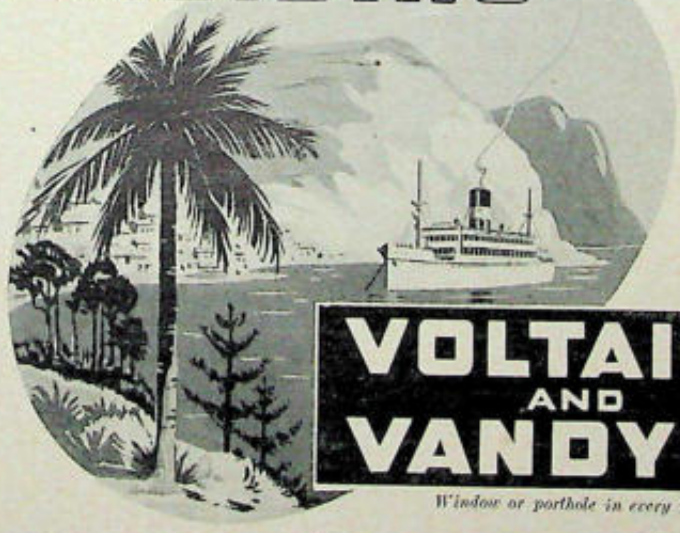
"FRANCONIA" World Cruise Dec. 1938 to June 1939, 44,000 miles, 36 ports, from 410 gns. including standard shore excursions.

New World Rivieras — Florida, California, Gulf Coast, Nassau, Bermuda, Jamaica. Through bookings via New York at inclusive rates.

Write for illustrated folder to your local agent or Cunard White Star Ltd., Liverpool, London.

Cunard White Star

CRUISING



First Class Only

VOLTAIRE AND VANDYCK

Window or porthole in every room

CHRISTMAS CRUISE

DECEMBER 20—'Voltaire' from Southampton to Lisbon, Teneriffe, then cruising South. Returning to Santa Cruz de la Palma and MADEIRA FOR NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES. Return Southampton January 5. 16 days from 25 gns.

CANARY ISLANDS—WEST AFRICA

SOUTH AMERICA—WEST INDIES & FLORIDA

FEBRUARY 4—'Voltaire' from Southampton to Teneriffe, Dakar, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Trinidad, Kingston, Havana, Miami, Porto Rico (San Juan) and Madeira. Return Southampton April 1. 56 days from 95 gns.

ROUND VOYAGES TO SOUTH AMERICA
Regular service of first-class cargo vessels

Full details from:

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE LTD.
ROYAL LIVER BUILDING, LIVERPOOL 3. TEL. BANK 8850. 27, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3. TEL. ROYAL 5723. 64, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER 2. TEL. BLACKFRIARS 2806. OR LOCAL AGENTS

WHERE TO STAY

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

Wonderful Winter, in England too . . .

Snow on the Grampians and fog on the Thames! But here we promise a wonderful winter. Warmth without and warmth within. Personal attentions. Studied diet. Position on the level, overlooking the bay.

Also a sliding scale plan whereby the longer you stay the less you pay. Write to our Manager, Mr. R. Paul, for details.

It will be the first step to spending a wonderful winter at

THE
GRAND
TORQUAY

Telephone: 2234

200 rooms and suites, many with private bath. A five-star hotel in the fullest sense.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 955.

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER — Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

AT THE CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON, SOMERSET, you can find warm and friendly COUNTRY QUARTERS. Hunting with five packs, stag and fox hounds. Good horses from our own stables. Rough shooting and billiards. Write for booklet.—Wire Nelder, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

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

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

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; centre of staghunting fishing, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3323, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COBDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

IRELAND'S NATURE CURE HYDRO.—Osteopathy, Massage, Hydrotherapy, Colonic Irrigation, Fasting, Treatment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Constipation, Obesity, Hunting Accidents. Guests can enjoy hunting (four packs—Island, Coollattin, Wexford, Bree), shooting, fishing, golf.—Apply SECRETARY, Upton, Kilmuckridge, Gorey, Co. Wexford. City Clinic, 1, Merrion Square, Dublin. Tel. 62604.

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

OSBERSTOWN HOUSE, NAAS, EIRE.—GUESTS RECEIVED for hunting season; up-to-date Private Hotel centre Kildare hunting country; ten loose boxes, saddle rooms, accommodation for grooms.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

YE OLDE BELL AT BARNBY MOOR

NO animal, according to the rules of animal-etiquette, is ever expected to do anything strenuous or heroic or even moderately active during the off-season of winter. But man, like a river, has no off-season. He is always hurrying somewhere all the year round, and you have only to travel on the Great North Road to-morrow to find out the truth of this statement.

If you are travelling from London to Carlisle, your best half-way halt is Ye Olde Bell Hotel at Barnby Moor. You may be tempted to push on through the night, but if you do you will hardly be fit for anything next day, and certainly you miss an introduction to one of the most comfortable hotels on the Great North Road. It was built in the days when a journey to the north was a long and sometimes tedious job. Coaches seldom exceeded a speed of ten miles an hour, usually averaging about eight, and it is obvious that no great distance could be covered in a day. To meet the needs of the travelling public old inns sprang up all along the route. Each has its own history, for each provided the visitor with good cheer, rest and comfort, and they were popular "stopping places" indeed.

None more so than Ye Olde Bell, where mine host, one George Clark, did a large posting business and kept a breeding establishment and training stable. Some idea of the extent of his enterprise may be gained from the fact that he had stable accommodation on the premises for 127 horses.

Even in 1776, before Clark's days, this old coaching hotelry, sometimes known as the "Blue Bell," was well famed. When the Rev. Thomas Twining was ambling about the country on "Poppet," making picturesque notes, he referred to the Bell as "a gentlemanlike, comfortable house."

With the advent of locomotives most of the old hostelries of the Great North Road lost their source of livelihood, amongst these being the Bell, which was bought by Mr. Beevor, himself an enthusiastic whip, and converted into a private residence. Here he and his family resided for over 60 years, when the premises were once more adapted to their original purpose.

The owners had no simple task before them. It was essential to provide every modern improvement and yet preserve the ancient character and traditions of the old coaching inn. So cleverly has this been done that, with the exception of the main entrance, which has been altered, and the hall (or lounge), which has been greatly enlarged, the general external appearance of the old inn is practically the same as when our forefathers were wont to sample old George Clark's celebrated bin of port.

If you are a racing man, note that Ye Olde Bell is only fifteen miles from Doncaster, and handy for York, Lincoln and Nottingham; if you hunt, there are eight packs of hounds from which to choose: The Grove, South Notts, the Fitzwilliam, Burton, Blankney, Belvoir, Badsworth and Rufford.

Although stage coaches have vanished and the cry of the post-boy, "Next pair out," has long ceased, the motor car has taken the place of the former and the mechanic that of the post-boy, Ye Olde Bell still stands as a fine example of those quieter days.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

ONE CROWDED HOUR

A collection of memorable incidents, personally recorded, with facsimile of autograph, selected from their own experience by sportsmen and game players of distinction in varied fields.

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

5/-
Postage 6d.

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY
Near LYNTON, N. DEVON

THE GROUNDS, a natural bird-sanctuary, are now a delight to the eye. The
PRIVATE GOLF COURSE
is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are moderate.

Why not spend this Autumn . . . with us? At any rate, write for an illustrated brochure or
TELEPHONE LYNTON 24.

Rough Shooting Free
Come to Wern, Llanddona, Anglesey (Beaumaris 77), for a week for 4 guineas and have two days' rough shooting.

If you are keen on **WILD FOWL SHOOTING** write to The Manager,
Chequers Hotel, Holbeach, Lincs.,
for particulars. Moderate Tariff. Exceptional Comfort. H. and C. all rooms. A.A. and R.A.C.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

HOUSE ISLA, AROSA.—Newly, first-class. Family Hotel, particularly well protected, sunny, woodland surroundings, up-to-date high-class cooking. Inclusive terms during summer from Fr.14; during winter from Fr.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

STAMPS

EARLY BRITISH COLONIALS.—Advertiser is dispersing Choice Collection. Selections of picked copies on approval at one-third catalogue. Also superb used and mint modern at over half catalogue.—"F.," 6, West Hill Road, London, S.W. 18.

PAYING GUESTS

CONNEMARA.—GUEST TAKEN in comfortable Country House; big turf fires, piping hot water, good cooking. Rough shooting over 8,000 acres.—ROBINSON, Roundstone, Co. Galway.

COMFORTABLE WINTER QUARTERS in beautifully situated Bungalow; private sitting room; electric light, good fires; excellent meals, nicely cooked and daintily served; baths (h. and c.); lovely views; quiet and private yet within three minutes sea and shops. Inclusive terms, 2 guineas weekly each; £3 10s. for two.—GEISHA BUNGALOW, Seaton, Devon.

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN.—Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE. Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations.—TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish house; hunting with Wexford and Kilkenny Hounds six days a week. Hirelings available, also stabling, grooms' accommodation for own horses.—Box 3244, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragnoher, Corofin, Clare.

HUNTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN for hunting, Ormond and East Galway. Comfortable House; good horses. Also plenty of shooting. Five guineas weekly.—ESMONDE, Dromynagh, Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary.

PRIVATE ACCOMMODATION, family, two-three, as Sole Guests; entrance Moor Park Golf; 30 minutes Baker Street. Hunting, golf, fishing. Central heating, log fires; two bathrooms; garage; 2½ or 3 guineas.—MAYNE, Grace Dieu, Rickmansworth.

S. IRELAND.—Charming labour-saving COTTAGE RESIDENCE; electricity, central heating; four bed, three sitting rooms; verandahs; hard tennis court. Hunting district. Rough shooting. River. Or as Paying Guests. Riding instruction.—Apply Box 3313, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

SUSSEX.—GEORGE IV SHOOTING BOX, 300 acres of rough shooting, clay pigeon trap. Shooting tuition, riding. Thirteen miles Eastbourne. Home produce, every comfort. 3½ guineas.—BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex.

SOUTH CORNWALL.—Fishing Village, detached gardens, S.W. aspect, ideal position, winter, full board, from 2 guineas; or rooms, good cooking and service; electric light, bath, h. and c., indoor sanitation; suit retired gent and wife.—JOHNS, Lawn House, Mevagissey.

SHOOTING GUEST REQUIRED.—Good rough shooting easy distance North London.—Box 3324, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance.

BRIDGE

END PLAYS

Useful Books for Students

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

THERE are various kinds of End Play whereby tricks can be won which are not apparent on the surface. The chief methods employed are elimination, stripping a hand, the squeeze, the throw-in play and forced lead play.

Examples of how to make an extra trick or tricks by means of these and other devices have been given from time to time in the *Field*. Recognition of how and when to use them is a necessary part of the equipment of every good player.

A brilliant American writer, Mr. George S. Coffin, has published recently a third revised and enlarged "Master" edition of his book entitled *End Plays* (The Ad. Press, Ltd., New York City; price 2½ dollars). It deals with eliminations, squeezes and coups, "clearly revealing the inmost secrets of Bridge scientifically classified for quick reference." In classifying them the author invents many new fantastic names which will be strange to most players.

Here are some of them: "The Exit Fork Strip," "Forced-Fork Strip," "Two-Forked Strip," "Criss-Cross Squeeze," "Split Automatic Double Squeeze," "Jettison Squeeze Finesse," "Hexagon Squeeze," "Barco Squeeze," "Hexagon Squeeze Strip," "Double Squeeze Entry Strip."

Let no one be put off by the use of this high-sounding nomenclature. The play involved is not so difficult or complex as the titles might suggest. I agree with the late Louis Watson, who wrote: "It does not matter what the play is called just so long as the player knows how to execute it."

The essence of all End Play is that the opponents are not given any chance of protecting themselves. They appear to have tricks. They think that they have tricks. But by the application of the principles explained these tricks vanish into thin air. It is not necessary to learn the names of these plays and coups. In fact a player at a London club who announced that he had just successfully brought off a "Triple Squeeze Fork Strip" would be likely to be fined drinks all round and then be thrown out of the window!

All the same I recommend this book to the earnest student. It is a veritable store-house of information, and no one can read it without profiting by it. As the writer of the Foreword suggests, it should be taken in "small doses," as most of the analysis is too deep for casual reading.

The following is described as "A Cross Ruff Throw-in":

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

Both sides vulnerable. Z the Dealer. The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One Diamond	One Heart	Two Diamonds	Four Spades
Five Diamonds	No bid	No bid	No bid

A led the King of Hearts.

With two losers in the Heart suit and a loser in Spades game looked hopeless. But Z followed the bidding clues. A probably held five Hearts and no high Spade. For End Play to succeed B had to hold only one Heart and the quart major in Spades. Therefore Z won the first trick with the Ace of Hearts, took two rounds of trumps, finessed Clubs successfully for three tricks and then led a Spade, which B won with the Knave.

B led the King of Spades and Z *discarded* a Heart!

B was now stripped of all but black cards to lead. Whatever B led, Z simply discarded his last otherwise losing Heart, while Dummy trumped. The play is called a "Cross-Ruff Throw-in" because the throw-in is made before the stripping process has been completed.

It is to be noted that if A opens with a Spade and B, winning with the Knave, returns a Heart, Z can employ similar tactics. He wins the second trick with the Ace of Hearts, makes his two top Diamonds and then his three Clubs and puts B in by leading a Spade from Dummy.

CHESS

INGENIOUS PLAY

THE following game, from a tournament at Bad Elster in June, shows some ingenious play by Gilg.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(*a*) Dr. Alekhine has expressed the opinion that Black's best move here is 4. . . . Castles, to be followed, if 5. Kt to K 2, by 5. . . . P to Q 4, or, if 5. Kt to B 3, by 5. . . . P to Q Kt 3.
(*b*) This move is inferior to B to Q 3.
(*c*) Kt to B 4 is, we think, to be preferred.
(*d*) A very good move.
(*e*) If B P takes P or Kt takes P, then P takes P.
(*f*) 10. B to Kt 2 is better, although after 10. . . . Kt to R 3; 11. Q to Q 4, Kt to B 4 White cannot well play 12. Q takes P because of 12. . . . B to R 3.
(*g*) A good move. If now 12. P to Q 6, then 12. . . . P to B 4 leads to the gain of the exchange, *e.g.*, (1) 13. Q takes P (B 5), B takes P (not B takes R at once because of P takes B); 14. Q takes B, B takes R, or (2) 13. P takes B, Q takes P, followed by 14. . . . B takes R.
(*h*) This move gives Black a winning advantage.
(*i*) There is nothing better. If, instead, 16. Q to Q 2, then 16. . . . B takes Kt; 17. P takes B, Q takes B, winning a piece.
(*j*) Preventing White's Knight from going to K 4 in reply to P to Q 5.
(*k*) Threatening to win a pawn by 24. . . . Kt to K 7, ch; 25. K to Kt 2, Kt takes Kt; 26. P takes Kt (not B to Q 2 because of Q to Q 4, ch), Q takes B P.
(*l*) Played so that he can reply to R to K 7, ch with R to B 2.
(*m*) White has no satisfactory move.
(*n*) If R takes Kt, then Q to K 7, ch, followed by Q takes Kt, ch and Q takes B, ch.
(*o*) Threatening Kt takes P, followed, if P takes Kt, by Q to R 8, mate.

A STRONG ATTACK

THE following game, from a tournament at Milan in April, shows a strong attack by White.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Riello.	BLACK. Castaldi.	WHITE. Riello.	BLACK. Castaldi.
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	14. Q to B 4	Kt to Q 2 (*f*)
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	15. P to K R 4 (*g*)	Q to K 2
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. Kt to Kt 5	Kt to B sq
4. P takes P (*a*)	Q takes P (*b*)	17. Kt tks B P	R to Q R 4
5. Kt to B 3	Kt to K B 3	18. Kt to Kt 5	P to K R 3 (*h*)
6. B to Q 2	Q to Q sq	19. B to B 4, ch	K to R sq
7. B to Q 3	Kt to B 3 (*c*)	20. R to Q 8 (*i*)	R to K B 4
8. Kt to K 4	B takes B, ch	21. Q to Q 2	P to Kt 4 (*j*)
9. Q takes B	Castles (*d*)	22. B to Kt 3	P to Kt 5
10. P to B 3	R to K sq	23. Q to Q 3 (*k*)	R takes Kt (*l*)
11. Castles (Q R)	P to K 4 (*e*)	24. P takes R	B to R 3 (*m*)
12. P takes P	Kt takes P	25. Q to Q 5	Resigns.
13. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt		

(*a*) The most important alternatives here are P to K 5 and Kt to K 2.
(*b*) P takes P, the usual move, is preferable (see Black's sixth move).
(*c*) Black's idea is to free his Queen's Bishop by playing P to K 4 later on.
(*d*) Not 9. . . . Kt takes P; 10. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt because of 11. B to Kt 5, ch, winning the Queen.
(*e*) This looks quite good—but White's fourteenth move places Black in difficulties.
(*f*) Black has no completely satisfactory move. If (1) 14. . . . R to K 3, then 15. B to B 4 wins the exchange; if (2) 14. . . . R to K B 4, then 15. Kt takes Kt, ch, R takes Kt; 16. B takes P, ch, K takes B; 17. Q to R 4, ch and wins; or, if (3) 14. . . . Q to K 2 (perhaps best), then 15. Kt takes Kt, ch forces the disruption of Black's King's side pawns.
(*g*) Threatening Kt to Kt 5. If now 15. . . . P to K R 3, then 16. P to K Kt 4 (threatening P to Kt 5); or, if, instead, 15. . . . P to K B 3, then 16. Kt to Kt 5 followed, if (1) 16. . . . P takes Kt, by 17. B to B 4, ch, K to R sq; 18. Q takes R, or, if (2) 16. . . . P to K Kt 3 by 17. B to B 4, ch, and a check by the Knight. The move Black chooses seems the best, although it results in the loss of a pawn.
(*h*) If, to prevent B to B 4, ch, Black plays 18. . . . B to K 3, then 19. K R to K sq, to be followed by 20. Q to K 4. If (instead of 18. . . . B to K 3) 18. . . . P to Kt 4, then 19. K R to K sq, Q to B 3; 20. B takes P, ch, K to R sq (if 20. . . . Kt takes B, then 21. R to K 8, ch, Kt to B sq; 22. Q to K 4, B to B 4; 23. Q takes R and wins); 21. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 22. B to K 4.
(*i*) A very strong move.
(*j*) If, instead, 21. . . . Q to B 4 (threatening R takes P), then 22. Kt to B 7, ch, K to R 2; 23. B to Q 3.
(*k*) Threatening R takes B followed by Q takes R.
(*l*) If, instead, 23. . . . P to Kt 3, then 24. P to Kt 4 followed, if (1) 24. . . . R takes P, by 25. Q to Q 4, ch, R to B 3; 26. Kt to K 4; if (2) 24. . . . R to B 3, by 25. Q to Q 5; if (3) 24. . . . R to R 4, by 25. Q to Q 4, ch, and wins (if 25. . . . Q to Kt 2, then 26. R takes Kt, mate); or, if (4) 24. . . . B to Kt 2, by 25. Q to B 4, Q to Kt 2; 26. P takes R, B takes R or R takes R; 27. P to B 6 and wins.
(*m*) If 24. . . . Q takes P, ch, then 25. Q to Q 2. If, instead, 24. . . . B to B 4, then 25. Q to B 4 followed, if 25. . . . Q takes P, ch, by 26. P to B 4 or, if 25. . . . B to K 3, by 26. R takes Kt, ch, R takes R; 27. Q takes B. The text-move loses at once.

DR. EUWE'S GAMES

WE have received for review a copy of a book which we would say at once is a very valuable addition to chess literature. It is a selection of 75 of Dr. Euwe's best games in the last eighteen years, annotated by himself and with a descriptive paragraph to each game from the pen of Mr. F. Reinfeld, of New York, who has acted as translator. Dr. Euwe's reputation as an annotator is very high indeed, and in this book he is at his very best. His notes are thorough, lucid and very instructive, and the opening, the middle-game and the end-game have been treated with equal care. The result is a remarkably fine book, one of the very best ever written on the game. We very heartily recommend it.

From My Games. By Dr. M. Euwe. (Published by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C. 2. Price 10/6 net.)

PROBLEM No. 3984

By Dr. A. CHICCO.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at Q R 7, Queen at K Kt sq, Rooks at Q R 4 and K R 6, Bishops at K R sq and K B 8, Knights at Q B 6 and Q 8, Pawns at Q Kt 3 and Q B 5.

BLACK (11 pieces): King at Q 4, Queen at K 4, Rooks at K 5 and K B 7, Bishops at Q Kt 8 and Q R 8, Knights at Q 2 and K R 7, Pawns at Q B 2, Q B 6 and K 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Settimana Enigmistica*, 1933.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3983

1. B to B 3. If 1. . . . P to R 4, then 2. Q takes P, ch, &c. If 1. . . . K to R 4 or R 5, then 2. Q to R sq, ch, &c.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

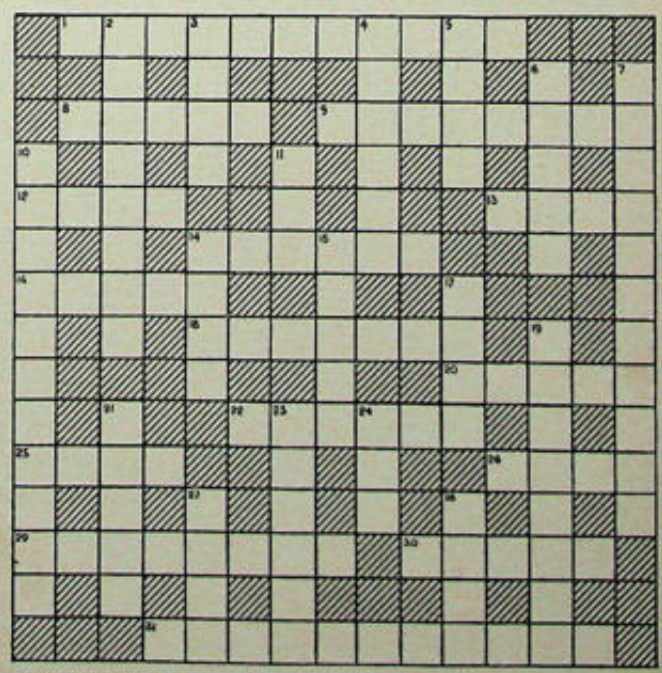
1. Q to K sq, ch, K to B 7; 2. Q to B sq, ch, K to Kt 6; 3. Q to Kt 2, ch, K to B 5 (if K to R 5, then Q to Kt 4, ch and wins); 4. Q to Kt 4, ch, K to Q 4; 5. Q to Q 6, ch, K to B 5; 6. Q to B 5, ch, K to Kt 6; 7. Q to Kt 4, ch, K to B 7 or R 7; 8. Q to Kt 2, ch, K takes Q; 9. Kt takes B, ch and wins.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 487

ACROSS.—1, A hawk-moth and yet a bird that sings under its breath. 8, If we change the middle letter of northerners we get the southern end, so to speak, of rabbits. 9, A hawk-moth with a fine trunk to its body presumably. 12, We often hope this responsibility will not be. 13, A hawk-moth which may be quick. 14, Four in the middle of a bush makes this hawk-moth. 16, Down on fruit and plants. 18, The science of modernising the language. 20, Striking result of a few turns round a cleat. 22, No deep clue here. 25, "O most small fault, how —— didst thou in Cordelia show!" (*King Lear*). 26, Most of this part of the wall makes a lot of bother. 29, Solve. 30, "Secret shades of —— Ida's inmost grove" (*Il Penseroso*). 31, Yes, a sore arm makes a salt-marsh plant.

DOWN.—2, Disjoin—trucks, for example. 3, This flits into several of the clues. 4, Perhaps it might be similar. 5, Oil is obtained from the seeds of this plant. 6, Customary for riding. 7, Administration of an oath. 10, This hawk-moth's a bit of a weed. 11, Dernier ——. 14, This hawk-moth shouldn't do this—it is so bad for the nerves. 15, "It is the rust we ——, not the gold" (Pope; Satires). 17, We've done this to many a hawk-moth. 19, Looks as if this hawk-moth has gone in for rowing. 21, Dazzling re-arrangement of sovereign epithet. 23, A suburban hawk-moth. 24, The whole point is just the reverse of what we could eat. 27, William Morris describes himself as: "The —— singer of an empty day." 28, "Let concealment, like a ——'i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek" (*Twelfth Night*).



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. 486

Published October 15th

S	Y	M	M	E	T	R	Y	■	T	■	G	■	S	■
W	■	E	■	M	■	E	■	■	U	R	G	E	N	T
A	G	G	R	E	G	A	T	E	■	O	■	N	■	A
G	■	R	■	N	■	C	■	O	A	T	M	E	A	L
G	R	I	N	D	S	T	O	N	E	■	■	R	■	K
E	■	M	■	A	■	I	■	■	G	A	R	A	G	E
R	■	S	■	T	■	O	A	S	I	S	■	L	■	D
■	■	■	S	I	G	N	P	O	S	T	S	■	■	■
S	■	A	■	O	U	S	T	S	■	R	■	P	■	I
H	A	V	A	N	A	■	■	T	■	O	■	O	■	N
O	■	O	■	■	R	A	V	E	L	L	I	N	G	S
R	E	W	A	R	D	S	■	N	■	O	■	T	■	I
T	■	A	■	U	■	S	T	U	R	G	E	O	N	S
E	N	L	I	S	T	■	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	T
N	■	S	■	T	■	■	T	O	R	R	E	N	T	S

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Age of Trout.—Unfortunately all the scales except one proved to have regenerated centres, which render them useless for accurate reading. The one scale which seemed to be perfect showed either seven years or eight years, the last year or so being doubtful on account of the erosion from spawning marks. The fish spawned from its fourth year onwards.—*M. P., Hants.*

Country House

Pond for Goldfish.—In all probability the depth of your pond will have to depend, very largely, on how deep you have to go before arriving at an impermeable stratum, but, as a sort of general principle, you may take it that the pond should be not less than 3ft. deep and not more than 6ft. If you are going to put goldfish in a pond which also contains water lilies, you will be well advised if you watch the lilies very carefully in the autumn and clear out the old leaves the moment they decay. It appears that water lilies contain some kind of alkaline poisoning which, on occasion and under certain conditions, seems to be very destructive to goldfish.—*C. G. O., Kent.*

Golf

Books on Golf.—The best books on the subject you mention are the following, and from them you should be able to get all that you can require on the architectural side of golf: *The Architectural Side of Golf*, by Wethered & Simpson; published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4, at 3 guineas. *The Game of Golf*, by Bernard Darwin, Horace Hutchinson, Joyce Wethered, Roger Wethered, T. Simpson; published by Seeley Service & Co., 196, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. 2, at 15/-. *Golf Courses — Design, Construction and Upkeep*, published by Messrs. Sutton & Sons, Reading, at 15/-.—*A. P. Q. T., Nepal.*

Kennel

Registration of Springer Spaniel.—You should write to the Secretary of the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, London, W., for a registration form, on which you will see full directions. You have to select a distinctive name for the dog that has not been taken in that variety for the last ten years. You will be told if the name is already booked. Fee 2/6. You have to give the names of the parents and say if they were registered. If either or both were not, you will be told the procedure.—*J. W. D. M., Castle Douglas.*

Falling Hair.—Constant shedding of the coat seems to be a weakness of some dogs. If your Alsatian has not been dosed for worms we should advise giving him a vermifuge as a preliminary, and then put him on a course of Parrish's Chemical Food. You might let him have a dessertspoonful of linseed oil with the food two or three times. Does he have plenty of meat? We assume you groom him thoroughly every day. That is usually beneficial to the skin. If the skin is dry, brush in a little coconut oil occasionally.—*K. E. H., Birmingham.*

Manchester and Bull Terriers.—We regret to say that there are very few breeders of the old Manchester terrier, and we know of none in your neighbourhood. The most likely are Miss J. C. Thackeray Schwabe, The Grove, Ashbourne, Derbyshire; Miss Ratcliff, 18, Station Road, Barnes, London, S.W. 13; Mr. W. Anstey, 59, Hill Street, Coventry. For coloured bull terriers try Mr. R. H. Glyn, Gaunts House, Wimborne, Dorset; Mrs. McNeill, 6, Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.; Miss E. K. Ayris, Broomrigg, Sarisbury Green, near Southampton.—*Brig.-General, Chippenham.*

Miscellaneous

Collective Terms.—Many of these old phrases giving collective terms come from the book of St. Alban dated 1486. Some of them are rather peculiar, and you would not hear to-day of a "harras of horses" which appears in the list, while the second term you refer to is a "shrewdness of apes." There are a good many others, such as a "murmuration of starlings" and an "exaltation of larks."—*W. A. W., Renfrewshire.*

Rowing

World's Sculling Championship.—We give below a list of the winners of the World's Sculling Championship from 1920 to 1935:

1920.	E. Barry	beat	A. Felton.
1922.	J. Paddon	,,	D'Arcy Hadfield.
1923.	J. Paddon	,,	D'Arcy Hadfield.
1924.	J. Paddon	,,	A. Felton.
1924.	J. Paddon	,,	Major Goodsell.
1925.	Major Goodsell	,,	J. P. Mellevitt.
1925.	Major Goodsell	,,	J. P. Hannan.
1925.	Major Goodsell	,,	J. Paddon.
1926.	Major Goodsell	,,	Tom Saul.
1927.	Major Goodsell	,,	H. A. Barry
1928.	H. A. Barry	,,	Major Goodsell.
1930.	E. A. Phelps	,,	H. A. Barry.
1930.	E. A. Phelps	,,	H. A. Barry.
1932.	E. A. Phelps	,,	Major Goodsell.
1933.	R. H. Pearce	,,	E. A. Phelps.
1934.	R. H. Pearce	,,	W. G. Miller.
1935.	E. A. Phelps	,,	H. A. Barry.

—*J. M., Bromyard.*

Rugby

Tackling.—In reply to your questions, we refer you to Law 16 of the laws of the game. (*a*) After a tackle the ball must be brought into play with a foot. (*b*) When a player is tackled, but not brought to the ground, he must *immediately* release the ball so that it falls to the ground between himself and his opponents' goal line. (*c*) The tackled player, if lying on the ground, must *immediately* release the ball, roll away from it, and get up before playing it with his foot. (*d*) No player shall prevent a tackled player from releasing the ball, or getting up after he has released it. (*e*) No player shall pick up the ball after a tackled player has released it, or when it is on the ground after a player has been tackled, until it has been played with a foot. (*f*) No player lying on the ground after a tackle shall interfere with the ball in any way until it has been played with the foot of a player who is not lying on the ground. The penalty for any of these infringements is a penalty kick awarded at the place of infringement. In the case of a player being merely thrown or knocked over, he may continue his run even though the ball has touched the ground. The law concerning the lying on the ground with the ball in your possession is that you must play the ball immediately or get up, or roll away from the ball.—*D. J. C., Oxford.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

Your cartridges contained 33½ grains of E.C. powder and ⅞ oz. of mixed shot, mostly size 6. Velocity averaged 954ft. per second, which is much too low for ordinary game shooting; pressure developed was also extremely low, a little more than half standard for the powder employed. From the results obtained, one is forced to conclude that they must be most unsatisfactory.—*D., Bramley.*

Travel

Touring Norfolk and Suffolk. Your first stopping place would be the Bull at Long Melford. Although its outside appearance will attract the wayfarer there is nothing to show that it conceals an interior so old and interesting. So far as is known, the sign of the Bull, so common in mediæval times, was first displayed there in 1580. There is much which is beautiful about the structure and decoration. Although the front is of painted brick, severely plain, at the back charming old timbers can be viewed from a quaint court, while inside the age of the house is much more evident. Having inspected the curiosities of the inn, visitors often like to inspect Melford Church, which dominates the town. The body of the church is notable as being entirely of one period—the latter part of the fifteenth century and early part of the sixteenth—though the handsome square tower is not original, having been built to replace an earlier one destroyed by lightning in 1711. As with the town of Long Melford, length is a striking feature of the church, which is 153ft. long. After that you might proceed to the Rutland Arms at Newmarket. In the neighbourhood of this hotel is famous partridge country. Pike fishing is to be had at Barton Mills, eight miles away, and golf on an eighteen-hole course about a mile from the hotel. The roads in the district make motoring a pleasure, and the hotel includes an excellent garage with all the necessary facilities. Although the main part of the hotel is of considerable age, it has been brought thoroughly up to date in its appointments and equipments. Real home comfort and excellent food are provided, and the splendid sporting facilities in the district make Newmarket an ideal holiday centre. Then on to The Bell at Thetford. This is Thetford's oldest surviving inn, and it appears that while Columbus was "going all out" to discover America, Britons were quietly drinking their beer in the Bell parlour with satisfaction to themselves and the host of what was even then a very prosperous establishment. Just how much of the original structure remains to-day is not quite clear, but it seems probable that there is a good deal of it in the wing that abuts on King Street. Undoubtedly this is the oldest part, and there are timbers there that might well be of fifteenth-century workmanship. In room No. 9, for instance, there still remains a fragment of the original wall decoration on some of the old timbers. A few words in Gothic lettering may be traced, while the sight of a crowned *rose-en-soleil* will recall the radiant rose first adopted as a royal badge by Edward IV. This was also a favoured badge of Henry VII, in whose reign the first extant record of The Bell was set down. From Thetford you could make for King's Lynn and stay at The Duke's Head Hotel. To-day this hotel looks out upon the cobbled grass-sprinkled market place from behind a defacing coat of "compo," which hides an original brick front from view. Built in the Renaissance style, its two great features are the broad, shallow-stepped seventeenth-century staircase that leads from ground to attics, and its delightfully proportioned, white-panelled lounge. In the coffee room there are to be seen the solid Georgian chairs, probably used by the "great" folk who once arrived by "private carriage only." Old sporting prints on the walls tell observers much of the inn's past history. A new wing of modern bedrooms was recently added, and the stabling turned into garage accommodation. Yet all this has been done with due caution, and the character of the building remains unimpaired. After this push on to Blakeney, and possibly stay at the Blakeney Hotel. It is a grand spot for a holiday. There is a bird sanctuary quite near, while the countryside is wild and uncultivated. After staying at Blakeney, it would be quite a good plan to move in line to the Maid's Head Hotel at Norwich. Two or three times this hotel has come into our national history, very definitely. Thus, in 1549, the leaders of the Royal Army there fortified themselves with breakfast on the day that they made an end of Ket's Rebellion. It was the headquarters during the Civil War of the local Royalists, who were several times attacked there by the Roundheads. Queen Elizabeth is reputed to have slept in the fine old room named after her, but although she visited Norwich in 1578, there is nothing to show that she stayed at the Maid's Head. The house is, indeed, full of interesting ancient rooms. The long lounge has a beamed ceiling, a great open fireplace, and a sixteenth century fireplace that had long been concealed by a modern grate. Adjoining it is the delightful little Jacobean room used as the bar. Another, and even earlier, fireplace was discovered in the thickness of the drawing room wall; now, fitted with dogs and a hood, it makes a handsome picture. The billiard room is panelled and the dining room, once the assembly room, so favourite an adjunct of hotels in the eighteenth century, has the usual music gallery. You will now be travelling towards London and no doubt you would enjoy a stay at the White Lion Hotel at Eye. While the face of England changes in many places, the ancient borough town of Eye in North Suffolk remains much as it was when coaches were the gondolas of the road. Eye, after all, means an "island," and living up to such a name the town has always been sufficiently "off the map" to resist too much modernisation. That is one of the reasons why the White Lion Hotel has changed so little in appearance during successive centuries. Inside, of course, the owners have seen to it that the inn has kept abreast of the modern demand for comfort. So as to be within easy reach of London on your last day, we would suggest a visit to the Crown Inn at Woodbridge. The inn to-day is typical of the eighteenth century, with its rambling corridors, odd corners and changing levels. Some reports have it that the Crown first put out its sign during the Wars of the Roses, when such a symbol could offend neither side, but local historians affirm that the house was the principal tenement of the Manor of Woodbridge-Ufford, the manorial courts of which were held there until the last century.—*N. W., London.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

A FULL catalogue of horses was dealt with at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's usual weekly sale at Leicester on Saturday last, and a fair number were sold. Lord Leconfield sent up a string of six, all of which changed hands, his bay gelding, Patrick, going for 175gs. and black gelding, Poodle, 130gs.; whilst Colonel Wiggin got 125gs. for his chestnut gelding Stirling. The following is a return of horses which made 30gs. or more. Property of Mr. W. J. A. Shephard: Ch m, 48gs.; b g, 32gs. Property of Mr. Tim Curtis: B.B., b g, 65gs.; Baroness, br m, 46gs. Property of Colonel W. H. Wiggin: Stirling, ch g, 125gs. Property of Lord Leconfield, M.F.H.: Poodle, bl g, 130gs.; Ploughboy, br g, 92gs.; Patrick, b g, 175gs.; Phosphorous, ch g, 48gs.; Polecat, ch g, 61gs.; Pippin, bl g, 34gs. Property of Mr. Derby Haddon: Smasher, b g, 40gs. Property of Lieutenant-Colonel Trollope-Bellew: Lady Tawny, b m, 42gs. Property of Messrs. Baillie Brind & Co., Ltd.: Samson, b g, 50gs.; Cottage Boy, bl g, 45gs.; First Chance, ch g, 30gs.; Laxton, b m, 60gs. Property of Mrs. Colin Cooper: Br m, 84gs.; gr g, 94gs.; br g, 60gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland.	*Canada.*	*Elsewhere abroad.*
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

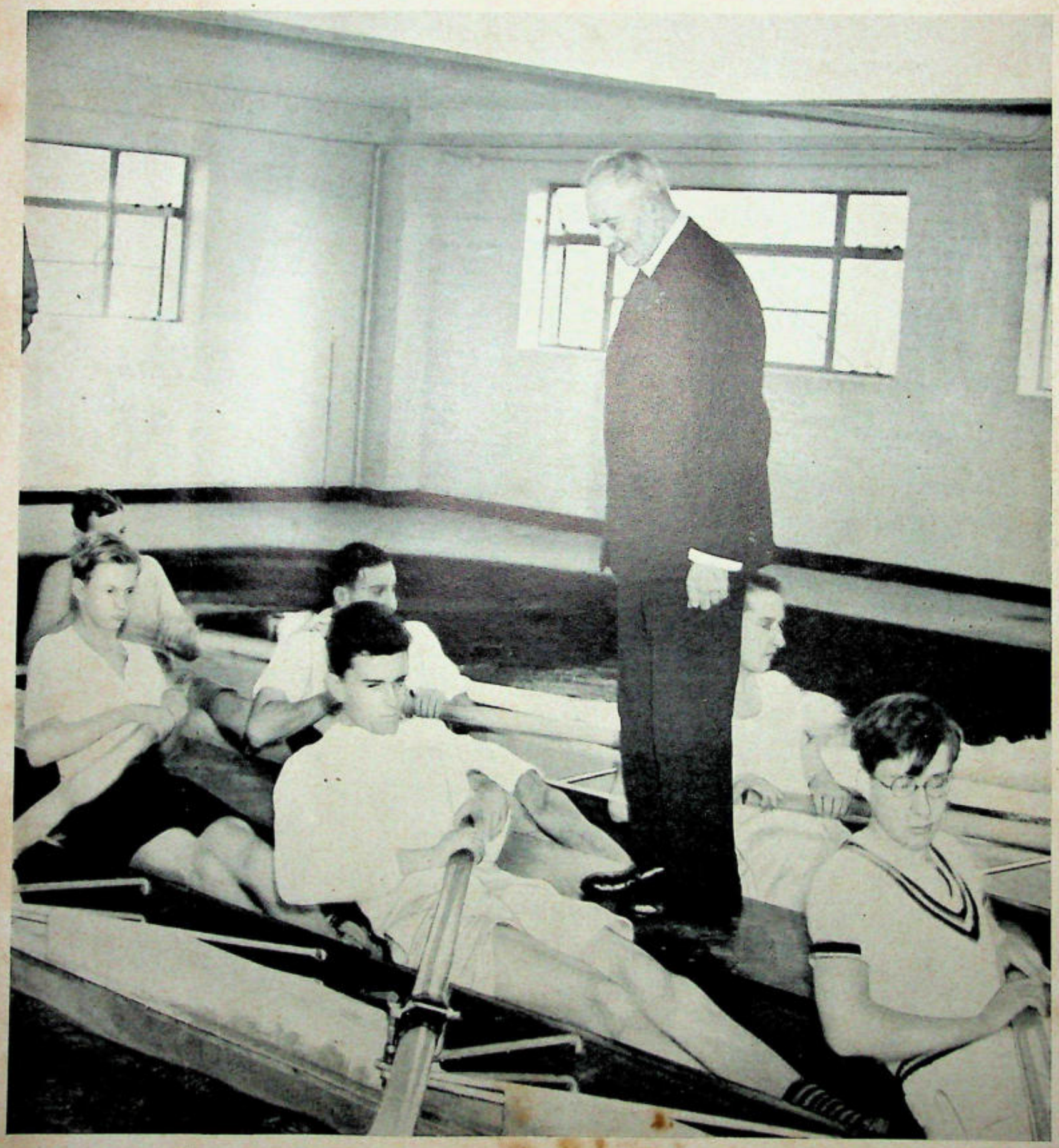
Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1938) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Oct. 22, 1938

THE FIELD

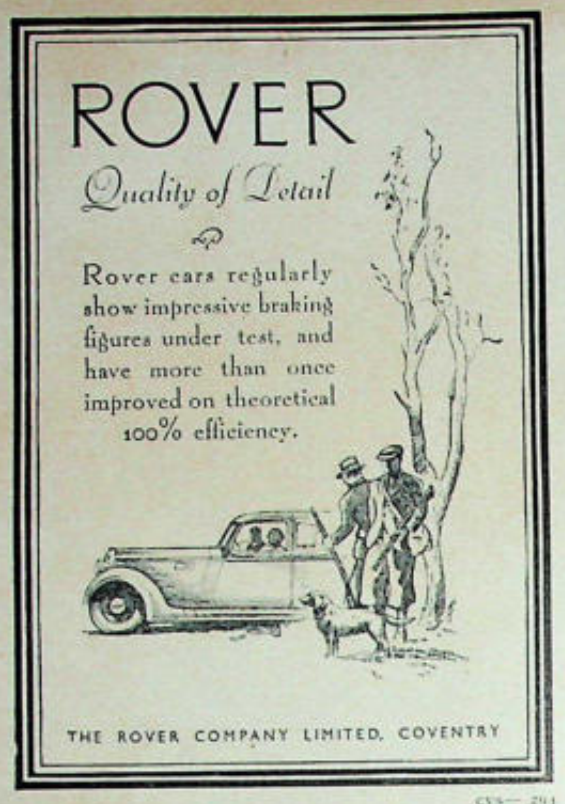
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4479. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.



UNDER THE EYE OF THE EXPERT

Lord Desborough watching work in the tank after opening Imperial College Boat House which was built by the students at a cost of £17,000. The new quarters by Putney Hard are splendidly equipped. On the ground floor the boats are stored in an ingenious manner on racks which move on ball bearings; on the first floor is the dining room and dressing rooms with showers, &c., and on the roof the covered-in tank. From the balcony there is a view of the Boat Race course from the start to Hammersmith Bridge. Imperial College crews, with these facilities, should soon be able to show the way to their rivals on the Tideway



THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1015
HORSE FIRST, HOUND SECOND 1015
HIGH AND TO THE LEFT 1016
SANDOWN PARK AND NEWBURY 1018
THE "CHAIN" OF AN OTTER 1019
CASTING TACTICS ON SMALL STREAMS . . 1020
LONG FIGHTS WITH FISH 1020
GIANT OF THE FOREST 1021
THE LITTLE OWL 1022
TROUT FISHING IN KULU 1023
COLONEL HAWKER AND THE CREATURE COMFORTS 1024
THE SPRINGER SPANIEL IN INDIA 1025
THE GRACE AND AGILITY OF THE RED LECHWE 1026
WILD LIFE OF BUSH AND SWAMP 1027
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1028
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1028
REFLECTION IN A WINDOW 1028
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Canalising the Avon; The Paint Bill; Irish Loughs . 1029
IN THE CITY 1032
NEW BOOKS 1033
IN TOUCH 1034
THE LATE LORD DARESBURY 1034
BROOMS TO BE PLANTED NOW 1036
TREE SURGERY 1036
HEDGES IN GARDENS 1038
MAKING A DOG A GENTLEMAN 1038
SHEEP, DUST AND MEN 1040
PIGS AT PETERBOROUGH 1041
FLOWER GROWING FOR MARKET 1041
INCREASE OF WHEAT QUOTA 1041
THE HUMBER SUPER SNIPE 1042
MACHINES FOR THE CIVIL AIR GUARD . . 1044
KANO—CITY OF THE HAUSAS 1047
CARDS AND CHESS 1049
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1050

WEEK-END COTTAGE

NO historical contrast could be more sharp than the difference in attitude towards the country between the Restoration and the present age. "Beyond Hyde Park," said Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." Yet it is precisely the modern Sir Foplings who are most insistent on a connection with the pursuits of the country. It is difficult to say why people who are essentially at home only in towns should derive a satisfaction by periodically making themselves thoroughly unhappy in the country—unless their attitude can be ascribed to a general discontent and to the insidious activities of the gossip writers. Such people are sometimes photographed on the way to the meet or while walking to another stand, and these are the most courageous. Those with less heart fall back on the ease—always coupled with a suitably vague atmosphere—of the week-end cottage.

We would not have it thought that everyone who possesses a cottage in the country is necessarily a fraud, for that would be far from the truth. The type of person we have in mind is the type which has the time to spend every week-end in the country. Dr. Johnson praised the countryside in his verse in a manner which left no doubt as to the sincerity with which he praised the city in his prose, and it is this same attitude which prompts the dweller in towns to own a cottage in the country to-day: for a definable connection with the countryside has become a social responsibility. Formerly the squire and his family, though lords of all they surveyed in their own village, were uncomfortably aware that they were nobodies in Town. Nowadays the most confirmed city dweller must, in order to be recognised, be able to speak largely of his life in the country.

Much harm has been brought about as a result of this social movement. It does no good to the country or to the men and women who strive to make their living there. The week-end party descends on the country peace complete with everything it needs for the duration. No attempt is made to understand the rustic problems with which they are surrounded, no effort is made to do anything except to have a change. No visible advantage is conferred upon the countryside, and, if Mr. Punch is to be believed, the energy required in the pursuit of a week-end's pleasure in the country is infinitely greater than that needed for a week's work in Town.

But it is fortunate that there is another type of cottage, frequently abandoned, it is true, for months at a time, yet still a cottage to whose occupation the local countrymen look forward. This is the cottage whose owner is exiled in a city, and who is thankful if he can escape to the country even once a month. He snatches a day's hunting or a day's rough shooting, and by his presence the countryside is happier. For he talks at great length, and with much sympathetic knowledge, to the local farmers; he hears their grievances in silence, only speaking when he is sure that he can hold out a prospect of hope. And he himself is also a gainer, for in those few precious hours he has been able to remind himself that in the countryside there is still an occupation where a man may work and remain unvulgarised by the taints of the city.

OF SERVICE TO THE STATE

IN any voluntary national effort it is obvious that organisations connected with sport must play their part; where there is the machinery to hand use can be made of it in any emergency scheme, as was instanced during the War. That very much alive body, the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, Ltd., has taken time by the forelock, and through its chairman, Sir Hubert Gough, has offered its services to the War Office. In spite of, or rather because of, mechanisation, there is bound to be a call for those who have experience of duties connected with horses, and here are volunteers who have the requisite training. Elder members of the Pony Club and adult members of the Institute of the Horse might usefully be employed in collecting and looking after horses for the Army Remount Depot. The Institute is in touch from its headquarters with District Commissioners in all parts of the country, and there are over 130 branches of the Pony Club, whose members could be utilised for local services. The action of the Institute is to be commended; it had the support of all its representatives at a recent meeting and of its president, the Duke of Beaufort.

In every section of the community there are willing hands ready to tackle any job which will help to bring this country into a state of preparedness to meet any possible eventuality. Active tasks can be performed by athletic associations, and those who are beyond physical work will find occupation in organisation. The material is there for the Government to direct into proper channels. Sport and the spirit it engenders has proved its value in the past and it can again be enlisted in the service of the State.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR

With the departure last week of the sixteen English players on their journey to South Africa, cricket again takes its place in our thoughts. Many enthusiasts who assembled to see them off must have gone back to the time three years ago, when the South Africans enjoyed a most successful tour; to their magnificent defeat of Yorkshire at Sheffield; to Bruce Mitchell's classic innings on a very nasty Lord's wicket, and the opportunism of Langton and Balaskas, which gave the visitors their first Test match victory over England; to the "back-to-the-wall" innings of Wade at the Oval which virtually gave them the rubber. But there is another reason why we shall follow this tour with especial interest. Cricket is having its crisis, for the type of game exemplified by the genius and googlies of Faulkner and his men could never have lived in the modern timeless fiascos, and provides another argument against over-prepared wickets. It is significant, too, and, we hope, symbolical, that there is an organised movement in South Africa for rapidly replacing matting by turf wickets.

"KNEES BEND" FOR CORPORATIONS

The Physical Fitness Campaign can claim to have justified itself when the Lord Mayor of London announces that he touches his toes without bending his knees twenty-eight times on getting out of bed every morning and issues challenges to other leading City officials. Basing judgment on photographs, there are many prominent Continental fitness enthusiasts who would find the test a bit of a trial. If at any time "Knees Bend" or "On the Hands Down" threatens to become an athletic preliminary to taking office, City Fathers may apply for a ruling that it is an unreasonable demand, on similar lines to the American lady who protested at being called upon to get out of bed and stand smartly to attention when the national anthem was played on the wireless.

DONINGTON SIDELIGHT

Last Saturday England experienced one of the greatest motor races in her history, when British cars chaperoned the Auto-Union and Mercédès teams in their tremendous struggle at Donington Park. Although the British had no hope of victory on the track, they have received tribute enough, from Herr Huehnlein, chief of the Nazi Motorised Corps, to make the nation blush. He said he was tremendously impressed by the "discipline and perfect functioning of the often gigantic traffic in London shopping districts." Britain, he considered, was far superior to his own country in this respect. He praised our traffic lights and our good road manners, which he described as the "knightly consciousness of responsibility of every individual," which quality he hoped to instil into his own people on his return to Germany. May we remain worthy of such high praise.

SCOTTISH SALMON BILL

When Parliament reassembles it is to be hoped that the urgent claim for the new Scottish Salmon Bill to come up for consideration during the autumn will not be overlooked. With many matters of importance to the welfare of the whole country impending, there is always a tendency to forget the urgency of reform for any one part. The object of the Bill is primarily to improve a small but important part of the food supply of the country, and one, moreover, which requires next to no assistance from public funds. Every year which goes by puts this improvement another twelve months in arrear. Now is the time for anglers and fishery owners to drop differences on detail, if differences there be, and unite to impress upon their representatives the real need for new legislation to be passed.

FALLING LEAF

Leaf by leaf the limes are shedding
Golden glory on the grass,
Carpet for the fairies' treading,
Pillows for an elfin bedding,
Roadway for the gnomes to pass.

Leaf by leaf the burning beeches
Fling their rubies down the rides,
Where the winds in forest-reaches
Blowing from the ocean-beaches
Lilt their love to woodland brides.

Rustling feet of hounds and horses
Stir the waves of gold and red,
While with all their old resources
Foxes thread their chosen courses
Through the coloured drifts ahead.

In the naked aisles surrounding
Wake the distant echoes now,
Trembling to the horn's resounding,
Till the music all-abounding
Shakes the last leaf from the bough.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IT is easy to see that both the quality and the security of the basket-maker's craft depend upon him renting or owning an osier-bed or withy-ait. Therein lay the strength of the old rural craftsmen, that they controlled not only the processes but the material of their trades. There are at least 30 different sorts and degrees of osiers suitable for basket-making, though the botanical species are only two—*Salix viminalis* and *S. purpurea*. The multiplication of differences in the basket-maker's eye is due partly to special treatment in the pollarding of the trees and bushes and partly to the inclusion of various species of willow among them.

My particular friend preferred what he called the "stone osier," a yellow rod with a bright red top, and the "black maul" of Northants, "a nice, kind and narrow rod," by which I think he meant the purple osier or rather one of its varieties. A neglected osier-bed means not only that the trees themselves deteriorate, but that the tapering rods lose their pliancy and suppleness and become too "rough" for use. Therefore, when the rods are imported, the basket-maker ceases to be the good cultivator, he no longer exercises any choice in the selection of the right material, he finds the earth cut from under his feet, his trade is rendered more precarious, and land that is "kind" to the osier but not to crops goes derelict.

My man's scorn of the "muck" he had no alternative but to buy, when he had to give up his three osier-beds, was a lesson in the fundamental incompatibility between rural economy and commerce. Only the basket-maker himself is able to tend the osier-bed, and if it fell into the hands of the farmer in the way that the turner, the hurdler and the besom-maker lost their underwood coppices, then the osiers were planted too thinly or too densely or in a too swampy ground or the wrong kinds were grown and had "no nature in 'em." Nothing could demonstrate more clearly than basketry the interdependence between agriculture and the crafts.

The rods used to be cut in February, carefully graded and sorted and stacked for at least a year, better still, for eighteen months, and best of all for two years. Before actual usage, they were soaked for 24 hours in the boiler and then stripped by the "brake." This, like so many of the old implements of husbandry and craftsmanship, is of the simplest structure—two iron bars joined by a loop at one end to be hung on a nail and widening outwards like a pair of tongs. The butt-end of the rod was drawn sideways between them, and the hand that held them at the wide end contracted as the rod tapered.

The actual tools that the basket-maker uses depends upon the baskets made and the trades supplied. My master-man made coal and flint baskets, fruit hampers, innkeepers' "bottles," chaff and feeding baskets and those in use by butchers and greengrocers. One of his specials is a "butter-plat," a basket with a lid holding three dozen pounds of butter, three pecks of fruit and eight ducks.

Consequently, his tools are more numerous than those in use among village craftsmen who supply (or supplied) a narrower and more strictly localised market. He displayed to me no fewer than four bodkins, pegging, shell, stake and ordinary bodkins, whereas an old basket-maker I know on the banks of the Severn used only one to make baskets so solid and beautiful that they will long outlive the flimsiest of all periods, our own. He used two picking knives for slicing off the ends of the rods, short broad knives with elliptical butts often made from pear-tree wood that with beech used to be the material of the old wooden ploughs. Then comes an iron or maul for straightening out, a "shop-knife" for paring off, shears to cut off dry sticks—he has had these for more than 40 years—pincers, a cleaver to split a rod into three pieces, and a shave to fine it down.

They were as pretty a set of tools as a man could wish to see, but profitless without a traditional method of use inherited from a long line of ancestors, and yet perfectly combined with personal freedom and initiative. The biologist says that the past lives on in the present, but the words expressed something more than a vacant truism when pairs of unseen hands were supplementing his own. If the alimentary canal between the past and the present be choked in any rural industry, the craft itself shrivels and dies.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A suggestion for catching the Streatham fox:

"I should think that there are a number of people in the district who have hounds and they might be willing to give them a little hunting practice."

"Beagling is Fox Hunting with the lid off"

HORSE FIRST, HOUND SECOND

And the Ideal Way of Combining Both

DO you hunt to ride or ride to hunt? The answer to this question would divide into two classes those who follow hounds and, although there is, of course, considerable overlapping, undoubtedly those who hunt to ride predominate.

There are so many more people who have an intimate knowledge of horsemanship than of hound-work and hound-management, that it is unfortunately often very difficult for the budding Nimrod to find an adequate mentor in the latter subject. The result is that the general procedure is for him to learn to ride first, and then, and only then, to glean as best he may the rudiments of hunting lore.

There is, however, I would suggest, one very simple solution to this problem . . . beagling. Beagling is, in effect, foxhunting with the lid off! It enables the humblest member of the field to see the whole proceedings, and I am satisfied that I myself learnt more about hounds and hunting in my first day with beagles than in all the foxhunting I had ever had, and it is a fact that many who to-day carry the horn served their apprenticeship in pursuit of the hare.

It is well nigh impossible for a beginner, be he child or adult, to be consistently near enough to foxhounds to enable him to appreciate the finer points of the hounds' working and, in a woodland country, there must of necessity be long intervals when the "music" is the only sign that hounds exist.

With beagles, however, one can see the "draw" and the "find," and it must come as a great surprise to the inexperienced to see how very easily a pack of hounds can be suddenly at fault when only a moment before they were apparently screaming on a breast-high scent. This may, of course, be due to a variety of causes; for example, it may be that the pack was running to "view" and that the quarry, having turned sharply, has simply disappeared, or that the pack, carried away by undue enthusiasm, has "flashed over" the line.

Thus for the first time the novice gets an insight into the difficulties with which the huntsman's task is fraught, and learns to contain himself in patience in the early stages of the proceedings; that period when, alas, there is such a temptation to jockey for a good start. He can appreciate, too, the vagaries of scent and, what cannot be seen in covert, how too many foxes or hares baffle hounds by jumping up in front of them, or by crossing and foiling the line they are hunting.

So many people imagine that scent lies exactly on the line of the quarry's pads that they get a rude awakening when they see for the first time hounds hunting parallel to the line, as much as 30yds. or 40yds. away from it, down wind; let them thus learn not to pester the huntsman by persisting in telling him that his hounds are at fault because they are not on the exact spot where the fox was viewed.

The beagling enthusiast can see for himself the technique of a "cast," first forward, then all round. In watching the place where hounds last spoke and where they hit off again, he can learn to read the mind of a hunted hare and possibly to anticipate her wiles; how she may run down one side of a fence and double up the other, or swim down a stream leaving no trace, until she emerges upon the opposite bank, some distance below. Her twists and turns should bring home practically and forcibly to the would-be foxhunter that if he gets too near when a cast is being made, he is in grave danger not only of getting a well-deserved cursing, but what is far more important, of ruining completely the sport of the whole of the field.

The tyro, by watching the whippers-in and the more experienced members of the field, can learn rapidly how to be of great help by keeping his ears and eyes open . . . and his mouth shut! Unnecessary chatter at crucial moments does incalculable harm, and longevity amongst foxes would be substantially reduced if every one remembered never to holloa when hounds are running—since up go their heads and valuable time is lost—and, if holloa they must, let them learn at least to distinguish between the hunted fox or hare and a fresh one.

Meanwhile, however, I can hear those who "hunt to ride" champing at the bit at the length of my digression upon the necessity of appreciating the finer points of hound-work, and perhaps with just cause.

Clearly, for the man whose hobby is horses, hunting is fundamentally the excuse for a gallop across land and fences to which he would not otherwise have access, and very naturally to him a day's hunting without a good gallop and much jumping is a day wasted. After all, though the interest for the huntsman may be never failing, there are few things more depressing than sitting outside a large covert on a cold, wet day waiting for a hunt which does not materialise.

Then a holloa! We key ourselves up to a state of intense excitement, cram our hat on our head and gallop all out for the first fence or gate, only to find that there is not an ounce of scent and that hounds have checked and cannot run a yard. It's maddening, but it merely serves to stimulate the enthusiasm until at last comes the real thing . . . a fast 40 minutes over good grass country with plenty of "lepping" and no wire. Cares vanish and one's sole thought is how to keep going until, perchance, one is alone with hounds . . . that sublime ecstasy which passeth man's understanding.

Far be it from me to draw any odious comparisons between the one class and the other, between those who are sublimely satisfied, regardless of all else, provided hounds have hunted well and those whose sole idea is to go and go well; the ideal is a union of the two. Suffice it to say that if only the partisans of the horse appreciated more fully the intricacies of the huntsman's craft, they would, on bad days, derive solace from their additional understanding, and, by applying religiously the precepts culled from their days with beagles, they would on many more occasions enjoy the gallop of their dreams.

GEORGE H. PEILE.

"ON REACHING THE SHOOTING POINT WE FOUND THE STAG WAS UP"

HIGH AND TO THE LEFT!

"Emotion Recollected in Tranquillity"

By LORD DORCHESTER

THE stalking season of 19— had proved a failure up to date, fog had alternated with storms during the past month, while an unfavourable wind had kept hundreds of good beasts in the sanctuary, and so the forest was still some 40 stags short of its quota. This, almost the last day, promised well, however, for the weather was fine and the wind in the right quarter, and moreover my host had dispensed with the limit, adjuring his guests to smite and spare not.

So all was *couleur de rose* until I was informed that a clumsy gillie had dropped and broken the stock of my rifle. This was indeed a facer, for the only other rifle available was an old Ross of doubtful accuracy owing to a bent foresight, which had never been properly readjusted. *Faute de mieux*, since I had to take the Ross or stay at home, I decided to chance the "dud," but as a precaution my host and I took it down to the iron stag and tried some sighting shots; the result was not encouraging.

With a normal sight at 100yds. the rifle threw at least 20in. high and to the left. Several of us tested it—one a very good shot—and all the results tallied. Under these circumstances, I felt very doubtful about accepting the loan, feeling sure that at the moment of firing I should forget to make the necessary allowances, but finally I yielded to persuasion, and decided to try my luck.

I may add in parenthesis that this decision was wrong, but I was a good deal younger in those days, which must be my excuse.

On arriving at the rendezvous, Macbean, the stalker, told me that a travelling stag, a good eight-pointer, had just come in and was settled, he thought, behind a knoll some 400yds. from the pony track, and that we might as well go for him at once.

The stalk was nothing, just a walk across dead ground to the knoll, with no hinds to bother us. On reaching the shooting point we found the stag was up and pacing to and fro, roaring at intervals, and it was the waiting for him to turn broadside on that made me forget altogether about "high and to the left." Presently another stag challenged in the distance and my quarry immediately wheeled round and stood at gaze giving me a beautiful broadside target at about 100yds., and I counted him as good as in the deer larder. Bang! followed by a splash of water and a spurt of mould in the peat hag above his back; nor did he wait to see whence the shot had come, as they sometimes do, but away with him on the instant without giving another chance.

Macbean looked unutterable things, even after I had explained the defect in the rifle, and how in the excitement of the moment I had omitted to make the necessary allowance. I felt in my bones that he discounted my excuses, and thought the less of me for having made them.

This first stag was an interloper, a wanderer from over the march, and we had, so to speak, taken him *en route* to where the stalker had spied a good beast, an eleven-pointer, early on before my arrival. A short spy found him and a lot of hinds grazing down a ridge on the confines of the sanctuary, and quite undisturbed, since the scene of my misadventure was out of both sight and hearing.

This approach necessitated a widish turning movement by way of a thicket of self-sown fir trees and tall heather, and I was following close on the heels of the stalker when he dropped suddenly, an example which I imitated.

Turning, he whispered that he had caught sight of the horns of a beast lying in the heather not 40yds. in front. The stag was not visible, but we could see the horns quite plainly as he swung his head from side to side knocking off the flies and midges.

We waited for some time to see if he would move, and finally decided to whistle him up; so I got ready to shoot, and this time was determined to remember all about the eccentricities of my rifle.

Having signified that I was ready, Macbean whistled, but nothing happened; again he whistled, again the stag took no notice; he whistled a third time, and more loudly, but without result except that the horns ceased to move, showing that he had heard us at last. Finally, in exasperation, Macbean spoke loudly and firmly, as though apostrophising an unruly dog "Sit, wull ye, Jock. Sit, I tell ye!"

At this the stag rose quite leisurely and gazed about him, giving me a good view of his forehand. I took him, as I thought, behind the point of the elbow and down he slumped, stone dead.

"The neck shot is the best of all for making sure, but a wee bit chancy," commented Macbean.

Chancy! I should say it was. I had aimed for the shoulder and broken the neck just behind the ears. Once more had I omitted to make allowance for that bent foresight, but this time I said nothing about it.

"Anyway, we'll not go home clean, and here's more blood," with which requiem we left that most unlucky of beasts and took up the thread of our interrupted stalk of the eleven-pointer.

To make a long story short, we located him and another very good beast feeding on a grassy flat just beyond the foot of the ridge on which we had first spied him. The spur of the ridge gave us cover to within 50yds., as it ultimately transpired, whereas we had thought that we should find the deer at least 100yds. further on, so we came upon them too quickly, and since their heads were down we did not see their horns to warn us. Also, I think Macbean was a bit careless getting in.

Anyway, we had barely breasted the rise when we found the two stags quite close to us. I snatched the rifle which Macbean practically thrust at me, movements which the deer caught at once; and up went both heads. There was not a moment to lose, but even so it was a wonderful chance for a "right and left." Both stags broadside on, one to the left, the other to the right and certainly within 60yds. I took the eleven-pointer first only to see the bullet splinter a rock just over his neck. Miss number one! I turned and took a snap shot at the other, who was already trotting stiltily across my right front. Another miss! the track of the bullet showing clearly above his loins as it furrowed a line of dewdrops along the deer grass beyond him. Miss number two! Once again I had forgotten the lesson of the sighting shots.

This second misadventure so infuriated me that I decided to go home e'er worse befell and I should wound a stag. Three times had I found it impossible on the spur of the moment to recollect what I should do and aim accordingly.

This decision greatly offended Macbean; he was always desperately keen, ready to go from dawn till dusk, and I felt in my bones that he attributed my failures to bad shooting, and nothing else, especially as I had not been man enough to plead guilty to a fluke when making my neck-shot. He therefore pleaded with me to go on, urging that the

day was yet young and that the change in the wind had drawn a lot of good stags out of the sanctuary, and, as a final inducement, he promised to take me so close that I could not miss. Much against my better judgment I decided to carry on. At the point which we had reached the open forest descended in a succession of stony terraces to the tree line marking the commencement of a vast range of fir woods which here clothe the lower slopes of the hills, and Macbean proposed to skirt the woods and spy their openings.

Very soon we picked up some beasts feeding in a glade some quarter of a mile below, four stags there were, two with good heads, as well as a lot of hinds, calves and knobbers.

The stalk was very simple, a gentle slide down a heathery slope and then, when we got among the trees, an easy approach with plenty of cover to where a rock, covered inches deep in moss, gave a perfect shooting rest within about 90yds. of the biggest stag, who was grazing immediately below us. This time I was determined that there should be no mistake and that all due allowances should be made.

The potential victim was feeding away from me and downhill a little to my left front, a position which caused his head to be much lower than his stern, notwithstanding which the whole of his right side was fully exposed, giving me a beautiful chance, and the shot should have been a certainty.

In addition, I was shooting from what I call a "pulpit," the rock sloping gently upwards and cushioned, for my elbows, in moss; moreover it rose well clear of those grass blades and heather tufts which so often blur the foresight.

Since the shot was downhill I decided to take him a little behind the right shoulder-blade so that the bullet should rake forward through heart or lungs, or both.

He fell on the shot, but to my surprise was not dead when we reached him, only paralysed in the hindquarters. I went close up and took a shot at his neck and missed! I fired again with the rifle at touching distance, and so ended his misery. On searching for my first bullet I found that I had broken his spine just forward of the root of the tail.

This decided me, and I told Macbean that I would not go on, that it was not fair on the deer or him, or myself, so having signalled the pony Macbean set about the gralloch.

This last stag was a good, heavy beast, with a wide, wild head bearing ten points, and altogether a trophy to be glad of under other circumstances.

Macbean was performing the gralloch and I was smoking when we heard a deep roar down in the wood which presently was repeated, and much nearer, and from the way the stag was heading it seemed likely that he might pass near us as, fortunately, he was coming across the wind. We therefore took cover to await events.

LOOKING DOWN THE GLEN

Presently two hinds came climbing up a steep deer track that passed within 40yds. of where we were crouching. I paced the distance later. We were both well hidden, and the dead stag lay in a hollow out of sight, so, quite undisturbed, the hinds passed on.

Meanwhile we could hear their admirer clattering on the stones and uttering an occasional roar as he climbed in pursuit, and in due course a really heavy stag—an eleven-pointer—appeared, and just when he was opposite to us he stopped to roar.

"Ye maun shoot that ane; ye canna muss at forrrty yairds; aye and it's a gran' beastie!" whispered Macbean hoarsely—and indeed I had already sighted on the spot where the hinds first came into view, and I really thought that this time it would be all right. But it wasn't!

I still recall that sickening, sinking feeling that came over me—I have it when the line comes back and the rod flies up straight, or when my opponent sinks the long putt that means the match—as I saw the bullet smash a chunk of bark off a tree well to the left and above his back.

Macbean was livid: "I wad nae hae believed it; we'd best be awa' hame."

At that I turned on him.

"I told you I did not want to shoot, but you persuaded me; now take the rifle yourself and try and hit that d—d tree over there!" pointing to a big fir some 30yds. away.

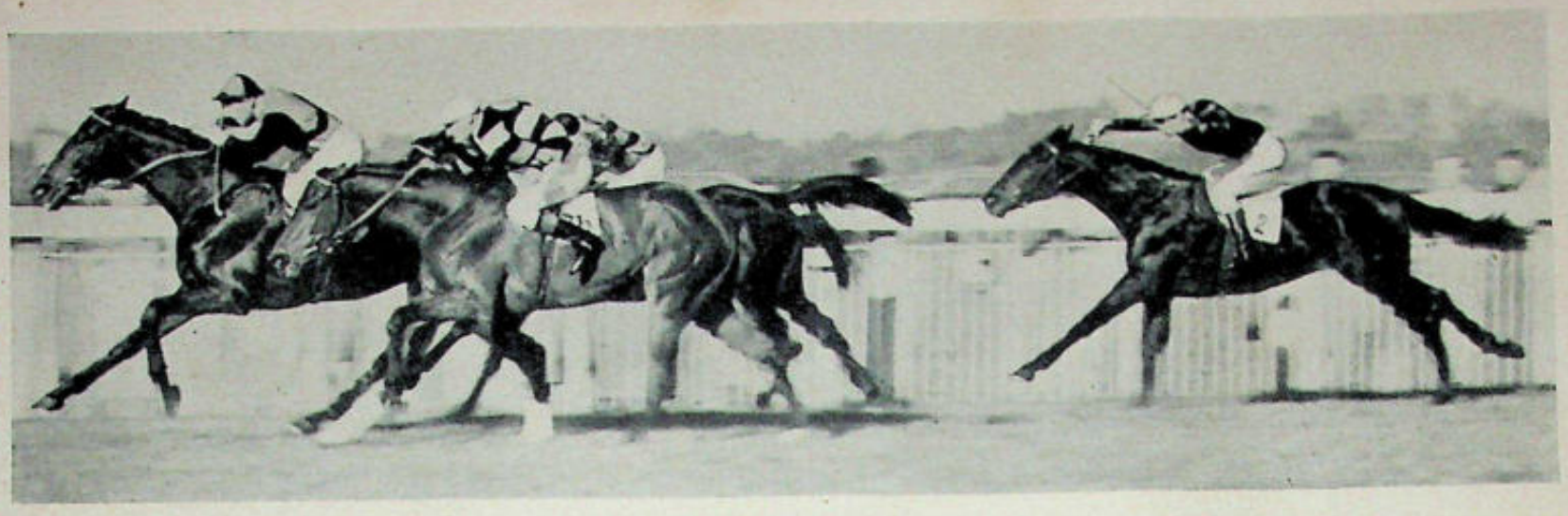
Three times he shot, and three times he missed, and he was a good shot.

"Do you believe it now?" I asked him.

"Aye, perhaps it was na' a' your fault!" he added grudgingly.

All this happened many years ago—Macbean, by now, should be head stalker in the Happy Hunting Grounds—but it taught me never to take the hill with a doubtful rifle.

THE RIVER ARKAIG ON ITS WAY THROUGH ACHNACARRY FOREST



THE OCTOBER NURSERY HANDICAP AT NEWBURY
Fairchance (far side), the winner, Statute (hoops), and Happy Day racing together

SANDOWN PARK AND NEWBURY

Superb Weather for the Autumn Racing

IT is not always the great weeks' racing that is the most enjoyable. Last week's racing, for example, was not as important as the weeks that went before and followed it, but it was most enjoyable, especially the two days at Sandown Park and the two at Newbury. The weather, which was perfect—October alone can provide such days—had not a little, it may be said, to do with the enjoyment. And let it be stated at once that on the whole the Ring had the better of the argument, so that the enjoyment cannot be said to have been due to financial gains, although they would have made it still more enjoyable.

On a wet day Sandown Park is far from an ideal place for racing, for the members' stands are far from adequate. I suppose that they will be rebuilt one day. Let us hope that it is soon. Like many other people who love Sandown Park, I always regret that when the coffee room caught fire a few years ago that fire was at once put out. On the other hand, when the weather is fine, Sandown is an ideal place, especially for jumping, and we had a day's jumping last week.

We can leave out the two Selling Plates with which the Sandown Park days flat racing was begun, and turn for a moment to the Orleans Nursery. The previous week-end two of the visitors had been told that there might be a good thing in this race, by name Wild Lavender II. Nothing more was heard of the "tip," and when it was seen that the filly in question, by Mr. Jinks, had drawn number thirteen at the start, the very outside of the field, that was considered to be the end of the tip. Naturally the beast won after being in front or second all the way, and at the long and pleasant odds of 100 to 6. That was not the end of the tragedy, for the second half of the daily double was won by Sybil, who was considered by the visitors in question to be a good thing. Sybil won the rich Atalanta Stakes for Lord Bicester. She is, I think, the only flat race horse that this great patron of jumping has in training. Sybil is a full sister to April the Fifth, and is leased to Lord Bicester, better known as Mr. Vivian Smith, for her racing career, after which her owner, Mr. S. McGregor, will breed from her.

So much has been said, and written, to the effect that April the Fifth was a freak result of breeding, and therefore not likely to make a great sire, that it is pleasant to see this useful and good filly bred on exactly the same lines. It should do April the Fifth good as a sire. Sybil won on the stands side of the course at Sandown Park, generally known as the Jack Jarvis By Pass. Some years ago, when the course at Sandown Park was watered—for the benefit, be it noted, of trainers—Jack Jarvis discovered that the watering arrangements covered only half the course with water, so he instructed people who were riding for him to leave the far rails where the going was soft and come up on the hard unwatered ground on the stands side of the course.

The first time that he did that Miracle won the Eclipse, and his riders have had instructions to do the same ever since with much success. The Sandown Park executive then thought that they would stop that, and that trainers should use the part of the course that they had (at great expense), had watered for the trainers' benefit, as they had complained of the going. Accordingly they placed rails on the stands side of the course, thus keeping the runners all on the wetter ground. Still Jack Jarvis ordered his riders to come up the stands side of the course along the new rails, and still horses running there win.

It now transpires that it was not only on account of the watering that caused Jarvis to try his plan. He had been down the course many times, and looking up to the winning post from the beginning of the straight he found that the shortest way to the winning post was to run wide and come up along the new rails. I wonder how many other trainers have walked down the courses and studied the lie of the land for themselves. Such men as Jarvis deserve their success.

I wonder what sort of a two-year-old Cupid's Dart can be? This gelding, by Bold Archer, has had only one race, when he won a race at Chepstow by six lengths from Skylarking, who has since won at Newbury with Heather B not in the first three. Heather B won the Maiden Plate at Sandown Park from a bad draw, and will no doubt win again. The best two-year-old in that field, however, may turn out to be Romulea. She was having only her second race, and was drawn on the rails, things which she had never had to race alongside before. She was also running in a very large field. The result was that she began slowly and then ran very greenly. Even then she ran very well, and could have been much nearer to the winner if she had been ridden all out.

Her rider, however, quite properly dropped his hands when he saw that she could not get even a place without being severely punished. The breeding of Romulea is most interesting. She is owned by Lord Londonderry and trained by Captain Bell. She is bred on much the same lines as Rockfel, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, the only difference being that Colorado takes the place of Santorb. It is interesting to note that Rockcliffe, the dam of Rockfel, was owned by Lord Londonderry, who sold her to Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen. I shall look forward with interest to Romulea's career as a three-year-old. She may well be a very good one.

The jumping at Sandown on the second day of the meeting does not call for much comment, but it is to be noted that fields were large—a sign of a most successful season when racing under National Hunt Rules really comes into its own again after the flat race season ends with the Manchester November meeting, and that, sad to record, is not far off. Indeed, Christmas is only two months away.

Visitors who went to Newbury expecting to find soft ground were disappointed, for although the ground was not hard it was not soft. Still, it was good enough for any ordinary horse, and the turf printed nicely. Mr. Middlemas has been a good supporter of racing for many years, and it has to be admitted that he has had his fair share of winners. Fairplay, especially, won many good handicaps for him, including a Royal Hunt Cup. He has, however, probably his best horse in Fairchance, a two-year-old colt by Fairway. This colt has run well several times in the best of company this season, and has now won the October Nursery. It is true that the handicapper seemed to have treated him kindly, but then it is to be noted that the weights were made before Fairchance ran so well in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, and also before Blue Peter, who had also run in that race, had finished second in the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket.

Fairchance did seem a good handicap thing at Newbury, but even then there was opposition to him, and he started at, in the circumstances, the good odds of 5 to 2. He duly won, but hardly as easily as was expected, Statue chasing him home and being beaten by less than a length. Apart from his success as an owner and as a business man, Mr. Middlemas is known as the originator and organiser of one of the best charities that I know. He sends throughout the summer thousands of poor East-end children out into the country for a day's outing.

I remember after Nadushka had won the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster last year coming to the conclusion that she would have a most successful career. She did not win another race until the second day of Newbury, when she won the Newbury Autumn Handicap in admirable style by half a length from Hesperian, with Elgar third. Nadushka is beautifully bred, being by Vatout, the sire of William of Valence and Bois Rousell, the winner of this year's Derby, out of Fleche d'Or, the dam of Golden Sovereign. She is thus yet another good winner in this country to be bred in France. She must have been difficult to train to have gone so long without winning a race. On the other hand, it may be that she can show her best only in the autumn. Many other fillies that I have known have been like that. She now, so I understand, goes to the stud.

I have never understood how anyone can judge a human baby or foretell what will happen to him or her when he or she grows up, so that I fail also to understand why anyone should be able to give a valuable opinion on a foal or even a yearling when one sees one. Nor can anyone be even reasonably certain about their prospects. Mrs. Lionel Corbett had a number of yearlings, and not thinking that two of them were as good as some others that she had and was sending to Captain Bell to train, she gave them to her son John. Mr. J. Corbett sent them to be trained by Tommy Rayson, more usually associated with steeplechasers and hurdle racers. Here, once again, opinions were wrong, for the two yearlings that Mrs. Corbett had given to her son won two races at Newbury at the week-end.

The first of them was Skylarking, who won the Theale Maiden Plate with great ease at 100 to 6, and the second of them was Bridge of Sighs, who won the Reading Nursery by a most comfortable neck. Skylarking had been beaten by six lengths in his previous race at Chepstow by Cupid's Dart, but had then been tried to be two or so lengths in front of Bridge of Sighs at home. The wager on Skylarking was small, but when it became known what the trial was, all those visitors who heard betted accordingly on Bridge of Sighs and had no reason to regret the race rumour, for once in a way true. I understand that before winning a short time ago with Bridge of Sighs, Mr. Corbett had never won a race that was not a Selling event. He had won some 50 of them, but no matter how many of them one wins they are not so profitable as ordinary races.

GNOSTIC.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Our usual hunting accounts will appear throughout the coming season, starting next week, with the issue of November 5th. The Pytchley, Cottesmore, Belvoir, Quorn, and Duke of Beaufort's will be reported regularly; other packs according to the sport which they enjoy each week.

THE "CHAIN" OF AN OTTER

Examination of this Interesting Phenomenon

CORRESPONDENCE in various papers from time to time has shown that there is a great deal of debate as to whether the chain of an otter comes from its fur or its nostrils. Generally speaking, most authorities are agreed that it comes, without doubt, from the latter, and yet, after some years of regular otter hunting and a good deal of thought on the subject I must confess that, although I am convinced the chain does not come from the fur, the explanation of it coming from the nostrils is not fully convincing in that it does not meet all the circumstances.

There are a whole lot of questions on this subject which one can ask oneself, or indeed any authority on the subject, but for which no completely satisfactory answer is ever really obtained. Why, for example, should one otter show a chain and another not? And why should the same otter sometimes show a chain and sometimes not? One has heard it said that when an otter is getting exhausted he tends to show a greater chain, and yet many regular hunters will agree with me that they can remember, as I can, a well-beaten otter showing no chain at all for a long swim in water with limited cover, where the chance of his venting without being seen was remote. And, as a matter of fact, does it not really seem doubtful whether an otter can contain in his lungs as much air as appears to be given off, judging by the chain of some long swims that I have seen?

No, I am afraid that, in spite of the many authorities who have pronounced in favour of the theory that the air comes from the nostrils, I have remained unconvinced, and I have, as a result, sought for some time to find a theory which would meet all the variations that one normally finds in the production, or non-production, of chains by otters. But now that I have found it, it seems to me to be so obvious scientifically and so difficult to find any point which cannot be explained by it, that I am almost in a state of distrust of my own theory and cannot understand, in any case, why it has not been propounded before; and so, perhaps, the ventilation of it will enable other people to give their opinion as to whether they think the old one is sound or that the new one can be given as the scientific explanation.

As to the theory itself, almost all water in rivers and streams contains a greater or less amount of air in suspension or solution; it also probably contains a certain amount of gas liberated by the decomposition of matter on the river bed and partially absorbed by the water. Water in which any gas is absorbed—and air is, after all, only a combination of two gases—will, when suddenly compressed, tend to liberate the gas it contains in solution, and the greater the pressure and the more gas in solution, the greater amount of gas will be liberated. Surely we have here the explanation of the chain shown frequently, but not always, not only by the otter but, also, by the moorhen and the duck when diving under water, and even perhaps large fish travelling at high speed.

That they all at times show a chain is, I think, agreed in general, even in so far as the fish is concerned, and in their travelling under water they all exert pressure in one way or another. In the case of the fish I suspect it is direct pressure, which explains the comparative rarity of a chain shown by a fish since it has to be moving very fast to produce it. In the case of the two birds mentioned, it is produced either by their feet or, more probably, their wings, if, as some authorities maintain, they use these for under-water propulsion. And in the case of the otter, the chain is produced most probably by the pressure of water immediately between the shoulder and the chest—the equivalent of the armpits.

Owing to the structure of the otter and its position when swimming, it appears possible that the air liberated tends to come out from the front, rising to the surface above the shoulders past the head, and hence the previous impression that the chain has come from the nostrils. It is possible that a careful viewing of the cinematograph films that, I understand, have been taken of an otter swimming under water, may actually confirm this in spite of the fact that it is supposed to have confirmed that the air comes from the nostrils.

The theory explains, also, why an otter sometimes gives a good chain and sometimes only a slight one. The amount of gas in solution in the water will, I believe, vary according to the depth, and will, also, vary to a very great extent between rivers. Probably rivers running down over rocky or stony falls will—other things being equal—tend to incorporate in the water more air than a slow-moving, placid-surfaced stream. The amount of air in solution in the water may even vary between different stretches of the same river. The amount of air in solution will obviously, therefore, cause the extent of the chain to vary; but, in addition, no air will be liberated until the pressure exerted by the otter reaches a certain degree—the greater the pressure the more liberated—and this explains why sometimes no chain is shown since the otter is travelling relatively slowly and not exerting sufficient pressure; as he travels faster the greater pressure will produce greater bubbles, and, in addition, they will increase in intensity the nearer to the surface he swims, since there is likely to be more air in suspension in this part of the water.

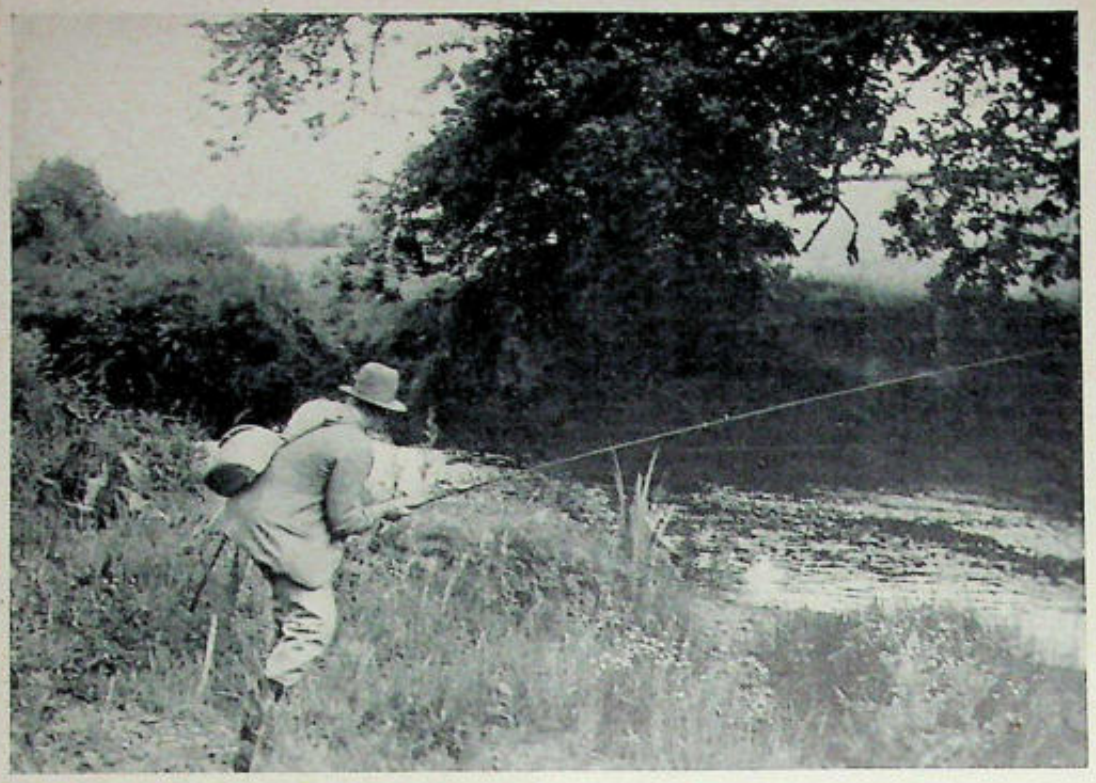
Scientifically, I think, this theory is sound, although it is extremely difficult to test in practice. Perhaps some of your more scientific readers will be able to comment on this point. One thing that can be said for it is that it does quite definitely allow for the absence or presence of the phenomena which one witnesses during a hunt. I feel, perhaps, some of the great authorities on otters and otter hunting may not be disposed to accept a theory so different from that which appears generally acceptable to them, but there must be many like myself who either are already, or if they ask themselves honestly will find themselves, unconvinced by the usual explanation, and I feel it likely that their views would interest many of your readers, as I know they would interest the writer.

Since writing the above I have had the opportunity of watching a long hunt in which two otters and three moorhens were all on the swim at once! The thing that impressed me most was not only the difference between the otter's chain and that of the moorhens, but the extent of the latter. On seeing the amount of air rising to the surface of the water, one could only conclude that it was impossible for a moorhen to contain the quantity liberated.

OB.

AN INTERESTING AND BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

The Border Counties otterhounds hunting the drag of their otter up the river Tanat, near Llanfyllin, Merioneth. The hounds, drawing up the water, fly to the leaders who have hit off the line again overland



AN AWKWARD SPOT UNDER THE BRANCHES

"If one is to be at all successful at fishing under trees, it is necessary to become proficient in several casts not required on open water, the most important of which is the low horizontal one"

TACTICS ON SMALL STREAMS

Some Methods of Overcoming Difficulties

By Dr. A. H. B. KIRKMAN

THERE is a tendency amongst fishermen, old and young, to avoid working parts of thickly-wooded water on small streams, in which places the best fish are generally to be found. Excuse to fish only the open water should be allowed the elderly, whose stability on an irregular rocky bottom is, to say the least, uncertain, as is also their ability to crawl and stoop in avoiding awkward obstructions to body, rod and cast; but there is no reasonable excuse for any undeformed or non-rheumatic young fellow of, say, up to three score summers, failing to get down to it.

The patience and good temper (or even lost temper and high explosives) required in the accomplishments of creeping, crawling, lying and peering associated with constant minor personal discomforts, such as bangs on the shin or a wader full of water, or such annoyances as a hung-up fly at a most critical juncture, all so necessary if one is to get pleasure and success from fishing in wooded brooks, are equal, only in a different sense, to those of the coarse-fish enthusiast, who is satisfied to watch by the hour for the tremble of a float, his only danger meanwhile being an old bull in the adjoining meadow. But no one can deny that we fly fishermen do combine our piscatorial pleasure with physical exercise of the first water, which hardly obtains in the case of the float enthusiast.

If one is to be at all successful at fishing under trees, it is necessary to become proficient in several casts not required on open water, the most important of which is the low horizontal one, either on the right or left side of the body parallel to the surface of the water, and on special occasions not more than a few inches from it; this to avoid low boughs in front, and, more particularly, behind. The expert is capable of dropping the fly on the water behind him prior to the flick whip forward. Short whip casts of all kinds are well worth practising on the garden lawn in off-seasons to acquire proficiency. The kind of cast one finds constantly necessary when angling in small streams to fish rising under the right bank is one made at all angles to the water from over the left shoulder.

On wooded streams it is the short cast which gets the rise. Before making any cast on thickly wooded streams, a wise precaution is to make sure that one's footing is secure, and also satisfy oneself that it is possible to reach the site of the rising fish.

In order to do this it is often necessary to back well into the bank, or even to spend some little time clearing low bushes from over the water in front and behind to make room for the movement of rod and flight of line. When moving quietly under trees it is no uncommon thing for a trout to rise within a few feet of the fisherman, so close, in fact, that it is impossible to get a fly over it, and on occasions it is necessary to step back a few steps before making a cast. This state of affairs is most common where cattle stand regularly in the water, and I take it that the humble fisherman is mistaken for a big ruminant.

On one unforgettable occasion, I cast a small tup a distance of only 10ft. to a rising fish immediately under the whipping tail of a milch cow, standing hough-deep in a pool on the upper Exe, and secured the big trout of the pool, a monster of ½lb.

A type of fishing but little adopted, possibly because it wants special practice and is not easy, is casting at right angles to the line of the stream from a position well back on the bank. I have found this method particularly useful on the high-banked waters of the Culm. It is almost impossible to secure the big 'uns on certain sections of this, and many other waters, when one is casting directly upstream, however low one keeps, the fish being almost uncanny in their ability to recognise an enemy long distances below them.

When casting at right angles, or at an angle of between 40 and 70 degrees to the line of the stream, it is often wise to mark some object on the bank opposite the rising fish (seen from a distance with or without field glasses) as a guide to the spot to drop the fly.

In the case of very shy fish one can occasionally succeed by casting on to water which cannot be seen and raising the point at a carefully judged second. Many a goodly trout has fallen to this manœuvre. Having made an unsuccessful cast and not wanting to disturb the water, special methods are required to recover the fly, and my own personal dodge is to do so by a considerable number of small, very small, jerks done with the greatest patience.

Nineteen times out of twenty this method will succeed, whilst any attempt to recover in the ordinary way will mean a hang up. Morley Roberts advises giving a little quick, circular twist to the rod point, which he assures me is nearly always successful. These methods are well worth serious practice, since nothing is so annoying as having to show oneself and disturb good water where fish are feeding.

When fishing any water, one of the chief causes of putting down fish is casting so that the gut falls over the creature's back, a common fault with most tyros. If in any way possible the fly should be made to fall a foot or two ahead of the fish with the line of the cast oblique to the run of the current. This, of course, in narrow waters is not always possible, and it is not so important in quick water as in smooth. In many cases a fly dropped carefully just over the nose of a shy fish, or, better still, 9in. or a foot on your side of him will do the trick.

A little dodge well worth remembering in the case of a fish, although unfrightened, persistently refusing to take you, is to wait until the fly is floating near the fish, and then with a little shake of the point cause an irregular movement to the fly indicating to the fish that it is alive and struggling.

LONG FIGHTS WITH FISH

By T. C. BRIDGES

IT is not his biggest fish that remains most dearly in the angler's memory, but rather the one which fought hardest and took most time and trouble to land. The one which I remember best is a 2lb. brown trout hooked on the West Dart, near Two Bridges, where a trout of a quarter that size is a rare prize.

I was clear-water worming with the finest possible tackle at the time, and could hardly believe my eyes when I first caught sight of the big fellow. Naturally, I did not time the contest, but it must have lasted nearly 20 minutes, for the fish, which was in remarkably good condition, put up a fine fight.

It was at Two Bridges Hotel that I met a man who told me a queer story of a long battle with a big fish. He and his two brothers, all keen fishermen, were in the habit of taking their summer holiday together. In the previous year they had been to Norway. I cannot remember the name of the river, but the water was low and sport not too good.

The last day came, and early in the afternoon one of the brothers hooked a very big salmon. It showed just once, and that glance was quite enough to convince him that it was by far the biggest salmon he had ever seen. "How big?" I put in, and his answer was between 60lb. and 70lb. Then the fish bored and sulked at the bottom of the deep pool. All the usual artifices were tried for moving it, but with no effect. The brother who had hooked it held on till tea time, then was relieved by another brother. Later the third took his turn. They had intended to start at ten, and the latest hour at which they could leave and still catch their boat was twelve. Once or twice the fish moved enough to prove that it was still on, but that was all. At a quarter to twelve the three conferred. Then they cut the line. They were business men and had to be back at their office.

Some of us have had the fortune or misfortune to hook a salmon on a trout fly. On September 22nd, 1909, a member of the Liverpool Fly Fishing Club had a day on the Wyre at Garstang. He failed to return to dinner, the hour grew late and his friends, becoming anxious, organised a search party. It was nearly midnight when they found him. He was hanging on to a salmon which he had hooked at dusk. He had just been able to hold it and that was all. With the help of his friends he landed it and tramped home in triumph.

To come to more modern times, on June 18th, 1926, Mr. John Girdwood, of Ayr, hooked a very big fish in the Swallow Brae Pool of the River Doon. The fish took the fly at two in the afternoon, and the battle went on for eight-and-a-half hours. Most of the time the fish sulked at the bottom of the pool, which is about 200yds. long, but at long intervals moved up and down. By degrees a crowd collected, and by eight o'clock quite 200 people were eagerly watching the long fight. Two men rowed Mr. Girdwood to the opposite side of the river, but this change of tactics had no result. At half-past ten an attempt was made to prod the salmon with long poles. This resulted in fouling the line, and the fish, making a final dash, escaped.

It would be interesting to know if anyone has ever fought a salmon, single-handed, for a longer period than eight-and-a-half hours.

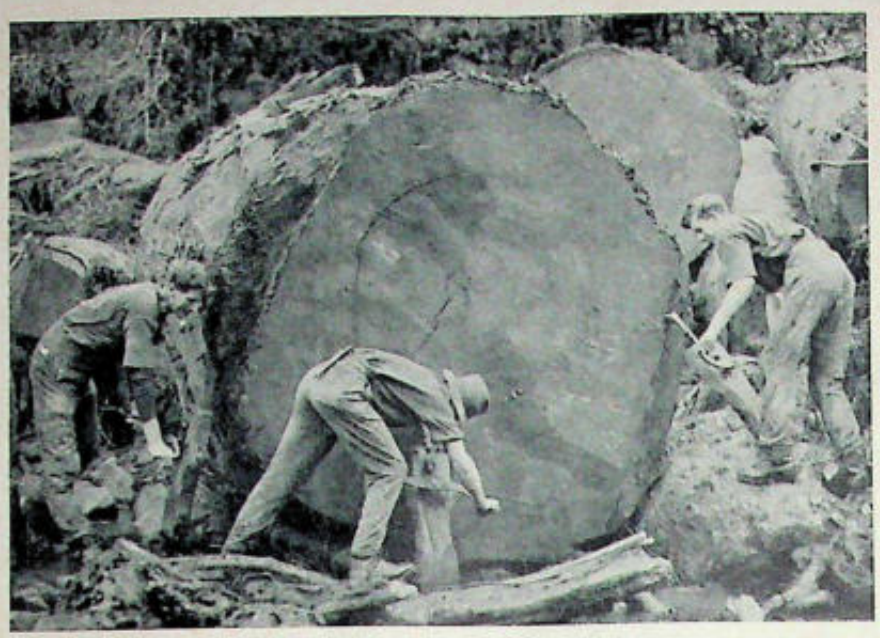
I have heard huge rays jumping by night off the coast of Florida, falling back into the sea with a boom like a cannon shot. It is a favourite sport to harpoon these monsters. Some years ago Florenz Ziegfeld and Leonard Replogle were returning to Palm Beach after a day's fishing when they saw a very big ray.

They had harpoons aboard and went after it. Another motor boat accompanied them. Both boats landed harpoons in the monster, which at once turned and drove seawards. The creature towed the two boats a distance of 40 miles and, though eight rifle bullets were fired into it and four harpoons embedded in its body, the wounds seemed to have no effect upon its tremendous strength.

Night had long fallen and the sea was getting up when first one, then the second, rope parted and the ray escaped. Its hunters reckoned that it weighed at least 2 tons.

GIANT OF THE FOREST

The Kauri, King of New Zealand Trees



THE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF THE LOGS MAKES THEM DIFFICULT TO HANDLE

KING of the New Zealand trees is the kauri. Some of these giants towering high in the forest to-day were saplings when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain. A kauri grows about a foot in diameter in 80 years, and specimens have been found measuring as much as 24ft. and 26ft. across. These, it must be granted, are of an exceptional size, but the average kauri, both in bulk and in the majesty of its appearance, is something to inspire awe.

The timber of the kauri has been used since the early arrival of Europeans in New Zealand. The tree was discovered in May, 1772, by the expedition of the Frenchman Marion du Fresne. His two ships put into the Bay of Islands, in northern New Zealand, in order to obtain some spars for one of the ships, which had lost her mizzen-mast and bowsprit in a collision with the other vessel.

FROM FOREST TO CITY

(Above) A bullock team dragging logs. (Left) The wooden Government buildings at Wellington

Searching for suitable timber, du Fresne came across what he described as "a cedar with the leaves of an olive." He had two of the trees cut down whose trunks were more than 100ft. high from the ground to the lowest branches, and about 4ft. 6in. in diameter. The wood was very suitable for making masts, but the spars were never completed. One night du Fresne and fifteen officers and men were attacked and massacred by the Maoris. The survivors of the expedition were unable to move the partly-made spars, and the remains of these were seen 87 years later. As time went on other vessels, notably whaling ships, sheltered in the Bay of Islands and other northern harbours. Many needed repairs, and kauri was often utilised for making spars.

The early nineteenth century saw the beginning of the export trade in kauri. The first shipment was to the Cape of Good Hope for the use of the Royal Navy, and subsequently trade was started with Australia. In 1820 a cargo was taken to England for the Admiralty which, needing spars 75ft. to 85ft. in length for the larger ships of the Navy, was so satisfied with the kauri that for the next 20 years supplies were received from New Zealand. At the present time kauri is used for building purposes, in manufacturing furniture, for shipbuilding, for constructing bridges and wharves, and for making brewers' vats. It is a pine, and is neither a soft nor a hard wood. Close in grain, it is very smooth and easy to work. A house, built of heart of the kauri at the Bay of Islands over 100 years ago, is still inhabited. The Government Buildings at Wellington, the largest wooden building in the world, are constructed almost entirely of kauri.

Some of the larger trees of the forest are said to contain over 63,000ft. of timber.

To the wild and beautiful New Zealand forest the kauri trees add a noble dignity. Travelling down the winding road leading to the Waipoua State Forest, the great kauri reserve in northern New Zealand, one sees hundreds of kauris with their distinctive busby tops looming in clumps above the other trees. Inside the forest their massive proportions can be properly appreciated. Some of the trunks rise for more than 80ft. without a branch, tapering but slightly from base to summit, and all are smooth, grey and glistening. At the base of each trunk is a huge mound of débris caused by the fall of the bark, which is regularly cast off in large flakes. From the top of each trunk spring short but immensely thick branches, which, with branchlets and foliage, form a high vaulted roof to the forest, through which daylight filters to the ground. The northern portion of New Zealand alone is kauri country, the trees flourishing in hilly localities and in clayey soil.

Extensive tracts of kauri forest have been swept out of existence by felling and milling operations. When the trees have been brought to earth, they are cross-cut into suitable lengths and logs, and in most instances, these are either floated down stream or river to the sawmills or are conveyed by means of a tramway constructed through the forest. The size and weight of the logs makes them exceedingly difficult to handle, and the process of getting them to the mill is often a strenuous and lengthy one. Formerly, the logs were dragged by teams of bullocks and horses, and this spectacle is still occasionally provided on rough forest roads in the less accessible regions.

The value of the kauri commercially is increased by the resinous substance contained in it and known as kauri gum. Any injury to the bark causes a flow of this gum. It is soft and viscid and of a whitish colour, and gradually hardens on exposure to the air, becoming more transparent and forming lumps ranging in size from small drops to irregularly shaped masses many pounds in weight. Great deposits of this gum have been recovered from the sites of forests that disappeared hundreds or even thousands of years ago.

Kauri gum is used in the manufacture of the finest kinds of oil varnishes and also in the manufacture of linoleum. Its value is enhanced by its suitability as a substitute for amber. The kauri forests have been so depleted that practically all those remaining to-day are in protected reserves. W.O.S.

TWO FINE KAURIS IN THE WAIPOUA STATE FOREST, NORTH AUCKLAND

THE LITTLE OWL

Some Observations on Feeding

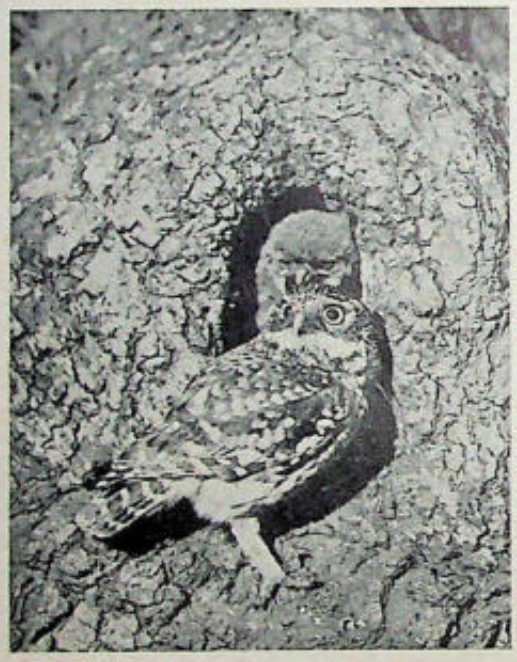
ALTHOUGH the recent official inquiry into the predatory habits of the Little Owl acquitted the bird on charges of extensive damage to game, an element of doubt still lingers in the minds of many whose interests lie in game preservation.

When, therefore, a nest was found on an estate in Berkshire where game was extensively reared it seemed an admirable opportunity of observing whether the abundant supply of young pheasants would prove too much of a temptation for the birds.

This nest was situated in the hollow limb of an old oak tree, and when found on April 23rd of this year contained three eggs already in the process of incubation.

The young birds hatched out on May 14th. They were curious little bundles of creamy-white down, with the typical face, hooked beak and round head of their kind. The parents brooded them almost continually for the first few days, gradually leaving the nest for longer periods as the young grew stronger.

Most of the food was brought by the cock-bird, and consisted at first solely of insects, which proved to be the main item of diet. Although a great variety of insects were taken, beetles were predominant. The dor seemed to be a favourite, and the nest was strewn with their violet-black wing casings regurgitated in the pellets. These beetles are probably the easiest for the bird to



SURPRISED AND NOT PLEASED

secure on account of the numbers in which they appear at dusk.

Compared with other species of owl, the Little Owls took surprisingly few mice, and although an examination of pellets occasionally revealed the presence of fur, mice were never actually observed being brought to the nest.

When the young were twelve days old two young pheasants were carried to the hole, followed by three more on the succeeding night. These were the only occasions when game was known to have been taken.

I spent the first three nights of June in my "hide," only 6ft. from the nesting hole. On the second night I arrived at 8.30 p.m., and the young were then nineteen days old, still in their coats of down, but with the feathers beginning to show through. When I arrived it was still quite light, and it was not until dusk that the old birds put in an appearance.

Shortly after ten o'clock the hen arrived and flew up with a beak full of insects, perching on the bough by the side of the nesting hole. The scratch of her talons on the bark was the signal for a chorus of welcoming hissing from the hungry young birds. She paused for a moment to make sure that all was well, glaring at the hide with her fierce, pitiless eyes, the bright yellow irises gleaming strangely in the waning light. Thus she stood for fully a minute in tense silence, and then scrambled to the hole and vanished within, reappearing at the entrance a few moments later. The insects had been given to the young, who, temporarily satisfied, had relapsed once more into silence.

The fierce expression had now gone, and in its place was one of contentment, as she sat peering out, idly surveying the wilderness of gorse and bracken which was her hunting ground. Roused some ten minutes later by the renewed hissing of the young she gave a loud "kelp, kelp," and flitted silently away.

The flight of these birds is absolutely noiseless, and at the dead of night the only intimation that the bird had arrived at the nest was the scratching on the bark of the tree as she alighted, and the renewed hissing of the young birds inside.

Two distinct types of cry were used by the Little Owls. Firstly, the sudden yelping cry used on all occasions; and, secondly, a long drawn-out screaming cry, almost exactly the same as that of the Barn Owl. This was only used when perched, listening for the tell-tale movement of prey and was probably intended to frighten creatures into disclosing their whereabouts.

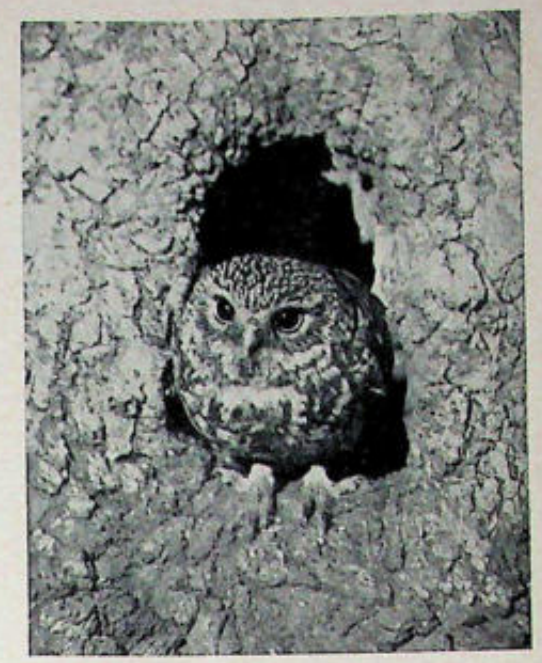
After 10.30 p.m. both birds were coming to and fro with food, one or other coming to the nest every three minutes or so. This continued until 11.30 p.m., when it was completely dark. From about 11.30 p.m. until 2.30 a.m. there were only three visits, but from 2.30 a.m. till 3.30 a.m.—the corresponding dusk of early morning—visits were again every three minutes or so.

Shortly after 3.30 a.m. an adult blackbird was disturbed, hawked down and killed in the open, being brought intact to the nest and left for the young birds to deal with themselves. This was the last visit of the early morning.

There was only one visit during the day, when more insects were brought. The hours of daylight were spent for the most part roosting in the surrounding trees, where small birds could be heard mobbing them from time to time.

At dusk the feeding began once again. This was always the case. The birds were active only at night-time, chiefly during twilight. Although the Little Owl is frequently abroad during the hours of daylight, I personally have never known it to hunt seriously on such occasions.

The frequency of visits and periods of feeding is of importance. It is not possible to go far afield in three minutes, with the result that food must have been gathered near the nest. The birds could be heard calling frequently while hunting, but never more than 150yds. away. The rearing field was a quarter-of-a-mile distant. This was never visited to my knowledge, and also, owing to the fact that the coops would be shut up for the night, such visits would in any case have proved fruitless. The five young pheasants taken were



IS THE COAST CLEAR?

doubtless the young of a bird which had hatched out her brood in the vicinity of the owl's nest.

It would seem that the owls did not stay near the nest through any preconceived intention, but did so merely because there happened to be an abundance of food at hand, so that longer excursions were unnecessary.

Once the young pheasants had been discovered the owls no doubt revisited the spot repeatedly until the supply was exhausted, but they showed no marked preference for a feathered meal, classing it, together with mice, beetles and other things, simply as food.

F. GIBSON PHILLIPS.

[Controversy still rages around the little owl. The *Field* is of the opinion that the position can be cleared up if opinions are ventilated, and for this reason we shall be pleased to open our correspondence columns to letters containing relevant observations.—ED.]

THE October issue of the *Agricultural Magazine* contains a personal appeal for the International Committee for Bird Preservation, by David Seth-Smith. This very well-written appeal states the case for the committee clearly and strongly, and deserves to receive widespread support. Among other articles, "Round about Dutch New Guinea," by S. Dillon Riplay, and "Breeding of Mitchell's Lorikeet," by J. M. Derscheid, deserve special mention. We notice with regret that there is no coloured plate in this number.

A VERY FINE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF A LITTLE OWL RETURNING AFTER A NOCTURNAL HUNT

TROUT FISHING IN KULU

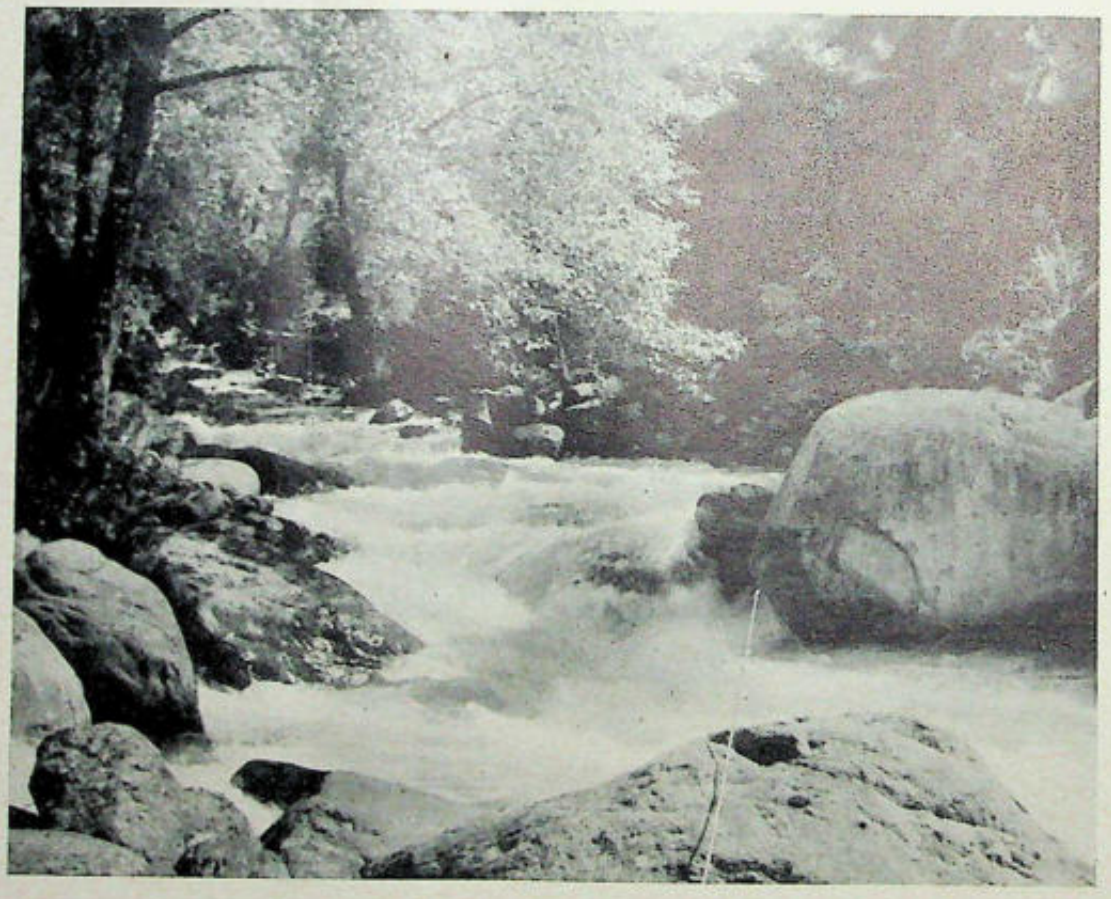
Cheap Sport and a Vast Mileage of Water to Choose From

THOUGH the delights of Kashmir as a trout-fisher's paradise are heard on every hand, few have written of the excellent sport to be had in the Kulu valley, situate in the Kangra district of the Punjab. I do not pretend that it vies with the rigidly preserved beats of Kashmir, but it does offer excellent sport at much less expense, and is much more easily accessible. The scenery in the valley is delightful, and accommodation may be had almost at the water's edge.

The Kulu valley is best reached via Pathankot by car. The motor road for a distance of about 100 miles (through Mandi State and the Kulu district) is bad; but by careful driving and careful attention to one's car before the start the journey can be accomplished without mishap. Fortunately, the best fishing periods are those in which least trouble may be expected on the road. During the monsoon months (June, July, August) the journey is somewhat of a hazardous undertaking, and the rivers are also in full flood.

The season is a long one, extending from March 15th till October 15th. The month of April, the last fortnight of September and first fortnight of October are probably the best periods for the bigger fish. The waters are stocked with brown trout and rainbows. The former, however, represent most of the bag. A successful crossing of rainbow and brown trout has been effected, but the results did not justify a further continuance of the experiment. During the past year about 100,000 fry and ova were "planted" in the various streams

A MORNING CATCH ON THE PHOJAL RIVER
Three trout totalling 5 lb.



A TROUT STREAM IN THE KULU VALLEY
"The scenery in the valley is delightful, and accommodation may be had almost at the water's edge"

of the district. The size limit for takeable fish is 10in., and one is limited to eight fish a day on a single licence—or twelve fish per day on a "family licence" (to include man and wife).

Personally, I was not fortunate enough to take a fish over 2lb. in weight. But every year fish of well over this weight are killed, the largest fish of last season being a brown trout of 10lb. netted at the junction of the Sainj and Tirthwan rivers. Another of 6lb. was taken by an angler just below Kulu town, on the worm.

Unlike Kashmir, the river is not divided into beats. The visiting angler, therefore, has a vast mileage of water to choose from. The angler is allowed to use fly, spinning bait (artificial or natural) and worm on the main Beas river. In the side streams, however, worm is not permitted. The cost of a licence to cover all trout waters in the district is Rs. 25 per month for the single angler or Rs. 30 to include his wife as well.

The main Beas river and the side streams running into it from just above Kulu town (Sultanpur) to its source, constitute the "Angling reserve." Actually the part of interest to fishermen is that between Manali and Kulu, a distance of about 24 miles. Into the Beas run the Sujjain, Phojal, Chakki and Chirid streams. In the main river there are excellent long deep pools which contain some remarkable fish. They are, however, difficult of access as the water is fast and a good deal of wading is necessary. The side streams offer the best sport, particularly the Phojal and Sujjain nalas. They are on an average some dozen yards in width, and remind one of the streams of Yorkshire and Scotland. The water should be gin clear for the best results, as the fish are bold takers. In the early part of the year the main river contains nearly all the fish, but as soon as the water warms up the fish move up the side streams. The banks of these side streams are much overgrown, with the result that the services of a local shikari are desirable in order to save loss of tackle. (Pay Rs. 15 per month.)

Apart from these waters there are many small mill streams or kuhls running off the Beas river. These offer the only real opportunity of using the dry fly; as they are small waters, however, the size of trout does not compare favourably with the bigger streams.

There is a good deal of accommodation available in various places in the angling reserve. I feel, however, that I could not do better than advise an intending angler to write to my friend Mr. T. Tyson at Katrain, who, apart from offering very comfortable quarters, is the acknowledged expert in all matters pertaining to trout in the district. He will also supply or hire suitable tackle.

Below Kulu town the main river is netted by local natives, and this detracts from its popularity with visiting sportsmen. The Sarbarri river joins the Beas here also. This stream used to offer the best trouting in the valley, until netting was permitted. If, however, one is prepared to walk upstream for some four miles there is still very fair sport to be had. The visiting sportsman may fish any of the above streams whilst residing, as I did, "at mine ease in mine inn," but for the rivers mentioned hereafter camping and "bandobast" are necessary.

Some seven miles below Kulu on the right bank the Parbati river joins the Beas. This stream has been regularly stocked for years, and with the exception of the occasional forest officer or local native is never fished. The licence is ridiculously cheap, costing but a few rupees. The fishing is magnificent, but the sportsman must take full camp equipment and supplies. Furthermore a good servant is essential, as the natives who inhabit this area, and for that matter the whole valley, are as indolent, dirty, unhelpful and disobliging a crowd as one could wish to avoid the world over. About 25 miles below Kulu, on the same bank, are the Sainj and Tirthwan rivers. Again the rod licence for these rivers costs about 5 rupees per month. The fishing is also excellent.

The Sainj river rises in Spiti, and joins the Tirthwan near Larji. The upper reaches are well off the beaten track and camping is necessary. There is, however, a Forest Rest House at Sainja, permission to occupy which may be obtained from the Forest Officer. The Tirthwan is a first-class fishing river. The best fishing is probably obtained in the four or five miles below Manglour bridge and between Manglour and Banjar. There are Rest Houses at Larji and Banjar which may be occupied. This river lies across the pack road from Kulu to Simla, and forms an interesting and pleasant trek from the latter resort. The prospect of fishing in future years is very favourable. A hatchery exists at Katrain, and another is shortly to be opened. Research work on the food supply and insect life on the trout waters has also been taken in hand.

And now a word as regards tackle. I used throughout an Allcock-Stanley threadline reel and Light Caster rod, for wet fly, spinning, and worming. As most of the pools in the side rivers are of very small area I was able to use the threadline outfit for wet fly by pinching a largish shot on to the cast between the flies. This may sound strange, but with the strong water one fishes it is necessary to get one's flies down to the fish quickly. Golden fly spoons (½in.) are very killing. My list of flies included Coachman, Dark Olive, Yellow Dun, March Brown, Teal and Green, Butcher, Alexandra and Silver Doctor. The Coachman and Teal and Green are the flies par excellence and seem to catch fish in all conditions of water. Long casting is quite unnecessary, in fact a short line and use of natural cover offer the best chances of success.

For spinning, the natural minnow mounted on a crocodile spinner I found best. Spinning accounted for most of my fish. Accurate casting in the small pools is necessary. Fish religiously upstream and success is assured.

For those who wish to combine shooting with fishing, a variety of big and small game is available, the game list including brown and black bear, snow leopard, ibex, bharal tahr, serow, goural, barking deer and musk deer. It is difficult, however, to obtain the services of an efficient or reliable shikari.

In conclusion I add the following summary from my fishing diary. In 70 days' fishing, during none of which did I fish more than six hours, I killed 2¼cwt. of trout, including eight fish of the 2lb. mark. This represents fishing at various seasons (over 50 per cent. in the worst periods of the year). On my best day I landed 49 trout.

YAWNOC.

COLONEL HAWKER AND THE CREATURE COMFORTS

The Place of Food and Leisure

COLONEL HAWKER was too much a man of refinement to subscribe fully to that earthy adage, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." That, in any case, is more usually preached to the other sex, and *Instructions to Young Sportsmen* is above all a man's book. But he did recognise the stomach's importance in life, and he traced to it most of man's physical ills and some few of his joys. The limited resources of the country inn of the 1830's have already been mentioned, as have some of the Colonel's suggestions for making the fluid part of the resources more palatable. As to the solids, which, it will be remembered, consisted of unpromising raw materials like tough meat, local vegetables and herbs which the sportsman had to seek out for himself, the Colonel was full of ideas.

Even for the Colonel, the raw material was too slight; he recommended the sportsman to take as well a basket containing eggs, sausages, a fowl, olive oil, lemon juice, anchovies, herbs and a cake of "portable soup," with which hoard the toughest of meat could be made tractable.

The Colonel's methods of doing this are not so much different from those which to-day turn a poor steak into a good tournedos or casserole dish. A 3lb. slab of meat in water, simmered down from 2 quarts to 3 pints with carrot, onion and turnip, about a pound of the fattest part then cut off and put in reserve, and the rest boiled to pieces. The result a soup and enough material for a meat dish, seasoned with mustard, raw parsley and anchovies. Alternative to the soup and stew, tournedos or casserole is what the Colonel calls "a mess—as wholesome as anyone who can rough it could ask for where there is not a piece of meat to be got." The foundation is a fowl, boiled for three hours with pearl barley, mace (nutmeg husk), peppercorns and salt to taste. This treatment will make eatable a barn-door fowl or old game that has been shot to pieces, and if the trimmings are suitably altered to mask the flavour—onion, fish sauce, lemon or a glass of Madeira instead of the more simple dressings—even curlew, coots, gulls or heron can be consumed without too much distaste!

Having by these expedients avoided starvation on the first day, the experienced pupil will be able to fare decently with the help of his rod and gun, whereas "some helpless exotic would have spurned the place, left it in disgust before he had killed a bird or a fish, and as likely as not be laid up and fleeced at the next inn, saddled with some country apothecary." The Colonel has plenty more advice about food. A warning, for instance, which still holds good, about wildfowling on an empty stomach: the recipe, if a start is to be made before service can be obtained at the inn, is a crust or a biscuit and a glass of milk with sugar, nutmeg, ginger and an egg yolk in it. Another interesting dodge, which shows that we are not after all so modern, is this one: "If you have no biscuits for your wine, cut some very thin slices of potato and broil or fry them crisp with oil." So that the ubiquitous potato crisp, which has penetrated to the aristocracy of the cocktail bar and accordingly been re-christened the "Smythe Cryspe" in at least one, has actually a long tradition behind it.

Is it doubt of his own recipes or native caution that turns the Colonel from food to medicines, and particularly those for the stomach? Caution certainly prompts this disclaimer, "I have not the slightest pretensions other than personal experience, so I must premise with saying that what would be an effectual medicine for one might not answer with another."

Nearly all his ailments and medicines sound familiar, and go to disprove the theory that the minor ills that beset us are due to our increasingly artificial existence. Magnesia for heartburn, acid on the stomach and as a "trifling preventive" of the gout. Essence of peppermint, particularly good after making "too free with French wines." Calomel—well, calomel stands where it did, and the Colonel suggests an alternative which will not "keep the patient a prisoner all day"; 30 grains of aloes, 30 grains of scammony (consult the Oxford Dictionary about this), and enough Venice turps to make fifteen pills.

Then there is Tartar emetic—good for dogs and the common people, "who are subject to having the stomach disordered by eating voraciously of bad and unwholesome food." The Colonel mentions a friend who was for years the successful quack of his village with this preparation. The well-to-do, who also needed an emetic at times, were recommended mustard.

The Colonel found space for more specifics than we can, but a few of them should be mentioned. Tincture of bark for the nerves; a "new French remedy" for the ague, consisting of sulphate of quinine (the Colonel mentions this one because "nothing could be more desirable in a work on wildfowling"; modern wildfowlers can be thankful for the disappearance of our malarial swamps). "Poor man's plaster" for a pain on the chest, snuff for the teeth in the morning and brandy or whisky for them at night. A toothache remedy is a tablespoonful of rum, the same of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of salt, held in the mouth, but the Colonel was at the time coming round to the alternative which still holds good—Eau-de-Cologne.

And lastly, a hint at a sorely needed new line of country for cigarette and tobacco advertising: "Our sportsman will have taken care to provide himself with a little good tobacco or a few cigars which, before you inhale a vaporous atmosphere, is the best preventive from catching the ague when fen shooting and, perhaps, one of the greatest preservatives from cold and illness of anything in existence."

Let all those (to continue in the Hawker vein) who condemn the follower of "blood sports" as an uncouth fellow, distinguished only from the beasts of the field in that he pursues by superior intelligence which he perverts to their better destruction, read Hawker and learn otherwise. For the Colonel had those two all-important attributes, a sense of humour and a sense of the humanities, and so far as they can be permitted to appear in a volume with so portentous a title as *Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that Relates to Guns and Shooting*, the Colonel permits them to appear.

Although, in the chapters we have already rather impertinently tried to review, the Colonel tries as often as he can to suggest means of prevention of the physical ills that may beset his pupils, instead of leaving them until a cure is necessary, he is, like us all, unable to prevent one of man's major ills, bad weather, and has to be content instead with advice on preventing its psychological ill-effects.

He imagines his young sportsman, having arrived at the "miserable hole" which gave rise to all the previous good advice we have examined, being greeted in the morning with the news of a wet day, and so being "confined a close prisoner to the pot-house, looking alternately to the windward clouds and the plastered walls of the room." In these more democratic days, some of us in such circumstances would feel inclined to join in the "discordant merriment of drunken fellows" which the Colonel expected his young sportsman to hear through a thin partition from the next room, and we might even enjoy inhaling, with them "the breezes of a smoky, wood fire, and the fumes of their shag tobacco."

This, however, would not have been a success in the Colonel's time. The ubiquitous dart board had not then introduced the townsman to the joys of the bar parlour nor had the countryman discovered that the game he had skilfully played for years could be a profitable one when the gentry descended to the "tap."

So the young sportsman of the eighteen-forties would be stuck, annoyed rather than tempted by the sound of others enjoying themselves, and left to whatever his own resources might be. And their value to him depended on whether or not he had read the Colonel's discourse on the proper use of leisure. The word discourse is used advisedly, for the Colonel himself hastened to make it plain that he was not beginning to write a sermon. How near a sermon he actually got is a matter for the reader's judgment; at all events, his sermon, if such it was, had the great virtue of practicality which all too many of them lack.

"The habit of idleness," wrote the Colonel, "is of all things on earth that which makes a man low-spirited, unhappy, or nervous." And to check all possibility of an attack on his platitudinous moralising from a spirited young sportsman, he follows this up by pointing out that "being nervous is, of all things the most likely to put even a crack sportsman off his shooting, to make a young angler whip off his flies, or be too eager, and therefore unskilled in killing his fish."

With which joint disclaimer of the intention of moralising and excuse for doing it none the less, the Colonel proceeds to his advice, in which he himself has sufficient faith to claim that it is sound enough to make the man with sufficient resources almost resent the news that the weather has improved, so engrossed will he be in his pastimes. *Sufficient resources* are modest enough; the pocket alone can carry them. For, although the *miserable pothouse* will have neither books, newspapers nor stationery, there is no excuse for *sheer idleness*. (The italics are the Colonel's.)

If the victim of circumstances is devoted to some particular study the pocket will easily carry some small volume about his subject; if he is an artist, limited though his scope may be, happier days will be made all the happier by a souvenir sketch to remind him of his present misery. If he is a musician, without his instrument, a few exercises in harmony will while away the time; if a writer or an author he is "never at a loss" (fortunate the writers of the Colonel's day). Or if none of these cultured pursuits are his, he may yet be a "merry fellow who sings a good song over his bottle," and if he has provided himself with a volume called the *Pocket Nightingale*, he may refurbish his song stock against the day when he will return from exile and entertain his friends again. Even if he is an enemy of the Muses, a "dry fellow," what to-day we call (and sometimes pride ourselves on being) a practical man, he can always pass a happy or unhappy hour reviewing his fortunes and planning how to restore or increase them.

But (and here the Colonel's moralising comes in full spate, and deserves full quotation) "If he is an idler, destitute of all resources—why, I will not say, Lord help him, but let him help himself. Let me advise him to embrace, in this day, a moment for reflection and consider it as an example, perhaps, of many hours and days he may have to spend at an age when he no longer has youth and vigour to distinguish himself among the field of sportsmen, and make a determination to embrace some pursuit that will be to him a source of amusement, and he will then, I think, have reason to consider this one of the most successful days in his calendar."

So the Colonel leaves us with food for thought. The problem of the use of leisure affects more of us now than it ever did in the Colonel's day, and is likely to do so increasingly. Those whose pleasure, like his, lies in shooting and fishing, might do well to read or re-read his evergreen book. So also might those whose pleasures lie in opposing the sportsman's pleasure. Live and let live is a good adage; a little more tolerance and understanding from both sides would do no harm to-day.

H. A.

LONGPARISH, THE HOME OF COLONEL HAWKER

THE SPRINGER SPANIEL IN INDIA

Hardy Gun-dogs That Can Stand Up to Conditions

DESPITE the fact that the springer spaniel is among the hardiest of gundogs and has proved his worth at home in numerous field trials, both as a worker and a retriever, yet he is by no means common in the Indian peninsula. Apart from the kennels maintained by field trial enthusiasts like the late Maharaja of Patiala and the Maharaja of Jind, there have been few well-known breeders of this type of spaniel.

At the dog shows that are held all over the country, the springer class is invariably one of the smallest, and compares most unfavourably with the classes for cockers and Labradors. Yet the springer is, in most respects, well suited to the country; though not a fighter by nature, he is big and plucky enough to make an excellent watch-dog and act as a deterrent to the presence of unauthorised natives on the premises. He requires a considerable amount of exercise, but not more than an energetic man or woman can give him on foot; and he can, and will, follow a horse without getting distressed. He does not stray, like some other breeds, nor wish to chase jackals or "pi-dogs," which is important, in view of the prevalence of rabies in the country.

There are critics who say that the springer spaniel's comparatively thick coat distresses him in hot weather and renders him liable to be infested by ticks, and so to get tick fever. There is a certain amount of truth in both these objections, but, as regards the former, the writer kept springers both in the north and the south of India, and found that, provided the dog got frequent water, he could do a full day's shooting without getting more tired than master! As regards the risk of tick fever, the secret lies in personal grooming: provided that the dog's coat is well dusted daily with "pulvex" or smeared with "neem oil" well rubbed-in by hand, ticks are seldom, if ever, found on him.

The springer is an excellent worker, both after pheasant or jungle-fowl in the wooded hills, and after partridge, duck and snipe in the plains. The writer has never heard of a thoroughbred dog or bitch being gun-shy; on the contrary, all the dogs that he has seen have been enthusiasts, regarding the gun as the most important item in the house. A gundog in India, where some of the cream of the shooting is after duck and snipe, must face water boldly. In this respect, the springer is, in the writer's opinion, second only to the Irish water spaniel; all our dogs were given a long swim daily in the hot weather, and thus became keen and powerful swimmers, and retrieved in water with the greatest enthusiasm.

The following suggestions, culled from personal experience, may assist the sportsman who contemplates importing a springer into India. If his primary object is to have a good gundog, he should select a dog in his or her first year, who has been at least partly broken. The outstanding qualifications are a good nose and good bone; the former because scent is, generally speaking, very much poorer than it is in England. This fact was vividly brought to the writer's notice during a spell of dry October weather when scent was poor. Two springers brought from India revelled in the scent, while a home-bred dog was definitely puzzled. Good bone is most important, because the ground is very hard, days are long and tiring and, in the sub-montane districts, stamina will be tested severely as the dog works the steep khuds. Emphasis is placed on the necessity for good body configuration—in fact it is just as important for a purchaser to have an "eye for a dog" as it is to have an eye for a horse at Tattersalls. Yet judges at shows in India appear to miss this point and to consider the possession of a dark eye more important than a compact, well-balanced body.

Although it is most desirable that springer strains in India should be improved by the introduction of fresh blood, yet the newcomer to the country will not, for his first season at any rate, stand up to a gruelling day as will the dog born on the spot. In fact a dog brought out from home should be taken quietly until he is thoroughly acclimatised; he should not be worked during the mid-day hours, nor should he be exposed to the evening chill without being thoroughly dried. He should be exercised by his master early in the morning, and before sunset, and compelled to rest in the bungalow during the heat of the day. The health and efficiency of all gundogs in the East depends largely on their dieting; we attribute our success in this respect to the fact that we always fed the dogs ourselves and made sure that they always got plenty of good meat. Those who are content to leave the feeding and exercising of their dogs to a "dog-boy" always have trouble.

The springer is, perhaps, more liable to minor ailments and mishaps incurred during work than other sporting dogs. He is a strenuous worker, and his job often takes him into thorn scrub and palms, and the sportsman is well advised to carry with him a serviceable thorn extractor. Speargrass, during the weeks when the seeds are ripening, is another source of trouble, and spaniels collect these sharp-pointed seeds in the neck, under the forelegs, and between the toes. If allowed to remain they may put a dog out of work for several days.

On the whole, conditions in India are favourable for breeding springers, especially in the south and in the hill stations in the north; the litter shown in the photograph arrived in March when the mid-day temperature was well over 100 degrees. Their mother, who had been well fortified with sheeps' heads and lactol, weaned them all without outside assistance. Three months after birth, they were taken 350 miles by train and won first prize at the Bangalore show. The judge commented on their good bone.

A short description of the parents may be interesting to dog-lovers, especially as both came to England with us. To give them their family names: Mac, the proud father, was born in the Himalayas; both his parents were champions, but his sire was not broken to the gun; his dam was, however, a field trial champion in India. He came to us at the age of three months and had retrieved his first peacock before he was six months old. He won prizes at Delhi show as a puppy, but caught canine typhus there and nearly died. After recovery, as the result of hard exercise in the hills, he developed into a very powerful dog.

Rightly or wrongly, depending on the point of view, he considered that a day's shooting was his show. Nothing mattered except that he should find, flush and retrieve game. Unfortunately his zeal often carried him too far in that he was inclined to range too wide and to run in to retrieve before ordered. The lead he loathed, and no amount of rating or even beating would prevent him from raising his voice in protest at the insult. He has always been, however, a tireless worker in every sort of cover, and peerless at finding a lost bird. While he is out shooting nothing else matters at all; thorns, cuts, bruises he ignores, so long as he can carry on. In the house he is an understanding, unassuming person, completely devoid of jealousy. He will give up his bed, his bone and his dinner to any other doggy member of the household. He is an excellent father, playing with the puppies when they are young and helping to train them as they grow older.

Brownie, Mac's wife, has an entirely different character. Coming to us as a yearling, in replacement of her sister who died from poison, she had never seen a gun. However, she is bred from the well-known Harting strain, and quickly learnt to hunt and to retrieve. She has a sensible, placid temperament, is steady and obedient, and a devoted mother. She was most patient in quarantine, and has taken to English shooting with enthusiasm. She has developed a partiality for woodcock, and works them with considerable skill and patience.

It will doubtless be gathered from the above that the writer is a springer "fan"; hastily one is glad to admit the impeachment, for these dogs are thorough sportsmen and gentlemen. Their sturdiness may be gauged from the fact that both our dogs went through two very hard seasons' shooting in the south of India, without missing more than an occasional day through minor injuries, and then went straight from the quarantine kennels to two successive hard days' work in the New Forest.

R. GRAEME.

MAC AND BROWNIE'S PRIZE LITTER

They arrived in March when the mid-day temperature was well over 100 degrees. Three months after birth they were taken 350 miles by train and won first prize at the Bangalore Show

AFTER HIS SWIM

All our dogs became keen and powerful swimmers and retrieved in water with the greatest enthusiasm

THE GRACE AND AGILITY OF THE RED LECHWE

THE LECHWE, FAWN IN COLOURING, LOVES SWAMPY GROUND. THE NAME WATER-BUCK IS THEREFORE NOT SO INAPPROPRIATE AS MANY POPULAR NAMES

LECHWE STARTLED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S APPROACH. A PICTURE WHICH PORTRAYS THE GRACE AND AGILITY OF THIS BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL

WILD LIFE OF BUSH AND SWAMP

THE GREATER KUDU, THE MOST HANDSOME OF ALL ANTELOPES, HAS A VERY WIDE DISTRIBUTION, BEING PRESENT IN WOODED COUNTRY FROM ABYSSINIA TO SOUTH AFRICA

BASKING ON A MUD BANK. CROCODILES LEND THEMSELVES TO EXAGGERATION, AND MANY OF HIS RECORDED GIANTS LIVED ONLY IN THE TRAVELLER'S IMAGINATION

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

THE natives of Colchester—and we must not make the mistake of including the Colchester-born inhabitants among the natives—have been held responsible for the invasion of Britain by the Romans, who were so partial to Colchester oysters that they had devised means—so far unexplained satisfactorily—of transporting Colchesters all the way to Rome, where the masters of the then known world insisted on having all that was best in the world.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that Colchester oysters are responsible for peaceful invasions year after year from large numbers of gourmets and gastronomes. Last week, the Mayor of Colchester entertained the Duke of Kent and a brilliant assembly at the traditional oyster feast, and the Wine and Food Society members took two bites at the Colchesters, invading the peaceful city on two successive days, as their numbers were too large to be accommodated on one single day.

Sir Gurney Benham, chairman of the Pyefleet Fisheries, acted as mentor to the large and distinguished company on both days, and the information which he imparted to them greatly added to the pleasure of partaking of oysters at their freshest. His explanation of the name *Pyefleet* oysters, was that they were the oysters dredged from a "fleet" or creek where the oyster-catchers or seapyes assembled in vast numbers, seapye being the marine opposite number of the magpie, a plover-like bird that never caught oysters, but found its food among the mudflats uncovered at low tide close to the oyster beds.

The Pyefleet oysters are the oysters from that part of the Colne River estuary, the creek or small stream, hence the fleet of the seapyes or oyster-catchers. They are the finest Colchester oysters. There are others; there are oysters brought from distant beds and "relaid" where they get the benefit of the Colne River fresh water and cold North Sea salt waters happily mixed; a wonderful mixture for oysters to judge from the Natives, those that never knew any other, and from the "Relaid," those that were born in milder waters, the Gulf Stream waters of the Brittany coast, and have responded so well to their new treatment.

A feature of the Colchester oysters which must be sorely puzzling to all believers in the theory of evolution is their immutability; the members of the Wine and Food Society were shown specimens of shells found in Roman remains at Colchester, and unquestionably 2,000 years old, which were identical in size and markings with those straight out of the sea that very same morning.

And what a groan went up when Sir Gurney Benham stated that the price of Colchester oysters had been, a very long time ago, 2/- per 1,000! Colchester oysters are very dear, but they are very good; undoubtedly they are the best. And there is a ray of hope: the spat, this year, was the best recorded during the last 25 years, so that we should have more Colchesters, and not only more but cheaper Colchesters in five or six years' time.

Ten years appears to be the natural life of an average oyster, that is if it is permissible to call the life of an oyster a natural one, considering its quaint habit of changing its sex three and sometimes four times during the season, when it reaches manhood or womanhood, that is when four to five years of age. And what a dull, monotonous life is the life of an oyster! It is really merciful to introduce into its existence and its shell an element of excitement in the shape of a sharp knife which will make it free to come to us and receive the appreciation which it so richly deserves.

It's time to visit SOUTH AFRICA

DON'T you ever feel, when you come to the last page of a particularly vivid book of travel or adventure, that you yourself would like to do something different, to face new experiences and see how other people live?

Well, why not? Pack your trunks and take a holiday in South Africa. It is a country reserved by Nature for holiday-makers. Picture a land where the sun but rarely hides his face, where the air is as exhilarating as champagne, where flowers and trees deck hillside and meadow with a mantle of brilliant hues, and everywhere the mysterious lure of Africa surrounds you with its subtle hypnotic charm.

Picture the mighty scenic wonders of Africa—the Victoria Falls, an epitome of inexorable power and faerie loveliness, the magnificent Drakensburg Mountains, the unparalleled opportunity to study wild animal life at close quarters, the fascinating Native life and customs, the gay social life of the busy modern towns.

Go to South Africa this year and bask in the sunshine of an alluring land. The voyage there is one of restful comfort and takes only 14 days. Illustrated brochures obtainable from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or accredited Travel Agencies.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of October 27th, 1888.

THE new Cambridgeshire. "We are among those who lament that the Jockey Club should have found it necessary to transfer the Cambridgeshire winning post from 'the top of the town'—the site and scene of so many exciting finishes, and around which the traditions of great horses and great jockeys will linger—to the end of the Rowley Mile. . . . The course was one *per se*. There was nothing like it in this country—a grand trial of speed and stamina, and a grand sight. . . . And the new one is like unto any other handicap run on the Rowley Mile or elsewhere. There are thousands of handicaps decided over a mile or a mile and a distance during the season, and the new Cambridgeshire takes its place as one of them. An important one, no doubt, but with no special feature about it that is not shared by many others. We must, however, in justice own that the start on the new course will be much better than it was on the old. From the nature of the ground, those on the lower portion of it were much at a disadvantage, and this defect will on the new course be remedied."

Safeguarding the Amateur. "Two cases reported from the Press. In the first the accused was charged with 'unlawfully obtaining by false and fraudulent pretences from Edward Herbert Blunt a Gladstone bag, value £2 2s. The bag in question had been offered by the prosecutor, who was the proprietor of the Marble Baths, Junction Road, as a prize to be competed for in a swimming race, open to amateurs only, under the rules of the Amateur Swimming Association. The prisoner had entered for the race under the name of Henry Clarke, representing himself to be an amateur, and had obtained the prize. . . . The magistrate, 'You entered in a false name, and I must sentence you to fourteen days' imprisonment.'"

"At Northampton Quarter Sessions, Benjamin Burns, *alias* Hughes . . . and Frederick Keeton were sentenced to four and six months' imprisonment respectively for having conspired to defraud the committee of the Northampton Amateur Club of £10. Burns ran at the recent sports in the name of Hughes, having been previously entered by Keeton, who had paid for Burns's keep at a professional trainer's."

IN THE SALEROOM

ON November 3rd Sotheby's are selling a collection of old English and foreign silver, the property of Major E. Knatchbull-Hugessen, of Gawdy Hall, Norfolk. There are many real collectors' gems in this collection, notably a salver, 11¾in. wide, engraved with the arms of Nash, by Wm. Peaston, London, 1750; a Queen Anne castor, with the arms of Collier, 6½in. high, London, apparently 1708; a fine pair of Charles II "lace-back" spoons, maker's mark A.K., London, 1682; two apostle spoons, one pricked with the monogram I.G., maker's mark a crescent enclosing W. London, 1600, and the other with maker's mark T P in a shaped shield, London, 1648. These should be seen together with the rare seventeenth century star-shaped watch, in parcel-gilt, by David Ramsey, one of the finest of the early clockmakers, who was clockmaker to the King in 1613. This watch, and the two spoons, were discovered in a recess at Gawdy Hall some 80 years ago, together with some papers relating to the troublous Cromwellian period, and were, apparently, hidden away when Gawdy Hall was seized at that time.

REFLECTION IN A WINDOW

THE other day I stopped in front of an animal shop in Camden Town. I was there by accident rather than design, and I was rather bored as I stood and looked in at the window. There were all the usual things that one sees in an animal shop—or at least I suppose there were, for I must confess that I do not stop and look into animal shop windows as a general rule. There were guinea pigs, and kittens, and rabbits, and puppies, and one or two hens, and white mice, and goldfish swimming about in bowls, and wonderful multiple-coloured fish swimming about in tanks, and a monkey or two and all sorts of other things. And there was a great noise. And over the door in a small cage were two tiny birds with brilliant green plumage.

* * *

And as I looked at them a door in my memory opened and I was no longer standing on a pavement in Camden Town.

* * *

I was tending sheep in Australia. I was riding across a hot and dusty plain in search of some straying ewes, and my eyes were sore and smarting. My horse plodded along very slowly with its long tail swishing from side to side, and my little dog—Moses his name was—his little feet pattering on the hard iron clay, looked up reproachfully every now and again as the sun beat down upon us and the hot dry wind swept sullenly over the plain.

* * *

I was searching for a break in that monotonous, never-ending skyline for scrub and gum trees that I knew could not be far away, but always not very far in front of me there was the dancing mirage with its shimmering, cool, tree-shadowed water, and always the sun-baked clay. And at length, thinking that my sense of direction had failed, I was about to turn my horse's head and to retrace our steps when a low murmuring came up from behind and above us. There approached at tremendous speed a small black cloud some 20ft. from the ground. The sound increased to a high-pitched drone, and as it flashed overhead the sun turned that cloud into a myriad of sparkling jewels, and then, in a moment, it was but a black patch fading in the distance. But I knew where the scrub was, and where water was. And I knew the black cloud for a flight of budgerigars returning to their nesting places in that scrub.

* * *

And so at last we came to the edge of the scrub, and as we fought our way through the tangled barrier with but one thought in all our minds, my horse shied and the dog yapped, and in that moment a large kangaroo bounded out of the open and paused for a second, sitting up like some gigantic hare, and then, with a great leap, disappeared amongst the trees. But she had left something behind—a baby kangaroo, that now, with hesitant steps, hopped towards the nearest tree. There was no kangaroo in that Camden Town shop, but there might have been, so vivid was the memory, and I might easily have touched it. I must, I think, have been the first human being that baby kangaroo had seen, for it hesitated on its way to the tree, hopping to and fro indecisively, and finally stopping, unable, I think, to understand the sudden awful loneliness, and sat up with short forearms hanging limply in front of it, taking stock of me, and my horse, and my dog. And so we eyed each other gravely. And then the mother appeared again, and gave a short, commanding bark, and instantly the baby was in its rightful place, and we went towards the water.

* * *

The water, such as it was, was muddy, and wound between low moss-covered banks. I slipped the bit from my horse's mouth, and as I did so a commotion arose in the thick bushes clustered at the water's edge. And once again a vivid shower of colour flashed across my eyes and sparkled for an instant in the sunshine, and was lost in green darkness. My budgerigars were at home.

* * *

The vision faded. My feet were not in stirrups, but on hard pavement. I was looking, not at budgerigars in all their freedom, but at two green captives huddled together on a perch in a small cage. And the proprietor was looking at me with puzzlement, not so very different from that of the baby kangaroo that I had seen all those years ago. Realisation of my surroundings came as a shock. There was dirt and noise, and discomfort, and things in cages. I went on my way, feeling not so very different from those two little creatures that had given me for a moment a glimpse of the earth.

A. B. G. D.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CANALISING THE AVON

SIR,—I have read General Carey's article on the work of the Avon and Stour Catchment Board on the Upper Avon between Enford and Chisenbury with peculiar interest, since I have had the opportunity of fishing this part of the river at regular intervals throughout 1938.

He condemns the work of the Board wholeheartedly, but in my opinion he overstates his case.

He says that the "general tendency of a river is to spread." This is only true of large rivers in their lower parts. It is not true of a small river running through water meadows, like the Avon between Enford and Chisenbury. Such a river tends to become progressively narrower, because the cattle tread down the banks and the ground so trodden in is consolidated by rushes and other riverside herbage. This progresses until bottlenecks are established here and there behind which mud gradually accumulates and thus the flow of the stream is impeded at these points.

He says, and says rightly, that to avoid the danger of flooding, it is essential to clean out the carriers and the old bed of the river in places where it has been diverted to form mill dams. But it is quite futile to do this unless there is an adequate flow in the main stream to carry off the water from the carriers. The Catchment Board have made such a flow by cutting back the banks to their original margins; but only to their original margins, as is obvious to anyone who has had an opportunity of seeing their work in progress, as I have.

But they have done more than this; they have cleared out the acid mud which has accumulated for many years and is inimical to the well-being of trout, and they have left a clean gravel bed on which silt can now be deposited. It is not true to say that they have scoured the river bed of all the weed which carried trout food. One need only look at the river between Enford Bridge and Littlecott Mill, where they finished their work last May, to appreciate this. This stretch is already stocked with weed and on two Sundays in September I caught a dozen or more trout in it, all of them in first-class condition.

Now let us come to what General Carey calls "the spiritual side." It is obvious that if the banks are cut back an aspect of regularity is given which may be described as "canalisation." But this is only *temporary*. In a very few months the grasses of the river bank cover the edges completely once more. If anyone disbelieves this, let him look at the stretch between Enford Bridge and Littlecott Mill, to which I have already referred, or even to General Carey's photograph of the river below Enford Bridge. The work of the Catchment Board was finished here in May and the photograph shows internal evidence that it was taken not later than August, barely three months afterwards. The caption reads, "After about a year all that has taken place as regards recovery." This photograph defeats its own object, since it really shows that in a few months the signs of "canalisation" have practically disappeared.

It will be seen that I am at variance with General Carey, and I am strongly of the opinion that, when next year's fishing season opens, the Upper Avon will be in every respect a much improved river.

Yours faithfully,

4, Park Square West, Portland Place, N.W. 1. IVOR BACK.

SIR,—I think the article in the *Field* of October 8th is hardly fair to the authorities who are cleaning out the Avon. The river is in a very bad state through years of neglect, and I am afraid that we fishermen are largely responsible. We shall now have to suffer a little temporary inconvenience, but in a few years we shall reap the benefit of the operations now in progress. I cannot help feeling that if we bore in mind that any river is just one indivisible whole and that unless we all do our own share of cleaning, &c., such work as we do is utterly wasted if our next door neighbour neglects his part. As regards the co-operation between the various affected persons and the catchment board, I can only say that my "fishing landlord" is working in the closest harmony with that board and that he is quite satisfied with their work, and so am I. I hope to live to enjoy greater sport on my little stretch than I have had in the past six years.

Yours faithfully,

Devizes. MUCKLE FLUGGA.

SIR,—I was particularly interested in reading the article in your paper giving an account of the desecration of the Stour and Hampshire Avon. We are now watching the same hideous process on the banks of our Avon. This river runs through Bradford-on-Avon, Bath and Bristol. There is one material point that your article does not mention, possibly because it does not apply to the two rivers. But this point will arise when the next flood takes place on our river here.

In theory our river here is being turned into a nice tidy canal to prevent floods, by letting the flood water down more speedily than formerly.

It is quite obvious to anyone who is not an official that the opposite effect will be produced, and consequently floods in these towns will be worse.

The whole of the water levels from the mouth of our Avon to some miles above Bradford depend on the weirs and bridges. In times of floods the water piles up against these obstructions. The more water that comes down in any given period of time, the higher will be the water levels above the weirs and bridges, and the worse the floods will be.

Yours faithfully,

Duckmead, Bradford-on-Avon. E. C. PINCKNEY.

THE PAINT BILL

SIR,—Referring to your article on this subject, the real reason why white lead does not always give the satisfaction one has a right to expect will surprise many of your readers. They ask for best white lead and they do not get the best, for the term "best" in the paint-grinding trade is applied only to second grade white lead. If you want the very best you must ask for "genuine."

A certain master painter in the North of England rarely did a painting job himself, but when he did it invariably wore better than any job done by his workmen, although he used the same materials. He once painted, grained, and varnished the woodwork in a farm kitchen. When I saw it 20 years later it looked very little the worse for wear.

"Those —— painters of mine use far too much thinner," he used to remark. "I can't get 'em to understand that 'elbow-grease' is the best thinner. If you mix your paint thick you can still put a thin coat on the woodwork if you rub it out thin with the brush; but those —— are terribly afraid of an aching wrist."

In those days many of the women were reading Ruskin, and they objected to graining, "because graining is imitation; and imitation is not art." Nevertheless, graining will "stand the gaff" much better than plain painting.

In the days when I was "common strapping" I was kept on one summer to paint all the woodwork inside and out. I was told to take plenty of time and choose any colour I liked, so I burnt off all the old paint, spent a long time in rubbing down the woodwork until it was as smooth and sleek as a woman's shoulder, and then painted it harrier green and Belvoir tan. The white lead was Walker Parker's genuine, the yellow ochre cost 56/- a hundredweight (wholesale), and the varnish was Williamson's, of Ripon, which in those days was better varnish than that sold elsewhere.

The time spent rubbing down was not time wasted; and that job still looked well ten years later, although the green had faded considerably. Green is one of the worst colours for standing strong sunlight. I mixed that paint so stiff that it nearly broke my wrist to put it on, but I did not leave it thick on the woodwork.

Varnish should not be applied in any but dry weather; and in your English climate it should not be applied on outside work before nine or ten in the morning or after three in the afternoon.

Far too many housewives ruin varnished work with scrubbing brushes, cleaners, and soap suds. All it needs is a chamois leather and cold water.

If cows are grazing near where you are using white paint they are quite likely to come and lick it all off.

Yours faithfully,

Calgary, Canada. A COMMON STRAPPER.

IRISH LOUGHS

SIR,—I have read with interest the letters of "O. M." and other correspondents about fishing in Irish loughs. If you can spare the space I should like to state my own experience. Since 1926 I have spent two or three weeks nearly every year on one of the famous loughs in the West of Ireland. My visits, for personal reasons, have always been in late August and September; I have never been over for the mayfly season.

My fishing diaries give the following figures:

1928 fished 16 days, 37 trout weighing 45lb.
1931 fished 22 days, 53 trout weighing 86lb.
1934 fished 17 days, 55 trout weighing 78lb.
1935 fished 24 days, 66 trout weighing 110lb.
1937 fished 9 days, 27 trout weighing 49lb.

All these were brown trout. I nearly always fish the wet fly, and my boatman the dap (daddy long legs). A few fish were taken, on calm days, on the troll. Thus in 1937 the figures were 16 on wet fly, 10 on dap, 1 on troll. It is my experience that the fishing now is every bit as good as it was twelve years ago and, so far as I can see, there is no reason why poaching should be more prevalent now than in the past. When it is remembered that the fishing in all the big West of Ireland loughs is free, it must, I think, be agreed that the sport is incomparably better than any that can be obtained—on the same terms—elsewhere in the British Isles.

As I do not wish to "boost" either the lough in question or myself, I enclose my card and beg leave to sign myself

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. 3. MUGDRUM.

JACOB SHEEP

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Boydell's inquiry in your issue of October 1st about Jacob sheep, he may be interested to know that in the *Field* for May 2nd, 1936, was a letter from Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble on the subject, and the reproduction of a photograph of a flock kept by Sir Merrick Burrell, Knepp Castle, West Grinstead. These sheep were described as being "black and white, horned and as graceful and light in their movements as deer or goats." In the issue of May 23rd, 1936, Lord Bradford stated that "I have a list of seventeen ladies and gentlemen who possess flocks of this interesting breed, with many of whom I have from time to time exchanged rams."

Yours faithfully,

14, St. Andrews Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex. J. BANBURY.

FISHING IN ITALY

SIR,—I feel sure the most charming place Madonna di Campiglio, situated well north of Brescia and to left of Trento and Bolzano in the Dolomites, will interest English tourists, especially if they take a rod. The small town is at 1,560 metres, and in the summer season (July 1st to September 1st) there are the following attractions: Plenty of very nice hotels; good food; climbing of all sorts with the most amazing scenery; golf on a nice nine-hole course; several hard tennis courts; riding; swimming; dancing; and a special reserve of well-stocked fishing in several rivers and lakes, covering, in all, some 60 kilometres of rivers, with fish up to 4lb. I was there for six days and had a bag of 105 trout, rainbow and brown, amongst which were several fish of 2lb., and the average must have been about ¾lb. I caught about 70 on wet-fly, 15 or so by spinning, and the rest on Stewart tackle in mountain torrents. An American angler caught 32 one morning on dry fly.

The Italian State fishing licence is necessary (obtainable at Trento), costing with tips, say, about Lire 65. The charge for the fishing is Lire 150 (except in three special hotels at only Lire 50—these hotels being part-owners of the fishing), and the rule is that the fish are returned to the keeper at Madonna di Campiglio, who lets one take such as are wanted for eating, whilst the rest are weighed and credited at so much a kilo, so that if an angler has good luck, he might well be able to wipe out his Lire 50 or Lire 150 and earn a credit. The fish so surrendered are sold at Lire 18 a kilo to the hotels. There is no doubt that the fishing is better early and late. August is not a good month. Once it gets too hot, the glaciers above start melting too fast, and the result is that some of the streams get too milky. I should imagine the best months would be May–July, and then after September 15th. In the winter, Madonna di Campiglio is a much frequented winter sports centre.

I can only add that the rivers and lakes (of which there are several) are well looked after, and poaching is kept down. No nets are allowed in fact, only fishing by rod and line.

Yours faithfully,

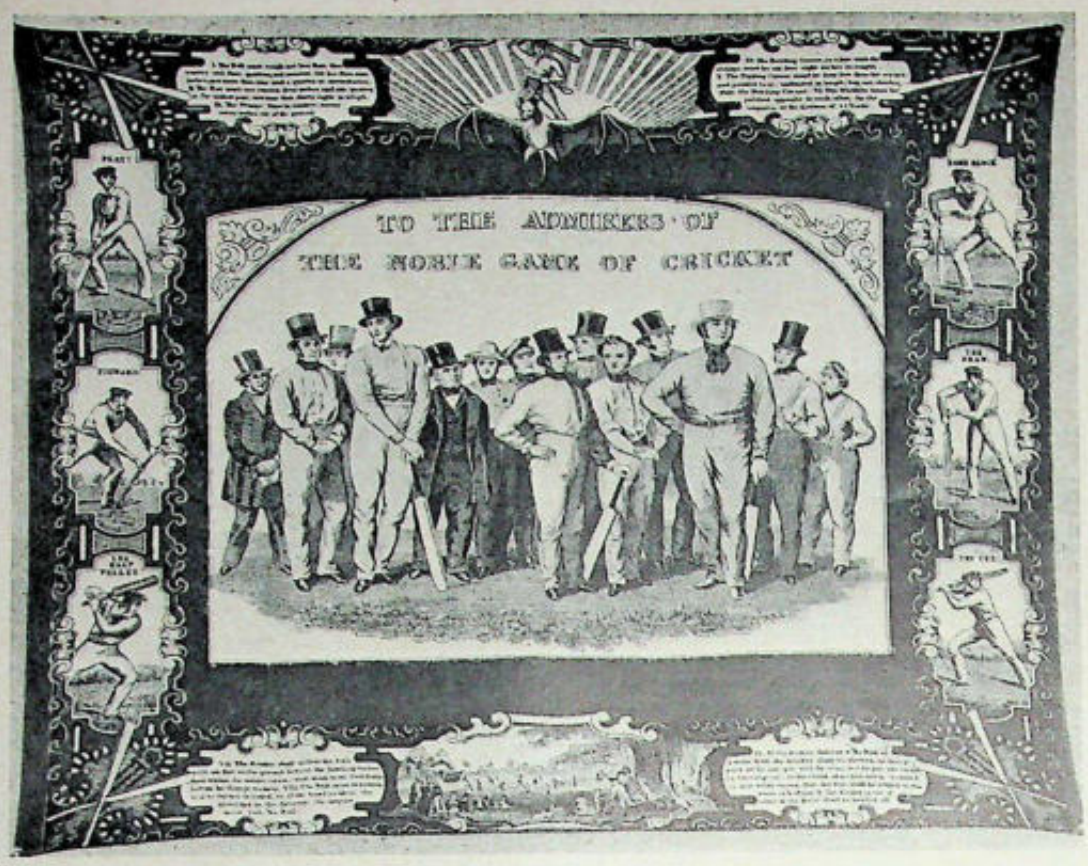
Carrara. GREVILLE CRIPPS.

GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—I have read with interest the question asked in the *Field*, "If grey squirrels are of use in the planting of trees by burying acorns and nuts." In the United States this good action of the grey squirrel has been noticed by those interested in forestry. I feed our squirrels on maize in the winter and have never seen more than eight at one time. In the early spring they eat a few buds of the tulip trees, but never ring a tree as red squirrels do here. They do take a few pears and apples, but not many, as the dogs are on the look out for them if they cross an open space. One hundred and fifty years ago they were a pest, as the settlers had killed off many of their natural enemies, and the greatly increased numbers of squirrels raided the cornfields. One night last year I scattered some maize for their breakfast, but by morning there was 5in. of snow on the ground. Nevertheless, the squirrels were digging down through the snow and seemed to know exactly where each kernel of maize was. They must have found it by scent, as the maize was widely scattered. The numbers of squirrels on our place remains the same except when every seven or ten years a plague kills off many. At home I do not think they trouble birds or nests, but they have no doubt changed their habits when transported across the sea. It would be interesting to hear if they do any damage near Capetown, where I have seen them in numbers near Rhodes's house.

Yours faithfully,

Daviot House, Daviot, Inverness-shire. GEORGE L. HARRISON.



WHO ARE THE PLAYERS?
(See letter "The Noble Game of Cricket")

THE NOBLE GAME OF CRICKET

SIR,—I am the daughter of James Pagden, who lived at Fragfoile, Alfriston, Sussex, and who played cricket for Sussex during the middle of last century. Among my late father's possessions (he died in 1892) I have a large printed handkerchief dealing with the game of cricket, bearing in the centre what is clearly a portrait group of a cricket team.

I enclose a photo of this handkerchief as I think it may be of interest, and I hope that you or some of your readers may be able to tell me the team portrayed. The writing round the border gives the rules of the game.

Yours faithfully,
(MRS.) FLORENCE A. WINSTANLEY.

The Old Apiary,
Alfriston, Sussex.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH DUCK

SIR,—Few people seem to know what a very little trouble can increase the potentialities of certain lands for wildfowling. On an estate in Sussex there was a piece of land which two seasons ago was desolate and barren, in the dry weather just an expanse of brown, dry, cracked mud as hard as iron. It was decided to take it over and make a duck shoot.

So when the rains came and partially flooded this place it was dammed up, but so arranged as to be under control with a drop sluice dug into a deep ditch for permanent water feed when required. A screen of willow, bamboo, &c. was planted for gun cover within killing range of the dammed-up water.

Roots of flags, edge, reed, &c. were dumped in for the use of duck, snipe and other fowl, for these birds love nothing better than this sort of cover and find a large amount of aquatic insect life. All this was done less than two years ago, the result being astounding. Mallard, wigeon, teal, a few geese and hundreds of snipe now take advantage of it, and it is no exaggeration to say that teal especially come here in huge flocks.

They are easily got at now, thanks to these efforts, it being possible to almost get to the water's edge without undue disturbance. It seems to me that nearly every estate contains some sort of water or marshy meadow that could be put to the same use.

Yours faithfully,
C. W. BALCHIN.

The Tower,
Firle Park,
Sussex.

HUNTERS AT GRASS

SIR,—I have an engraving of Landseer's picture "Hunters at Grass," on the back of which are pasted the following particulars

HUNTERS AT GRASS.

Algiers, br. horse, by Salamanca, foaled 1816.
Ballyany, br. horse, by Osiris, foaled 1817.
Hainault, ch. horse, by Osiris, foaled 1819.

The above were bred by Mr. Wigram out of his mare Elizabeth, by Waxy, by Pot 8 os, by Eclipse.

Many years ago I had an opportunity of seeing the original oil painting, when it was at Messrs. Vokin's establishment for cleaning. I thought it a delightful picture, and noted several interesting details, one of which was that the chesnut horse, Hainault, had evidently been fired on his near fore, the marks of which show up very plainly in the engraving.

Yours faithfully,
M. F. REYNARD.

Sharow, Ripon.

OX GOAD THEORY

SIR,—Flying across the Sudan I have just seen your questions and answers in the issue of September 17th.

I remember looking up the origin of rod, pole or perch some time ago, and I was under the impression that it came from an ox goad of 5½yds. If so, could we reconstruct primitive measurements as follows? :

1 ox goad = 5½yds.
4 ox goads = 1 chain.
10 chains = 1 furlong.
(1 furlong multiplied by 1 chain = 1 acre or 22 furlongs = 1 acre.)

It all depends whether there is anything in the ox goad theory.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES PONSONBY.

Cobbe Place,
Lewes.

WHALES OFF DEVON

SIR,—The accompanying photograph, which I took whilst fishing off Beer Head on September 2nd, may interest *Field* readers.

When about one mile from the shore, two or more large creatures were sighted in-shore, They appeared and plunged at intervals, and were at first thought to be porpoises. Attempts were made to get nearer, and it became obvious from the large fin and the general bulk of the creatures that they were whales. The fisherman owner of the boat thought they were grampus whales, as such were occasionally encountered, but later in the year.

Observation was maintained for almost an hour, during which attempts were made to follow the whales. At last they were seen making out to sea, when four whales were clearly discerned. It was at this time, when they came to the surface for a few moments, that this photograph was obtained. Concluding the whales had departed, my party resumed fishing. Some time later the whales were seen again between the boat and the shore, making toward the shore.

In the hope of getting a closer view, the course was altered to get between the whales and the shore, and ultimately the party were rewarded by seeing three of the whales appear, coming towards the boat and plunging again some 50ft. from the boat.

As to the size of the whales, various estimates were made by the members of the party, but perhaps a fair conclusion was that of the boat owner, Mr. Fred Newton, of Beer, who said, "They are longer than my boat, and that is 25ft."

The photograph was sent to the British Museum of Natural History, South Kensington, and identified by Mr. P. Stammwitz, who states in his report :

"They are two bull killers and large specimens. No other cetacea have the large dorsal fin as seen in the photograph (the cow of this species does not develop such a large fin). This is an unusual visitor to the British coast. A bull was caught in the Humber in November, 1885, and we had a young cow stranded in Inverness-shire in April, 1932.

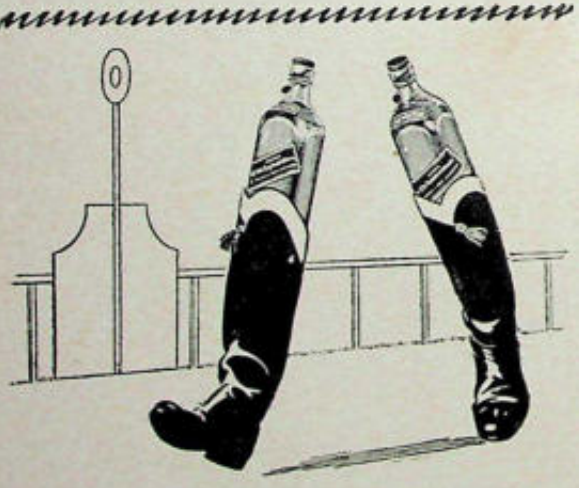
"The Killer (*Orca Gladiator*) is the only one of the cetacea that feed on mammals. Its chief feed being seals and penguins. It reaches 40ft. in length, has very strong white markings on its sides, and two rows of powerful teeth. It is known as the 'wolf of the sea.'"

THE LARGE DORSAL FINS OF TWO BULL KILLERS
(See letter "Whales Off Devon")

The party found great interest and some excitement in following and observing these creatures, but there is no doubt that had they been able even to guess at the real nature of the whales, as now disclosed by Mr. Stammwitz, this photograph would never have been taken.

Yours faithfully,
A. D. BUDD.

Loxwood,
Sauncey Avenue, Harpenden.



Here's a favourite that's always a winner!

Your most-fancied horse may fail you, but Johnnie Walker is always true to form. Many fine whiskies, each one specially chosen for its distinctive character, each one fully matured in the wood, meet together in the blend of Johnnie Walker. The result is always the same—Scotch Whisky at its best and smoothest. Always ask for Johnnie Walker by name.

Johnnie Walker
walks away with it!

Born 1820—still going strong

HALICHŒRUS GRYPUS

SIR,—Major Dorrien Smith's account of a great grey seal battling with congers reminds me of the very friendly pair of young (year old ?) grey seals which we saw on July 16th last at the landing creek on the islet of Grassholm, Wales. These youngsters had caught a conger quite as long as they were—say, about 6ft. It was writhing feebly, but they quickly opened it out, biting the vitals, and tossing the entrails on one side as if they were distasteful. First one and then the other worked at it, holding it with fore-flippers and teeth. But, like cats that have finished with a mouse, they now displayed no further interest in the conger, which floated dead on the surface of the sea. The young seals were evidently full-fed already, for they now began to play very prettily in the rocky harbour, diving around and under our boat, and coming up to rub against it, and press their nostrils against the white planking as if this process gave them some pleasure. I have never seen wild seals so tame.

The grey seal certainly uses its claws much when feeding. One winter's day I watched a large bull struggling with a very large ray which was curling and lashing its long tail about the body and upper parts of the seal. The ray's tail was remarkably long, but it was impossible to say whether the fish was a sting ray, a whip ray, or what species. I only noted that once it seemed to encircle the seal's thick "shoulders" completely with its tail. The seal had gripped the skate firmly with his long claws buried in the central cavities of its ventral surface, and there was not much doubt about the issue. The seal had evidently had trouble with the ray under water and had brought it up in order that he might have air to breathe while the struggle went on. A ray has formidable teeth for crushing shells, and possibly the old bull was wary of these. At any rate it was a long time manœuvring before at last striking with his teeth, while the ray continued its wild lashings. The seal seemed to get a big bite in just below the mouth of the ray, and, having gripped thus, he pushed away with his flippers, tearing out a large mouthful of flesh. He now released the ray, which swam away feebly, while he swallowed the lump of flesh. The ray vanished, but the old bull had his eye on it, and soon dived and brought the fish to the surface for a much shorter struggle and another bite. This was repeated thrice, the ray now *in extremis*. I could not follow much after this, as the seal was drifting farther off with the current, and a cloud of gulls close overhead were looking for scraps from the feast.

The claws of the fore-flippers of the grey seal are indispensable when big fish have to be dealt with.

Yours faithfully,

Skokholm Island, Pem. R. M. LOCKLEY.

SEVENTY-SIX YEARS OF CRICKET

SIR,—I have received another interesting communication from Sir Jeremiah Colman, this time in reference to the Rev. A. T. Scott's recollections of the decisive over in Cobden's match, as described in my letter in your issue of October 8th.

Sir Jeremiah states that Scott played in a few matches for his cricket team at Carshalton Park in 1883, and G. H. Goldney, who introduced him, told Sir Jeremiah that it was through Scott's fine fielding that Cobden had his chance, as Scott saved an apparently certain four on the *leg side*.

Sir Jeremiah suggests that if Scott's place in the field was mid-on it is fair to assume that he fielded the ball from that position, and if so, it is some confirmation of the view taken by Mr. Sambourne, as stated in my letter.

I must now leave readers to form their own conclusions, but what really happened seems, like the disappearance of the crew of the Marie Céleste, likely to remain an unsolved mystery. I find that a mistake in the date of the Eton and Harrow match in which C. I. Thornton hit over the Pavilion has crept in in some way. It should, of course, be 1868, not 1870. Yours faithfully,

Exmouth Club, Exmouth. J. F. STUART-EDWARDS.

A BABY GREY SEAL SHOWING ITS FORMIDABLE CLAWS
(See letter "Halichœrus Grypus")

SHOWER BATH FOR A ROBIN

SIR,—I expect the following is one of many interesting incidents brought about in bird and animal life by the drought experienced earlier in these parts.

While watering the vegetable garden one evening some weeks ago a young robin flew down among the asparagus fern, in the direct stream of the hose. I altered the direction, but it followed the spray and perched on a young pear tree, where it sat for about fifteen minutes enjoying a shower bath, preening itself and fluffing its feathers while the hose played on it. Yours faithfully,

White Cottage, Galley Hill, Waltham Abbey, Essex. A. C. MOLONY.

FOREST FIRE

SIR,—For any of your readers who may know Vancouver Island, it struck me that they might like to hear exactly what damage has been done by the awful forest fires that raged in the northern section of the island during July. In August I motored from Comox to Campbell River and on to Elk Falls. Driving to Campbell River nothing much was noticeable except off on the sides of the hills, where the trees have been thoroughly scorched and small puffs of blue smoke were still to be seen ascending from the burnt patches.

Campbell River itself has remained untouched, though the fire did get within five or six miles. Strangely enough, the settlement was hardly affected by the pall of smoke and rain of ashes that spread right "down island," and even as far as Vancouver.

On the way to Elk Falls, the road winds through the worst part of the burnt area, and it is terrible to see on all sides a blackened desolate country of stumps, logs and trees denuded of every bit of green. It is wonderful that the timber round the Falls was saved, as the fire must have come within a few hundred yards. Proceeding on towards Forbes Landing there is again continual evidence, on each side of the road, of where the fire passed.

In spite of days of strenuous effort to save the little Inn at Forbes Landing, the fire conquered, and this most lovely spot is now a sad sight, and the hotel which Mr. Forbes, a pioneer, started long ago, has gone. The day I was there, men and trucks were at work clearing up the debris. Several shacks on the edge of the lake escaped the flames. None but those who fought day and night, endeavouring to control the fire, know what a ghastly conflagration it was—the worst for years—and it will surely be a very long time before the countryside returns to its normal beauty. The loss of merchantable timber is also extremely heavy, thousands of acres having been rendered useless.

Yours faithfully,

Vancouver Island, B.C. (Miss) C. MORRISON.

IN THE PATH OF THE FLAMES
(See letter "Forest Fire")

Watch your step, Mother!

Don't you remember how the Old Man carried on the last time you carried off his Gold Flake? It's all very well saying you like their flavour. So does he. And you appreciate the fine Virginia tobaccos they are made of. So does he—and has done for years before women came into the field and developed the taste for a man's cigarette. Come now, be reasonable, and buy your own Gold Flake in future.

WILLS's

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 574

LOOPED ROUND THE NOSE

SIR,—The correspondence in your recent issues under the heading of "Hooked Through the Gills," gives me courage to ask you whether you have heard of many instances of salmon being "hooked" in the following way. Fairly recently I was fishing the Usk, near Usk, as a guest, and hooked a fish in a fairly fast run on a very small "thunder and lightning." After about 15 minutes the fish came into shallow water obviously nearly finished and was missed by an over-zealous gillie.

It then took on a new lease of life, and was eventually gaffed nearly an hour later. The cast was then round the top of its snout three times, *i.e.*, it was hooked in the left corner of its mouth, the cast passed through its mouth from left to right, over the top jaw and through its mouth again twice (I was fishing from the left bank). I do not think this had happened when the fish first came into the gaff, and can only conclude that it rolled three times with its mouth open as it went away from the gaff, when in the general turmoil of a "missed" fish. I may have given it some slack line. The cast bit deeply into the top of the snout and presumably took the weight off the fly and produced the effect of a fish foul-hooked in the head—hence the new lease of life. I should be grateful to know of similar experiences.

Yours faithfully,
F. W. S. ROBERTS.

78, Cadogan Place, S.W. 1.

FURTHER HUNT CHANGES

THE following are additions and corrections to the table of Hunts published in our issue of Oct. 15th:

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND.

APONWY.—Master, Committee. Secretary, Mr. E. Hughes, Wernwyd, Llanwrthol, Llandrindod Wells.

ALBRIGHTON.—Secretary, Mr. C. Horell, Wheatstone Park, Cosall Wood, Wolverhampton (only).

BLACKMORE VALE.—Huntsmen: Colonel Wingfield Digby (Monday and Thursday), F. Anyan (Tuesday and Saturday).

BLANKNEY.—Master, Commander F. J. Alexander. Secretary, Colonel Hugh Tallents, D.S.O., Coddington, Newark.

BURTON.—Joint-Masters, Major C. Wilson, Mr. E. St. Aubyn. Secretary, Major A. G. de Bunsen, the Grove, Tealby, Lincoln. Huntsmen, the Masters. Whippers-in, G. Ives, A. Dale.

CRAVEN.—Master, Mr. S. D. Player. Secretary, Mr. J. C. Ainsworth, Middle Bockhampton, Lambourn, Berks.

DEVON, MID.—(30.) Subscriptions, minimum 5 guineas. Cap, non-subscribers 10/-; 2/6 Damage Fund. Towns: Okehampton, Moretonhampstead, Chagford. Days: Tuesday and Saturday. Master, Major A. C. Arden. Secretaries: Miss M. Ryan, Whiddon Park, Chagford; Mr. F. G. Underhill, Rushford, Chagford. Huntsman, the Master. Whipper-in, Mrs. Arden, Kennels, Higher Stiniel, Chagford.

DEVON, NORTH-WEST.—Eighteen. Subscription, 2 guineas; cap, 5/-. Towns, Barnstaple and Bideford. Days, Wednesday and Saturday. Master, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Longstaff, D.S.O., J.P. Secretary, Major C. V. B. Hodson, Bye-Cross, Georgeham, N. Devon. Huntsman, the Master. Whipper-in, J. Lyne (h.h.). Kennels, Twitchen, Mortehoe, N. Devon.

EGGESFORD.—The hon. secretary is Vice-Admiral S. H. Radcliffe, C.M.G., Bridge House, Umberleigh, Devon.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (ESSEX SIDE).—Secretary, Major A. J. Waller, Boxted, Colchester. Assistant secretary and treasurer, Colonel R. Cockburn, O.B.E., Braiswick House, Colchester.

ESSEX FARMERS.—Joint-masters, Mr. A. H. Stevens and Mr. J. Derek Wigan. Secretary, Mr. P. G. Ledger, M.R.C.V.S., Bedford House, Maldon. Huntsman, Mr. Stevens (Saturday) and Mr. Wigan (Wednesday). Whippers-in, Messrs. Eric Stevens, H. P. Roberts, W. R. B. Dodgson, P. M. Lambert.

FERNIE.—Secretary, Colonel A. Main, Lubenham, Market Harborough.

GELLYGAER.—Fifteen. Master, Captain Douglas Neale. Secretary, Mr. K. D. Treasure, Ty Gwyn, Gellyhaf, Rengoed, Glam. Whipper-in, E. Lewis.

GOATHLAND.—Master, Mr. W. P. Ansell, Raithwaite Hall, Whitby. Huntsman, the Master.

KENT, WEST.—Kennels, Puttenden Manor, Shipbourne, nr. Tunbridge.

LEDBURY, NORTH.—Joint-masters, Mrs. J. F. Twinberrow and Mr. M. F. Higgins. Secretary, Miss P. M. Twinberrow. Whipper-in, Miss Twinberrow.

MELBREAK.—Secretary, Mr. N. Edmondson, Buttermere Hotel, Buttermere.

MENDIP.—Secretary, Major J. Portal, Lodge Hill House, Westbury-sub-Mendip.

NORTHUMBERLAND, NORTH.—Master, Mr. A. Hall Watt.

OAKLEY.—Joint Masters, Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston and Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill. Huntsman, Mr. Branskill.

OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW.—Thirty-seven couples of hounds. Minimum subscriptions: One person £25 (plus £7 10s. to the poultry and wire fund, two members of a family £40 (plus £10 to the poultry and wire fund), for three members of a family £40 (plus £15 to the poultry and wire fund). Non-members (three occasions only during season) cap £2 on Surrey side, £1 in Sussex. At each meet 2/6 is collected from each follower for the farmers' damage fund. Hunting days: Wednesday, Saturday and alternate Mondays. Master, Mr. Douglas Benson. Hon. secretary, Mr. Harrison Martin, Crossways, Godstone, Surrey. Huntsmen: The Master and Alfred Petts. Whippers-in: Jack Howells and Jack Wilson. Kennels: Felbridge, East Grinstead, Surrey.

PYECHLEY, WOODLAND.—The whippers-in are J. Stanley and L. Christian.

RHANDIRMWYN AND LLANDOVERY.—Joint-masters, Mr. A. W. Jones, Mr. G. V. Lloyd. Secretary, Mr. D. Nicholas, Cefyn Llan, Llandovery. Kennels, Nantiorest, Llandovery.

SOUTHWOLD.—Mr. W. Jessop is huntsman.

SURREY UNION.—Huntsman, J. Goddard. Whippers-in, L. Amies, F. Hazeltine.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Sam Wright is now first whipper-in to this hunt, H. Gould having gone to the Vine.

TIVY-SIDE FARMERS'.—Twenty. Monday and Thursday. Towns: Newcastle Emlyn, Cardigan. Kennels: Penwalk, Newcastle Emlyn. Joint-masters: Mr. E. J. Jones (1937), Tanygroes, Cardigan; Mr. A. F. Brook (1938), Pentood, Cardigan. Secretary, Mr. J. J. Jones, Dolcoed, Newcastle Emlyn. Huntsman, Lewis Williams. Whippers-in, Mr. J. R. Morris, J. R. Thomas. Station: Newcastle Emlyn (G.W.R.). No fixed subscription: visitors capped.

TOWY AND TEIFI.—Thirteen-and-a-half. Three days a week. Towns: Llanddewi-Brefi, Tregaron. Kennels, Troedrhiwbwlchau, Rhandirmwyn, nr. Llandovery. Master (1926), Mr. Thomas Thomas, Kennels, Huntsman, Mr. D. E. Thomas. Station, Llandovery.

WEST STREET.—Master, Committee. Acting-Master, Major J. Hawker. Secretary, Rev. C. J. E. Peshall, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N. (retired), Great Mongeham Rectory, Deal. Huntsman, the Master. Whippers-in, S. Waghorn (k.h.) and S. Owen.

YORK AND AINSTY (NORTH).—Master, Major L. B. Holliday, O.B.E., T.D. Secretary, Colonel H. Rhodes, M.C., T.D., Oaklands, Whixley, York. Huntsman, The Master (H. Goddard, K.H.). Whippers-in, G. Turnbull and J. Normington.

FOXHOUNDS—SCOTLAND.

EGLINTON.—Joint-masters, Captain and Mrs. J. G. O. Thomson. Secretary, Colonel E. B. Maxwell, 24, Sandgate, Ayr.

FOXHOUNDS—IRELAND.

AVONDHU.—Secretary, Mr. C. E. Magnier, M.R.C.V.S., Duntaheen House, Fermoy.

KILKENNY, NORTH.—Forty Couples. Hunting days: Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Thursday every other week. The Masters: The Marquis of Kildare and Mr. R. C. Prior-Wandesforde; hunt whipper-in, A. Fairnington.

WATERFORD, WEST.—Master, Miss Anne Hickman. Secretary, Mr. R. Keane, Belleville Park, Cappoquin.

WESTMEATH.—Master (1938), Committee. Secretary, Captain J. B. Grant, Jamestown Court, Castletown, Geoghegan, Co. Westmeath. Huntsman, Captain C. E. Winter. Second Whipper-in, W. Wallace.

HARRIERS—IRELAND.

CLARE.—We have been informed that Captain Brady Browne, who appears as Master of the Clare Harriers, died some time ago. We very much regret this unfortunate error.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND.

ROYAL ROCK BEAGLES.—Eighteen. 15½in. S.B. Beagles. Subscriptions: 6 guineas, 3 guineas; ladies, 2 guineas; cap 2/6. Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Master, Mr. G. V. Churton. Hon. secretary, Mr. E. N. Wood, Street Hey, Willaston, Cheshire. The Master hunts on Saturday, P. O'Neill on Wednesday. Whippers-in, Messrs. P. Laird, E. N. Wood, E. D. Gayford and G. C. Callender. Kennels, Ledsham Station, Wirral.

DRAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND.

*CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—Master (1937) and Secretary, Mr. B. Van Cutsem, 16, Jesus Lane, Cambridge. Huntsman, D. Hadland. Whipper-in, D. Llewellyn. *No particulars have been received for this year.

TRING AND DISTRICT.—Master, Mr. John T. de Fraine. Secretary, Mr. W. Norris Bazzard, Town Mill, Amersham. The Master hunts. Whippers-in, Messrs. G. P. Brazil, G. Roberts and T. Witherby. Kennels, Marsworth, near Tring. 'Phone: Tring 184.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—There is an old widow of nearly 80, so poor that the tiny sum of 2/- a week would make life different for her. She lives in an almshouse in London, and has only her old age pension, no relations, and now that she is old and ill, hardly a friend. We ask your generosity for a gift of £8 that this poor old soul may have a few comforts in the late evening of her days.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

ONE of the most popular exhibitions of the year in London is the Motor Show. This year's exhibition has just been held, and reports say that orders for new cars have been coming in very satisfactorily. The motor industry is one of the first to feel bad effects from trade recession. It is also one of the first to recuperate when better times return.

That is very well known to the average investor, whether a motorist or not. Several motor manufacturing companies have recently issued reports and accounts covering experience over the past twelve months. The figures plainly show a setback caused by falling off in trade and serious upset caused by political uncertainties.

Share values have been tumbling. Ruling quotations for most motor manufacturing shares look sick compared with the values placed on them twelve months ago. This, I think, might be carefully noted by the investor. There is a possibility that in another twelve months' time the motor trade will be in a more flourishing condition, with a natural reflection upon share values.

The successful operator in stocks and shares invariably buys when the market is poor and sells out when conditions are more prosperous. Quite a selection of motor manufacturing shares is available. First thoughts, when a share purchase is contemplated, turn to Rolls-Royce. Here is a company which, in good as well as less prosperous times, gives a particularly good account of itself. That is why we see the £1 units of ordinary stock standing at a price of over 100/- each.

Such a price for a single unit is outside the scope of some investors. Those able to pay the price certainly secure a most reliable investment. Total dividend for 1937 was 22½ per cent. on an issued capital of £1,096,312. On this basis the yield at 100/6 per unit is about £4 8s. per cent., which return indicates the high standing of the security in the investment world.

On most other motor shares, yields are substantially more. Take the case of Standard Motors. The company has just published a report for the year to last August. Profits crumbled from £300,746 to £170,366. The directors are confident that the company secured a very fair share of the orders going last year. The profit figure, however, does show the result of recent uncertainties.

Standard Motor dividend on £720,000 of ordinary capital is 22½ per cent. The 5/- units, which at the time of writing stand at 15/- with the whole of the dividend in the price, yield as much as £7 10s. per cent. I should imagine that no great harm would come from picking up the security around this price.

The report of Austin Motors for the year to July 31st last also reflected trade recession. Ordinary distribution was 30 per cent. against 50 per cent. We find Austin Motors 5/- "A" ordinary shares standing around 23/6 to yield about £6 8s. per cent.

Profits of Rover Company for the year to July showed some falling off. The dividend was 15 per cent., as was the case the previous year; but a 2½ per cent. cash bonus was missing for the last twelve months. Rover shares have a nominal value of 8/- and a market price of about 15/6 to yield about £7 5s. 6d. per cent.

The financial year of Morris Motors ends on December 31st. There was some setback in earnings during 1937, but the company again paid 45 per cent. on its ordinary stock. The 5/- units standing around 28/6 yield as much as £7 18s. per cent. on that dividend basis.

It is extremely difficult to forecast a year's prospects for the motor manufacturers. An enormous amount depends upon actual trade conditions in the country. That, of course, affects the purchasing power of the public. At the same time I am of the opinion that those entering the market for motor shares just now, and sitting on the purchases for about a twelvemonth, will, during that period, be able to enjoy a profit on the investment.

MUD-MINDEDNESS

Mud is the all-sufficient joy of small boys, but when they become men childish things are laid aside. This is not so, however, with the African Lungfish, for throughout life mud is its crowning glory. Some of these queer creatures, the gift of Captain C. R. S. Pitman, the Game Warden of Uganda, have recently arrived at the London Zoo, complete with local African mud, out of which they had to be extracted by means of chisel and hammer. The fish has the swim bladder converted into a normal breathing organ so that, as the hot weather approaches, it can wall itself up in the river bank and spend the days of drought happily ensconced in a mucous-lined cell it has constructed. Breathing is carried out through a narrow tube extending to the outside world—a sort of remote control.

New Books

MOUNTAINS AND MOUNTAINEERING

Contrasts in Modern Methods

Blank on the Map. By ERIC SHIPTON. (Hodder and Stoughton ; 18/-.)

Himalayan Assault. By members of the French Himalayan Expedition, 1936 ; translated by NEA MORIN. (Methuen ; 15/-.)

MOUNTAINEERING, judging from the number of books recently published, has a remarkable grip on the public imagination. And this I find very surprising, for but a minute percentage of the book-reading public can ever have mountaineered or, indeed, hope to mountaineer, and but a very few indeed can ever have seen real mountains. For some time I dallied with the idea that it was the photographs that appealed—for the photographs are, as a rule, outstanding and brilliant—but I have come to the conclusion that the appeal is really to that sense of adventure that lies in all of us, and which to-day has less and less chance of fulfilment.

There are not to-day too many regions in the earth in which adventure is possible (always admitting, of course, the adventure of war), but there is—and I think will be for many years to come—always the Himalayas and the Arctic and the Antarctic Regions. Of these the Himalayan Regions and its surrounding country, particularly Tibet, has proved a fruitful source of travel books in the past few years. And for many years to come will prove a happy hunting ground for explorers both of the professional type and of the happy amateur type who wander gaily about inhospitable regions with little food and a push-bike.

The two books mentioned here—and they should certainly be read together, for between them they give a most instructive idea of the economics of travel amongst high mountains—are both what I would call the professional type. That is to say, they are accounts of journeys undertaken by men of attainments, who knew what they wanted and why they wanted it, and had very good ideas of how to get it, even if in one case they were not successful.

Blank on the Map is the account of the journey undertaken by Messrs. Shipton and Tilman to produce a map of an area hitherto unmapped. In 1887, towards the end of his amazing journey from China to India, Sir Francis Younghusband reached the Valley of the Shaksgams River from the Aghil Mountains, and climbing upwards between its source crossed the Karahorams into Baltistan through the Mustagh Pass. Since that day the area has remained a blank to the map-makers and a challenge to mountaineers. It was into that area that Mr. Eric Shipton and Mr. Tilman, accompanied by Mr. Michael Spender and John Auden, penetrated ; not to climb its peaks, not to amass a great list of new names of hitherto unnamed peaks and passes, not to make any record-breaking journey, but just to make a map. A very dull and prosaic objective, but it has produced a most interesting book. They were there for just five months. And their map, which has been developed with the assistance of the Survey of India, covers 1,800 square miles.

Now Mr. Shipton and Mr. Tilman believe in travelling light and in travelling fast even in the Himalayas ; and they believe in the minimum of fuss and the minimum of equipment and supplies. They are great believers in accomplishing much at a low cost. They set themselves a good many problems of that sort on this journey. And I do not think that they could have accomplished what they did—for they were cut off for more than three months from all supplies and from help of any kind—had they not developed their own somewhat spartan technique to perfection. And so the book is much more than a mountaineering book, and much more too than a book about map-making. It is an essay in frugality. Illustrated with very fine photographs, and written with humour and modesty, it is also a record of a great success—and wildly exciting.

Himalayan Assault, on the other hand, is a record of mountaineering on a most elaborate scale. It describes the first French attempt on one of the greater Himalayan peaks—the Hidden Peak, which is peculiar in that it sets its climbers their swiftest task on its lower slopes. If the climber can surmount an enormous buttress rising 6,000ft. from the Baltoro Glacier, he has a comparatively simple task before him. The French party who feared monsoon conditions in July made their attack early in the year, and had almost conquered the buttress when severe blizzards forced them to retreat. Their story is very different to Mr. Shipton's. It is written in a lively and rather dramatic manner, the tale being taken up in turn by the various members of the expedition. It is no less interesting because of its failure, but to get its full flavour it should be read in conjunction with *Blank on the Map*. The two books are complementary, and they set a very pretty problem for those who in the future intend to attack some portion of the Himalayan Region.

B. V-F.

* * * *

Side Saddle. By DOREEN ARCHER-HOUBLON. (Country Life ; 12/6.)

IN this attractively slim volume, beautifully produced by "Country Life," Mrs. Archer Houblon comes nearer to providing the key to successful side-saddle riding than any other teacher I know. Not only the novice, but the expert will gain much information and delight, both from the letterpress and the admirable illustrations—the latter being chiefly from slow-motion films of the authoress at all paces and in most positions on a side-saddle.

Mrs. Houblon bases her theories on modern Weedon School practice, which she has cleverly and ably adapted to the side saddle in her own case, and which she now offers to all who ride sideways in simple, yet scientifically proved terms. A few persons may be so old-fashioned as to feel glad that they learned to ride before the days of a scientific approach to everything—including the horse ; but most people will revel, as I did, in Mrs. Houblon's masterly description of Diagonals, Aids, Impulsion, Collection, Lateral Movements, "the indirect rein of opposition," &c. To-day there is a great revival in riding for riding's sake, and not only as a means of hunting and seeing hounds. Also, it has become increasingly suicidal with slippery roads and wire abounding, to be so stupid as to ride horses that shy, fall down, swerve or are out of control at any time. So it is increasingly necessary to have horses trained to move correctly at all paces ; but to ride these horses, the rider, whether astride or side saddle, must know the correct methods of control, in the same way as she learns to use a car or an aeroplane. Mrs. Houblon conveys the technique of modern side saddle riding in a most attractive and understandable form and is to be much congratulated on her book. "Side saddle" teaching revolves as of old round the best method of transferring one's weight to one's horse—Mrs. Archer Houblon demonstrating very clearly her method of placing her weight at all speeds and at all paces. A few may question whether it is possible or advisable to keep the weight so far forward when jumping an awkward place or "drop" out hunting, and some will always prefer to learn on the old hit-or-miss principles, taught by finding out for yourself and by making mistakes. But to all those who want to know, and who welcome a book that provides a little exercise for the grey matter as well as for the muscles, yet which can be "popped through" in an hour, I recommend this excellent *Side Saddle*. It should also be read by fathers, sweethearts and husbands to learn the reason why, so as to be able to help their women-kind improve. *Side Saddle* will make good riders out of bad, show experts how it is done, and make good riders better.

FIELD FARE.

* * * *

"*Britain Calling.*" By S. P. B. MAIS. (Hutchinson ; 7/6.)

Mr. Mais pays the penalty of a popular broadcaster—he has a large correspondence. He admits that he has produced this book partly to save himself trouble : the impression from the format of the book itself is that Mr. Mais was also in rather a hurry. When you have read his book you will realise that Mr. Mais can scarcely ever have a quiet moment.

Last winter "The Microphone at Large" was a very successful radio feature : the script of those evening chats are given here ; the local voices and atmosphere are lacking, but they are a charming little series nevertheless.

Many ways of visiting the countryside are suggested by Mr. Mais ; one chapter deals with highways and roads and another with the advantages of buses and motor coaches (you get clear views over the hedges), and, of course, on foot (many young people have cause to be grateful for Mr. Mais's assistance with their Sunday rambles via the Southern Railway). But best of all with the ideal companion, the horse.

Downs, hills, moors, sea shores, and tracks and ways all over England, Scotland and Wales are breezily taken in Mr. Mais's stride and pages. You are bound to have visited some of the beautiful places he mentions, and you will be charmed anew. If other favourites are omitted, deal gently with this author, for he is only human after all and cannot get everywhere however hard he walks, and no one can deny that Mr. Mais has been most energetic.

But the chapter on "Some English Inns" is not pleasing, in fact it grates and has unpleasant similarity to "Luxembourg Programmes." To deal fairly with such an immense subject as English inns is material for one book alone, and his list is too sketchy and has outstanding omissions.

C. N.

* * * *

Flying Feathers. By HORATIO BIGELOW. (Garrett and Massie, Virginia ; $3.00.)

This book has an accent ; it is essentially American—not of the land of maddening modernism about which we hear so much and too much nowadays, but of a country which provides some of the greatest sport and the most enthusiastic sportsmen in the world. And it is the author's great enthusiasm for the simple pleasures of hunting that takes us with him over the vast hunting grounds of Pennsylvania, Virginia and South Carolina after a variety of game ranging from deer to ducks, and turkey to doves. But although it is of necessity the personal account of the successes and failures of a man with a gun, it is told with all the modesty, simplicity and graphic style of the countryman. It tells of the "scaipe-scaipe" of jack-snipe as he zig-zags away over the frozen marshes ; of the rapture of listening to a "sight-ery" as the pack hustles the deer in your direction ; of rising partridges "grass-cutting" the tops of the corn as they whirr away into the mist. It is the plain tale of an outdoor man ; a tale of nature. And it is essentially American because it presents us with new ideas written in a new way. Whether they would be readily accepted in this country with its most definite opinions on sport is a matter for conjecture, but the true spirit of their author will doubtless gain him a place in the hearts of all sportsmen who read his book.

J. H. D.

* * * *

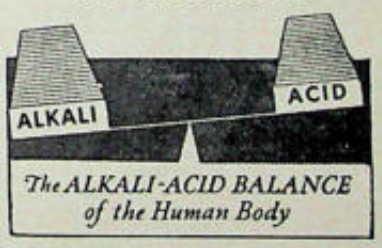
Stop and Go. By FOUGASSE. (Methuen ; 5/-.)

The author of this book is really an institution and he never fails us. In this Diary for 1939 we are given another example of that marvellous economy of line which has made the work of Fougasse unique. His artistry is not confined to the drawings, for on each day of the calendar we are given a verbal sample of the shrewd wit with which he pokes such subtle fun at our foibles.

V. R.

Not always does a successful West End play make equally successful reading. But in the case of *The Flashing Stream*, by CHARLES MORGAN (Macmillan, 6/-), this is so. The manuscript is enthralling and interesting, and the theme of its purpose is explained and enlarged by the foreword and essay with which the author prefaces his work. Those who are intending to see this play need not be afraid of spoiling their evening's entertainment by reading it beforehand—rather will they enhance their pleasure. And if the play has been already seen, the text will clarify and enrich a memory which, in all probability, is a haunting one.

The Vital Factor of Health



This diagram illustrates the fact that the alkali in the system should always just outweigh the acid.

Modern conditions make the preservation of the alkali-acid balance impossible without help. The best help is obtainable from Eno's 'Fruit Salt' because it possesses many of the beneficial properties of fruit in concentrated form. The importance of ENO as an alkalizing agent can be judged by the fact that one teaspoonful is equal in alkalizing value to nearly a tumblerful of pure, fresh orange juice.

ENO is not a medicine, it is a health drink, and should be taken regularly as such, sparkling or still, just as you please.

ENO contains no sulphates, no irritating mineral salts and no sugar. Its action is twofold, cleansing and alkalizing. Take a teaspoonful first thing in the morning, half a teaspoonful last thing at night, to cleanse the intestinal tract and reinforce the alkali reserve, the preservation of which is essential to balanced health.

A fuller explanation of the Alkali-Acid Balance will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to J. C. Eno Limited, 160, Piccadilly, W.1, asking for booklet entitled "Balanced Health."

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" FOR BALANCED HEALTH

A LEADER OF AGRICULTURE

Lord Daresbury a Great Countryman

AN outstanding figure of the agricultural and sporting world was lost to us when Lord Daresbury died in London last Monday at the age of 71. He had been ill through heart trouble for about a week. Lord Daresbury, first Baron and second Baronet, was born on March 30th, 1867. He was educated at Eton, where he boarded at Everards, and in 1894 he succeeded his father as Sir Gilbert Greenall.

Lord Daresbury will be remembered as a great pedigree stockbreeder and as a great foxhunter and a great Master of Foxhounds. He was honorary director of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show from 1906–1930. He did a tremendous amount for the society and was largely responsible, during the time which followed the dark years before his directorship, for reviving the prosperity of the society and putting it in the pre-eminent position in the world of agriculture that it occupies to-day.

A very apt tribute was paid to Lord Daresbury when the Royal Agricultural Society elected him president for the second time in the year when their show was held in his native county of Chester. Large white pigs were Lord Daresbury's particular forte in pedigree stockbreeding, and he won many prizes with them; his lines of blood, too, were highly regarded by fellow pedigree stockbreeders.

Lord Daresbury, upon leaving Eton, took a commission in the Cheshire Yeomanry, and served with them for several years, and in 1907 he was high sheriff of Cheshire. In 1900 he married Francis, daughter of the late Captain E. W. Griffiths, and they had two sons. The elder, Gilbert, was killed in a tragic motor accident near Windsor in 1928.

The second son, Edward, born in 1902, succeeds his father; he is at present Joint Master of the Belvoir, and has held that office since 1934, so that already father and son between them can show a long connection with that famous pack which they have both served so well.

Lord Daresbury was Master of the Duke of Rutland's Hounds from 1896-1912, and in the whole annals of foxhunting there has certainly never been anyone who was more successful than he was. He had, in a remarkable degree, as is shown by his activities with the Royal Agricultural Society, that gift for welding together, and giving enhanced expression and prestige to, any concern with which he had to do. But, in addition, he had that still rarer gift for improving a concern to the advantage of all, which is a very difficult thing to do.

During his Mastership, the hounds reached a very climax of perfection. Pedigree stockbreeding is all of a piece, and his knowledge could be applied to the hound on the flags as well as the pig in the pen. That famous foxhound, Brocklesby Rallywood, was "the headpiece and corner" of this feat of close-breeding without loss of stamina, bone or hunting qualities. From the use of this sire came Belvoir Rallywood (53). During Lord Daresbury's Mastership from 1896–1912, Dexter ('95) (had been entered the season previously), Dasher (1900), Vagabond ('99) Handel ('99), Weaver (1906) and Ragman (1906) were in the kennels. What a galaxy of beauty and talent is this. Of Weaver it was said, "On the flags he was a masterpiece, handsome even for a Belvoir hound, with the deepest rib measurement, 34½in., ever seen in the kennel. His opening note was the finest thing you ever heard." It was indeed a kennel of which to be proud.

A picture of Lord Daresbury out hunting during his Mastership is given by Mr. Cuthbert Bradley. Hounds had met at Rippingale on February 23rd, 1906, and a great hunt with an eight-mile point was the reward. Sir Gilbert Greenall rode his favourite grey horse Phantom throughout this hunt.

"Pulling up at the Grantham end (of Ingoldsby Wood) low corner, Sir Gilbert held up his hand, and we stood, a cloud of steam rising from the horses. 'Just in time! Yonder he goes, with back arched and tongue lolling, a beaten fox leaving the covert.' The Master's horn summoned Capell and hounds, Lady Greenall galloping forward to view over the Grantham Road." A little later on: "He has beaten us and robbed the run of its crowning reward! But, no! Sir Gilbert's quick eye viewed a tan hound carrying the line on. The next moment the Master's horn started us going again." And so the doghounds killed their fox after a great hunt.

We have lost a man who was great in his own genius; he worked hard and he played hard, and made a success of both, and he stood for, and furthered, all those things which are best in English life—all the sane things and the old things, and the things that do not die.

THE LATE LORD DARESBURY WITH LADY DARESBURY

THE LATE SIR CHARLES FREDERICK

It is with the deepest regret that we learn of the death of Sir Charles Frederick, at Lamport Grange, last Friday at the age of 62. He was one of the pillars of the Pytchley Hunt, and had been hon. secretary 1901–1913, and Master 1919–1921. Many of our readers, who did not know him personally, will miss his interesting and knowledgeable writings about foxhunting, under the *nom de plume* of "Spraggon."

The great experience he had to draw upon, and his ability to balance the past with the present, made him an authority whose counsel will be sadly missed. The Pytchley have lost a valued friend who could ill be spared, a hunting enthusiast whose personality and charm impressed all who came in contact with him.

IN TOUCH

Cambridge Form Against the Harlequins

ALTHOUGH the match between Cambridge University and the Harlequins is now of no news value, since it took place last Saturday week, it was a match which deserves comment rather than description, even at this late date. Most things they say improve with keeping, and I trust that this may be true of criticism.

I went to the match. It was a day just made for an open, fast game. The empty stands of Twickenham (or so they appeared, for three or four thousand people do not go far towards filling an arena built for over seventy thousand) gazed down vacantly upon the field the green grass of which appeared from a distance more like a bowling green than a Rugby field.

The first half was a pitiful exhibition by both teams, neither of whom seemed able to get going. The Harlequins had the heavier pack and saw a good deal of the ball from the scrummage, keeping the game in University territory for most of the half, but it could not be said that their presence there was any tribute to their play, which was thoroughly uninspired.

Only three members of their team could be honestly considered worthy of praise—B. D. Napper, the veteran full back who, although he did not have a great deal to do, did what there was with a will, and the two wingers, M. J. Daly and R. B. Horsley who, had they been supported more efficiently by their brethren, might have made the score look very different at the end.

An extraordinary state of affairs arose during the first 20 minutes of play, for within three minutes of the kick-off the Harlequins were awarded a penalty kick for a scrummage infringement right in front of the Cambridge posts, whereupon K. H. Chapman kicked a goal. The game continued for a minute or two. Again the whistle. Again a penalty goal by Chapman. Further play and another penalty kick for the same cause, which did not affect the score, and then Chapman was given a fourth kick, and this time managed to put it over the bar. Score, nine nil to the Harlequins, and every point a gratuity.

W. O. Chadwick, the Cambridge captain and hooker, cannot altogether be blamed for the position, since he hooked as he has done for many a long day; neither can the referee well be blamed, for Mr. W. W. Wakefield, the old England and Cambridge captain, should know the rules if anyone does. Most of the blame lies with the scrummage laws, which are notorious. What Chadwick's particular transgression may have been, I do not pretend to know—perhaps he, too, is ignorant, but there is little doubt that some responsible body will have to get down to the simplification of the rules, for until then it will hardly be possible to obtain any sort of uniform interpretation amongst referees and players. At the moment a hooker's lot is not a happy one.

After this series of Cambridge disasters the Harlequin score was brought into double figures by a very pretty dropped goal from T. G. K. Bishop.

The second half was much more exciting, but for the flashes of genius which appeared at intervals in the Cambridge efforts rather than for a consistent performance. J. G. S. Forrest played well, but not so well as he can, and although he ran to no small effect on several occasions, he will have difficulty in beating H. D. Frenkes when the 'Varsity match comes, on the form of this match.

R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, Cambridge's scrum half, who produced such magnificent Rugby last year, also disappointed. Last week his picture graced the frontispiece of this paper, but it was, I fear, more a tribute to the past and an encouragement for the future than praise in the present.

Of the University forwards the less said the better. Last week I remarked that possibly it was a pity that Cambridge have lost only three of last year's pack; I am now convinced of it. They herded round the field, in the first half, as if doubtful as to what was expected of them next. The only difference in the second half was that they were tired and strung out more, while there was much excited shouting—generally a bad sign.

A University side have ample facilities for keeping fit all the week, and when playing ordinary clubs should find their forward stamina a tremendous asset, for a club member is probably at work in a city office all day long, and can only train at night. Here, however, there was little doubt as to who were the fitter pack by the end, and I noticed a good deal of late packing in the Cambridge scrum, as well as a substantial rear guard to the main forward advance. This is interesting, for it was remarked by several witnesses that Oxford, when playing Gloucester last week, showed an extraordinary come-back in the last half which completely overcame their opponents.

I have, I fear, been rude—extremely rude—to very nearly every member of the Cambridge side, and to most of the Harlequins. If I may be permitted, however, to present one bouquet, it goes without question to K. I. Geddes (Loretto and Caius), the Cambridge full back, who played a very fine game indeed, kicking with power and precision. Only once did I see him fail to gather the ball cleanly from a kick, while in his tackling I noticed little for reproach. Geddes has, I think, come to stay, and he is very welcome, for it would appear that he will have plenty to do if matters remain as they are at present. His red head and scarlet mittens were undoubtedly the most cheering things to be seen in the match.

L. N. R.

RETRIEVERS AT COMLONGON, DUMFRIESSHIRE

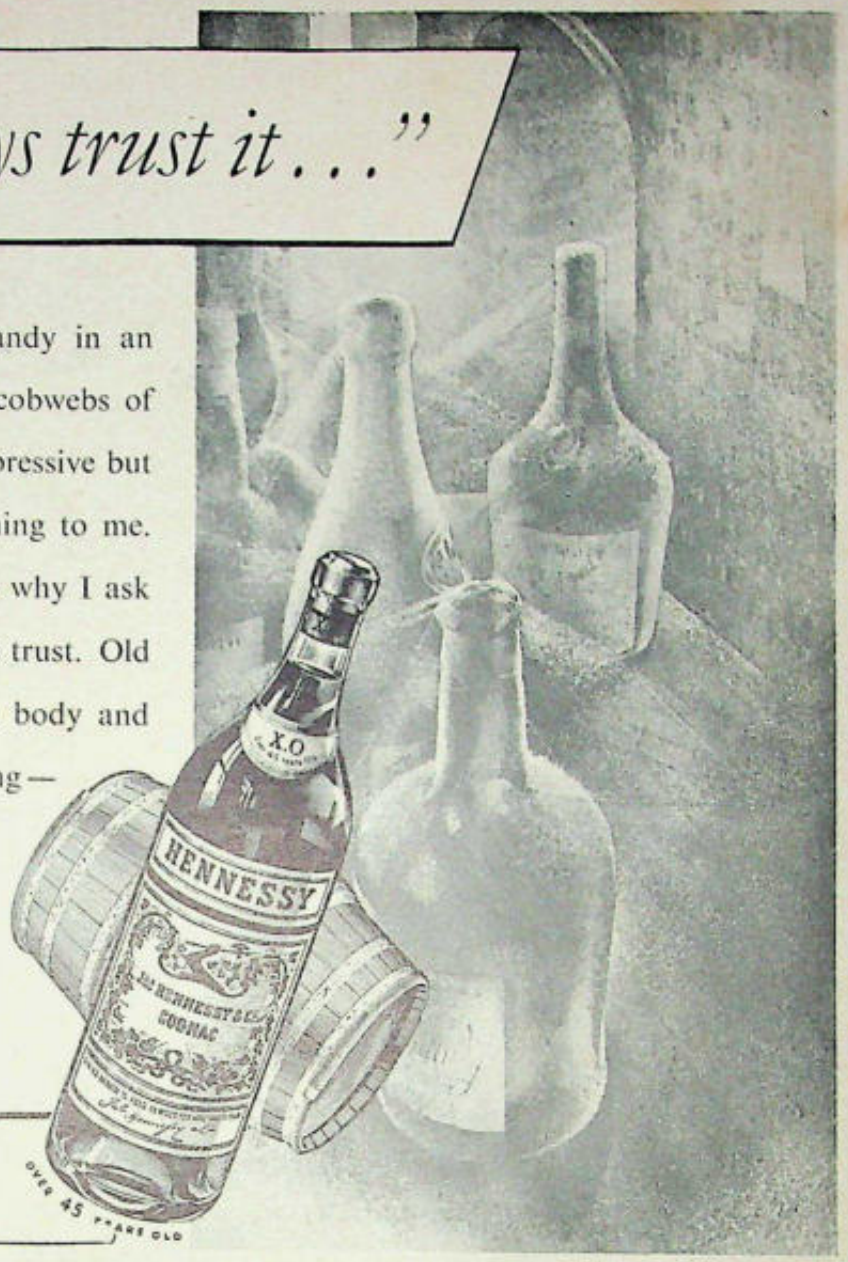
ON Tuesday and Wednesday, October 18th and 19th, the Gamekeepers' National Association Retriever Trials were held at Comlongon, Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, by kind permission of the Earl of Mansfield. The judges were: Colonel J. G. Crabbe, Captain J. D. Macpherson and Mr. J. Scott.

In the Castle Milk Stake (Open, All-aged), for fifteen dogs and bitches, the *bona-fide* property of ordinary members of the association, Mr. J. MacDonald's Labrador Tullymurdoch Spanker was the winner, with Mr. R. Hunter's yellow Labrador Braeroy Fairy second, and Mr. P. Coleman's yellow Labrador Lady Gainly third. Reserve, Mr. Ronald MacDonald's Labrador Staindrop Sportsman. Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. W. M. M'Call's yellow Labrador St. Mary's Charm, Mr. J. Coupland's Labrador F.T. Ch. Ingleston Nora, Mr. W. Watts's Labrador Broadhill Dawn, Mr. W. Lightfoot's yellow Labrador Wee Fly, Mr. H. McGinn's Labrador Mick Milad and Mr. I. S. Kynoch's Labrador Sporting Ballistite.

In the National Stake (Open, All-aged) for fifteen dogs and bitches of hon. members of the association, Lord Joicey's Labrador F.T. Ch. Font of Flodden was first, Captain R. G. Sharp's Labrador Punch of Clava second, and Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine's yellow Labrador Lochar Marigold third and Mr. J. Eccles's Golden Retriever F.T.Ch. Hanlstone Brock fourth. Reserve and certificate of honour went to Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. P. Henry's Tealy and certificate of honour to Mr. J. Arthur Rank's Withington Van. Certificates of merit were awarded to the Hon. B. Brassey's Labrador Apethorpe Scoter, Sir Charles Cayser's Labrador Kinpurnie Kira and Captain J. F. Hodge's Labrador F.T. Ch. Glenravel Nimrod.

"One can always trust it . . ."

"When they produce liqueur brandy in an old, old bottle covered with the cobwebs of centuries . . . well, it may look impressive but cobwebs on the bottle mean nothing to me. Their place is on the cask. That is why I ask for this Hennessy 'XO'—it's a liqueur brandy one can always trust. Old enough to be smooth as silk; but with age nicely balancing body and bouquet. And in that you have a rare and very beautiful thing—*a perfect liqueur brandy.*"



HENNESSY "XO"

Fine Liqueur Cognac Brandy

It's the age in the cask that counts . . .

DESIGNED BY PRACTICAL MEN WHO SHOOT, FISH AND GOLF

"Never before such comfort, such utility and such appearance."

Come in and see it—try its comfort and ease—see how the pleats are permanently controlled—test

The "Phit-well," a practical combination of the two ideals

J. DEGE & SONS, LTD.

Sporting, Military, Mufti and Diplomatic Tailors

SPECIALITIES: LADIES' BREECHES, RIDING COATS, ETC.

13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 1325. Telegrams: Harkforward, Piccy, London

TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVE DETAILS UPON APPLICATION

Wool

I'll tell thee everything I can;
There's plenty to relate.
I saw a lovely woolly sheep
A-standing by a gate.
"How are you, kindly sheep," I said,
"And how is it you live?"
And Ba-Ba's answer (which was good)
I now proceed to give.

He said "From Lambhood's days I stroll
Among the grassy braes:
I frisk and gambol in the hills,
I tread the mountain ways.
And when I chance upon a mere
Or shaded woodland pool,
I ponder on the thought that I
Provide the world with wool!"

"Oh! Gentle Sheep," I gladly cried,
"Man owes so much to you.
Suppose you hadn't any wool
Whatever would he do?"
"Ah-ha!" my fleecy friend replied,
In accents mild — but bold,
"If such misfortune were man's lot,
He'd simply die of cold!"

★

Do you know where to buy Pesco? We will tell you and send you coloured folders illustrating Pesco Underwear for Men, Women and Children, with full details of Sportswear and Hosiery, if you will write to us.

"PESCO" is Wool at its best and purest

PESCO
Unshrinkable
PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (DEPT. 117) HAWICK. SCOTLAND

A MATURE SPECIMEN OF *GENISTA VIRGATA* IN FULL FLOWER

The Country House

BROOMS TO BE PLANTED NOW

Beautiful Spring Backgrounds for Wallflowers and Tulips

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

BROOMS are amongst the hardiest, most graceful and prolific bloomers of spring-flowering shrubs, and as a background for Wallflowers, Tulips, &c., they are unrivalled. Further, they are amongst the few highly decorative shrubs that revel in the poorest soils, and are invaluable for planting on slopes so hot and dry that few other plants except sub-shrubs such as the Lavenders would tolerate. I remember a spring garden surrounded with Brooms, the adjacent bed all round filled with Wallflowers and Tulips, and edged with *Dicentra formosa* and the four centre beds filled with Tulips in mixed colours carpeted with mauve Violas. For succession the Tulips would probably have been succeeded by Antirrhinums or China Asters.

The earliest Broom to flower is the Portuguese species *Cytisus albus*, an old and well-tried favourite that is invariably smothered with its delicately scented flowers by mid-April. *C. præcox*, a hybrid raised from *C. albus*, grows only about 3ft. high, and its creamy yellow flowers are very strongly scented. It deserves, and usually has, a place in every garden.

Our native Broom is scarcely worth cultivating, but it is the parent of many first-rate varieties, amongst the most popular being the Andreanus group which originated in a crimson and yellow sort of *C. scoparius* found in Normandy. Other first-rate *scoparius* hybrids are Cornish Cream (raised by Mr. P. D. Williams), the gorgeous Dorothy Walpole and Burkwoodii, Geoffrey Skipwith and Donard Seedling. Where space is limited these are the Brooms I should choose for their varied and exquisite colourings.

And if there were space for only one it would be Geoffrey Skipwith, which is not only early flowering, but is smothered with flowers which make a cloud of crimson and rose. There is a dainty beauty about this Broom which puts it in a class by itself. *C. monspessulanus*, which grows about 6ft. high, blooms in May and the flowers are a rich yellow. This species, unlike most Brooms, flourishes in a chalk soil. It is a parent of the fine Porlock Broom, a profuse bloomer and with unusually good foliage. Its foliage it probably owes to its other parent, *Genista fragrans*, so commonly grown as a pot plant in cool greenhouses.

Spartium junceum, the Spanish Broom, which does so well on poor soils and in gardens on hillsides, flowers from the end of June onwards. In the poorest and driest soils, this beautiful Broom never fails to do well, and it is very hardy. For quite three months it produces its fragrant yellow flowers, which with the graceful rush-like branches are most useful for indoor decoration. It is very easily raised from seed sown either as soon as ripe or in spring.

In late summer come those beautiful Brooms *Genista cinerea*, *G. virgata* and *G. ætnensis*. *G. cinerea* grows about 7ft. high, and its dainty little yellow flowers borne in such profusion are perfectly set off by the soft foliage. *G. virgata* flowers poorly in the young stage, but when it has grown to its full height of 6ft. to 7ft., it is covered with masses of brilliant yellow flowers. *G. ætnensis*, which grows on the slopes of Mount Etna, flowers in August, and with its cascades of green foliage and scented flowers is amongst the pick of late summer-flowering shrubs.

Latest of all comes *Cytisus nigricans*, which flowers well into autumn. Its habit of growth is very erect, and it attains about 4ft. Like *C. monspessulanus*, it does well on a chalky soil.

Brooms are of the easiest cultivation, and they grow quickly; but the little they need they must have. They are frequently neglected after flowering, and in the case of old Brooms which have been left untouched for years, even the mildest pruning is apt to kill them. From the start the shoots that have flowered should be cut off, taking only the flower heads. This is best done in showery weather, and the late flowering Brooms should not be touched till the following spring.

Brooms are amongst the plants that should always be bought in pots for they resent root disturbance. They are best put in in October or early November, and transplanting them has to be done with the utmost care. All Brooms, *Genistas* and *Spartium junceum*, like a position in full sun and a well-drained soil. The species can be raised from seed sown as soon as it is ripe in sandy soil, but the hybrids do not come true from seed and are propagated by cuttings. These should be taken in August, each cutting about 2in. to 3in. long and with a heel and struck in sandy soil in a cold frame. When large enough they should be transferred to pots till they can be put in their permanent positions. Some Brooms, notably *C. scoparius Dallimorei*, do best when grafted on Laburnum stocks.

Various Brooms are very suitable for the rock garden. For early flowering there is *C. Ardoinii* from the Maritime Alps, which grows only 6in. high; *C. Beanii*, which is semi-prostrate in growth and grows about 15in. high; and *C. hirsutus*, with brown-stained yellow flowers which is rather taller growing. Flowering in late July and onwards, there are *C. austriacus*, which grows about 3ft. high and has bright yellow flowers at the tips of its branches, and the closely allied *C. supinus*. The most attractive of the dwarf Brooms apart from *C. præcox* and *C. kewensis*, is, I think, *C. versicolor*, which grows about 2ft. high and has pale fawn flowers with mauve pink shading.

TREE SURGERY

IT is often necessary to remove a living branch from a tree in garden or park. If the branch be small, it is merely sawn through close to the stem and there is an end of it. The tree, if healthy and growing, soon heals over the cut which, in course of time, disappears. A large branch treated in the same way would result in a snag and a badly split stem, giving access for water and fungi and endangering the health of the tree.

When amputating a large branch it should first be supported towards the end, either by roping to a higher branch or, if it be near the ground, by a strut. The first cut is made below the branch about a foot from the stem and continued until the branch binds the saw. Another cut is then made on the top side of the branch about 1in. beyond the undercut, and is continued until the branch falls. The snag left is then sawn off close to the stem, as close as is possible.

In some species to remove a branch really close to the stem would leave an unduly large oval scar. On a young growing tree this would soon heal over, but on an older tree, especially of beech, which is a notorious bad healer in later life, it is better to make the final cut nearly, but not quite, at right-angles to the branch close to the stem. The support for a large branch must be secured sufficiently far from the stem to ensure that the cut portion falls. Otherwise, if the outer end of the branch falls, the cut end will rise suddenly and may injure the woodman.

A man engaged on lopping operations requires a long ladder, the top of which should always be secured to the tree by roping. He will also have a mate to help him with the ladder and burn or cord the material that he cuts. Most of his work will necessitate leaving the ladder and balancing himself on the branches of the tree. It is thus clear that the man must possess cool nerves and intelligence.

With the best nerves and the highest intelligence the occupation is nevertheless dangerous, and the woodman should be provided with a safety belt and made to use it. The City of Paris is the best type, and may usually be borrowed from the head forester of a large estate, from the official in charge of the trees and parks in any city or large town, or, failing that, the post office would loan one of their safety belts. The essential is a belt to be tied firmly round the waist, two stout ropes attached to the rings in the belt. One rope to be attached to a higher branch to take the weight of the man should he fall; the other rope is shorter, and may be used to prevent the falling man from swinging against the stem; or it may be used to extend the man's reach in the manner of a foot rope. Two or three hooks at the back of the belt to carry tools are useful.

The tools required in addition to ladder, rope safety belt are pruning saw of the hand pattern (much preferred to the bill hook), single-handed cross-cut saw for large branches, small pruning axe for finishing the trimming back of the snag close to the stem, and a large axe for cutting up the fallen branches into cordwood or for burning.

Also, there must be provision for the protection of the exposed surface. The normal practice of painting it is useless. The use of tar is considerably better, though a little more trouble to apply owing to the necessity for heating. But it is far from perfect.

What is required is that the wood should be disinfected, so that any fungi spores that do gain access are immediately killed or prevented from reproducing. The best substance for this purpose is creosote, the proprietary brand "Presotin" being excellent. But the bark and cambium of some species, notably beech, is liable to be damaged by creosote. In this case the bark ring should be coated with shellac varnish before the wood is creosoted.

But creosoting alone is insufficient. It has no waterproofing properties, and will not exclude rain, nor will it prevent the wood drying-out and cracking. Tar is not ideal for waterproofing because its elasticity, though better than paint, is very limited. The recently-discovered bitumen products promise to give the best results. They are very adhesive, but will not stick to damp wood, so the scars must be left a few months after creosoting to dry out before the bitumen is applied. "Arrowseal," semi-liquid, or "Rufmat," plastic, are both suitable. Applied with a trowel or putty knife, the stuff never really dries. It forms a hard external skin, remaining plastic inside. It is perfectly elastic, responding to all movements of the tree and the cambium grows satisfactorily over it.

Finally, an owner who intends to carry out pruning operations must remember specially to insure his men, as the risk is not covered by the ordinary policy.

REGINALD DAVEY.

TOBACCO IN EXCELSIS

'The air up here—how shall one describe its quality, its *bouquet*, its—'

'If you ask me, Vicar, it smells remarkably like Three Nuns.'

'Well, well, there ought to be a law against the smoking of any tobacco less fragrant on these pure-breathing heights.'

THREE NUNS

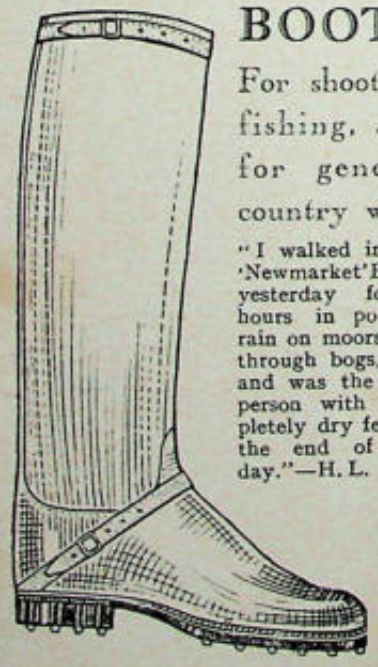
the original *tobacco of curious cut*—1′2½*d. an ounce*

351

Issued by STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON, *Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., St. Andrew Square, Glasgow*

CORDINGS

WATERPROOF BOOTS



For shooting, fishing, and for general country wear

"I walked in my 'Newmarket' Boots yesterday for 6 hours in pouring rain on moors and through bogs, etc., and was the only person with completely dry feet at the end of the day."—H. L.

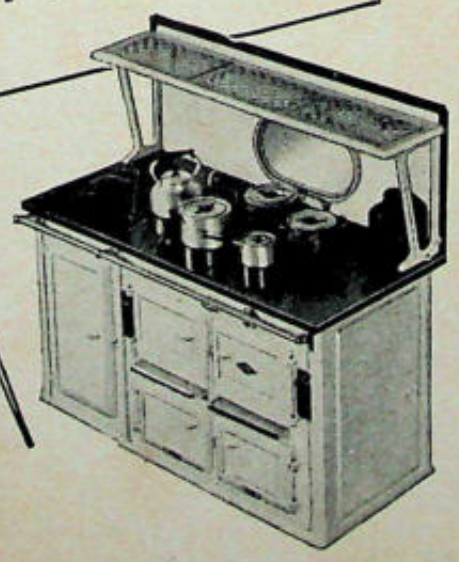
THESE BOOTS SAFEGUARD HEALTH

The tops are made of a tough-wearing tan twill interlined with a stout layer of pure rubber. Special tan leather covers the foot-part and the sole leather is the very best.

May we send you our boot list or a pair of our Newmarket Boots on approval? For size please give pencilled outline of foot in sock or state size of boot worn.

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

ESSE COOKERS BANISH COOKING FATIGUE



Esse Heat Storage Cookers are continuous-burning using smokeless solid fuel, preferably anthracite. Running costs are remarkably low; the flavour of food is greatly improved and kitchen routine is simplified. Catalogues and address of nearest stockist on application. Favourable Hire Purchase terms are available.

ESSE Cooker Company
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd., Est. 1854

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS
BONNYBRIDGE : SCOTLAND
LONDON SHOWROOMS
63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1
& 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4
Also at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow

Ask for WHITE HORSE as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

A FINE *CUPRESSUS MACROCARPA* HEDGE IN THE GARDEN AT OMEGA, RADLETT
This type of hedge thrives particularly well by the sea, and is useful for screening a lawn tennis court

HEDGES IN GARDENS

The Screen Which Also Serves as an Adornment

HEDGES are some of the most important features of the garden, and all too often they are planted with the least possible consideration to variety, aspect and appearance.

How frequently, for instance, one sees ugly hedges in the formal parts of the garden, or encounters those which, although originally intended for shelter and barriers, are now masses of bare patches and thin places. Again, how monotonous are those rows of front gardens, each with its hedge of privet or evergreen euonymus? Most of them are tidy and neatly clipped, but what a welcome change could be brought about with another kind of plant here and there.

Hedges are planted in a garden to fulfil several main purposes. Where there is no wooden fence or wall surrounding the garden, some kind of barrier must be put up to prevent the entry of dogs, cattle, and other unwelcome visitors. In this case, it is necessary to use plants which are noted for their quick growth and which are bushy at the base, as well as at the top. If the shoots or leaves are prickly, so much the better.

Another type of hedge is that intended to give shelter from cold prevailing winds. This windbreak may have to be planted on the boundary, as an extra protection to a particular part, such as the rock garden. Here, again, it is essential to use shrubs which are quick growing; they should grow rather taller than those used for the boundary, although dense growth is not so necessary.

A third type of hedge is that which divides one part of the garden from another; screens the vegetable plot from the flower garden or hides the rubbish heap. Here, it is better to use dwarfer-growing subjects, which are tidy and compact in growth, particularly at the base. Such hedges should be objects of beauty and one of the ornamental shrubs should be used. There are several which are easily kept within bounds and which do not object to being clipped or pruned.

While a great deal of the success with hedges lies in correct cultivation and treatment, some, at least, depend on whether the right type of plant has been selected in the first place. The hawthorn, or "quick," is perhaps used more for boundary hedges than anything else. It is cheap to buy, grows rapidly and thickly, is thorny, thrives in any soil and will stand up to the worst treatment. One disadvantage for country dwellers is that rabbits and horses are very fond of it.

The cherry plum and the sloe are also widely used but both take longer to form a solid barrier. Often all three of these plants are used together in the same hedge. One point against this, however, is that they are attacked by pests which also attack fruit trees, so that the method should not be used near an orchard unless precautions are taken to spray the hedges as well as the trees.

Holly makes a very thick barrier, but is rather slow growing, though some of the variegated varieties are most decorative. Gorse is sometimes used, but is apt to get rather "leggy" at the base. One often sees yew hedges as outside boundaries, but this is never advisable since, in spite of the fact that the leaves are very poisonous, horses and cattle will eat them. Yews, therefore, should be confined to the garden, beyond the reach of any animal.

Beech and hornbeam are not used as much as they might be. Both retain their dead leaves well into the winter, and these serve as extra protection. Beech will not grow in exposed positions near the coast, but can be used very effectively as a dividing hedge within the garden. The golden-brown leaves give colour in the autumn, and the fresh young leaves in spring are very attractive, mixed with the remainder of last year's foliage. Beech does very well on chalky soils.

The ordinary green privet is very popular, but though it grows quickly it tends to become bare at the base. The variegated and golden varieties, while they are more attractive, are unfortunately not so hardy and, of course, are more expensive. One of the main points against this shrub is that the roots grow near the surface, and since the plant is a heavy feeder, the soil round about is very considerably impoverished.

Tamarisk, sea buckthorn, escallonias and veronicas are suitable for planting near the coast, since they do not mind salt spray and high winds. Sometimes the evergreen oak is also used in sheltered positions by the sea.

Most of these shrubs may also be used as windbreaks, although the spiny ones are unnecessary for this purpose. Hardiness is an essential though, and one of the hardiest is *Thuja plicata*, known also as *T. Lobbii* and *T. giganteum*. This shrub grows fast and although other varieties of thuja may be used, they are slower-growing. The plant is definitely the best conifer for this purpose. No evergreen is entirely satisfactory, and it is to be hoped that nurserymen will concentrate on the raising of one which is really suitable for use as a windbreak.

Cupressus Lawsoniana and its varieties are also used a great deal. *C. macrocarpa* is not quite so hardy but thrives by the sea.

For dividing hedges in the garden, plants with bright flowers, berries or leaves should be used. This gives something different from the ordinary kinds that everyone has.

Lavender hedges are fairly popular. They are suitable for calcareous soils and should be kept rather low, say, 3ft. The secret of success lies in clipping hard back immediately after flowering. If this is done, there should be no difficulty in retaining a neat appearance. Good hedges, at least fifteen years old, are often seen. Rosemary may be used, too, but it is rather an untidy plant.

Hedges made from sweet briar and other briar species, such as *Rosa rugosa*, are easy to keep in order. Flowers are produced in early summer and numerous red fruits in the autumn. The leaves of these shrubs are fragrant, especially after a shower of rain; they are particularly attractive if used as a background or surround for the rose garden.

Fuchsia hedges can, unfortunately, only be grown in specially mild districts. They are a delightful feature of many gardens in Devon and Cornwall.

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER.

MAKING A DOG A GENTLEMAN

"DUM that dum'd dog!", exclaimed "David Harum." "I'd give a five-dollar note to git one good lick at him. I'd make him holler pen-an'-ink once. Why anybody's willin' to have such a dum'd wuthless pestiferous varmint as that 'round's more'n I e'n understand." Most of us feel like that when we come across a bad-mannered brute that has made himself objectionable to everybody. Nor do we feel any regard for the snappy darling that is allowed to do what he pleases and has to be coaxed and coddled before he will condescend to eat food put before him.

As a matter of fact, the dogs, as a rule, are not to blame for these manifestations of ill breeding. It simply means that their education has been neglected by careless or over-fond owners. Few are so stupid or stubborn that they cannot be taught decent manners if one does but take a little trouble with them at an impressionable age. A certain amount of training can be given from the earliest days without overtaxing the young mind, although the serious business may be left until they approach eight or nine months. Soon after a puppy "leaves the nest" he is capable of appreciating the meaning of the word "No" uttered with emphasis, and perhaps guided by a restraining hand.

At a couple of months he can be got used to a lead so long as one makes him believe it is a game and not a punishment. A few take to it naturally, but most of them make a fight at first, and then have to be coaxed and not frightened. It is no use storming at a puppy because he does not understand instinctively. He has to be taught, not intimidated, and the amount of instruction necessary will depend a good deal upon his disposition. One must study the temperament of a puppy as one would that of a strange child. Those who have had experience of dogs are aware how much they differ in temperament. Some are bold, others nervous, some stubborn, others most anxious to please, and each class requires a different method of approach.

As fundamentals, we want dogs to go quietly on the lead, to come to heel smartly on being called, to lie or sit on command, and to follow closely when in traffic. If they have acquired these accomplishments even "David Harum" would not "dum" them. They can be deterred from getting into mischief or endangering their lives in motor traffic because they have learnt the elements of obedience.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

The NEW
KODAK FILMS
for 35mm. CAMERAS

These new Kodak films supply two of the chief needs of miniature camera owners: more speed, with no loss of fine grain; or finer grain with no loss of speed. Price of each film: 36-exposure cassette, 3/6.

Kodak PLUS-X	About double the speed of Kodak's famous 'Panatomic,' yet the grain is even finer. Panchromatic. Non-halation. Suggests itself as the future all-purpose film for 35mm. cameras.
Kodak PANATOMIC-X	An emulsion of the finest possible grain — considerably finer even than 'Panatomic.' For big enlargements of remarkable brilliance with no appreciable graininess, many times the original negative size. Speed at least equal to 'Panatomic.'
Kodak SUPER-XX	Fastest of all Kodak films — about four times as fast as 'Panatomic.' Has finer grain than any other film of comparable speed. With a high-speed lens, it is unequalled for action shots or indoor pictures in otherwise almost hopeless lighting conditions.

Besides these, there are five other Kodak 35mm. films: 'Panatomic,' Super Sensitive Panchromatic, Super-X, E.F. (fine grain), and 'Kodachrome' for grainless colour. Ask your Kodak Dealer for detailed information on all Kodak 35mm. films, or write to Mr. F. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

This is *the perfect* Gin & Lime

JUICE OF FRESH LIMES

AND GIN ONLY

Gordon's

Genuine Gin Cocktail

10'6
per Shaker Bottle
(U.K. only)
Also obtainable in ½-Bottles and Miniatures

Other recipes: Piccadilly, Martini, Dry Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Perfect, Fifty-Fifty

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

The boot with the
WELDED SEAMS

North British Rubber Boots are strong, light, flexible. A necessity for farming, gardening, car-cleaning and any outside work.

Boot Illustrated 11/6
Other Wellingtons from 10/11 Retail

Ask for them by their famous name

NORTH BRITISH

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H.M. QUEEN MARY

FIFTH ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR

AND EXHIBITION

in the Great Hall of

GROSVENOR HOUSE

(Entrance in Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1)

A unique opportunity of viewing what is perhaps the finest collection of authentic antiques ever gathered together for sale under one roof.

DAILY
(Except Sundays)
10.30 a.m.—8 p.m.
until
NOVEMBER 11th

ADMISSION **2/6**
(including Illustrated Handbook)

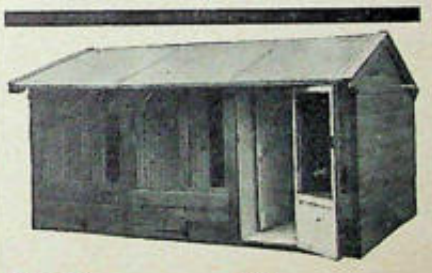
Part of which will be given to the Rebuilding Fund of St. George's Hospital and the British Antique Dealers' Association.

"The 'KONUS KEMIK' saved us from what might have been a disastrous fire"

WRITES ANOTHER USER

Write for Booklet 580 with full particulars of these World-famous Fire Extinguishers, or call and see one in action at—

MERRYWEATHER & SONS, LTD.
63, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2



"Everything a dog requires.."

Col. H. M. H., Bolton, writes: "I am delighted with the kennel. It is everything a dog requires for health and comfort."

The great advantage of Boulton & Paul service to dog-lovers is the individual attention given to the needs of every breed—hence the extensive range of Kennels available.

Each and every Kennel is designed and built for the *sake* of the dog—to provide the comfortable quarters so essential to perfect health and high spirits.

Illustrated is P.318—as a range of three—but also supplied as a single kennel in 2 sizes. Other kennels for every breed.

Write for Catalogue 587.

BOULTON & PAUL *limited* **NORWICH**

See the Kennels at our London Showrooms:
Horseferry House, Horseferry Rd., S.W.1

SHEEP, DUST AND MEN

Knights of the Golden Fleece in Western Queensland

LET us understand something from the start. In Australia, far in advance of fences and roads, in the old days when the land-seekers could ride ahead of the crowd in search of pastures, when the right place was found, the pioneer pastoralist squatted or halted to prepare for permanent occupation. Having in due course obtained from the Government a lease over these Crown Lands, he thus became a "Squatter." And because he who squats will be fixed, located, placed —or according to the synonym preferred by the Australians, "stationed"—it soon became usual to refer to the abode of a squatter as his station. So, in the parlance of "down under," unless the allusion is confused, in which case one uses the adjectives "sheep" or "cattle" when one talks of station life, it has to do with producing wool, not freight for the railways.

The word "ranch" is creeping in quite a lot, but this is amongst the younger folk, particularly the cattlemen. It will be a pity if this goes on, for station is particularised in favour of Australia, just as is "selection," which refers to the smaller holding of the "selector," between whom there is unending war, no less curious than the antipathy which all stockmen have for the prospectors who search upon their pastures for minerals, gold especially.

Having thus tried to floodlight certain colloquialisms which may have been obscure, let us imagine we are with the jackeroos in their quarters at some station in the far west of Queensland. Believe it or believe it not, we are not sleeping in a local zoo. Jackeroo and kangaroo have no affinity except the keenness of every jackeroo to kill his first kangaroo, so that its pelt shall be warm for his feet when he leaps out of bed on a frosty morning. This young apprentice works the same as a station hand, but sleeps and has his privacy in special quarters and often his meals at the main homestead with the boss and his family, if any.

Well, having digressed, the cook's bell brings us rudely to realities. The sun is just appearing over the horizon and long shadows are attached to the windmill and the buildings. The coats of a few horses feeding near the homestead glisten in the new light as though freshly groomed.

The air is sharp and the hurried wash in a basin is invigorating, if unkind upon delicate skins. Around a long table the six young jackeroos break their fast as though Ramadan was beginning at once. After porridge they have liver and bacon, or chops or steak with thickened gravy, washed down with deep draughts of tea or coffee, packed home with bread, butter and jam.

Soon, indeed, the overseer gives his orders for the day, tells them to ride the fences in this paddock, tend to the windmill at that place, muster sheep, move sheep, spray for fly or re-wire a fence that is getting old. An hour after sunrise the horses which have been run in from the horse paddock (which may be a mile by a mile) are saddled for the day. Those workers who cannot be close to the house strap quart-pots to their saddles, for the boiling of a one-man draught at lunch time. Into the saddle bag a paper package of meat, bread and brownie (bush cake) is stuffed, stirrups are grasped, reins tightened—and saddles are full for the day.

North, south, east and west these knights of the Golden Fleece ride in the early sun; sombreros high peaked, spurs jangling, pipes leaving little trailers of grey smoke in the crystally clear air of the plains. Their coloured shirts with rolled-up sleeves are picturesque against the yellowed grasses of the downs. Their trousers, with short concertina leggings, hang loosely, for everyone rides very long in the deeply padded stock saddles of these stations.

THE THREE KELLY BROTHERS, KNOWN AS THE KELLY GANG, ARE WELL KNOWN SHEEP DROVERS IN WESTERN QUEENSLAND

And then—silence till the end of the day. At least, not absence of sound, but quietness, for the laughter and jokings of the jackeroos leave us till they ride home again not long before the sun says good-bye.

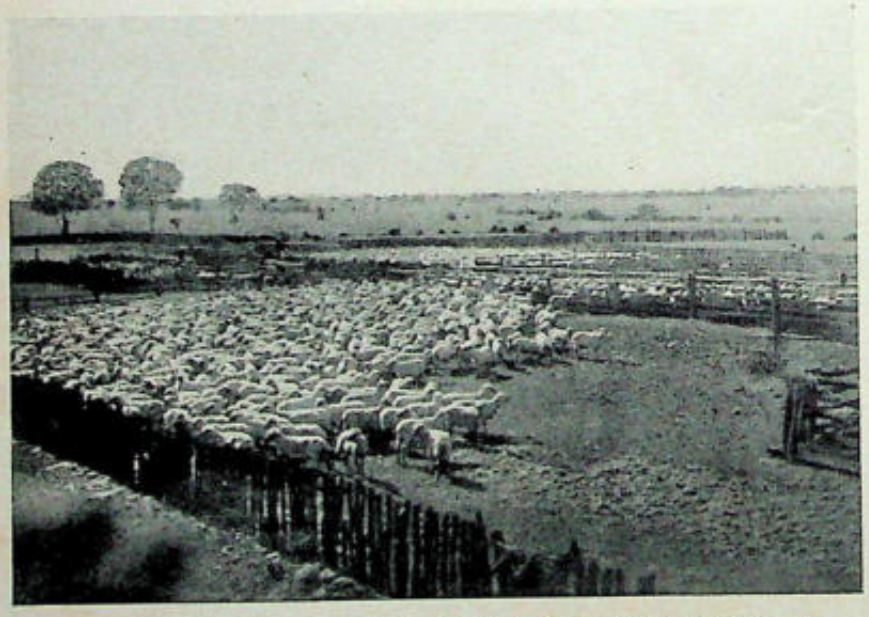
Soon we hear them talking on the way to the quarters, and after a little while the splash of men beneath shower baths says that a good flow comes from the huge galvanised tank, erected high on a wooden staging near the homestead. From the well, a tall metal-sailed windmill raises many hundred gallons in each 24 hours, for all the uses of the station hands and jackeroos and homestead folk who are grouped about it in the buildings of corrugated iron. For though all meet on common ground during the hours of work, there are definite distinctions for the hours which follow, a convention already deeply rooted in the habits of a youthful democratic people.

There is a great deal of similarity in work most of the year. It may be hot, it can be cold indeed; rain may come or drought set in, but, whatever the climate may force upon man and beast, the annual shearing takes place. During the winter months, generally between May and October, every ewe, wether, lamb, or ram is mustered for the shears. To-day, almost invariably, mechanical shearing clips off the fleece, even so a few places use the old style "hand blades," either because the flock is very small or, as in instance of Wallal Station, near Broome, because the dust, being bad, fouls combs and cutters too quickly. And yet, despite the efficiency of machines, the Commonwealth record is still held by a Queenslander, Jack How, who, in eight hours, sheared 320 sheep.

I worked in Wellshot Shed some years ago, when we raced Terie-Terie for the largest tally, the greatest number off the blades that year. We sheared 198,000, but our rivals beat us, their almost incredible performance being to lift the wool off, if I remember correctly, 207,000 jumbucks. There were 42 men shearing in the shed that year at Wellshot Station and we had some of the fastest shearers in the Commonwealth. Herricks, who died later over in Western Australia, was then "gun shearer" of the Commonwealth; he used to arrive at the shed in a seven-seater car. He was paid 35/- per hundred, and averaged just less than 300 a day, meaning that his cheque for the week worked out at about £25. This, compared with the 30/- per week including keep paid to the jackeroo, may seem a terrific wage, until one appreciates that it is seasonal employment and there are idle times between sheds. A specialist like Herricks may average for the year £10 per week, whereas many a shearer, with travelling expenses, lost time and so forth, just keeps his wolf from the door.

When the shed is humming with the noise of the machines it is fine to look at the activity. I have done more—I have worked as a rouseabout, and for 90/- per week and keep become so weary after the eight hours' shift that bed and still more bed meant more in life than food itself. And I have had that most horrible joke of the shearer played upon my person. I have had the hot buzzing machine pressed (on its flat) on my backside because I was bending down too close to the man at work. Horror, terror seized me. Surely I was attacked by the point? The buzz meant cutting, the heat torn flesh—I leapt away in a frenzy. And became the laugh of the "board" until another luckless young person, also clearing up the wool after it had fallen from the sheep, was likewise put on the spot.

And after shearing quietness returns to the homestead. When sheep are back in the paddocks, the tenor of life settles once more to that long slow pace of the stockmen—until the boss decides to sell, and then paddocks, five miles wide and broad, have to be mustered, and possibly thousands of sheep passed through the drafting gates so that the sex and type he would put upon the market shall be separated. And then at six miles a day, perhaps for a month, the drovers take their charges to the railing point either for some city or to another station. It is a wearying job, this droving in the saddle from sunrise to sundown. Particularly if a head wind envelops you in the dust which, good



SOME OF THE SHEEP AT WELLSHOT STATION ON THE DOWNS OF WESTERN QUEENSLAND

IN THE FAR NORTH OF AUSTRALIA THE WHITE MAN MOSTLY SUPERVISES THE ABORIGINALS, BY WHOM THE STOCKWORK IS DONE

season or bad, but particularly in the bad, is raised by the flock you drive with cracking stock-whip and barking dogs. When, as with the Kelly brothers on the Barcoo River, 7,000 are moved in one unit, there are times when the rider cannot see his fellow 50yds. away, or else observes but his head above a fog, wherein nothing can be seen, but only heard: for ever and always the cries of bleating sheep mingle into an unceasing sound, without which one might doubt their presence.

When, however, rains have been generous and enclosing fences do not deter, the drover may allow his flock to spread widely. Then one has merely to ride backwards and forwards behind and beside the sheep, keeping up stragglers, turning back adventurers, in an air clear and fresh where sun beats down cheerfully and the song of the stockman mingles with the cries of his charges.

At noon one halts for an hour or perhaps two. Round the jumbucks the unhorsed drovers idle in the shade, smoking, or thinking, or just dozing, as I did once, to the great curiosity of an old crow perched high in a gum tree whose shade I had selected. "Caw, caw," it went, cocked its head, looked at me with evident perplexity, and went "caw, caw" again. Through my almost closed lids I watched this wily bird break off a twig and drop it on me. It watched and I moved not a limb. Again it dropped a twig, so that, because I did not bat an eyelid it was almost sure I was dead. Encouraged thus, at last it came to earth hard by, and step by step, came closer. Then I moved and the game was over. But I had moved deliberately, knowing full well that it came close to tear out my eyes, for that is how the beastly things incapacitate even the poor little lambs which in weakness lie down to rest.

To torment such vermin is, or can be, highly amusing. Like that dark night when everyone was thrilled by the Pippingarra Comet. Away up into the sky it arose, swung over the homestead from the direction of the woolshed a mile away, came down to earth seemingly miles out in the scrub. Into every available sort of motor every available person tumbled, driving hastily to where the last of the fiery ball of celestial iron had come to earth. Hunting high, wide and handsome, we found not a trace, and so separated for our beds, puzzled and dissatisfied. Next year, the story came out. Shearers told how they had caught a crow, attached a piece of wire to its tail, and that after nightfall they had let it go with a lump of cotton waste, saturated with kerosene, trailing behind. My word that bird flew, yes, and had to keep on flying to save its feathers. So if ever you find a crow with some inches of wire mingled with its tail feathers you will know you have found out all about the famous Pippingarra Comet.

MICHAEL TERRY.

PIGS AT PETERBOROUGH

A Uniformity of Size and Quality

NOTHING but hearty congratulations can be offered the N.P.B.A. on the success of one of the greatest exhibitions of bacon and pork carcases that has been seen at any show, and especially must the Association feel proud that their Peterborough annual event should have become so famous, not only at home but abroad, for many foreigners were present and these unanimously proclaimed the fact that they had never seen a better-staged show, or one at which the uniformity of size and quality were so pronounced.

One of the principal objects of the carcase competitions organised by the N.P.B.A. is to indicate that pedigree pigs, both pure and as cross-breds, are capable of producing the highest quality bacon and pork, while these competitions are of educational value to breeders themselves by stimulating interest in the type of carcase required by curers and butchers. Judging was carried out by experts, who assessed the practical value of the carcases, and then Dr. John Hammond, of the School of Agriculture, Cambridge, measured the carcases, and this leading expert knew exactly how many points should be allotted for the length of the carcase, the proportion of back fat, and the thickness of the eye of meat in the loin. Dr. Hammond works to a scale drawn up as the result of examining many thousands of carcases.

The Boswell Down Cup that is awarded for the best two sides of bacon in the pedigree classes, went to the Agricultural Research Council of Compton Newbury for sides made from Large Whites that scaled 168lb. and obtained 93½ points. Reserve went to sides from Large Whites exhibited by Mr. F. A. Currey, of Southsea, that weighed 179lb. and took 90½ points.

The Cross-bred Cup was secured by the Herts Institute of Agriculture, St. Albans, with sides of the Large White—Wessex Saddleback cross that scaled 162lb. and gained 85½ points, while reserve to this came other sides of the same cross shown by a Nantwich exhibitor, Mr. W. C. Jones.

The Thornton Cup, which is looked upon as the Supreme Championship, as it is awarded for the best exhibit in the pedigree bacon and pork classes, was won by Mr. George Bletcher of Doncaster, who had been first in the class for pork carcases weighing 80/100lb., and whose Large White tipped the beam at 90½lb. and scored 90½ points. Mr. Bletcher had secured a third prize in the bacon classes, and these exhibits were so good that he secured the cup, which he has now won four times. Reserve went to Sir W. Hyde Parker, also for Large White exhibits.

The Champion Cup for Pork was won by Mr. W. T. Vint of Doncaster, also with Large White carcases that had won the class for pork carcases weighing 100/120lb., with a carcase scaling 101½lb. and scoring 91 points.

Mr. Bletcher's exhibit that had won the previous class was reserve. Experts considered that in the pork section the traditionally high standard was maintained throughout, and it was particularly difficult for the judges to separate some of the exhibits in the light-weight pork class.

The exhibits were almost perfect from the butcher's point of view, and although some of the exhibits were a little short in leg formation, the general quality of the exhibits outweighed this. Never before had there been so many exhibits seen at this show with such fine shoulders, and this is a feature of which the N.P.B.A. may be justly proud. Moreover, a glance down the lines showed how parallel were the sides.

As regards the bacon it was considered to be an exceedingly good show of bacon of the right type, and demonstrated that the British producer realises the necessity for producing a uniform pig as required for the English market. This was borne out by roughly 75 to 80 per cent. of the pigs exhibited qualifying for the bonus. Moreover there was no outstanding exhibit, this again demonstrating the fact that producers are getting nearer to a standard. Again there was a noticeable improvement in the belly measurements, and the depth of the streaky was a great improvement on all previous shows. It seemed that the practice of only having single pig entries had everything to commend itself and was of great assistance to the show.

In the Live Pig Section all the five breeds within the N.P.B.A. had three classes apiece and the Large Whites and Wessex Saddlebacks were the most numerous. Trade was unfortunately slow for most of the breeds, but the Large Whites enjoyed a fair demand. Top price was 68 guineas, paid by Mr. O. G. N. Turnbull for the Large White boar that was Supreme Breed Champion. This was the champion male in the Large White classes, Mr. R. T. Atkinson's Appleton King David 4th, while the Reserve Supreme Champion was the Champion Large White sow, Mr. Ernest Harding's Packwood Brocade 76th, that made 53 guineas to Mr. Fletcher. Buyers were present from all over the country, and it was generally conceded that the classes were the strongest seen at Peterborough before. Messrs. Thornton, Hobson & Co. conducted the sale, and one of the purchasers was Monsieur De Vallence, who is President of the Large White Pig Society of France.

E. WALFORD LLOYD.

FLOWER GROWING FOR MARKET

THERE is something more attractive about flower farming than any other type of agriculture. The sight of several acres of tulips or daffodils is something to cheer one in the spring, but the same may be said for the brightness of the Michaelmas Daisy or the Chrysanthemum grown in large quantities for the autumn trade.

Some flower farmers concentrate on one flower only and therefore become experts on that individual subject. There are the violet growers, the carnation growers, the rose growers, and so on. Many grow flowers under glass as well as outside, some combine flower growing with vegetable growing, while others find it convenient to grow certain flowers in the shelter of fruit trees. A man may have an acre of flowers and make a reasonable living, or he may have 30 or 40 acres and so send his flowers to various markets to be distributed throughout the country.

To be successful as a flower grower it is necessary to standardise. If the beds can be made of the same width planting can be carried out at uniform distances apart. In this way the number of plants per bed is standardised and mechanical cultivation is made much easier as there is no re-setting of wheels or tools from bed to bed. Many of the smaller growers use a 4ft. bed with five rows to the bed 1ft. apart. Naturally, in order to fit in the five rows the two outside rows are planted on the extreme sides of the bed. Other growers prefer the 5ft. bed, or have a compromise and use a 3ft. bed for chrysanthemums, gladioli, &c., and wider beds for other plants.

Whatever the plan, it should be standard in that particular field or for that type of flower. It should be possible to pick the whole of the bed easily without having to walk on it, and for this reason temporary paths should be provided on either side of each bed 18in. or 2ft. wide. Should the field be a long one, wider paths may be arranged every six beds so as to allow for the wheeling away of the cut flowers in trucks and the carting-on of manures.

In some cases it is necessary to cover the beds with lights with the idea of encouraging the plants to bloom earlier or to protect them during a severe winter. These lights can be put on to a temporary skeleton of posts and plank-like timber. The posts and the planking should be standardised so that they are interchangeable and can be used on any bed at any time. It does not take long to erect the skeleton timber and to put the lights in position, providing the same scheme is used throughout. In the autumn hessian can be run round the outside of the framework to act as a curtain and protect the plants from frost. With the lights above a temporary glass shelter is thus provided. Many an autumn flowering chrysanthemum has been saved in this way.

Annuals are not perhaps the best cut flowers in that they do not fetch the highest prices. They are free flowering and, because of this, per acreage, annuals have proved to be a good proposition. To get the highest prices the seed should be sown in the autumn, with the result that the annuals flower much earlier than those sown outside in the spring. The most suitable annuals for autumn sowing are the Cornflower, Calendula, Nigella, Annual Larkspur and Candytuft.

Many of the half-hardy annuals are suitable cut flowers—the China Asters, which normally flower in July and August; the Ten-week Stocks, which flower at the same time; and the East Lothian Stocks, which can be got into flower in May. Zinnias grow well in hot summers, and are sent to market in August and September. These latter, however, do better in the South than in the North. Everlasting flowers like Helichrysum and Statice have sold well the last few years, and are used to make up little baskets and bowls which keep bright throughout the wintry months.

It is, however, the perennials which are sold in the greatest bulk, and of these the following are perhaps the pick: Alstromeria, Scabiosa caucasica, Pyrethrum, and the Chrysanthemum. Bulbs, of course, are very popular, particularly daffodils and tulips.

PEVERIL FARTHING.

INCREASE OF WHEAT QUOTA

Acting under the powers conferred upon him by the Wheat Act of 1932, the Minister of Agriculture has, after consultation with the Wheat Commission, issued the following two orders:

The first prescribes that the amount of the quota payment which every miller and every importer of flour shall be liable to make to the Wheat Commission in respect of deliveries of flour during the period commencing October 16th, 1938, shall be 2/– per cwt. This amount is equivalent to 5/– per sack of 280lb. An increase is thus made of 1/6 per sack on the rate which was in force from August, 1938.

The new Quota Payments Order came into operation on October 16th, 1938, and quota payments were due at the new rate in respect of all deliveries of flour which took place on or after that day. In cases where flour and bread was exported on or after that date, the repayment of quota payments to the exporter has been, and will continue to be, made by the Wheat Commission at the new rate.

The second order concerns "anticipated supply." The quantity (known as "anticipated supply") of home-grown millable wheat of their own growing which the Minister of Agriculture expects will be sold by registered growers during the cereal year ending July 31st, 1939, will be 31,850,000cwt. This Order takes the place of a former Order, under which the "anticipated supply" was prescribed as 30,500,000cwt.

TRAVEL BY LAND SEA AND AIR

A VERY SMART TWO-SEATER BENTLEY BY HOOPERS, IN THE COMPANY OF A HAWKER 'PLANE AT BROOKLANDS

THE HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

Internationally Competitive Both in Performance and Value

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve* 300 *m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

FROM the very early days of motoring I have watched with particular interest the fortunes of the Humber Company and, like others, they have ebbed and flowed. During recent years, however, the company has been going from strength to strength, for the reason that their business and goodwill has been built up on really sound lines, and their cars, in consequence, have found a ready sale amongst a certain section of the motoring public.

The Humber Company were among the first of our leading manufacturers who were determined to meet American competition, and although at the outset they were unable to offer their products at competitive prices, they have now got the task so well in hand that their latest product, the Super Snipe, is, without doubt, internationally competitive from the points of view of both performance and value.

This new car has a six-cylinder side-by-side valve engine with detachable aluminium head, the bore being 85 mm. and the stroke 120 mm. The capacity is just over 4 litres, the R.A.C. rating 26.88 h.p., and the tax £20 5s. per annum. The engine, however, has a very large reserve of power, and actually develops 100 b.h.p. at 3,400 r.p.m., and as the weight of the complete vehicle is 31cwt., which works out at approximately 34lb. per b.h.p., the car's performance on the road is really outstanding.

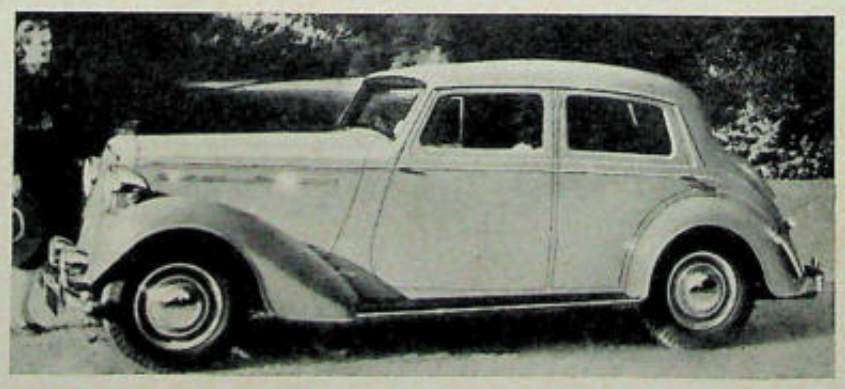
The motor is of very clean design, and all important parts are extremely accessible; I was glad to see that the oil filter and dip stick were so positioned as to give ready access, an important point which, I am afraid, is so often overlooked by other manufacturers. The carburetter is of the down-draught type, and the fuel is fed from the tank which holds 13 gallons, by means of an A.C. mechanical pump; the consumption works out at approximately 18 miles per gallon.

The gear-box, with central control, has four speeds, top and third being synchro-mesh, and the ratios are as follows: top, 4.0 to 1; third, 5.99 to 1; second, 10.1 to 1; and first, 15.13 to 1. It will be seen that the top gear is fairly high for a car of this type, and that third and high are in close ratio, a good feature. Cooling of the motor is carried out by means of an impeller pump, which is assisted by a fan, and the temperature of the water is thermostatically controlled.

It is interesting to note that the radiator shell and front wings are carried in a cradle, which is flexibly mounted on the front cross member—another excellent point. The suspension is a special feature of the car, the front wheels being independently sprung by the even-keel method, a system which has been used on Humber cars for the past three years. To stop rolling when the car is being driven fast around corners, a new device has been introduced, which is called a "sway-eliminator." This consists of a spring steel bar, working on the torsional principle, and is fitted to the back of the car, being connected to the rear shock absorbers.

The brakes are Lockheed hydraulic, and the hand-brake, situated well forward on the right-hand side, is mechanically operated and works on all four wheels. The steering is particularly good, and is of the worm and nut type. The length of the column can be altered by means of the Bluemel adjustable wheel, the spokes of which are sprung. A D.W.S. Easi-lift hydraulic jacking system is fitted, there being special brackets which are permanently fixed to the chassis frame. The dimensions of the chassis are as follows: wheelbase, 9ft. 6in.; front track, 4ft. 7½in.; rear, 4ft. 8in.; and the overall length of the complete car 14ft. 7in.

Two types of coachwork are available on this chassis—the six-light saloon and the four-light sports saloon, both of which have four doors. The price of the former is £385, and the latter £430. The car that was loaned to me for the purpose of a test run was the saloon, and I found that both front and rear seats were most comfortable, there being ample head and very generous leg room. Forward vision is excellent and true to Humber traditions, the coachwork is very well finished and great attention has been paid to details. There are two large dials fitted to the facia board and immediately in front of the driver, the one being the speedometer and the other containing the oil, petrol, ammeter and water temperature gauges.



THE HUMBER SUPER SNIPE SPORTS SALOON
This car, priced at £430, is a 27-h.p. production with a remarkably good top gear performance. It is fitted with Evenkeel independent front wheel suspension

On the left is a large glove locker, in the lid of which a clock is fitted. All the instruments are illuminated at night and controlled by a rheostat. No-draught ventilation is fitted and all windows, including the quarter lights are made to open. Twin electric windscreen wipers are included in the specification, also twin horns and a sunshine roof. The windscreen is not a fixture and can be opened wide, it being operated by a winder which is fitted in the centre and just above the facia board. Discs are fitted to all wheels, there are dual fog lamps and an independent reversing light.

The performance of the car on the road is very creditable, its main features being really good acceleration, excellent brakes and road holding qualities, and extremely good suspension.

The steering, gear change, and brakes leave nothing to be desired; the steering particularly impressed me because, although fairly highly geared, it is light and precise.

The maximum speed of the car is in the region of 85 m.p.h., but it gets up to its maximum quickly and without any fuss whatever. When accelerating through the gears, a speed of 60 m.p.h. can be reached in under 17 seconds, which is decidedly good, and when travelling in top at 10 m.p.h. the same speed can be reached in just over 17 seconds. Notwithstanding its comparatively high gear, namely, 4.09 to 1, the car I drove climbed Pebblecombe Hill, which has a gradient of 1 in 5½ on top gear. Since the bottom corner was not taken at a greater speed than 30 m.p.h., this is a very creditable performance.

I consider that the new Humber Super Snipe is a very fine car indeed, and the claims which the makers have made concerning its performance are fully justified. The only criticism I have to make is that the luggage space is somewhat confined, unless the rear locker is let down, and it is a pity that the gear lever is not set further forward, as in its present position the driver cannot conveniently use the near side door; the door handles have somewhat sharp ends, and are inclined to hurt one's hands, but these are small points, when it is remembered that all the other features of this car are so outstanding.

"I find that the more we motor the more we are apt, unconsciously, to demand higher standards. We become connoisseurs, and then it isn't so much a matter of *what* a car will do as the *way* it does it. Lots of cars today, taxed to their uttermost, their engines protesting, their drivers tense, will do their seventy or even eighty miles an hour. Only a favoured few will combine with that high performance the polished ease and safety that make for restful motoring.

Need I add that M.G. Cars are in that select company."

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

M.G. Midget from £222 • 1½-Litre from £280 • 2-Litre from £389 2.6-Litre from £442 • (Ex works.) Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED • ABINGDON-ON-THAMES, BERKSHIRE • SOLE EXPORTERS — M.I.E. LIMITED • COWLEY • OXFORD • ENGLAND

B

MACHINES FOR THE CIVIL AIR GUARD

A New Stimulus to Small Aeroplane Design

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

THE response to the Civil Air Guard scheme has revealed conclusively how great is the desire to fly among all classes to-day, and has stressed that the principal barrier in the past has been—as has been so often argued here—that of cost. The problem of economical flying is not, of course, solved by the distribution of subsidies, which may even, in extreme cases, encourage inefficiency. But in this case, it is clear that the State assistance provided to the clubs cannot be truly effective unless machines of reasonably low operating costs are employed.

One of the most encouraging results of the C.A.G. scheme has, in fact, been the announcement of several new types in the smaller classes of aeroplane. These may be summed up, in the main, as on the one hand a return to the original conception of the light aeroplane, and, on the other, a development of that smaller class which has been called the "ultra light."

THE AERONCA CHIEF FITTED WITH A CONTINENTAL "FLAT FOUR" ENGINE OF 50 H.P.

intended; all bear names well known in private flying, and they may, therefore, be taken as typical.

The Moth Minor is a low-wing monoplane with a new engine—the Gipsy Minor of 90 h.p. Thus, in power, it approximates to the original light machines of some twelve years ago, though modern aerodynamic advances give it a much livelier performance.

Of the two smaller machines, the Aeronca Chief has a Continental "flat four" engine of 50 h.p., while the Tipsy is fitted with a Waler Mikron II of 62 h.p. These powers are, of course, greater than those associated with the ultra-light machines that gained publicity two or three years ago, while the aeroplanes themselves follow very largely the lines standard in bigger machines. They are, in fact, small, modern aeroplanes with sufficient power to make practical flying possible with ample reserve, yet engines small enough to ensure economical operation.

This trend is one that all students of private flying will welcome. Modern private touring machines are undoubtedly highly efficient as aeroplanes and extremely comfortable as vehicles; but it cannot be denied that the majority of current types have outgrown the original idea of the light aeroplane. It was realisation of this fact that led to the introduction of the ultra-light types, such as the Drone and the first Aeronca, both of which established some very remarkable performances.

Yet these machines, for all their excellence, could not be regarded as all-round aeroplanes. Their power margin was low, and they were single seaters. The designs now appearing, with engines of 40 to 70 horse power, are a logical and desirable extension of the ultra-light machine upward, and of the current touring aircraft downward, in the power table.

That such an extension was desirable has long been felt by those who believe in the future of popular flying. Only by such a step could economy be combined with really useful flying characteristics.

This, however, is not the only benefit that is likely to accrue from the new stimulus to small aeroplane design. It is clear that these new demands must reduce flying to its bare essentials and to bring a new atmosphere into design. It has frequently been pointed out here that there has been a growing complication in flying of recent years: a complication desirable from many points of view, but not absolutely essential. The original light aeroplanes were proved useful touring vehicles, not comparable, of course, as regards comfort or refinement, with to-day's touring types, but capable of giving good service and, above all, requiring a minimum of skill for their operation.

Simplicity is essential for the widespread popularity of flying. Refinements may easily be an embarrassment to the beginner and to those who can carry out comparatively little practice. The enthusiast of limited means is always willing to forgo luxuries if he can enjoy his enthusiasm more freely. Motoring has shown that, to name but one example. Flying, in which cost is a considerably greater problem than in motoring, is doing well by re-learning that lesson.

The full benefits of the C.A.G. scheme can come only when machines are simple and safe to fly, economical to run, and easy to master. This is flying reduced to its simplest terms. And it is thus that real popularity will be attained.

Since the C.A.G. scheme was announced, there have been very many criticisms; some have even considered the plan inimical to the private-flying movement. Whether one agrees with those points of view or not, it cannot be denied that, even should the scheme as a whole fall short of what its sponsors effect, if it gives a new impetus to light aeroplane design and evolves the practicable, sturdy machine, the running costs of which are within the reach of the many, the scheme will have been an immense benefit.

Progress on these lines may well bring new life to private flying, irrespective of the new subsidies. The idea that the movement must be a luxury one exclusively can do flying no real good. There is room in the air for all who wish to fly. Private flying can well look forward to as wide a range of appeal as modern motoring provides.

Photos: Flight

TWO VERSIONS, THE OPEN AND THE COUPÉ, OF THE D.H. 94 MOTH MINOR WHICH IS A LOW-WINGED MONOPLANE WITH A GIPSY MAJOR ENGINE OF 90 H.P.

It would be impossible here to give details of the various designs either actually introduced or projected. But as example of the larger newcomers, the Moth Minor may be mentioned, and of the smaller ones, the Aeronca Chief and the new Tipsy. In mentioning these, only a general indication is

THE TIPSY TRAINER FITTED WITH A 62 H.P. WALER MIKRON II ENGINE

KANO—CITY OF THE HAUSAS

The Most Picturesque Place in Northern Nigeria

NORTHERN NIGERIA, a little-known British Protectorate in West Africa, is notable for the fact that the life and customs of the people, both Moslem and Pagan, have hardly changed with the passing of the years; while the walled towns, or *birni*, of which Kano is the most notable example, remain to remind us of the days when slave raiding flourished and defence was essential. In view of such attractions it may seem surprising the country should only be known to Government officials, merchants and a mere handful of travellers. But then we must remember West Africa has always suffered not only from a bad reputation as regards climate, but also from the absence of permanent motor roads and hotels, so that travel in the Protectorate has been both expensive and difficult.

Nowadays, however, owing to drainage, anti-malarial measures, and a general improvement in the standard of comfort provided for Europeans, there seems no reason why the more healthy parts of Nigeria should not in winter be visited by many travellers.

There are two ways of reaching Kano, the capital city of the Hausa Province. Most people will no doubt choose the sea route from Liverpool to Lagos, travelling by the comfortable Elder Dempster steamers, and then complete their journey in the boat train; while the very adventurous will be tempted to try the trans-Saharan motor route via Algiers, Ghardaia and Timanrasset — a far more uncomfortable and precarious approach, which is compensated for by the extreme interest of crossing the Sahara Desert and passing through the land of the Veiled Tuaregs.

The city of Kano, for centuries the great commercial centre of the Hausas—an Hamitic people conquered and Mohammedanised by the Fulanis—is perhaps the most picturesque place in the whole of Northern Nigeria. It is surrounded by great mud walls and rises up from the plain, beneath the shadow of the twin peaks of Daura and Kazauri, like a veritable citadel of olden days. The ramparts are 40ft. high, guarded by a deep, dry moat and pierced every now and then by the fifteen great gates, some of which still show marks of the damage inflicted on them by the British guns when the city was carried by assault in 1903.

On entering Kano city one is taken back hundreds of years, for although the buildings themselves cannot be old, they are rebuilt in the original design and there are no European houses to spoil the African effect. Life centres on the market place, which is in the evening most animated and spectacular, where country people, in addition to the citizens, come to buy and sell their wares. Most of the objects sold are only European junk, and I, for my part, after watching the people — these happy chattering negroes are most intriguing—always find amusement in a visit to the money-changers who keep, in addition to old French coins, the handsome "Maria Theresas." These silver crowns, though still minted to-day, bear the effigy of the long-dead Empress and are always used by any rich Nigerian making the pilgrimage to Mecca.

VEILED TUAREGS—STRANGE WARRIORS FROM THE DESERT

There are few buildings of note and all are primitive. The Emir resides in a large walled enclosure, and hears the prayer in a mosque shaped like a giant mud pie. Some of the palm-shaded houses are picturesque enough, the walls being decorated in crude design, and surmounted by knobs in a manner reminiscent of a Christmas cake. During the day these buildings cast great shadows in the narrow streets which seem even more substantial than the walls themselves, and it is hot enough to keep everyone indoors except mad dogs and Englishmen. But at evening time Kano becomes really beautiful, and if you mount up to the flat roof of a house as the sun sinks to rest you will look over a rose-red city which seems, like Petra, half as old as time.

The Hausas, who provide the large majority of the inhabitants, are noted for their ability as traders and their bravery as soldiers, and also possess some degree of Moslem culture. Their embroidery of the great gowns, or rigas, so dear to the Nigerian heart, is excellent, and everyone admires their embroidery of leather work and the way they decorate brass, copper and silver trays with an old Moslem pattern.

Kano is the capital of the Province, headquarters of the Emir and the British Resident. The system of government is an indirect one with the white officials remaining discreetly in the background, and thus the Hausas have the satisfaction of still being ruled by their own potentates without suffering from such inconveniences as slavery and slave raiding, which were formerly so prevalent. This indirect rule is without doubt the secret of British success, and accounts for the fact that perfect order is maintained among a war-like people by a handful of soldiers and police.

During the winter the harmatan, a dry, cold, dusty wind, blows down from the Sahara and fires are lighted in all the houses. It is at this time of the year that the Veiled Tuaregs come into Kano with their swaying camel caravans, bringing ground nuts to the trading companies. Armed with a straight sword and steel lance their appearance is romantic to a degree, for they veil their faces so closely that only the eyes and the upper part of the nose remain visible. The origin of this strange custom is lost in the mists of time, but it does seem to possess some tribal significance as only the knightly Tuaregs veil, and not their servants, the Buzus.

They are a race of gallant desert warriors; they belong to a little known people: there is nothing in Nigeria as interesting as these picturesque caravans with their veiled guardians swaying slowly into Kano.

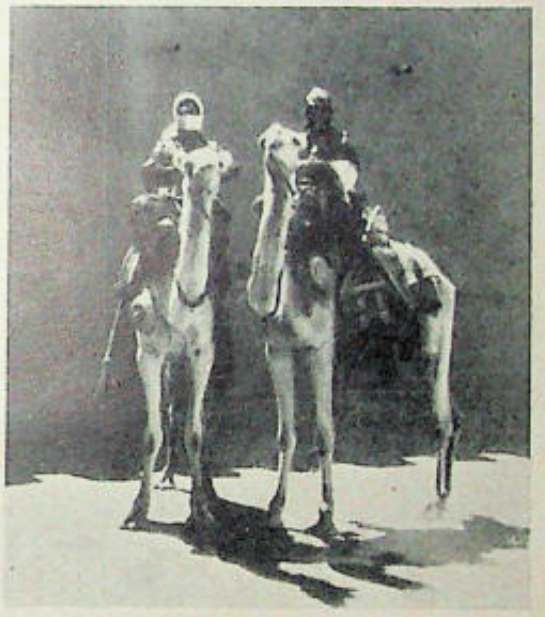
But it may be that the death warrant of these caravans is signed, for it appears as if the motor will kill them. More and more motor cars are used in the country, and fewer and fewer caravans come in through the gates of the walled city. Perhaps the ship of the desert, the camel, who carries his head so proudly because, so tradition says, he knows the hundredth name of God, will, in time, become as much a back number in Nigeria as the horse has in England.

But romance and pageantry die hard. The Emir of Kano still rides out amidst pomp and circumstance associated with Eastern potentates since time immemorial. Guards with drawn swords, clad in gleaming coats of mail, surround him; an umbrella is held over the royal head; and musicians blow a tucket on the long royal trumpets as they walk backwards before their lord.

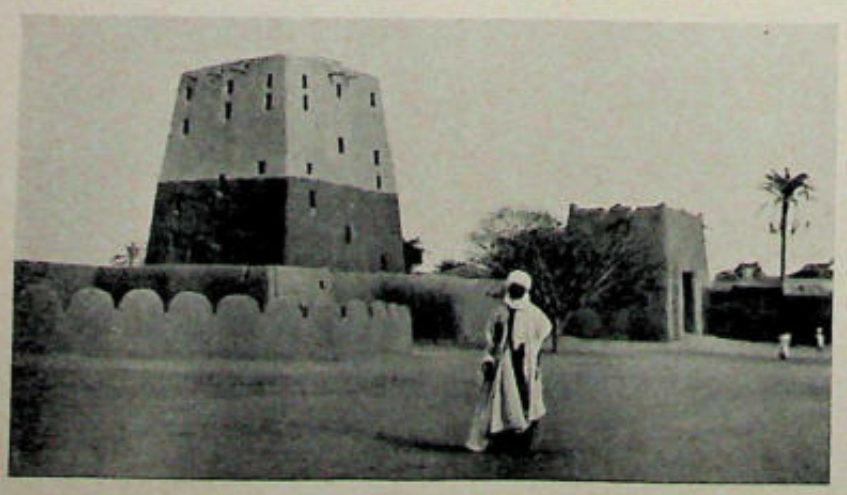
It is romantic scenes like these that make the long journey to Nigeria so well worth while. F. H. MELLOR.

A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN KANO COMPLETE WITH THE UBIQUITOUS CAMEL

CRUDELY DECORATED KANO HOUSES WITH THEIR FLAT ROOFS SHELTERED BY FAN-LIKE PALMS



VEILED TUAREGS IN TIGHT-WAISTED, INDIGO BLUE ROBES, MOUNTED ON WHITE RACING CAMELS



LIKE A GIANT MUD PIE

The great mosque at Kano and, in front, a wealthy trader wearing the great gown or riga and turban of the Hausas

WHERE TO STAY

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

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales.
1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1004.

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.
OCTOBER / NOVEMBER / DECEMBER — Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

WILDFOWL AND GEESE
For the best shooting in the Fens, write:
CHEQUERS HOTEL, Holbeach, Lincs.
A.A. and R.A.C. H. and C. all rooms.

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
7,000 acres good Mixed Shooting.
14 MILES OF EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING.
Electric light; h. and c. in bedrooms.
Telephone: Lifton 44 and 45.

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

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartnoll" Country House Hotel, Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton, Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

NORTH DEVON.—Limited number of GUESTS RECEIVED in charming old COUNTRY MANSION. Shooting over 5,000 acres, well stocked with pheasants and fair number of partridges. Hunting with three packs and hacking available. Terms moderate.—Hudscott House, Chittlehampton.

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton–Minehead; centre of staghunting, riding, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3323, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COBDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

IRELAND'S NATURE CURE HYDRO.—Osteopathy, Massage, Hydrotherapy, Colonic Irrigation, Fasting, Treatment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Constipation, Obesity, Hunting Accidents. Guests can enjoy hunting (four packs—Island, Coollattin, Wexford, Bree), shooting, fishing, golf.—Apply SECRETARY, Upton, Kilmuckridge, Gorey, Co. Wexford. City Clinic, 1, Merrion Square, Dublin. Tel. 62604.

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

OSBERSTOWN HOUSE, NAAS, EIRE.—GUESTS RECEIVED for hunting season; up-to-date Private Hotel centre Kildare hunting country; ten loose boxes, saddle rooms, accommodation for grooms.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

PARIS

HOTEL DE FRANCE ET CHOISEUL, 239-241, Rue St. Honore (Place Vendome); first-class; large inside garden; 125 suites and rooms. Rooms from 10 –.
RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

HOUSE ISLA, AROSA.—Newly, first-class. Family Hotel, particularly well protected, sunny, woodland surroundings, up-to-date high-class cooking. Inclusive terms during summer from Fr.14; during winter from Fr.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

WINTER SPORTS FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS. — Special party to SWITZERLAND (Leukerbad), December 28th to January 11th. Reasonable inclusive rates (not run for profit), no troublesome "extras." Excellent sport. Experienced staff. Good hotel. Splendid opportunity. ALSO a party for SCHOOLGIRLS at Gsteig.—For prospectuses apply VARSITIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS CAMPS, 5, Wigmore Street, London, W. 1. (Langham 1774.)

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE BALLACHULISH HOTEL, ARGYLL

ALREADY our noses are in another winter and, as Kenneth Grahame wrote, we are again in a season when we take a somewhat sad account of the past year's words and deeds, which, vital enough as they may have seemed at their doing and saying, none the less surely now strew our path with their withered leaves, rustling with recollections. Cold and frost and miry ways may—not necessarily, mind you—keep you much indoors, and if you are intending to go for a short holiday at th's season it is essential to choose a comfortable hotel if you are to enjoy your vacation.

That is why I am writing about the Ballachulish Hotel. Situated beside the Narrows which divide Loch Leven from Loch Linnhe, and Inverness-shire from Argyll (150yds. across), the hotel has only recently been modernised in all departments. Hot and cold water has been installed in all the bedrooms, which are electrically lighted and heated, and provided with "Somnus" beds.

There is a splendid road to Ballachulish from the south, skilfully engineered to avoid any steep gradients, which provides wonderful scenery all the way from the Forth of Clyde. Glencoe, after all, is world famous, and the road takes you through the Pass to the level of Loch Leven. You can, of course, take the road from Oban, by Loch Creran, and through Appin, and thus along Loch Linnhe. Whichever way you go you are assured of magnificent mountain scenery—Ruskin referred to mountains as the beginning and end of all natural scenery—and by the time you have reached the hotel you should have caught something of the romantic atmosphere of the district.

As you drive up to the hotel you will at once be aware of its exceptionally fine situation. All the principal public rooms and bedrooms face south or west, commanding views of the rugged outline and beauty of the Ardgour Mountains or the Glencoe Range, with the waters of Loch Linnhe and Loch Leven in the foreground. Naturally such a region is a real paradise in the spring or summer, but even at this time of the year you may be lucky with the weather and enjoy some grand walks.

And when it is raining you can sit round the lounge fire and discuss the tragedy of the massacre of Glencoe which took place in 1692. Under "Letters of Fire and Sword," signed by William III, the families of the Macdonalds—a Jacobite clan—were treacherously butchered one winter night by a party of Government soldiers commanded by an hereditary enemy, Campbell of Glenlyon. Even to-day ruins of the Macdonalds' cottages still remain, and you can visit the caves among the rugged cliffs where a few of the survivors sheltered.

In 1752 yet another tragedy took place in this valley, for, following the rebellion of "forty-five," Colin Campbell of Glenure was murdered about two miles west of where the hotel now stands, and James Stewart "of the Glens," of whose innocence of the murder no doubt now remains, was executed on Knap Chulish, where his monument now stands. That, however, is the grim side of the district; there are more cheerful tales of fairies and wishing wells which will enthral those whose imaginations are in healthy working order.

If you cannot visit the Ballachulish Hotel at the present season, make a note in your 1939 diary that you will go there in the early summer, when the weather is good and settled, days are long and sunsets beautiful.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY
Near LYNTON, N. DEVON

THE GROUNDS, a natural bird-sanctuary, are now a delight to the eye. The

PRIVATE GOLF COURSE

is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are moderate.

Why not spend this Autumn . . . with us? At any rate, write for an illustrated brochure or

TELEPHONE LYNTON 24.

PAYING GUESTS

CO. DUBLIN.—PAYING GUESTS RECEIVED. Comfortable Country House, modern conveniences within easy reach of hunting horses kept or hired, also golf.—Box 1758, EASON'S ADVERTISING SERVICE, Dublin.

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN.—Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE. Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations.—TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish house; hunting with Wexford and Kilkenny Hounds six days a week. Hirelings available, also stabling, grooms' accommodation for own horses.—Box 3244, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS.—Gent.'s private Country Residence, modern, centre Bray Harriers Hunt; large bedrooms with h. and c.; first-class attendance. Terms £3; hunter included, £5 5s.—BURNS, Merrymeeting, Wicklow.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN, Castle Hyde, Fermoy, Co. Cork. Hunting three packs, rough shooting; every home comfort, electric light, central heating.—Apply MANAGERESS.

HUNTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN for hunting, Ormond and East Galway. Comfortable House; good horses. Also plenty of shooting. Five guineas weekly.—ESMONDE, Dromynagh, Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary.

SUSSEX.—GEORGE IV SHOOTING BOX, 300 acres of rough shooting, clay pigeon trap. Shooting tuition, riding. Thirteen miles Eastbourne. Home produce, every comfort. 3½ guineas.—BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex.

PUPILS AND SCHOOLS

BRANKSOME-HILDERS, Haslemere, Surrey, BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings.—Prospectus Y.

HOME TUITION (postal)—Economic scientific Mixed Farming. Pig, Poultry, Fruit. Colonial Farming, Estate Management.—FIELDING, D.S.O., N.D.A., P.A.S.I., Agricultural Correspondence College (Sec. K), Bath.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

VACANCY FOR FARM PUPIL on large mixed FARM, all crops grown, all descriptions of stock kept, including dairy and pedigree flock Oxford Down sheep; good hunting and shooting.—HUGH STILGOE, Adderbury, Banbury, Oxon.

VACANCY FOR PUPIL.—Thousand-acre mixed FARM; world-renowned pedigree Dairy Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep; clean milk dairy, good hunting, shooting, fishing—HOBBS & DAVIS, Kelmscott, Lechlade, Glos.

WYNDHAM HOUSE, North Wootton, Norfolk.—Mrs. Lacey's HOME SCHOOL, boys and girls under twelve; trained governess; moderate fees; entire charge taken, personal supervision; wonderful air and surroundings; well-equipped house, large garden and play paddock; car.—'Phone Castle Rising 232.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance

SMALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

15 words 3/- (minimum), each extra five 1/-. For a series, seven insertions for the price of six.

Use of box number 1/- extra—five words—to be included in advertisement.

All advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening for the following Saturday's issue. Cash must accompany all orders.

Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to The FIELD PRESS (1930) Ltd.

INDEX

Country Houses and Estates for Sale and to be Let . . . 1001–1004
Sporting Quarters and Fishings for Sale and to be Let . . . 1003–1004
Farms for Sale and to be Let . . . 1004
Miscellaneous . . . 1005 & 1007
Situations Vacant and Wanted . . . 1006
Dogs at Stud . . . 1006
Dogs for Sale or Hire . . . 1006
Dogs Wanted . . . 1006
Pisciculture . . . 1007
Gardening . . . 1007
Stamps . . . 1007
Live Stock . . . 1009
Gamebirds, Pets, Waterfowl, &c. . . . 1009
Guns and Ammunition . . . 1009
Wines and Tobaccos . . . 1009
Financial Investments, Partnerships, &c. . . . 1009
Motor Cars for Sale . . . 1009
Horses for Sale . . . 1010
Medical . . . 1010
List of Hotels, Travel Resorts, &c. . . . 1048
Paying Guests . . . 1048
Pupils and Schools . . . 1048

BRIDGE

SQUEEZE, ELIMINATION AND EXIT PLAY

Interesting Examples

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

THIS week, by especial permission of the author, Mr. George S. Coffin, I give further examples from his valuable book on "End Plays."

First a case of Simple elimination play:

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

Z is playing a contract of Six No Trumps.

A leads the Knave of Hearts.

At first sight it appears that Z must lose a trick in Spades and in Hearts.

But by the "stripping" process he need not.

All he has to do is to play out his Diamonds and Clubs thereby eliminating both suits from A's hand. Then after making his winning Hearts he throws A into the lead on the fourth round of the suit and A has nothing left but Spades to lead.

Quite easy but still often missed in play!

Now I give an old hand which is described as an "Obscure Jettison exit."

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

You are shown the deal and given five to 30 minutes to decide whether you as Z can make Three No Trumps or whether A and B can defeat this contract.

Suppose that you wager you can make it.

A leads the 10 of Spades and you allow B's Queen to win. B returns the Six of Spades and your Knave forces A's Ace. Everything appears easy. You have only to lead from Dummy towards the King, Queen of Hearts and then win a Spade trick, three Hearts, three Diamonds and two Clubs, making nine tricks. But what will happen if at trick three when A leads a Spade *B throws on it the Ace of Hearts?*

Try and make Three No Trumps now.

This hand which was first published in the *New York Herald* is said to have been a source of much profit to many gamblers as most players are ready to wager that Z can make his contract against any defence.

The following end play was achieved by Mr. Coffin himself in a rubber game:

	♠ 6, 4, 2 ♡ 8, 7, 6 ◇ A, K, Q ♣ A, K, Q, J	
♠ K, Q, 9 ♡ J, 10, 9 ◇ 10, 9, 8 ♣ 10, 9, 8, 7	Y A B Z	♠ 3 ♡ 5, 4, 3 ◇ J, 7, 5, 4 ♣ 6, 5, 4, 3, 2
	♠ A, J, 10, 8, 7, 5 ♡ A, K, Q, 2 ◇ 6, 3, 2 ♣ None	

The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Three Clubs	No bid
Three Spades	No bid	Three No Trumps	No bid
Four Hearts	No bid	Four No Trumps	No bid
Five No Trumps	No bid	Six Spades	No bid
No bid	Double	No bid	No bid
No bid			

A was, we are told, a "fair lady" who thought she had Mr. Coffin "hooked."

While Six No Trumps was a lay-down, Z succeeded in his contract of Six Spades by the following play:

A led the Ten of Diamonds, and when Dummy was exposed, "She smiled smugly at her two trump tricks that she felt sure would come home."

Dummy won the first trick, and then a Club was led and a Heart discarded by Z.

A second Club from Dummy ruffed by Z and three winning Hearts made.

Y's hand was re-entered with a Diamond, then a Club led and trumped, another Diamond led and the last Club trumped.

After all three suits had been eliminated Z led the Knave of Spades and A was compelled to lead Spades up to Z's Ace, 10.

This is an interesting example of not leading trumps until the elimination has been completed.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT AT NOORDWYK

A game from the fifth round of the tournament at Noordwyk in June. It shows some very good play by Eliskases.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

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

(*a*) R to B sq is the usual move, but the text-move, at one time frequently played by Rubinstein, appears to be coming into favour again.

(*b*) P to B 4 is generally played, although the text-move is seen occasionally.

(*c*) Black wishes to delay playing P takes P until White has played B to Q 3 and so has to lose a move with the Bishop in re-capturing. It seems, however, that 8. . . . P takes P is better. In a game Dr. Euwe v. Spielmann in the same tournament the continuation (after 8. . . . P takes P) was 9. B takes P, Kt to Q 4; 10. B takes B, Q takes B; 11. Castles, Kt takes Kt; 12. Q takes Kt, P to Q Kt 3; 13 P to K 4, B to Kt 2; 14. K R to K sq, Q to B 3 with good chances of an even game for Black. Dr. Euwe continued with 15. P to Q Kt 4 (to stop P to B 4) and Spielmann replied with 15. . . . P to Q R 4, the next few moves being 16. P takes P, R takes P; 17. Q to Kt 4, P to B 4; 18. P takes P, Q to K 2; 19. R to Q 6, R takes B P; 20. K R to Q sq, R to B 2.

(*d*) This move is very useful for at move 13 it prevents Q to Kt 5, ch as a reply to Kt to K 4.

(*e*) In reply to P to Kt 4 White can play P to B 5 with advantage.

(*f*) A good move. If, instead, 13. Castles, then 13. . . . Kt takes Kt; 14. Q takes Kt, P to Q B 4; 15. P to Q 5, P takes P; 16. R takes P, P to Q Kt 4 followed by B to Kt 2 with a good game for Black.

(*g*) Another good move. If, instead, Kt to Kt 3, then P to B 4.

(*h*) After 19. . . . Kt takes B; 20. Q takes Kt Black would have great difficulty in developing his Bishop.

(*i*) Preventing K R to Q B sq. Black cannot exchange Queens because after 21. P takes Q White's pawn majority on the Queen's side would give him a decisive advantage.

(*j*) Black has a difficult game. If 22. . . . P to Q Kt 3, then 23. Q to B 7, or, if 22. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 23. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 24. R to B 7. 22. . . . Q to Q sq, to be followed by R to K 2, appears to be best.

(*k*) Black has no really satisfactory move. If 24. . . . Q takes Q; 25. R takes Q, R to K 2, then 26. K R to Q B sq, threatening R takes R followed by R to B 7, ch.

(*l*) A mistake. Black should, instead, play P to Kt 4, to be followed by K to Kt 2.

(*m*) Threatening R to Kt 7, ch. If now 31. . . . B takes B, then 32. Kt takes B, ch, K to Q 2; 33. R to Q 8, ch and wins.

(*n*) If 32. . . . Kt takes B, then 33. Kt to B 6, ch. If, instead 32. . . . Q takes Kt, then 33. R to Kt 7, ch and wins, *e.g.* (1) 33. . . . K to B sq; 34. B takes P, ch and mate next move; (2) 33. . . . K to Q 3; 34. R to Q 8, ch, K to B 4; 35. R to Kt 5, ch; (3) 33. . . . Kt to Q 2; 34. R takes Kt, ch, K to B 3; 35. R takes P, ch, K to Kt 3; 36. R to B 8, ch, K to R 2; 37. R to R 8, ch, K takes R; 38. B to Kt 6, mate.

(*o*) If K to B 2, then R to Q 7, ch followed, if K takes Kt, by R takes Kt, ch; if K to B sq, by R to R 7; or, if K to Kt 3, by Kt to Q 8.

(*p*) Threatening Kt to Q 7, ch.

(*q*) If K to B 2 or B 4, then R to B 6, ch. If, instead, K to Kt 2, then B to B 6, ch.

(*r*) If 39. . . . K to R sq, then 40. R to Q 7. If, instead, 39. . . . K to Kt 2, then 40. Kt takes P, ch, K to R 2; 41. B to Kt 5.

(*s*) If 41. . . . K to R sq, then 42. Kt to B 6. If, instead, 41. . . . K to Kt sq, then 42. Kt to B 6, ch, Q takes Kt (if K to B sq, then R to R 7); 43. R to Q 8, ch, K to B 2; 44. B takes Q, Kt to K 7, ch; 45. K to B sq, Kt takes R; 46. R to Q sq and wins.

A MISTAKE IN THE OPENING

In the following game, played in a tournament for the championship of Prague, White cleverly took advantage of a mistake in the opening.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Gilg.	BLACK. Dr. Glas.	WHITE. Gilg.	BLACK. Dr. Glas.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	13. P takes Kt	B tks Kt, ch (*c*)
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 3	14. P takes B	Kt to B 3
3. P to B 4	B to Kt 2	15. R to K Kt sq	K to K sq (*f*)
4. Kt to B 3	P to Q 3	16. B to Q 3 (*g*)	P to K Kt 4 (*h*)
5. P to K 4	Q Kt to Q 2 (*a*)	17. P takes P	P takes P
6. P to K 5	P takes P	18. B to Kt 6, ch	K to B sq
7. P takes P	Kt to Kt 5	19. B takes P	R takes P (*i*)
8. P to K 6	P takes P (*b*)	20. R to Q sq (*j*)	K to Kt 2
9. Kt to K Kt 5(*c*)	Q Kt to K 4	21. R to Q 8	R takes P (*k*)
10. Q takes Q, ch	K takes Q	22. B to Kt sq	R to R 8
11. P to B 4	P to K R 3	23. B to R 6, ch(*l*)	Resigns (*m*)
12. Kt to B 3 (*d*)	Kt takes Kt,ch		

(*a*) A mistake of which White immediately takes advantage. Black should, instead, play 5. . . . Castles.

(*b*) Q Kt to K 4 is better. If, instead, 8. . . . Q Kt to B 3, then 9. P takes P, ch, K takes P; 10. Kt to Kt 5, ch, K to K sq; 11. Q takes Q, ch, K takes Q; 12. Kt to B 7, ch followed by 13. Kt takes R.

(*c*) Threatening either Kt takes K P or Q takes Kt.

(*d*) A good move.

(*e*) If at once Kt to B 3, then B to Q 3, winning the King's Knight's pawn.

(*f*) If R to K Kt sq, then B to Q 3.

(*g*) Best. If, instead, R takes P, then K to B 2 followed by B to Q 2 and Black soon completes his development.

(*h*) Black cannot hold the pawn and so makes the text-move in order to open a line for his King's Rook.

(*i*) This allows White to get an overwhelming attack. 19. . . . B to Q 2 is preferable, although after 20. P to K R 4 White has the better game.

(*j*) A strong move. Black cannot reply with B to Q 2 (because of B takes Kt) while after Kt to Q 2 he has no way of completing his development.

(*k*) Black has no good move. If 21. . . . K takes B, then 22. B to B 4, ch: or, if, instead, 21. . . . R to R sq, then 22. B takes Kt, ch, P takes B; 23. B to B 2, ch.

(*l*) This move would also have been the reply to 21. . . . R to R 7.

(*m*) White mates in two more moves.

PROBLEM No. 3985

By N. K. MALACHOFF.*

WHITE (13 pieces): King at K 8, Queen at Q R 4, Bishop at Q 2, Knights at K Kt sq and K Kt 3, Pawns at K 2, K B 2, Q R 2, Q B 3, Q R 3, K B 5, Q B 6 and K 7.

BLACK (3 pieces): King at K R 5, Pawns at K Kt 5 and Q Kt 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* First prize, *Schachmatny Listok*, 1931.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3984

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

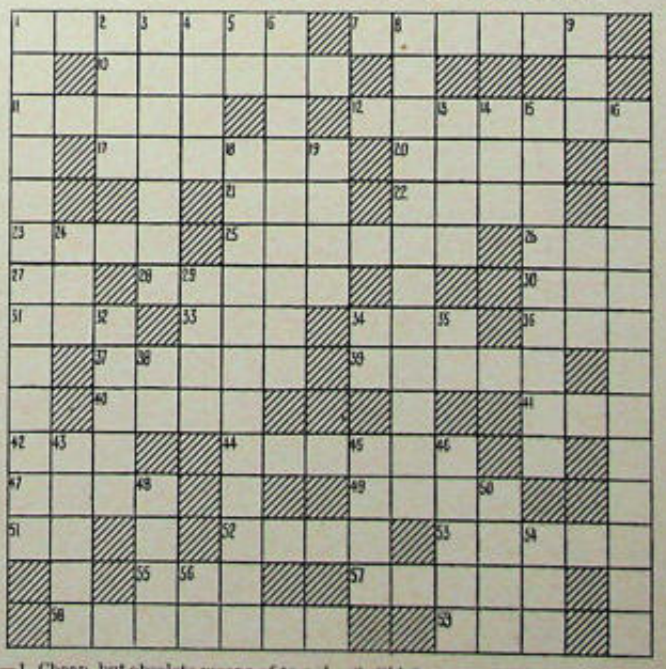
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 488

ACROSS.—1, He's not a flyer but he's a fine swimmer. 7, Pursuit in a female automobile? 10, Extra cool in this. 11, Not in armour. 12, A donkey is a help to find this. 17, An Arab forgot his latch-key. 20, It doesn't matter a jot. 21, A sleep at the card table. 22, Begins a match and ends a ride. 23, A sun-tanned spirit? 25, One hopes it will not be necessary as a result of 22. 26, Our giver of light is known by this name. 27, Place where. 28, As peas in a pod. 30, The law is sometimes sharp. 31, A cloth agent? 33, Ill temper. 34, When fresh, it's very wholesome. 36, Ebenezer's wife? 37, Some gases are this. 39, Not quite the best at the range. 40, Out of condition. 41, "Heaven's best —— is wasted upon men who to themselves are false" (Wordsworth) 42, To weary. 44, I'm wan. 47, You are told to follow this sometimes. 49, Fetter. 51, Vamoose. 52, Wealth untold without the pounds and pence. 53, This clue's a bit of a bore. 55, Twice two are four. 57, Horses jib, but this is the nautical kind. 58, He is not generally one of the pet sons—or is he? 59, Point of compass.

SOLUTION TO No. 487

Published October 22nd

	H	U	M	M	I	N	G	B	I	R	D	
		N		O				E		A		H
	S	C	U	T	S		E	L	E	P	H	A
C		O		H		C		I		E		B
O	N	U	S			R		K			L	I
N		P		P	R	I	V	E	T			T
V	I	L	L	I			A			E		
O		E		N	E	O	L	O	G	Y		O
L				E			U			E	C	L
V		G			O	P	E	N	E	D		E
U	G	L	Y			O		U			D	A
L		A		I		P		B		W		N
U	N	R	I	D	D	L	E		W	O	O	D
S		E		L		A				R		E
			S	E	A	R	O	S	E	M	A	R



DOWN.—1, Cheap, but obsolete means of travel. 2, Old Screws. 3, We hope we shall not go there. 4, North-easterly European dwellings. 5, A possession of the female element of the young idea. 6, We often lose money on this course. 8, Heat it singly (anag.). 9, Common to lanes and deer. 13, At an early date. 14, Plural of five. 15, A herb. 16, Bird-like sport. 18, The gardener does not fear these dragons. 19, Found in the Salle d'Armes. 29, "Particular —— may speak a general truth" (George Eliot). 32, Ink on the carnations. 34, A kind of sauce in the Bible. 35, They would be annoyed if you suggested they were the junior. 38, Point of compass. 43, You may flush a bird here. 45, "All —— to dash through thick and thin" (Cowper). 46, Not an outsider at this price. 48, A see —— and very comfortable too. 50, That refreshing draught. 56, The position of many in relation to a pole.

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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Identification of Weeds.—The sample sent was largely American water weed (*Elodea canadensis*), but there was also one sprig of pondweed (*Potamogeton densus*) and a good deal of filamentous algæ mixed up with it. When you attack the American weed, be sure to get the root out and take the plant right out of the water. Odd bits are liable to root themselves lower down.—*H. U., Wilts.*

Garden

Dealing with Gaps in Hedges.—The most satisfactory way would be to dig out the unwanted thorn and privet and replant with beech or whatever species you desire. A cheaper method would be to cut the plants just above ground level in the autumn, bore holes in the stem and insert weed killer or saltpetre, but in this case you will still have to remove the roots if you are going to replant the gaps which will appear. Weed killer is usually most effective in killing hedges when one does not want it to, and, if applied in spring when the sap is up, it should not fail in its purpose. As regards the mice, although traps require rather a lot of attention, it is our experience that cats and traps are the most effective methods of ridding a garden of field mice. In the wood and also in gardens many people make a practice of dressing seed with red lead and of sowing three times the amount that would be required for the final plants, but red lead, although a deterrent, will not stop really hungry mice. Lloyd's Chemical Co., Ltd., of Station Buildings, Maidenhead, Berkshire, supply most excellent poison for rats, and it would be worth while writing to them to see if they can recommend anything in the way of poison for mice. We do not know of any effective type of water trap.—*A. M. S., Lanarkshire.*

Kennel

Treatment for Worms.—An appropriate dose for a small foxterrier would be: ½ grain calomel, ½ grain Santonin, 2 grains jalap, made into a pill and administered after a fast of 24 hours.—*E. M. P., Bedford.*

Skin Eruption.—This reads like follicular mange, but it would be well to have this tentative diagnosis confirmed by a veterinary surgeon, as a microscopical examination is needed.—*R. Derby.*

Working Sheepdogs.—Sheepdog trials are held under the supervision of the International Sheep Dog Society, which, no doubt, is the body to which you refer. Mr. James A. Reid, hon. secretary, 28, Anderson Street, Airdrie, Scotland, would be able to supply you with the information desired.—*A. N., Borth.*

Quarantine Regulations.—All dogs imported into this country from abroad must undergo six months quarantine in approved kennels. The necessary permission to land has to be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1. The only relaxation made is in favour of performing dogs, which have to be carefully segregated and kept under observation.—*A. G., Iran.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Emaciation of a Greenshank.—The wader shot by you on the marshes was a young cock greenshank (*Tringa nebularia*). Its poor condition was probably due to the bird being on migration; no sign of recently taken food was found. No disease was present.—*T. T., Warwick.*

Capillariasis of a Song Thrush.—A correspondent picked up the body of a newly-dead immature hen song thrush (*Turdus musicus*). The body was very emaciated. The bird's death was due to a severe inflammation of the bowels produced by a thread-worm infection known as capillariasis.—*R. G. W., Devon.*

Coccidiosis Among Birds at Liberty.—Earlier reports have described the heavy losses due to coccidiosis on the pheasant rearing fields, the poultry farm and among the young partridges. Our last batch of cases of this widespread disease comprise pheasants from eight different coverts, a partridge, a pullet and a Carolina duckling. Two of the outbreaks among pheasants were complicated by gape-worm infection. One reason for the prevalence of this disease is the powers of resisting climatic conditions possessed by the germs. They are capable of remaining alive, when passed in the droppings of an infected bird, for some 12 to 24 months on the ground. Thus if one or more infected birds are turned into covert, the ground, particularly about the feeding, drinking and roosting sites, very soon becomes a source of infection to healthy birds. Then the behaviour of the infected bird is another factor tending to the spread of the disease. Whereas the disease rapidly produces ill-health and frequently death among young chicks, it takes a slower course in the bird attaining maturity. All older birds may continue to excrete the germs for some days or weeks before it becomes sufficiently weakened to attract the keeper's attention or falls a victim to a predator. Those who wage war on the predators (animal or bird) might reflect on their value in ridding the fields and coverts of birds which are weakened by contagious disease.—*J. E. N., Carnarvonshire; C. A. M., Kent; J. M. B., Wilts; R. H. R., North Wales; A. G. W., Somerset; S. C. D., Hereford; J., Berks; M. J. N. W., Mon.; R. E., Herts; G. A. T., Devon; W. N., Devon.*

Rugby

Injury to Kicker.—You state that you were injured when making a mark (technically known as a fair-catch), and inquire what is the correct ruling for this. By the laws of the game you should have been allowed three minutes in which to take the kick, after which the kick would have been void. A scrummage, of course, would have followed, and in the event of the mark being made behind the goal line, 5yds. in front, on a line drawn through the spot parallel with the touch line.—*R. E. G., Durham.*

Kicking from a Fair-Catch.—Yes, you can take either a drop at goal or a place kick from a fair-catch. The drop is, on the whole, more frequently used because, when taking a place kick you have to make your hole so much farther back from the place the mark was made to give yourself ample time to take the kick in comfort; even then the opponents' charge is apt to put the kicker off. In the case of the kick being taken from behind the goal line the ball must cross that line, unless, of course, it is first played by an opponent.—*R. W. G., York.*

Formation of Clubs.—The following is a list of some of the earliest clubs to be formed, and the dates of their formation, which we hope will answer your question. Blackheath, 1862; Richmond, 1863; Manchester and Bath, 1865; Bradford, 1866; Liverpool, 1866; Harlequins (under the title of Hampstead), 1867, changed to Harlequins, 1870; Wasps, 1867; Brighton, 1869; Burton and Ipswich, 1870; Civil Service, 1870; Streatham, 1871; Clifton, Exeter and Leicester, 1872; Moseley and Carlisle, 1873; Beckenham, 1874; Trojans, 1874; Twickenham, 1875; Saracens, 1877; London Scottish, 1878.—*R. E. G., Durham.*

The 'Varsity Match.—Given below is a list of the results of the 'Varsity match which, we hope, will substantiate your argument:

1919–20	Cambridge	7 pts. to 5
1920–1	Oxford	17 pts. to 14
1921–2	Oxford	11 pts. to 5
1922–3	Cambridge	21 pts. to 8
1923–4	Oxford	21 pts. to 14
1924–5	Oxford	11 pts. to 6
1925–6	Cambridge	33 pts. to 3
1926–7	Cambridge	30 pts. to 3
1927–8	Cambridge	22 pts. to 14
1928–9	Cambridge	14 pts. to 10
1929–30	Oxford	9 pts. to 0
1930–1	Drawn—Oxford, 1 penalty goal; Cambridge, 1 try.	
1931–2	Oxford	10 pts. to 3
1932–3	Oxford	8 pts. to 3
1933–4	Oxford	5 pts. to 3
1934–5	Cambridge	29 pts. to 4
1935–6	Drawn	No score
1936–7	Cambridge	6 pts. to 5
1937–8	Oxford	17 pts. to 4

After the 1920–1 season the contests have been held at Twickenham. Other grounds on which they have been held are at Oxford, Cambridge, Oval, Blackheath and Queen's Club.—*A. H. C., Worcester.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

Your 12-bore No. 14 Hungarian cartridges contained 33.2 grains of Rex powder and 1 3/4 oz. of mixed shot, sizes 8 and 9. Velocity recorded averaged 1,042ft. per second, with rather heavy recoil.

Your 16-bore No. 12 cartridges contained 27.7 grains of Rex powder and 1 oz. of No. 9 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,120ft. per second, with average recoil.

Your 16-bore No. 14 cartridge contained 25.5 grains of Rex powder and 1oz. of No. 9 shot.—*A., Ludlow.*

Your red cartridges contained 30½ grains Smokeless Diamond powder, air cushion and card wads, and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,080ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns with one exception were even and averaged 56 per cent. (40yds. 30in. circle, choke barrel). Your blue cartridges contained 35½ grains E.C. powder, best felt and card wads, and 1oz. of No. 5 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,160ft. per second with medium recoil; patterns were even and averaged 63 per cent. Both cartridges should prove effective against game. The blue, however, have the advantage of greater regularity combined with higher velocity.—*G. R. B., London.*

Your orange cartridges contained 29½ grains of smokeless powder of the appearance of Walsrode Feltine and card wadding, and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,110ft. per second, with medium recoil. Patterns (30in. circle, 40yds. choke barrel) were even and averaged 62 per cent.

Your grey cartridges contained a bare 33 grains of British Smokeless powder, air cushion and card wadding, and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,067ft. per second, with medium recoil. Patterns were even, but only averaged 46 per cent. On account of the higher velocity, combined with closer pattern, preference should be given to the orange.—*R. B. G., Edgbaston.*

Your red cartridges contained 43 grains of Schultze powder felt, cork and card wads, and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,024ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns, with one exception, were even and averaged 68 per cent. (30in. circle, 40yds. choke barrel).

Your blue cartridges contained 32 grains of E.C. powder air cushion and card wads, and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,080ft. per second, with medium recoil. Patterns, which were inclined to be uneven and patchy, averaged 50 per cent.

Your brown cartridges contained 31½ grains of Smokeless Diamond powder air cushion and card wads, and 1⅛oz. No. 7 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,067ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns were even, and averaged 62 per cent.

It is impossible to recommend a load that you could absolutely rely upon at all times, so much depends upon the gun; your gunmaker, however, would advise you. Of the three kinds tested, the brown certainly came out best, the average velocity of the red being too low and the shooting of the blue irregular.—*C., Devon.*

Travel

Hotel in Yorkshire.—We think you would like the Bridge House Hotel at Catterick Bridge. It was probably constructed about the year 1422, when Catterick Bridge was built across the Swale, and stands at the southern elbow of the bridge to offer hospitality to travellers along this busy highway. Not always has it been known by its present sign. Once—and a lease dated 1535 is our proof—it was called the Bridge Inn, while later, during the coaching days, it was known as The George. Between 1911 and 1915, the old house was used as a private residence, and it was during this period that several bedrooms were added and the original kitchen of the inn was converted into what is now the hall. Old oak beams which had been encased in plaster were uncovered, and electric light was installed. Further improvements have been a splendid ballroom, two suites of bedrooms each complete with bathroom, while all the furniture in this additional wing was specially designed for the hotel, and is made of 300-year-old English oak. It is a good centre for meets of the Bedale, Zetland, South Durham and Hurworth hunts, while there is trout fishing in the district, and, of course, the well-known racecourse.—*A. A., St. Neots.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

THERE was a good attendance at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's weekly sale at Leicester on Saturday last, when several of the lots offered realised three figures. The top price was given for Mr. Vivian Bishop's grey gelding Exchange, which, after spirited bidding, went for 210gs., whilst his bay gelding Tatters made 190gs. Mr. A. Cadbury accepted 200gs. for his bay gelding Bighorn. Another lot which went for 200gs. was Mr. and Mrs. Jock Atkins's bay mare Mother Hubbard. Mrs. Maurice Bevan's Paper Moon and Keystone III sold for 130gs. and 125gs. respectively. The usual return of horses making 30gs. or more is appended. Property of Mr. W. Adlam: Bisley, b g, 34gs. Property of Mr. R. H. Barker: Gr m, 70gs.; g h, 33gs. Property of Major C. Macnaughtan: B g, 90gs. Property of Mr. Vivian R. Bishop: Merrie England, b g, 140gs.; Exchange, gr g, 210gs.; Tatters, b g, 190gs. Property of Mr. James Montagu: Brunhild, ch m, 55gs. Property of Mrs. C. Heber Percy: Shooting Star, b g, 58gs. Property of Mr. and Mrs. Jock Atkins: Mother Hubbard, b m, 200gs. Property of Mr. G. A. Wilson: Wild Page, ch g, 50gs. Property of Mr. F. H. Brewitt: Faithful, ch m, 125gs.; Ballymoty, gr g, 35gs. Property of Mrs. Maurice Bevan: Paper Moon, ch g, 135gs.; Keystone III, br m, 125gs. Property of Mr. R. F. Haworth: Diomede, ch m, 60gs.; Moonlight, ch g, 130gs.; Limerick, ch g, 65gs. Property of Mr. W. Rich: Iron Grey, gr g, 40gs. Property of Mr. A. Cadbury: Bighorn, b g, 200gs.; ch m, 50gs. Property of Miss P. M. Parry: Cynic, ch g, 30gs.; Joker, b g, 50gs. Property of Mr. Denis De Las Casas: The Ant, ch m, 48gs. Property of Mr. G. Pinney: Miss Dene, ch m, 100gs. Property of Mr. D. Leslie: B g, 30gs. Property of Mrs. E. Goddard: Good Friday, b g, 35gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland.	Canada.	Elsewhere abroad.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1938

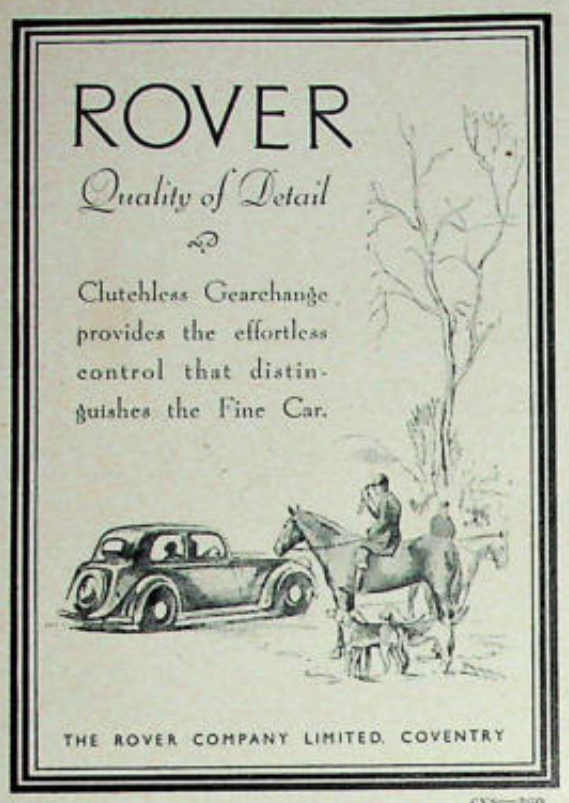
THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4480. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.

EARL HAIG RIDING IN THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAGHOUND HUNTER TRIALS

Jumping a stile with his horse Hitler in the Undergraduates' Class



THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1057
THE MOVEMENT FROM THE LAND 1067
ALL INSIDE SEVEN DAYS 1068
DEVON AND SOMERSET SPORT 1070
AN APPRECIATION OF "SPRAGGON" . . . 1071
FRANCE LANDS THE OTHER LEG 1072
LORD LECONFIELD'S HUNTER TRIALS . . 1073
ON SHOWING PHEASANTS 1074
HYBRID BROWN-RAINBOW TROUT 1075
OWNER-GROOM 1076
LANCASHIRE HOT-POT 1077
TROTTING FOR GRAYLING 1078
STUDIES OF BRITAIN'S MOST COLOURFUL BIRD 1079
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1080
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1080
IN THE SALEROOM 1080
A LONDONER'S BIRDS 1080
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Jacob's Sheep; Lakeland a National Park; Artificial Hunting 1081
IN THE CITY 1086
NEW BOOKS 1087
FIELD TRIALS 1088
FROM TEE TO GREEN—I 1090
IN TOUCH 1090
SUNFLOWERS 1093
TREE SURGERY 1093
PARTY PREPARATIONS 1094
THE SCIENCE OF MUSHROOM FARMING . . 1096
MOTORING'S THEME FOR 1939 1097
AERODROME PLANNING 1098
CITY OF ARABIAN NIGHTS 1100
CARDS AND CHESS 1103
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1104

SANCTIFICATION OR EXPLOITATION?

MATTERS which come under this question are to be found in every activity of modern man; but we will confine ourselves to asking it only about matters of sport and agriculture. Is the money token, from henceforth, to mean more than the living token, and are future generations to be left to gather what they may from exploited remnants of past strength, succour and goodness? For how long shall we be able to play with Nature and with manners? Can we, for evermore, make a quick turnover of profit on racehorses, by accelerating performances without the backing of that slower guarantor, Nature. It is impossible to commercialise nature; you may safely commercialise the *results* of her activities, but if you attempt to commercialise the activities themselves, you, or your followers, are heading not necessarily for a monetary bankruptcy but for a bankruptcy of elemental natural resources. The over-racing of two-year-olds and the over-commercialisation of the land on which horses are run will *eventually* have to be paid for by someone; not by the first exploiters, of course, because Nature is slow to decline and slow to mend; that is why this sometimes unconscious exploitation is so insidious; it is not obvious, and its workings are not such that *everyone* "who runs may read."

Is there never again to be the idea that fisheries and shootings are only their owners *pro tem.*, and are, or should be, held in trust for other human beings, at some time or another? Although "blood is thicker than water," there is no real reason why obligations held under an ownership by monetary contract should not be discharged in the same way as obligations held under an hereditary contract, succeeding purchasers receiving from good countrymen the same consideration as succeeding sons. Though not absolutely general, there is no doubt that nowadays many shootings, and a number of fisheries, are exploited by sport thieves (there is no other word for them). They are stripped and left, with no more repentance than Napoleon's soldiers felt when they had looted a conquered town.

In agriculture, is the land or the money made out of it the more important? In a certain country you will find that a farmer, when he knows that he will soon die, spends his savings in buying land, so that all his sons may become farmers in their turn. Would you find that in this country? Is the land, the veritable motherland of the entire human race, from whose fruits they partake of food, drink, clothes and shelter, to be sanctified or exploited?

We, with our lack of imaginative comprehension, are "outrunning the bailiff," and the bailiff is Nature, the most inexorable creditor in the wide world.

COUNTRY REFUGES

THERE has been a good deal of discussion on measures which are necessary for evacuating towns in time of national emergency, but little has been said concerning the organisation required for the country to receive a sudden increase in population. It is not enough to say this village or this big house will take so many people, or children, or invalids, and billet them without further ado, although there should be some form of forcible billeting is evident, otherwise the solution of where to put the refugees would be impossible. We had a few examples of the result of appealing to good nature during the War when it was only a question of affording temporary housing for troops.

But it is one thing to say a house or farm will accommodate so many billetees and quite another to make the owner responsible for them. He may not have the necessary means for administering to invalids or children; he or she may have to leave on national service and abandon a house; and one country householder raises the quite reasonable question as to whether he would in that case still be responsible for the rates and taxes on his property.

Surely the only way to be prepared for an emergency, even though, we trust, we will never have to face it, is to have a system of decentralisation worked out for rural areas, and, above all, have local committees with a knowledge of the villages, their accommodation and food supplies, to allot and supervise the distribution of refugees. This work can be done by volunteers. It would be interesting to have the experiences of those who were approached for emergency billeting during the recent crisis.

THE ADELPHI

Two years ago many people viewed the demolition of the Adelphi Terrace, which had housed so many distinguished persons, with a certain degree of resignation and cynical regret. Everyone is now agreed, however, that the new Adelphi is, in the words of the Mayor of the City of Westminster spoken at the special opening, "truly worthy of its great position." The Mayor recalled how, in 1769, the Duke of St. Albans granted a lease to the Adam Brothers to build, and the result was one of the finest terraces in London. The present builders owe much of their success to their wisdom in consulting the L.C.C. and the Westminster City Council, and have at some considerable cost arranged for the preservation of wide surrounding streets. We agree with Mr. Hamp, the architect of the building, that the brickwork is some of the finest in London.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME?

The sensation of this week was the extraordinary effect the broadcast of one of H. G. Wells's plays had on a large number of Americans. The rapidly spreading news brought astonishing results. Large-scale evacuations started from New York; church services stopped abruptly with the disappearance of the congregation; gas attacks were reported; and, in one case, a large cinema was emptied completely in about two minutes. And then there was the gentleman who "saw a large metal cylinder land and animals jumping out of it." Possibly he thought history was beginning to repeat itself again and that Noah was returning in the modern equivalent of the Ark to rescue them all from the day of doom. His reaction is not stated. Much more probably the animals were common or garden pink elephants.

INDIAN FOOTBALL

It is a matter for wonderment as to where big business ends and sport begins in the unfortunate game of Association football, for queer troubles and bad blood always result in games where the purse rules the performance, but we may be grateful that in this country we do not go to the lengths of some of our Empire teams. News comes from Gaya (Bihar) that a football club has filed a suit in the civil court for a declaration that a goal awarded against it is null and void. Added to this, the team demands that the football tournament shall be held up until the matter has been decided. Litigation is, of course, one of the most important hobbies of the Indian populace, but we feel that some of our own leading clubs might well have thought of the idea before the novelty had been worn off in the Orient.

INN SIGNS

Inn names, and the signs and notice boards by which they are displayed to view, have for long crystallised many of the facets of social life and history from the long past of this country. Often they are remarkable for the light they throw upon the English sense of humour rather than upon the English sense of solemnity. "The Swan with Two Necks," "The Blackboy and Stomach Ache" and "The Case is Altered" are good examples of a rather delightful irresponsibility. And to judge from the 228 entries at the Brewers' Exhibition which opened last Saturday, topical inn signs will soon be a feature of our highways. "The Neville Arms," "The Lambeth Walk," and "The Tired Tyre" are examples of twentieth-century advertising which must have caught the eye of many visitors to the Agricultural Hall this week.

BLAGDON'S SEASON

Trout fishing on the famous Somersetshire lake does not seem to have suffered by this rather trying season at all to the extent one would have supposed from results elsewhere in the West. Actually, the total number of fish caught has been 255 more than last year. This increase has been due entirely to rainbow trout, which seem to have shown up better in the catches, rather surprisingly, since a cold season does not usually favour them. Rainbows, which are normally rather smaller fish than brown trout at Blagdon, are probably also responsible for the fall in the average weight, which has dropped to 2lb. But the season has been a bad one for big fish, only ten trout of 4lb. and over being recorded. Many habitues will think sadly of great seasons in the past, like 1924, when no fewer than 264 fish of this weight came to the net, though to the occasional visitor the additional chances of sport represented by nearly 50 per cent. more fish in the total will be some compensation.

AUTUMN

The royal march of Autumn
Is all with flags express'd;
And down the streets the house fronts
Are dizen'd in their best,
With carmine hues and crimson
And pennons of bright flame,
Where the Virginia creepers
A kingly pomp acclaim.

Like vine-leaves dyed in murex
And pampinus of fire,
The consul's blood-red symbol,
The imperial webs of Tyre,
All in the wild October
The Promethean gifts outspread
Herald the passing glory
Of Time that seeks the dead.

EDMUND CASSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THERE is something about cider-making in October which goes to my head as though I had drunk deep of the "pummy" (Thomas Hardy's "pommy") squeezed out of the cider-press before it is fermented. Farmers say it is mild as milk—let them say! I am "mombled," as they say in Gloucestershire, not so much by a deep draught of the amber liquor, not even by the sweet heavy pungency of the apple-scent that drifts off the mill-like steam, but by the intoxicating sense of the rich continuity in this glorious ritual of autumn. But it is not merely sentiment that makes me turn up my nose at cider made by the "scratter" (scratcher), because it is a paltry mechanical device. Cider that is made by the machine is far inferior to cider made by the natural processes of millstone and press, for the simple reason that the former fails to crush the kernel, and so impoverishes the flavour. The old way is the good way because it gives the best drink.

The cider-mill is a simple massive structure of wood and stone, with an upright beam in the centre of the circular stone or wooden trough, 18 in. wide, into which the apples are poured from a copper-hooped wooden bucket for the millstone to grind them. A braced arm projects at right angles to the beam right over the horse which is harnessed to it, and the huge wheel, nearly a ton in weight, revolves by an axle pivoting upon it. Round and round plods the old horse in the low shed with its earthen floor, and round and round the "chase" (trough) swings the bevelled millstone, crushing the apples to the "pummy" (pulp) that is then ready for the press.

I know of no sound in the world to compare with that of the pulverizing of the apples under this peaceful, joy-bringing Juggernaut. It is a squashy, blubbery, water-ploppy note that even John Phillips in *Cyder* (1706) with all his ponderous Latinisms and mythological aids to description, quite failed to convey. As the sweet load in the chase becomes a mash, more bucketfuls are poured in, and the old horse is brought almost to a standstill by the impact of the millstone upon the fragrant pile.

Though I know nearly every shed or barn or outhouse in Gloucestershire where a cider-mill, like some gigantic Eocene mammal, has its stable—and God knows how few they be and hard to find—this was the first time I had actually seen cider in the making. Now that I have seen it, I long for another October that I may see it again, since there is no sight, no scent, no sound which has so rich, so traditional an earthiness about it. "Out of the lion comes forth sweetness," that archaic, unintelligible apothegm is made true and full of meaning.

When the pummy is quite ready, it is scooped up by a broad wooden ladle, with two slits in the centre for grasping, into buckets and heaved out upon the "hair" (Giles Winterbourne cider-making in *The Woodlanders* speaks of his "bags of horse-hair"), which is spread out within a wooden frame upon the press. The bucket-bearer squashes and flattens it down on the hair with his bare hands (we do not bother about pernicketty and over-civilised methods when we go cider-making) and drapes another hair over it, as many as twenty in all.

The square frame is removed from the soaked rug until more pummy is shovelled up, and at last the hairs reach the top of the press. They are then boarded over and the press is screwed down capstan-wise upon its spiral iron uprights. This is called making a "cheese," and all the time the odorous juice trickles down into the vat at the foot of the press. Before fermenting, it is put through a strainer into old rum and brandy casks that hold anything up to 120 gallons. The only other tool used is a "scraper" for thrusting the heady stream along the chase and keeping the millstone free of caking.

It is an elementary business, but the cider-makers know that the more you trust to nature, the better she will do your work for you. Her processes are intricate and mysterious enough, but man is wisest and happiest when he is content to lend them a helping hand. H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Sent by a reader as coming under this heading.

Extract from advertisement: "Can any gentleman recommend thoroughly reliable chauffeur. . . . careful driver; good mechanic; . . . knowledge Scotland, loading, simple valeting a recommendation; fond of dogs. . . ."

Extract from reply: "With reference to your advertisement I can tell you of a chauffeur who can be entirely recommended . . . a careful driver . . . able, so to speak, to take the car to pieces and put it together again. . . . By loading I presume you mean fixing portmanteaux, &c. on a car, and certainly he would be very good at this, and he is fond of dogs. . . ."

THE MOVEMENT FROM THE LAND

"You Cannot Work Land Without Men"

DURING the past few years men have been leaving the land in an ever-quickening stream. Since 1921 agriculture has lost more than a quarter of a million men, and there is no sign of a slackening in this movement from the land: no sign whatever.

Thinking upon the matter broadly, no one can blame the agricultural labourer. He does not receive sufficient inducement to remain upon the land—either in the way of financial reward or in the way of home comforts. His lot is a hard one. It is easy enough to say that his wages are higher to-day than they have ever been; there are plenty of people ready enough to say that and to point out eagerly that he gets in one way or another a number of perquisites. It is easy enough to say, and it is true.

But the farm labourer works hours which would kill the normal town worker (always supposing that you could get a town worker to observe them), and his 35/- goes no further than 35/- will go anywhere else. He does not get an early-closing day. He does not get the entertainment of the local cinema or dance hall (and if these are available, which is rare, he cannot afford them). He does not get a cottage complete with every modern convenience. He is indeed very lucky if he gets a cottage with any conveniences at all.

But he does see, not so very far away, men no better than himself, physically or mentally, earning better money and getting apparently greater benefits. And so he leaves the land. You cannot blame him. If he is offered more remunerative and less arduous work he will take it. So would you and so would I. And I do not know any farmer who would refuse a bigger income earned with less trouble.

Most farmers, if asked to account for this movement—and it is by no means the least of all the many troubles that beset our agricultural industry—would say that owing to the policy adopted by local authorities (encouraged by the Government) in carrying out roads and drainage schemes, and by the Government itself in the building of aerodromes, munition factories and so forth, born of the rearmament programme (and now to be greatly accelerated), alternative employment, more remunerative and almost certainly less arduous, is provided in rural areas for the genuine agricultural worker. These are, I am sure, the immediate causes for the movement from the land. They are in themselves good causes, that is to say, each one is in itself of first-rate national importance. The farm labourer is not leaving his work for work of no importance, but he is leaving, and his work is of importance. It would seem—to one unversed in the ways of Government departments, that there is something very wrong—and very foolish—in public expenditure being the means of robbing the farms of labour, the while enormous sums of money are being spent in public relief and unemployment benefit. One can account for it only by assuming that the Government do not realise the very great value of the agricultural labourer to agriculture, and the very great value of agriculture to the nation.

It is true that in this country the increased use of fertilisers, the enormous improvements made in agricultural machines and implements, and the modern methods of husbandry, have made it possible to decrease the staff employed without decreasing production to too noticeable an extent. But if that is true, it is not a whole truth. The whole truth is that you cannot work land without men.

But the men are leaving the land. And as they leave the land the farmer, with less labour, has still to make that land pay. Farming is not a paying proposition at the moment. Rather it is a proposition filled with worry and a sort of cynical despair. Almost every farmer knows that what is taken out of the land must be put back again; and to-day almost every farmer finds that what he takes out of the land he takes out of the land for ever. You cannot blame the farmer who allows big business companies to place hoardings in his fields, or who, seeing an opportunity for selling some land to the builder, takes that opportunity. The farmer has got to live—and if that is the only way in which twentieth-century economics will allow him to live, then that is not the fault of the farmer.

One cannot expect the farmer to pay higher wages to keep men on the land; one cannot expect the young labourer to be content when he sees his neighbour earning more money on the roads or elsewhere. One cannot expect it, and reasonably one does not expect it.

But in any major national emergency the farmer and the good English earth would be expected to provide suddenly, much after the manner of a conjurer, all that the urban population needed. And such an attitude is totally unreasonable.

If one must apportion blame for the present unhappy state of English farming, then one cannot blame the farmer or the farm labourer, one can only blame the system or the lack of system which has brought the land to its present condition; and that means blaming the man whose interest—more, whose job—it is to preserve English agriculture for the benefit of the nation. It would not be fair to apportion all the blame to Mr. Morrison. Mr. Morrison has inherited the fruits of past idealism and lack of knowledge, a peculiarly vicious combination. But Mr. Morrison is the present Minister, and cannot altogether escape blame. He has always refused to take any strong measures for the preservation of English agriculture. When he was asked to place English agriculture on a basis from which it could do valuable work in the event of war, he replied "War may never happen"—and within an infinitesimal space of time this country was on the very brink of war. It is just this happy-go-lucky, it-may-never-happen attitude that has brought English agriculture to its present pathetic condition.

I suppose we all learnt something from the crisis. On some aspects of national preparedness we learnt a great deal. We have also learnt—though the matter has not received much publicity—that the English agricultural industry is indispensable to the life of this country. A very great deal has to be done before English agriculture is on even a fairly good peace footing. Much has been done in the way of boards, and marketing schemes and so forth. But these are only palliatives. The cure has not been attempted. The labourer must be brought back to the land, and the land must be tended. You cannot work land without labour. B. V-F.

A FOX LEAVING COVERT, AFTER THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS HAD MET AT HANWELL, AND WONDERING WHETHER TO RISK THE FOOT BATTERY

ALL INSIDE SEVEN DAYS

A Diverse Autumnal Sporting Tour

IT can fall to few people to hunt, in the course of their work, fox, otter and hare, all in one week, and to see a stag in the country where they are hunted. Such, however, was my experience not so very long ago, and an account of it may amuse you.

The week started from Barcombe Mills with the Crowhurst Otter Hounds, and it started well. Drawing upstream above the mill pool, which, by the way, holds some very big sea trout, hounds soon hit a fresh drag, and hunted it beautifully and with a great cry past Isfield, carrying it across to a side-stream, and then back again to the main river. This was really first-class hound work to watch, and at times they were racing. Eventually, Lawyer found his otter some distance above Isfield in a very difficult and bad-scenting stretch of water. They could hardly swim him a yard and were very soon beaten. But the drag had made the day most enjoyable.

Sunday passed in replete contemplation; and on Monday morning, Mr. Peter Wood, who has this season joined Colonel Alexander in the Mastership of the Exmoor foxhounds, very kindly asked me if I would motor down to the west country with him, and have a day's cubhunting with the bitch pack, which he hunts, and perhaps see something else besides.

Tuesday morning was wet, with scuds of rain driving over the hills; but the ride on by Oare water, and so over the head of the watershed, and on to Lucott Farm, was as beautiful as anything I have ever seen. As each curtain of rain lifted, everything seemed to glow with renewed life and colour, and some sleepy campers ran out to see the hounds go by. Hounds meet late for cubhunting in these parts; people like to get out from long distances, and there is always the chance of a gallop since you cannot possibly hold up cubs in the big bracken-covered moor coombes or lower down in the hanging coverts, and these cubs are distinctly enterprising.

However, to resume our day's hunting. I had been accommodated with a steady grey steed, and one suited to the country and the work in hand; and one, also, who knew the moor and the dangers thereof like the frog of her hoof; a very safe pleasant, comfortable ride.

Hounds drew several places blank, and eventually found in a steep gorse-covered coombe-side, right up in the moor. And what gorse it was; chest-high in some places and practically impenetrable. Mr. Wood, who was drawing it on foot, went in fearlessly, but he must have felt as if he was battling for his life with hundreds of hedgehogs. However, I do not think he feels much when a fox is on foot.

Unfortunately, several hounds had slipped in by themselves, and leaving at the lip of the top-end, they ran very fast in a smallish circle over the open and brought him back, right-handed, into a tributary coombe. If only a fair body of hounds had got away with them, I think this little burst would have done a lot towards killing him, but what with thick gorse, thick bracken and the queer acoustics of these coombes, it is very difficult for hounds, as well as humans, to hear their companions. But these hounds certainly can travel, and they are really good hunters and wide drawers (which they must be to achieve success here). I notice one thing, that they spread a draw much better *uphill* from their huntsman than *downhill*, and I should be interested to know why.

There was a little misunderstanding after they had brought their cub back to the coombe, so that several minutes were lost before they hit him off again. Then they hunted very prettily indeed down to the bottom of the coombe, where, although they tried their best, he beat them. So home, with the sight of the Bristol Channel shimmering across to Wales, as a liqueur to the morning.

Next day, I had the pleasure of meeting Colonel and Mrs. Alexander (Colonel Alexander hunts the doghounds) and of looking at some of the bitches. They are a smallish, light type, but one which I personally like very much. Bone has always seemed to me to be a matter of proportion; if you have enough bone to carry the body above and stand fair wear and tear, it seems unnecessary to have a surplus. I wonder how often, when people say certain hounds lack bone, whether they mean there is not symmetry of legs in proportion to top and body, *or* that they prefer bigger bodied hounds and that if the hounds they are looking at *were* bigger bodied, they would be light of bone? If there is symmetry, size, surely (within reasonable limits, of course), is not of paramount importance.

Most of these hounds have symmetry, very good backs and good length to the hock. There is nothing heavy or clumsy about them; there is nothing "*baronial*" about them, if you know what I mean, and they have a varminty fox-catching look. Of them I liked best Dainty, Darter and Duster ('37), by Dartmoor Denmark ('33) ex Garnet ('33), and Rattle and Ringlet ('37), by Ragman ('32) ex Gossamer ('34); but there are six or seven couple of those bitches which any young Master should be proud to have in his kennel. They can *go*; that is the point. Victor Martin's kennel discipline is excellent, and there are an unusually good lot of draft hounds from the Warwickshire, who should be a very useful incorporation.

After seeing the hounds, we went over to luncheon nearby, and I had the pleasure of seeing some amateur horse-coping tried out upon the guileless young M.F.H. But nothing came of it; the coping was excellently done, but the horse wouldn't play up, or perhaps one should say, *would* play up.

Next morning, it was a matter of rising early and motoring over to near Tiverton, where Mr. Gerald Heathcote Amory, who has just taken on the Christ Church, was meeting at 7.30 o'clock at Crazelowman, in an endeavour to embarrass a local hare. This he succeeded in doing after a very pleasant hunt. I *do* like the way these hounds hunt; they waste no time, but it is not loose flashiness, since they keep a very good lateral line and turn with their hare. They have a good cry, and run up well together and, most important, they are not sluggish of brain, but very alert and very quick on a hare; in fact, they are good killers as well as good hunters, a fine but major distinction.

If I may say so, I thought Mr. Heathcote Amory hunted hounds well, and he blows his horn musically, which is always a pleasant adjunct. My host, who had been Master of these beagles, showed that he had not been drowned in seas of foxhunting and came up for the second time at the critical moment. So home; and everyone pleased with the way hounds had hunted, and with the eventual outcome. After a very good breakfast, not so good golf, and a very good luncheon, an expedition was made to see the Tiverton Foxhounds and the Christ Church Beagles in kennel, for the beagles were temporarily next door to the foxhounds during their stay in Devon.

The Tiverton are, in my opinion, remarkable for the fact that the dogs have more quality than the bitches, which is very unusual. As you know, they are a famous pack in their work, and as I have very little space to spare, I will just remark on one or two hounds, though I took an interest in all of them. Of the bitches I liked Rakish ('35) best, by Vagrant ('31) ex Ransome ('32). "A very nice, active, small hound; just the type I like. Look into this sort carefully, and you will see that it is all there, though not *displayed* so much as in the heavier sorts." Of the dogs, Boundelay ('36), by S. and W. Wilts Roundelay ('31) ex Suitable ('32), is "a hard-looking dog, short coupled, with great length to the hock, and full of quality."

Pedlar ('37), by Pedlar ('29) ex Norah ('31), "should turn into something good; a nice free shoulder"; and Lictor ('37), by S. and W. Wilts Latimer ('32) ex Radiant ('34), "is like an Alken print; a really first-class hound; beautiful

balance and activity, quality, and can go like the wind, I expect."

The beagles are a very quality, level lot, and I like Pagan better than ever. Pagan is by Major Birkbeck's Finder ('31) ex Pansy ('34). Pleasant, by the same sire out of the same dam, is a very strong bitch; perhaps a trifle short in the neck, but a good mover. Croft Foreman ('36), by Major Birkbeck's Finder ex New College Countess ('30), has, I thought, "a better front than Pagan, but not such a good middle piece."

Hector ('31), by New Forest Harbourer ('25) ex Marigold ('27), is "a nice quality dog, with scope." Of Harbourer ('37), by Hector ('31) ex Rapid ('32), I said, "a very nice dog, but, on second thoughts, perhaps a trifle bosomy." I must say that I thought this pack of beagles displayed the most remarkable *quality* all through.

Next day my host's pack were meeting at Malmsmead, near our comfortable quarters at Oareneaad, and we were lucky enough to have a very pleasant hunt indeed, my trusty grey friend again being requisitioned. The big wood, steep, thick and not too good to get about in, was first drawn, and after bustling round there for a time, news came that a fox had left at the top by the moor. Hounds could just own his line, and hunted on slowly above the headwaters of Badgeworthy, and down to the coombe near its top. I had the honour during the day to be appointed a kind of minister without portfolio in the whipping-in line, and was lucky enough while galloping on, to see a large stag cross the coombe, and gallop away, with that rocking-horse motion, over the skyline.

THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNTSMAN, GILLSON, GALLOPING DOWN A COVERTSIDE

THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS TURN BACK WITH THEIR CUB AFTER MEETING AT HANWELL

A GRAFTON "BELLE DAME SANS MERCI"
Stately, prize-winning bitch at the Grafton puppy show, with two companions, after hounds had met at Paulersbury, near Towcester

Hounds either fresh found, or found, a fox here, and getting well away with him, ran very hard in a small circle, then back up the coombe, and crossing it, went along the opposite slope; I was on the near side, and it was a beautiful sight to see them, hovering and driving along over the purple heather. You could see every movement, as the slope was like the side of a house, and it was as if you were flying along above hounds in a horse-aeroplane. Eventually they turned from me, but, after running through a small bit of in-country, swung back again over the moor, with their fox almost beaten, and a short distance in front.

From this point scent got worse and although hounds and huntsman tried well, and it was pretty to watch, they had eventually to own defeat in the original covert. Considering that at that time Mr. Wood had only hunted these hounds twice, they worked exceedingly well for him, and I hear that since then he has been killing foxes regularly, and that takes a little doing in this rough, but thoroughly enjoyable and beautiful country.

So home, and I should like to thank all my kind hosts and hostesses for a care-free and kaleidoscopic week.

A. H. V. L.

DEVON AND SOMERSET SPORT

And the Last of the Cubhunting

SCENE OUTSIDE HAGLEY WOOD
Bob Pooler, the Albrighton Woodland huntsman, cheers his hounds into cover

DRAWING Burrow Wood from the meet at Tarr Steps, the tufters soon had a warrantable stag on the move, and ran him through the Punchbowl and on to Riscombe. Here he doubled and went back into the Punchbowl and down through Withycombe and almost into Winsford Village. Crossing to the Exe just above the village hounds turned up towards Nurcott and then came back to the Exe by Larcombe Foot. Here the stag turned up right-handed again, making a prodigious leap over the wire on the high bank off the road below Tarr Cottage.

Hounds then hunted very prettily through the fields parallel with the Winsford—Exford Road and turned up right-handed by Pinn Quarry as if to make for Dunkery. Here, however, the stag had turned again and run through Foxcombe, and on through the fields to Exford Rectory, where the leading hounds were held up.

Let go again, hounds ran across the road again and up to the bottom almost to Combe Farm, where they turned again and ran past the Quarme Kennels and across Truncombe to the Mill Lane Cottages, whence they turned down to the Exe again below Downscombe. Here the stag had taken a short turn up the Alcombe water, but had returned to the Exe and followed it up past Riscombe and Western Mill, and on to the bottom of Orchard Combe.

There was some very pretty hunting up the water, only the old hounds being able to own the line here and there. This doubling stag had gone up Ranscombe for some distance before turning left-handed through the fields under Warren Allotment and back to the Exe again.

Hunting upstream, hounds came up to their stag below Warren Bridge, and from here raced him up the Exe to Raven's Nest, below which he was taken, after an exceptionally interesting hunt with a point of nearly nine miles. PINKERY POND.

THE PYTCHLEY'S PROMISING ENTRY

OWING to the lamented death of Sir Charles Frederick, hunting has been overshadowed and curtailed this week. Hounds met at Badby House on Wednesday, the 26th, but except for making a fox to ground in one of the Staverton coverts and scoring a hunt of all too short duration from Badby Wood, little was accomplished. This was the first occasion since August 26th, on which hounds had failed to kill a fox.

After the useful scents which have been such a welcome feature of this excellent cubhunting season, it is curious to see the bad effect on scent of a cold north wind. On Thursday, from the River Avensthorpe, conditions were the same—a thin scent after a few degrees of frost over-night. A circular hunt of some 35 minutes was much enjoyed from a kale field near the place of meeting. The mixed pack made the best of what scent there was, and drove hard for a few fields on the homeward journey, but had to own defeat on badly foiled ground at length. The day was not without profit, as a fox was killed just outside Ravensthorpe Gorse, and the cubs in the Bryants and Guilsborough Gorses received a lesson which will be beneficial, no doubt.

On Friday, at Waterloo Gorse, there seemed a rare scent inside, and after 30 minutes, with a good cry, a cub was killed. He had every chance to take to the open, but it seemed hounds were always too close to him to allow of that. Another cub was killed after he, too, had ample chance to escape in the Oxendon Strips before a good litter in Mr. Marks's spinney were dispersed.

Hounds raced round Rabbit Hills and Sunderland Wood, thence ran really fast past Harrington. On the ironstone land beyond this village they were run out of scent, with the old workings and Rothwell Wood just ahead. More rain is badly wanted, for as yet the going, so much better than for some years past, is on the firm side.

The country, owing to lack of moisture in the spring, is pleasantly "unblind"; in fact, the ditches are mostly visible enough. Although records and numbers are well known to be of little, if any, use, to sport of any kind owing to the prolific fox supply and other factors, these hounds have killed a far greater number than for many seasons. They will begin the season full of confidence with an entry of great promise, riper in experience than usual, as may be observed from the way in which they fly to the horn and swing with their elders when at fault. EMERITUS.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S SUCCESSFUL CUBHUNTING

EVERYTHING seems set for a first-rate season. Weather conditions have been almost ideal for cubhunting—plenty of moisture being vital for scent in this part of the world—so that with favourable going for horses and hounds the new huntsman, F. Hollands, has had a very promising start. He is proving himself excellent in kennels—where half the foxes in a season are killed; he is quick and keen, and appears to have that enviable gift—an eye for a strange country—which is invaluable in this far-flung country, with its variety of obstacles and conditions.

The season's cubhunting has reduced the foxes by the record total of 140 brace, but there are more than enough left everywhere. Hounds look exceptionally fit, and the young entry of all three packs are well up to the usual standard in work and appearance—more need not be said.

The last week's cubhunting, as always in this country, has provided excellent sport and good fun for everyone, though at times a fast 20 minutes in St. Luke's sun made even rat-catchers seem exceedingly warm.

On Monday the dog hounds met at Hinnegar Lodge in honour of the eighth birthday of Sir James Scott-Douglas, the son of Lady Blanche Douglas, resulting in a busy morning in and around Bull Park and a nice little hunt at the finish from Luckley Brake towards Luckington, hounds killing their cub in the open.

Hollands again put in some execution on Tuesday from Cherrington around the unpopular Gatcombe, and on Wednesday the Duke had a pleasant morning from Codrington at the Gorse, concluding with a very nice hunt across the Vale by Doynton to the Rocks. Saturday produced a lot of galloping and jumping over some puzzling country, foxes running new and unexpected lines and appearing in every rough field. The fences around Pigg Lane proved very hairy, so that even the Field Master, Captain F. Spicer, who is always "invariably there," was at times missing.

Hounds divided near Bradfield Wood, after finding in Captain Melville's new spinney, the lot that the Duke was with running very fast indeed over the brook by Westfield Park and on, parallel to the Chippenham Road as far as the new aerodrome, where their fox was viewed into Stockwood. Little more could then be done, the whipper-in reporting six foxes away and hounds hunting a leash inside! Later, two brace of Mr. Smith's litter were killed, and there was another little hunt by the polo ground towards Baker's Gorse, where hounds again divided.

The opening meet is on Monday, at Lyneham Green. FIELD FARE.

BELVOIR PRELIMINARIES AND PROSPECTS

WHAT a lovely feeling it is to be on the brink of another hunting season! The fact that, scarcely a month ago, any such diversion seemed unlikely (to put it mildly) makes one's hopeful expectations all the greater. Happily for us, the Mastership remains in the joint hands of Colonel Colman, commander-in-chief on Tuesdays and Fridays, and Lord Daresbury, who as Mr. Greenall has proved himself more than equal to controlling the Wednesday and Saturday traffic. No mean task. The recent death of his father is much regretted by those who had the privilege of enjoying Sir Gilbert Greenall's friendship or acquaintance during his long Belvoir Mastership from 1896 to 1912.

Needless to say, George Tongue has got his hounds in the pink of condition, and the zeal with which both packs have been cubhunting is a delight to the ear and eye; for the quick, brave and lucky, there have been numerous diverting sorties over the grass in Leicestershire to whet the appetite. In one notable week, the Wednesday field was treated to as good a day of galloping and jumping as could be wished for at any time of the year, and what bliss it is to have only a handful of friends with whom to share such hunting, before the locust-like crowd of "pink coat" time descends!

The following Saturday Holwell Mouth was on the menu; 9 a.m. is a most reasonable time to meet and there was no excuse for late arrivals. Still, many is the dull and chilly hour that has been spent on its bleak slopes, so it was hardly surprising that the majority of the field turned up at the rendezvous nearer ten than nine. Judge of the dismay on hearing that hounds had got on to an old fox immediately, and were away into the vale with only half a dozen people to cheer them on and subsequently to gloat. A pause on Slyborough Hill allowed a few more feverish followers to get within hail, but they never really caught up and were condemned to the tantalising state of seeing the backs of the leaders bobbing relentlessly on, always three fences in front, whilst the pack poured past Long Clawson Village, on to Hose and back again towards Sherbrookes.

The feelings of those on the hill who never got started at all may best be imagined. They heard later of the ravishing going, the seductive little cut-and-laid fences which embellished the hunt and all the maddening delights which are inevitably described on such occasions. To fill the cup of bitterness even fuller, they were then treated to an arid interlude at Old Hills. This decided many on home and lunch, thereby missing another good hunt from Clawson Thorns in the afternoon! There is an obvious moral to this story.

The Lincolnshire side, too, has had its share of the fun. The heath country round Ancaster on either side of the High Dyke is notorious for its miserable scenting qualities. Yet this year hounds have been able to run well over it on more than one occasion. The latest feat was a five-mile point, scored after meeting at Sapperton. This hunt had another unusual feature, that of starting from Ropsley Rise without the endless delay and difficulty which so large a wood often occasions. In went the hounds, out popped the fox, and off they all streamed at best speed past Abney Wood to Welby. Up to here the small, ditchless fences hardly count as impediments, but later when the wall country was reached, hounds got the better of the horses and these were quite ready to rest and be thankful by the time Syston came in view. Next day at Redmile scent was not so obliging, but enough jumping exercise was available to put one in trim for the season's debut, after the best cubhunting in recent years. UNBRIDLED.

NINETY MINUTES WITH THE QUORN

BY gad! the end of September looked black for foxhunting, and now, by the grace of God, we are once more all agog for Monday, when, if Sir Harold Nutting has not altered his plans by the time these lines appear in print, we shall once more assemble at dear old Kirby Gate. Like the writer, many, I feel sure, would be interested to know how many times these hounds have met at this famous fixture. As I have already written, the exact number I am not certain about, but we do know it was customary to open the seasons either at Kirby or Brooksby away back prior to 1830, and that's going back a bit.

Is it too much to hope for another magnificent season such as last? At any rate, if the cubs in Gartree Hill (and take it from me there are some) can claim parentage from that gallant and stout old fox found at this same little covert on March 11th last and killed close to his home after 1 hour and 45 minutes of the very best, there is going to be more fun in the future. The great sportsmanship and love of hunting of the occupiers of the land is again in evidence as one casts his eye over the beautifully green enclosures surrounded by those dark old fences of nearly every description, and free from wire. Yes, free from wire, excepting, of course, just those few places that are either unjumpable or bordering somebody's kitchen garden.

There is a good supply of foxes everywhere, although litters were smaller than last year, hounds having killed foxes most mornings. Although scenting conditions have been none too good on the whole, it has been a good cubbing season. I think the two outstanding mornings must go to Quenby and Langby New Wood, as at both places there was a tremendous good show of foxes.

On the occasion when they met at Mr. Burton's farm at Kirby they roused a good litter in this good sportsman's kale field, hounds thinning them out by one. Going on the same morning they next found an old dog fox in Sanham House gardens, and a real good 'un he proved, standing up in front of hounds for 90 minutes over the Gaddesby, Semham and Thorpe Satchville country before they finally pulled him down in the open one field short of Salters Hill.

Another nice hunt of a fortnight ago lasted 35 minutes over the Hoby Vale before hounds were stopped in Ragdale Wood when fresh foxes were encountered. Going back to the day from Mr. Burton's farm, a very extraordinary thing happened which I feel well worth mention. The whole day through hounds neither drew nor entered a covert of any description. I cannot remember this happening before in this country—five hours' hunting and never entered a covert.

Before I wind up these notes I should like to mention how pleased both Sir Harold Nutting and George are with the eighteen couple of young hounds; all have entered well and are doing as well in the open as in covert. Here's to another great season. SCARLET RUNNER.

before we were able to force a fox out, which ran through the Lovers' Walk, through Launde Park Wood into Launde Big Wood, where I think our fox got to ground. Cheseldyne Spinney did not respond, and as it was getting late only a small part of the field went on to see Orton Park Wood drawn; they were well rewarded with a very brilliant gallop.

Our fox slipped away before hounds had found him, and we were soon racing over a big line towards Knossington. Holding hounds round the spinney, and not hitting off his fox, Mr. Hilton-Green threw hounds in, and out went our fox, and hounds on good terms at once started to run very hard, and with Owston Village on our left and Newbold on the right we pointed towards Marefield. Then turning right, and leaving Hames Gorse on the right, we climbed the hill towards Burrough Manor. Horses were now showing visible signs of distress as the pace had been fast and the obstacles large. However, we pegged on behind the flying pack, and leaving Mrs. Coates's house on our right crossed the site of the old Roman Camp and finally lost our fox just short of the Punch Bowl after a really brilliant gallop of 47 minutes and a five-mile point.

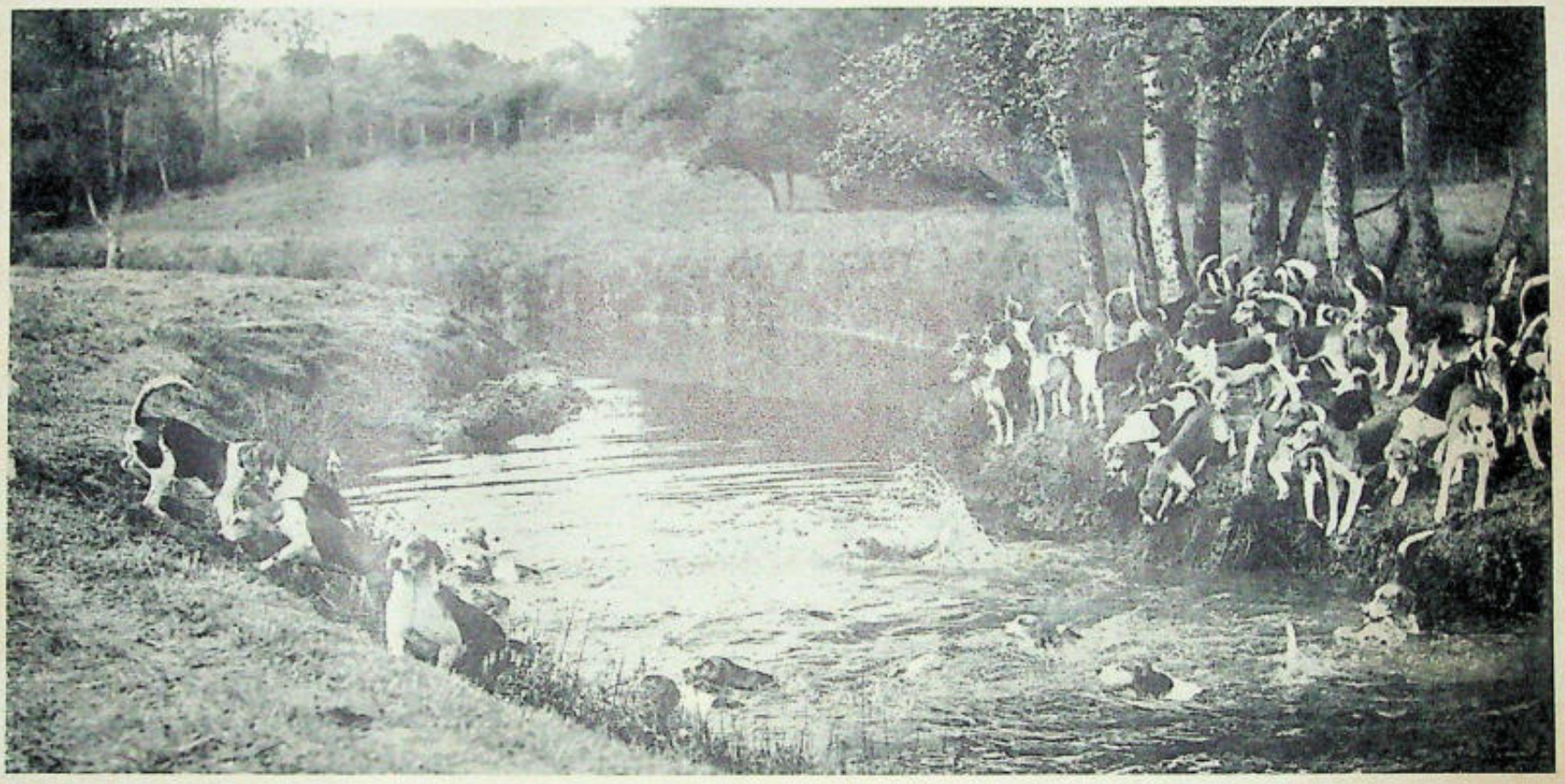
I regret to say Mrs. Henry Tate, one of our keenest and best, had a nasty fall near Knossington, dislocating a collar bone. We all wish her a speedy recovery. FOXY.

in 1913, he resigned, and served all through the Great War with the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, being rewarded with the O.B.E. (military).

On his return from France he consented to undertake the Mastership of the Pytchley, a most onerous task, and at such a time an exceedingly unenviable one, under exceptionally difficult circumstances. We had all returned with our nerves on edge, expecting to find things just as they were when we had bid Lord Annaly farewell in the glorious spring of 1914.

We did not realise that the country had been almost derelict for five years, in spite of the heroic labours of Lady Lowther and Colonel Faber, that horses fit to carry hunt servants over the country were not to be had for love or money, that more than half the coverts required replanting and the pack doubling in numbers.

For two seasons, ably assisted by his wife, Sir Charles fearlessly faced and overcame these endless difficulties, but the expense was crushing, wages (twice pre-War), hay £14 a ton, and oats 70/- a quarter. A hunt servant's kit cost as much then as a Guards officer's! When it was known he was resigning, a monster petition from the farmers was



THE SURREY UNION HOUNDS CROSSING A STREAM WHILST OUT CUBHUNTING

A COTTESMORE DIARY

FOLLOWING our great hunt from Little Dalby on October 15th, the next week-end gave us two extraordinarily good days' sport—days that those who were lucky enough to participate in will remember for a long time; they will be hard to beat in the regular season, now almost at hand. Both these days took place under the same conditions, viz., a bright and very hot sun and the going underfoot very much on the hard side; still, hounds could run, and run fast.

From our fixture at Cottesmore on the 21st we drew Barrow Thorns, where there were several foxes, and getting away at once with one we ran through the adjoining gorse and parallel with the Ashwell Road for a few fields before turning right-handed across the vale, and hounds running very fast finally lost their fox near Teigh after a real good 20 minutes over a delightful line of country.

Calling on Barrow Thorns again we ran practically straight to Woodwell Head, and pushing our fox out of this covert ran back almost to Barrow Thorns, where scent failed. After killing a fox in a kale field near by we found a very stout-hearted fox in a root field below Cottesmore Gorse, and a really great hunt began. Crossing the Ashwell Road, we turned left-handed at Colonel Blair's house, ran on past Chapel Farm, Watkins Gorse, Rattling Jack Spinney and into Cottesmore Wood.

With no delay here we skirted Exton Park, crossed the Great North Road and ran straight through Osbonall, Woolfox and Clipsham Park Wood and finally lost our fox just short of Castle Bytham Village after a great fox hunt, the point being over eight-and-a-half miles almost straight and over a most unusual line.

On Saturday, the 22nd, from Whadborough Cross Roads, we spent a long time in Big Owston Wood

"JACK SPRAGGON" AN APPRECIATION

Gone, he has left us for a far-off Country, a distant bourne,
And through Northampton's Shire, Castle and Cottage his loss will mourn;
Never again when note of hound is ringing the covert through
His silver horn the slumbering echoes shall wake round Waterloo.

THOUSANDS of readers will pick up their *Field* and turn in vain to find that well-known signature. They will feel a personal loss, though they may not even know the man hidden behind this familiar name who, until recently, each week since the days of Brooksby, has related the doings of the Pytchley. When a correspondent of over twenty years drops out, his loss is felt far beyond his own immediate circle of friends.

"Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" said Solomon, for he knew that no man can hide his personality once he has taken to ink. Lacking perhaps the sparkle of Brooksby, Spraggon's articles were as sound port to Brooksby's champagne. Behind them one realised a kindly man, dyed in the wool with hunting lore, who rode to hunt, not hunted to ride, who loved a hunt, a hound and his fellow men. His style was scholarly more than racy, sparsely flavoured with dry humour, but never an unkind hint or innuendo.

One would guess a genial squire of the old school, and would guess right, for Spraggon hid Sir Charles Frederick, sometime Master of the Pytchley Hounds. He was born in 1876, and was educated at Eton, becoming Secretary to the Pytchley in 1908. On succeeding his father as eighth baronet

got up, many saying they would take their wire down for no one else.

As he said himself, he had ridden too many bad horses in his youth to be ever able to take his own line across the Pytchley country, but he was always there or thereabouts, always on good terms with his horse. All said and done, I doubt if a better all round sportsman, foxhunter, fisherman, shot, will ever again grace this county. If so, may I have the honour to call him my friend.

When the great book is opened, it will not be what one has done or said that will count, but what one was. Freddy, as he was called by his innumerable friends, was sound, the man who pushed the stuck wagon from behind, rather than he who gave directions from the bank. He preferred the thankless position of treasurer of the Conservative Association to that of president. He took on himself all the dull burdens of country life. He was High Sheriff, Justice of the Peace, and sat on endless dull committees, contributing sound common sense, without frills or froth.

On him fell the editing of the *History of the Althorp and Pytchley Hunt*, begun years before by the late Reginald Loder, but after two years' work on it, he found it too great a task in his failing health and handed all his work over to another, without any thought of recompense or even acknowledgement for all his labours. He will ever be remembered as the editor of the Lonsdale Library volume on *Hunting*.

He was fortunate in his married life, for he had a partner who shared in his joys and sorrows, and to whom all our sympathy goes out. The Pytchley have lost one of the fast-thinning band of pre-War Knights of the White Collar, one we can ill afford to lose, the world of sport a delightful hunting correspondent, and England a great gentleman.

GUY PAGET.

FRANCE LANDS THE OTHER LEG

Contrevent's Victory in the Cesarewitch

ANOTHER French-bred and French-owned horse has won another important handicap in this country, Contrevent winning the Cesarewitch by a length and a half from Dubonnet, who was the same distance in front of Fet. Black Speck was fourth and Earthstopper fifth. Clout, who is English born but has been in France for many years, trained the winner, which was ridden by Tucker, who was born in Birmingham but has ridden for several years in France, where he was apprenticed to Clout for whom he still rides. This was only his second ride in this country, his other having been in the Cambridgeshire. That is all very interesting and does not sound very thrilling, but it really was, for as soon as the race was over lots of silly little men and women started running around at Newmarket and alleging that the handicapper should be certified at once for having given the three-year-old colt by Deiri out of Persian Princess bottom weight. They were also alleging that our breeders knew nothing about breeding. A number of these funny little men and women assailed me and stated that if I were half the man, or woman, that they were I would flay the handicapper with my pen or typewriter.

I have no intention of flaying poor Mr. Fawcett, although before now he has made an attempt to flay me, and quite rightly so, as I had made a serious allegation against him, which was not even founded on fact. It is true that Contrevent carried bottom weight, but he was not the only French horse in the race, and Mr. Fawcett most certainly consulted the leading French handicapper and acted on his advice. No other French candidate was placed. The truth is that Contrevent, like many another three-year-old at this part of the season, has made a lot more than normal improvement since the weights for the Cesarewitch were made known. He had won a long distance race in the summer, and another one after the handicap was made.

I am in complete agreement with Mr. Standring, who writes so entertainingly on Newmarket matters and racing generally, and consider that the handicap should be left until after the Doncaster St. Leger meeting instead of being published the week before. In any case, if Contrevent had not run would anyone have been alleging that the handicapper had given Dubonnet too little weight? Contrevent won because he had a few pounds too little and because he is a very genuine stayer. Like many other good winners of recent years he is not in our Stud Book, having an American ancestor named Aethelstan, who is not eligible. Apart from that the pedigree of this winning three-year-old is an excellent one and full to the top with staying blood, among the ancestors being two winners of the Cesarewitch.

Old Fet ran gallantly and finished third. Black Speck was equal favourite with Solonaise, and after the race excuses were made for each of them. To Carslake's absolute amazement Black Speck, instead of leaving the gate in the usual manner, trotted out with him and lost some fifteen lengths. He then half galloped a rood, with the result that he was lengths and lengths behind the leaders when the Across the Flat was reached. By the time that the Bushes had been reached Black Speck was close enough to the leaders, but he had lost too much energy making up the lost ground to have any chance and was not ridden all out. He might win at Liverpool next week.

As the tapes went up Solonaise threw up her head and got Lacey one full on the nose, which did not help that good little rider at all. Still, Solonaise was leading coming to the Bushes, but was then beaten, in my opinion, for want of finishing speed. She stays for ever, but is slow. Griggs on Snipe Wood rode well, but it is only natural that these little boys cannot ride this severe two-and-a-quarter miles as well as the older men, and I have seen a number of them come in dead beat after riding in this race.

All the season there has been a controversy going on among people who race seriously as to whether the three-year-old colts or fillies were the better. I have always had the opinion that the best three-year-old in the country this year was Rockfel, by Felstead out of Rockcliffe. She was a most unlucky loser of the Free Handicap, in which she finished third, and she was beaten at Ascot carrying a hunting burden and not being physically at her best. Those are the only two races that she has lost this season. She won the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks in faster times than Pasch and Bois Roussel won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, and it is to be noted that the conditions were almost exactly the same for the two sets of races.

Rockfel, unfortunately, was not entered for the St. Leger, but after that race and the Park Hill Stakes had been run at Doncaster the times again suggested that the fillies were better than the colts. Still, I was in a minority. At last Rockfel and Pasch have met. They raced against each other and others in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket. The distance was a mile and a quarter, "Across the Flat." The Pasch camp would not hear of the colt being beaten and acted like men, with the result that Pasch started at evens and Rockfel, to the delight of her staunch friends, at 2 to 1, surprisingly good odds in their opinion, but ridiculously cramped in the eyes of the other camp, they thinking that Rockfel had no chance at all. Poor folk and deserving of sympathy. Rockfel made every yard of the running and won by five lengths without being asked a serious question, and Pasch was second, four lengths in front of a nice French colt named L'Oragan III, who has since been bought by Mr. Whitelaw. Richards, who rode Pasch, stated after the race that Rockfel had him beaten from the time that the tapes went up and that there was nothing wrong with his mount. Fred Darling had nothing to say except to admit that his colt was a really good one, but that the filly was much better.

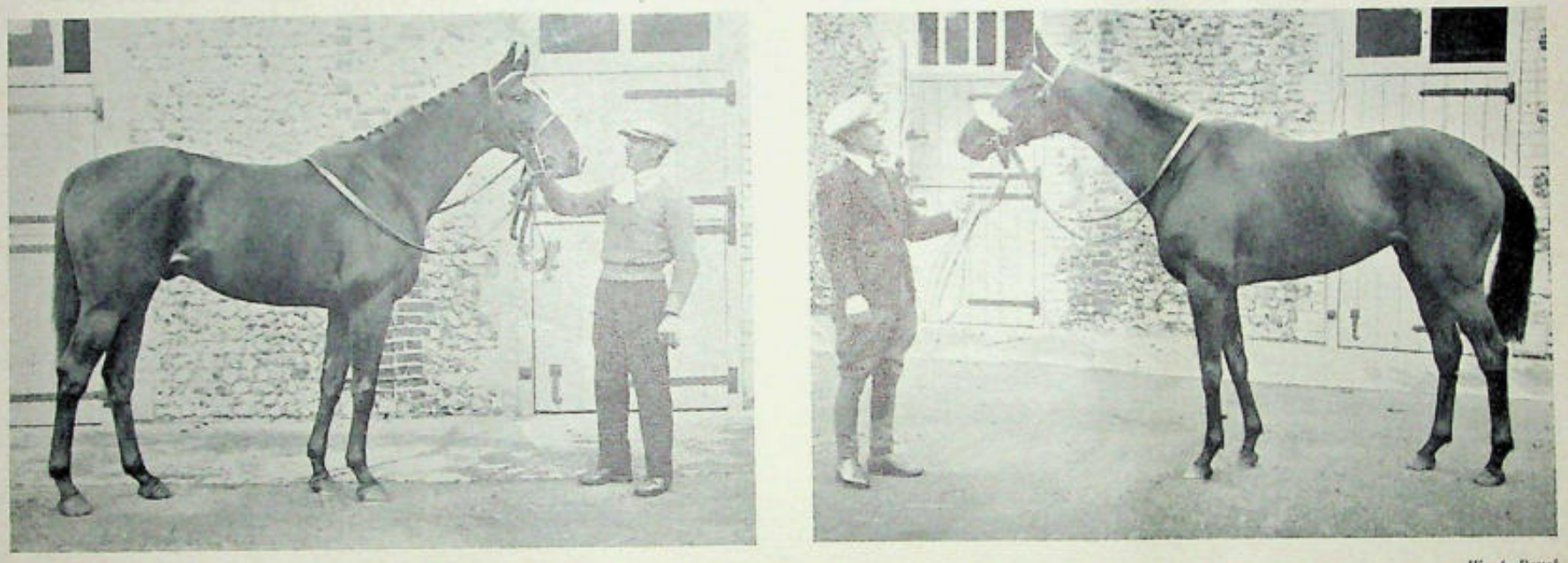
Experienced trainers and breeders who have been racing for years stated that in their opinion Rockfel was as good a filly as ever they had seen and worthy to be considered a real champion. Her head and neck do not give pleasure to everyone, but her quarters are magnificent and her action is real poetry. Pasch does not run again, having been taken out of training to be sent to the stud. Rockfel remains in training for another year and if all goes well with her, and I pray that it does, will run for such races as the Coronation Cup and the Gold Cup next year. She seems to be certain to beat those of her own age, but many people seem to be forgetting that Chulmleigh is to remain in training as well. He won last year's St. Leger, but could not be seriously trained during the hard summer. I saw him at Newmarket last week, and he looks a most handsome colt. He could make rings round such as Buckleigh and Marcus Superbus early in the season when he was only half trained; still, good colt as he undoubtedly is, I cannot think that he will beat Rockfel with the filly at her best. Her owner, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, has had many good horses, including Felstead, who won the Derby for him, but he can never have been so pleased with any of his horses as he was with this filly whom he watched win at Newmarket.

It seems that it was only the other day that we set out for Lincoln for the first week of a new season, and now the season under Jockey Club Rules has only three weeks to run and they may be interfered with by rain, frost and fog, separately or all together. The three good meetings left are Liverpool, four days next week, Derby, three days the week after, and then Manchester, also three days, with the Manchester November Handicap on the last day of the season. The best of these three meetings should be Liverpool with its important steeplechases and its flat races.

While writing about fixtures it seems to have escaped general notice that the season for 1940 under Jockey Club Rules will be started at Kempton Park on Easter Monday, which comes towards the end of March. Such a thing has happened once before in my racing career, in 1913.

Writing last week in these notes I called attention to the great and almost insurmountable difficulty in forecasting the racing value of a yearling. I mentioned in this connection two two-year-olds who have been winning races this season, Bridge of Sighs and Skylarking, each of whom had just won races on the same afternoon at Newbury. I pointed out that they were bred by Mrs. Corbett and given to her son, who owns them now, when they were yearlings as Mrs. Corbett thought so little of them. I have now learned from Mr. Corbett that this is not quite correct. His mother sent them into training, and after the trainer had had them for some months he came to the conclusion that neither was worth keeping. Mrs. Corbett, who did not want them to go just anywhere, offered them to her son and each has won races in good company.

GNOSTIC.



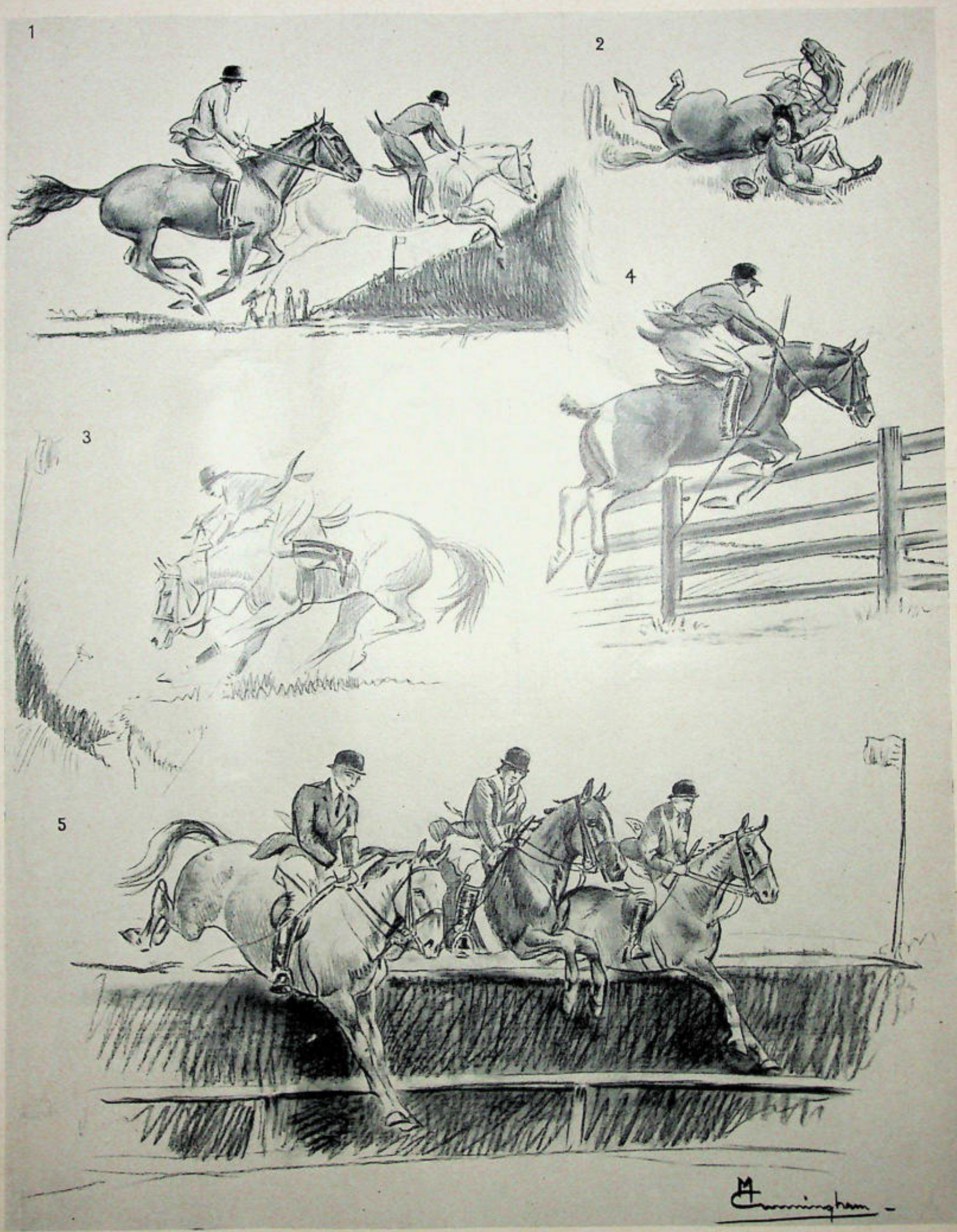
W. A. Rouch

A GREAT FRENCH AUTUMN DOUBLE

Left : Contrevent, winner of the Cesarewitch and, right, Helleniqua, winner of the Cambridgeshire

"SAFETY FIRST" SCHOLARSHIPS.—A travelling scholarship to the value of £100 is offered by the National "Safety First" Association to the writer of the best essay on "The Prevention of Accidents Among Young People." The scholarship has been provided by the generosity of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., and is designed to promote the study of accident prevention. The scholarship fund will be expended on a visit to the United States or Canada, or both, during the summer of 1939. The successful candidate will be required to submit a report on return, and if this report satisfies the examiners, a further monetary award, not exceeding 20 guineas, might be given. Entrants must be between the ages of 18 and 25 and must be students. The closing date for receipt of entries will be March 1st, 1939, and entry forms and all additional particulars may be had on application to the General Secretary, National "Safety First" Association, 52, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W. 1.

LORD LECONFIELD'S HUNTER TRIALS



MISS MARGARET CUNNINGHAM'S IMPRESSIONS OF HORSES AND RIDERS AT LEE PLACE, WISBOROUGH GREEN

1. Miss K. Hole (left), a well-known follower of the Southdown, on her bay gelding Nickie in Class F of the Farmers'. 2. A chesnut gelding falls at the Ditch, with his feet caught in the brush fence. It took some minutes to extricate him, but he was unhurt. 3. The Open Ditch, where most of the trouble occurred; the bright sunshine cast a strong shadow on the take-off side. 4. Pinto, a skewbald cob, ridden by Miss Faulkner, competing in the class for members of Lord Leconfield's Hunt. 5. A Hunt team representing Lord Leconfield's. This year the team including Mrs. Lund, Miss T. Wyatt and Miss D. Oyley-Mann, was mounted on three hunters (a grey, a bay and a chesnut) owned by Mr. E. G. MacAndrew, of Pallinghurst.

"IN BROKEN HILLY COUNTRY THERE IS NOT THE SAME DIFFICULTY IN GETTING PHEASANTS TO RISE"

ON SHOWING PHEASANTS

An Ever-changing Problem

WHEN Darwin observed that many mental faculties, of which men claim monopoly, are really shared by birds, he may have had in mind a large cock pheasant in a large wood. For one might even say, without Darwinian acumen, that where there are a lot of large cock pheasants, and where the large wood runs up to a hilltop, they will generally show a good deal more intelligence than the average crowd of yokels, whose job it is to shift them. Though one may also grant that, if in the process their flying powers are to be fully tested, no little strategy is called for.

I think it is in the memoirs of her husband's Viceroyalty that the late Lady Dufferin tells a story of a shoot. She inquired of her Indian servant how the guests had shot. "Beautifully," he answered, "but Allah was very merciful to the birds." Likewise we, too, are merciful sometimes, for reasons unconnected with the "beauty" of our shooting. For unless we can get birds to rise we cannot shoot at all, and this fundamental axiom the pheasant learns at birth. Which leads him perhaps to ponder an equally true bill—that his legs will often save his neck more surely than his wings.

Who shows pheasants to advantage is a master of his art. First and foremost, I would suggest, because in no two coverts in the country can birds be relied on to behave in precisely the same way. Moreover, the tactics which may answer admirably in one season may be quite useless in the next. The growth of different types of coppice wood is not constant. In its process timber felling may cause extensive clearings; fresh thickening or thinning may occur at vital spots. All of which considerations may call for drastic revision of the plans of yesteryear. New flushing areas may have to be devised, which in their turn may involve the widening of existing or the cutting of new rides. For one very good reason. On the density of undergrowth in relation to its distribution, pheasant distribution in its turn very largely depends. And the latter is almost, if not quite, the most important factor in covert shooting.

For have we not all experienced at one time or another the irritation that comes of waiting half an hour for half a dozen shots, while at adjacent stands two or three hundred birds process *en masse* over two or three guns, who cannot possibly keep pace with them? Almost invariably this is the consequence of uneven distribution, fostered by a keeper with a passion for "hot corners." By lavish feeding day in day out in the self-same place, pheasants are herded until they scarcely know their way out of these little "sanctuaries." Or, at best, the exit is a one-way street. To my mind this is a short-sighted policy in the close season, because poults closely packed are more vulnerable to foxes and vermin than when scattered through a covert. In the open season, it is definitely bad generalship. The more dinner-tables there are the better, within reason, as tending to split up hand-reared birds, whose natural inclination to herd together is quite pronounced enough. For thus do they acquire an eye for country, so to speak, and will assuredly fly better from various parts of a big wood than birds which, huddled always in one corner of it, lose their bearings on their first time out.

For often the first covert shoot is quite literally the first occasion on which they see the outer world. It may be true, in fact, to say that most of our ungrateful recollections of pheasants, collecting at a covert's edge to rise *en masse* head high and quite unshootable, are due to their complete bewilderment. They have never learnt to use their wings. Some keepers, apprehensive of wholesale desertions, drive their birds back and back again whenever they show their noses out of covert. This again is bad policy. There is only one cure for the confirmed straggler and that is an ounce of lead. But if regularity is the keeper's watchword, the bulk of his pheasants roving in the daytime will seldom miss the evening meal at home. And the active bird which forages afield will make a stronger flier than the one which is cribbed and cabined and confined.

In broken hilly country there is not the same difficulty in getting pheasants to rise as in woods which are entirely flat. The latter demand a much more careful study in respect of the density desirable to rise the birds at intervals. Pheasants will invariably rise from any point that is made a "corner," but there must be enough cover for them to run under before they are flushed, yet not so much as will cause them difficulty in rising. They will get up better out of fairly high stuff than from short cover which they have no difficulty in "skimming." Wood of eight or ten years' growth with an undercover of fern and bramble makes an ideal holding for birds at a point. Out of this kind of stuff they will usually rise well, and if the guns are far enough back there will be some really pretty shooting.

Sometimes pheasants exhibit a reprehensible reluctance to rise out of what seems the most suitable cover for the purpose, and adventitious aids are necessary. Of course, sewelling is an obvious method, and the cutting of a very narrow ride not less than 50yds. from the end of a beat will often have the desired effect if it is suitably stopped. This is preferable very often, I think, to wire netting, because against wire birds running forward so often tend to bunch as a preliminary to legging it towards the flanks and then breaking back.

In woods of a fair size, and especially on level ground, I think that flushing points not less than 100yds. back are desirable as giving the birds plenty of time to get going and ensuring a pretty steady rise. But in this connection a good deal depends on the clearings and sparse cover patches in a beat. Where there are large bare spaces within close distance of the flank or front edges of a covert, it is essential to improvise patches of thinnings for the birds to run under. And these are obviously the places to which planting attention should be directed in another year. For if pheasants are permitted to get into a belt within a shortish distance of the covert's edge, and in front of that belt is an open or thinly furnished space, they will simply run across it, and the best beating in the world will not get them up. The birds will huddle in the boundary ditch till the beaters are treading on their tails, and will then skim *en masse* over the batteries in front so low that no one for his credit's sake may fire. Most of us have seen this kind of thing time and again, and I dare to say that in most instances it is due to extreme conservatism (or pigheadedness). It becomes more or less traditional to take the same old beat in the same old way, and the extent to which a year's growth or clearing may influence the movements of its inhabitants is overlooked.

"AN UNDERCOVER OF FERN"

This is a temptation which is, perhaps, natural enough, for it is difficult to convince oneself that tactics which produced a really good day only a few months ago should, in so short a space of time, prove to be almost useless. Yet it is better to allow a good day to remain a pleasant recollection, and to view each season as a fresh event.

J. B. DROUGHT.

HYBRID BROWN-RAINBOW TROUT

A Possible Case of Natural Crossing

Markings of the Trout from the Nyeri Chania River
● BLACK SPOT ○ RED SPOT

IT is seldom that cases of wild hybrid brown-rainbow trout are recorded. It has been suggested that the principal reason why natural crosses do not take place is that the two species usually spawn at different seasons. It is not due to the fact that the milt of the one will not impregnate successfully the ova of the other as since 1870 successful crossings have been made under hatchery conditions. In Kenya, however, owing to the climatic conditions, both rainbows and browns are ready for spawning at the same period, and with both fish in the same river cross fertilisation may quite possibly occur at some time or another.

In the past hybrids have been claimed from Nyasaland, but despite rumours none have been examined from Kenya waters until the specimen to be described was obtained. This came from the Nyeri Chania River, and was caught by Mrs. W. A. Winter. The Nyeri Chania River was for many years a brown trout stream, having been originally stocked high up above the forest line at about 9,000ft. In the high cold-water regions the brown trout throve, but only in seasons of high floods would they be brought down to the lower and more accessible parts of the river. These lower stretches are from 6,000ft. to 7,000ft., and have a water temperature which never drops lower than 56 degrees F., even at night in the cold weather.

The number of fish being caught fell off, and about three years ago rainbow trout were introduced into the river below a high waterfall about four miles within the forest boundary. The waterfall effectually stopped the upstream migration of the rainbows on to the spawning grounds of the brown trout, but the brown trout could come down-stream on to the spawning grounds of the rainbows. It will be seen from the sketch that the fish is very deep and well above the Sturdy scale.

With reference to the general body colour: One side of the fish was rainbow with black steel-blue back, silver flanks and belly. On the other side it had the brown-black back, silver sides and yellowish tinge on the belly line of the brown trout. Both sides had the pale pinkish band of the rainbow. The position of the body spots and their colour will be seen from the sketch.

The caudal is completely unspotted. With the Kenya rainbow the caudal is always densely spotted whilst the brown has no spots. The adipose fin is also spotted in the rainbow, but that of the browns is not.

The following is a comparison of the ray counts of the supposed hybrid, as compared with a brown and a rainbow trout.

	Hybrid	Brown	Rainbow
Anal	8	10–12	8
Caudal	20	19	20
Ventral	7	9	9
Pectoral	11	14	10
Dorsal	10	13	12

The fish was a yearling female and the ovaries just beginning to form. There was no sign of parr marks. In a great number of rainbow trout in Kenya parr marks are retained to 10½in. in length and never lost until the fish is 9in. long. The following are other particulars: Length 9¾in., girth 5¼in., weight 7¾oz. Should this prove a true hybrid, it is hoped that it will be fertile and that hybridisation will extend in this river, for it may be that hybrid brown-rainbow trout might be the fish of the future for Kenya.

HUGH COPLEY.

MR. HUGH COPLEY'S suggestion of natural hybridisation between brown and rainbow trout in Kenya, will rouse many speculations on the possibility of improving native strains of brown trout by the introduction of foreign blood. It is too early at the moment to say whether these Kenya trout are really hybrids between brown trout and rainbows. Trout are extraordinarily plastic and seem capable of changing their structure, even in such matters as the number of rows of scales, simply through environment and without the assistance of cross breeding.

It may be remembered that Dr. Mottley, when studying the rainbow trout of British Columbia, discovered that the number of rows of scales could be varied by using a higher or lower water temperature during early development, and records also that "by introducing the rainbows from the Selkirk mountains into lakes at lower elevations containing a rich food supply that many of the other characters used to describe the various forms, such as the head and body proportions, could also be modified." With such a vast change of environment as Central Africa presents—high altitude combined with high temperature—it is evident that identification of hybrid characters is going to be inordinately difficult.

One of the problems is going to be the question of hybrids' fertility. Among the many attempts at crossing rainbows and brown trout, no one, I believe, has succeeded in producing a permanently fertile race of hybrids. Mr. Skinner, who is conducting experiments in hybridisation on Sir Ernest Wills's water at Littlecote, in addition to the salmon x brown trout cross described in the *Field* of July 30th, tried also this brown x rainbow cross. The cross itself was perfectly successful, but he told me, on a recent visit, that the progeny had proved sterile. But conditions in Africa are very different from those in England, so it is not necessary to conclude, as yet, that all such crosses will not produce fertile young.

Mr. Skinner is doing most useful work at Littlecote. It is a common criticism of trout hybridisation that the fish produced are "of no practical use" since they will inevitably revert to one or other of the parents and be indistinguishable from them in the course of a few generations. Since salmon and trout probably had a common ancestor (the original sea trout in the opinion of many people) there is possibly some logic in that conclusion, but a knowledge of the characters likely to be transmitted would be very useful to fish breeders, and that is a point on which at present we are quite in the dark.

I noticed, for example, at Littlecote that the male parents external features seemed to be reproduced in the males, and the females external features in the females. The successful salmon x trout cross was made by using the milt from a brown trout to fertilise the ova from a salmon. All the cock fish in the hybrid pond had the appearance of brown trout. I doubt if anyone, unless the more slender shape had been pointed out to them, would have noticed anything unusual about them had they been found in a brown-trout water. There was the long maxillary—in some fish very long indeed—extending well behind the eye, the lack of any very noticeable "wrist" in front of the tail, and a typical brown-trout coloration. The only point in which they seemed to favour the salmon was in a rather (for a trout) pronounced kype in the older specimens. But I have often seen just such a kype in old brown trout, though not perhaps in five-year-old fish, as were these.

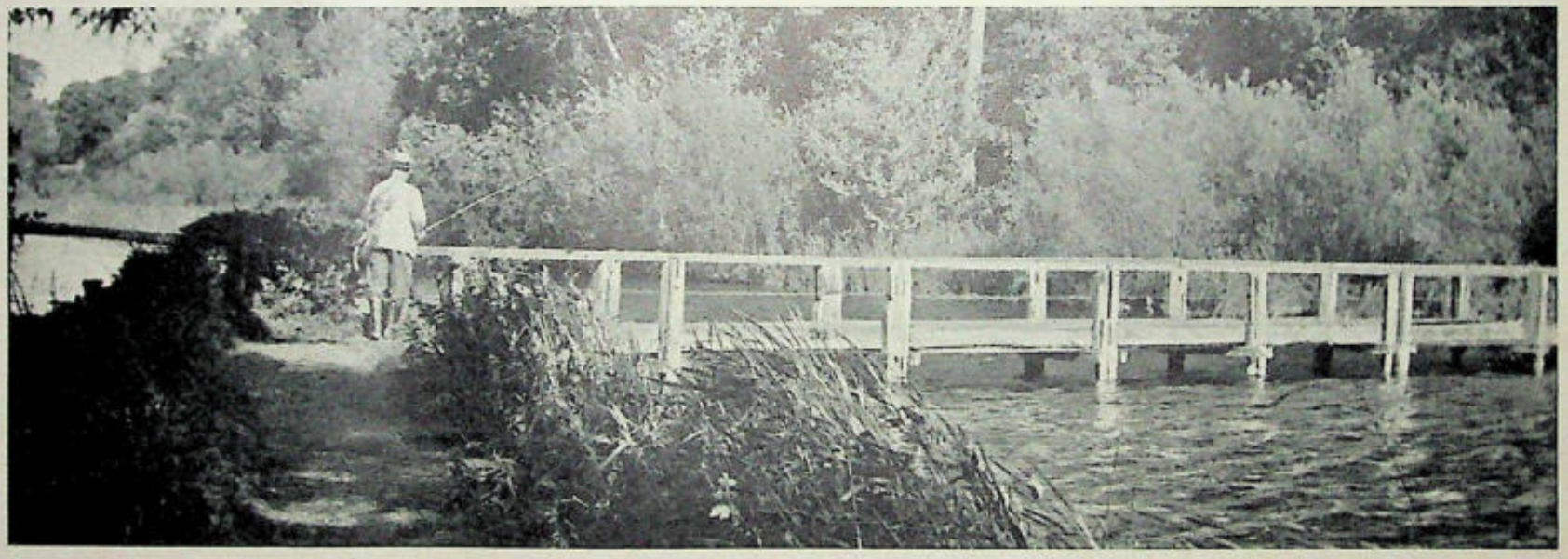
The females, on the other hand, were much more like salmon. Though their coloration was that of a trout (coloration is at least partly a matter of feeding), they had the short salmon maxillary and a definite, though not very pronounced, "wrist" in front of the tail, the head was small, and the shape more stream-lined than any of the males.

What is of more immediate interest to anglers, perhaps, is that the growth rate was better, apparently, than either brown trout or salmon (in fresh water). It is a puzzling problem, this ability to grow fast. In the Scottish Fishery Board's investigations it was shown that in early life brown trout grow more quickly than either sea trout or salmon; the salmon being the slowest grower of the three, though when it once gets to sea the salmon outpaces the trout altogether even when the trout is the progeny of sea-going parents. Yet in fresh-water salmon, whatever their age, never seen to grow at all rapidly.

These hybrids have evidently inherited the brown-trout growth capacity for freshwater, since one of them has attained a weight of over 5lb. Does this mean that it is the male fish which transmits growth capacity or is it simply that salmon have a greater inherent growth capacity, which, however, cannot be developed in freshwater? If this is the case there would appear to be a lucky combination of two qualities in these hybrids: a growth capacity inherited from the salmon parent, and an ability to make use of it in freshwater from the trout.

On the other hand, it may be simply the size of the egg. Professor Knut Dahl demonstrated many years ago that in trout the original impulse, so to speak, for rapid growth came from the size of the egg and was irrespective of the type of growth made by the parent fish. If such is the case, this characteristic will presumably tend to drop out in future generations, though it may be retained to some extent by artificial feeding. An experiment which might throw some light on this growth-power problem would be to put a few of the second-generation hybrids into a running-water stew from which they could not escape, but in which they would depend on the natural food supply. The third generation might then provide useful data for consideration.

H. D. TURING.



FISHING ON SIR ERNEST WILLS'S WATER AT LITTLECOTE
It is near the bank of the Kennet at Littlecote that Sir Ernest Wills is experimenting with hybrids

OWNER-GROOM

Trials and Tribulations Which are Worth It

ELSEWHERE, I have touched upon the subject of stablemen, or professional stablemen, as some of them are pleased to call themselves with pride. More often than not, those who are so proud of the professional part of the business are the greatest water brush and damp-rag flourishers. Here it is proposed to deal with the pleasures in the life of that happily placed person, the owner-groom.

To own and groom a horse yourself has many compensations, and there is no doubt that provided the owner-groom has a sound knowledge of horsemanship, and general stable management, the horse will benefit at his hands, for it will have that personal attention to detail paid to it, which, with all due respect, your professional stableman is inclined to overlook, especially when he is in a hurry to knock off work after a tiring day. It is only human nature for mankind to take more care of and pride in his own property than he will with somebody else's. Owner-groomship has many joys and few drawbacks; we will deal with the former first.

There is the early morning stable work, the mucking-out. Now this is one of the most unpleasant tasks in a stableman's day, but it is nice to know that the box has been thoroughly cleaned out, and you are sure of this, because you have done it yourself. There will be no droppings surreptitiously hidden here, and dirty straw stacked there. The same corners will not be used each day for stacking the saved straw from the bedding, they will be changed on alternate days, which means that the corners of the box will have been cleaned out, and that certain corners are not neglected from a sanitary point of view.

Then there are the little economies in this branch of stable management which you can practise, such as placing damp straw in a thin layer in the yard for drying and airing on fine sunny days, whereby it can be saved from premature condemnation to the manure pit, and by doing this you will have the pleasure of knowing that you are saving your straw bill, but at the same time your horse is not being denied any of its usual comfort. This is sound stable economy, as contrasted to false economy, whereby the horse suffers privation, which means loss of condition.

It is said that the soil of England is suffering from lack of fertility, as horses are not used so much for transport and also for work upon the land; therefore there is a scarcity of manure. In spite of this theory, there is frequently difficulty in disposing of the manure from the stable yard, but you, owner-groom, will no doubt see to it that if it can be possibly managed, this manure is sold to someone who has use for it, which will bring a small reduction in your stable costs. Much depends on the area you live in, as to whether you can dispose of this manure with profit, and I must add that I have frequently found difficulty of doing any business in this line in certain districts where I have lived.

Feeding is an all-absorbing subject, and the art of scientific feeding is a valuable asset which takes time in acquiring. As an owner-groom, you have splendid opportunities for observation, and you will be able to note the results of your methods of feeding upon your charge. You can ring the changes to suit your theories, and it is to be hoped the horse's needs. You can indulge in four or five feeds a day as you desire, and you can go down at night time (between 8 and 9 o'clock) and give the late night feed. You will not be overwhelmed with a wrongful solicitousness and fear of disturbing the horse when resting, which seems to obsess the professional stableman, and you can rest assured that you are not, as the latter terms it "tormentin' the 'orses," for when you give the late night feed, you will no doubt perceive that your horse is anxiously waiting for you, and on the following morning at early stables you will find that the manger has been scooped quite clean.

WHEN THE OWNER-GROOM REAPS WHAT HE SOWS
A good gallop with the foxhounds

You will always be in a position to know what are the special *bonnes-bouches* pleasing to your horse's tastes. Some like sugar, others do not. Nearly all are partial to carrots, and then there are those which like treacle, which you can give electuary fashion on a flat stick. You will also be able to regulate the quantities of food given according to the exercise taken, and you will be able to make such additions and subtractions as you think fit. Though this part of the feeding is dismissed by a few words, it actually calls for skill and forethought, and if done on the correct lines, which only you by constant habit and practice with your individual horse will know, the results should be good and apparent.

Watering can also bring to you its interests and problems. There are the different methods of watering to consider, that is, to water at given periods, which is sometimes called "watering by hand," or to have water always in the box, day and night. Each method has its ardent advocates, though it is probable that the latter is more popular. Methods of watering can affect the animal's digestion, and therefore need observation and study. For instance, it may be found that where the state of a horse's droppings show that it is not digesting its food properly, the water had better be given at given periods, as one of the causes of indigestion is drinking copiously on top of a meal, but only your observations will tell you what to do. It may be as well for me to add that horses which have water always in front of them are not usually such prolific drinkers as those which are watered at given periods.

Not only are there methods of watering that need consideration, but there are also the types of water given to ponder over. Shall it be rain water, tap water or pond water? Rain water is soft, but looks dirty; tap water is hard, but looks clean; pond water is dirty, and sometimes upsets the digestion. The results of your labours, theories and practices in the commissariat department will be shown in the appearance of your horse.

Grooming is another item of interest, and of course in this branch of stable management there are also many different ways of setting about the job. You will have the opportunity of finding out the various methods by which horses are strapped in this country, and here let me assure you that no two horsemasters are in agreement upon even such a simple subject. You will be able to discover for yourself which method answers the best in your case. I think you will find, though, if you give your horse its real good "do" after exercise, that you will extract more dirt and bring a better bloom to its coat. There is pleasure and pride to be derived from your work here. With your tack you will also be able to set about it in a thorough manner, and get into nicks and corners, behind buckles, the dees and spring bars of the saddle. Soft, supple, pliable and well-cared-for saddlery hanging tidily in a warm saddle room, or else correctly fitted upon a well-groomed horse, is a pleasant sight. Well-burnished bits and irons also add lustre to a good turn-out.

When all these things have been done to your satisfaction, you then come to what is probably the best part of your hobby, and by which you earn the reward of your labours—I refer to the riding, daily exercise, or perhaps you may be one of the kind who put in a day's hunting a week or three days a fortnight. This last is a very satisfying affair, though somewhat arduous, and you will have to be fit to do it. Turning round and doing a tired and muddy hunter after a long and hard day is not everybody's meat, and one must indeed be a great lover of hunting and horses to undertake to do this. But it can be and is done. Many men take two horses on to the meet at 9.30 a.m. Do second horse up to between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m., make the change, ride home, and turn round and start grooming, when probably just as they are finishing off, the other hunter comes clattering into the yard.

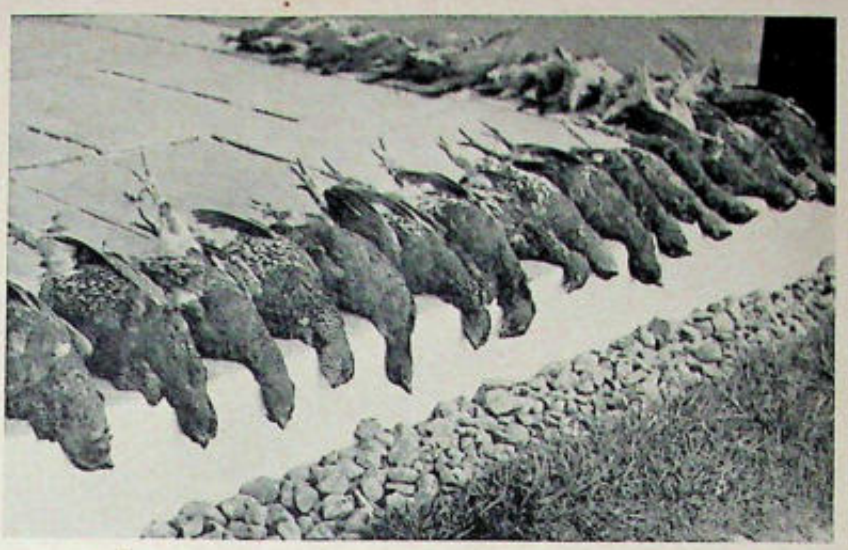
You, owner-groom, have a great advantage over the owner pure and simple, when it comes to riding. The horse will know every intonation of his master's voice, and it will answer, and come back to his master's hand and bidding readily and willingly. The horse trusts the hand that feeds and cares for it. It is a clever and grateful animal, in spite of what some theorists have to say about its lack of brain power, and ingratitude, and I could give you many genuine instances where these things have been demonstrated to me in many quarters of the globe, and which are not the sloppy meanderings of my sentimental imagination. But, my dear owner-groom, this is neither the time nor the place for a dissertation upon the endearing traits in a horse's character of which you and I are so cognisant. You will find this business of a horse "coming back to you" a very gratifying one, but not only is it that, it is also most useful, for at times of distress and disaster it is a real boon.

There are ailments and diseases to look out for, preventions and precautions to take. By your constant association with your horse, you will almost sense at once if there is anything amiss when you go into the box. A glance, and the animal's demeanour will signify to you in a moment if there is anything wrong. You owner-grooms have a great chance of becoming first-class horsemasters in a limited sense. I say limited, because you probably only have in your charge one or perhaps two horses. In fact, to be an owner-groom you have an all-absorbing interest.

There are the drawbacks, but they are few, and are well compensated by the benefits. Among the latter are not only those enumerated but also those appertaining to your own health and well-being. There are the exercise, the fresh air, and the regularity, this last such a good thing for self discipline. The main drawback is that you are tied seven days a week. Even when horses are not exercised and groomed, they must be watered, fed, and have their bedding seen to. There is, however, nothing irksome to the genuine horse-lover in the constant tie which keeps him to his horse.

R. M. S. BARTON.

A KEEPER'S COTTAGE AT DARWEN



LANCASHIRE GROUSE

LANCASHIRE HOT-POT

Grouse Among the Mill Stacks

MOST of us are dimly aware that the late King, and also King Edward, have shot grouse on Lord Sefton's moors at Abbeystead. But Lancashire grouse seldom creep into the pages of the *Field*.

Yet the birds are as good as Scotland's best (their foot feather is remarkable), and they fly as fast, and at times as awkwardly. They are preserved even better, for the keepers have not that ravaging devil, the greater black-backed, to deal with; and grouse chicks are rarely short of water or frozen up. (I write subject to correction.)

On the other hand, the heather is patchy—one might almost say sooty—and the moors are often restricted by main roads and manufacturing towns.

Factories are, in fact, so close that grouse packs have been seen flying round such a mill stack as that of Pope's mill at Withnell. And many an August drive has been entirely spoilt by hikers

ABOVE: THE VIEW OVER DARWEN
LEFT: LANCASHIRE BEATERS

A SPRINGER RETRIEVING ON THE WITHNELL MOOR

unconcernedly wandering through the middle of it. Nevertheless the bags obtained are impressive. On both the Abbeystead moors and at Bleesdale, owned by Messrs. R. Silcock & Sons, 2,000 brace provide an average year, and some of the smaller moors are surprisingly productive for their size. For example, on Mr. E. C. Deakin's Darwen moor of 2,000 acres it is a bad year if they do not kill 350 brace, and on the Withnell Moor, let to a syndicate by the Liverpool Corporation, 400 brace is shot in a good average year.

It is not merely, however, the chance of having warm gun barrels which will excite the visitor. Seated in his butt before the opening drive, he will contemplate the smoking factory chimneys in the misty valleys down below him; the sun on the hills, with the Pennines in the distance; and the strange cloud effects which only Lancashire can provide.

Later in the morning he may be lucky enough to drop in at the old stone farmhouse for a glass of beer and a bite of Lancashire cheese (why is Lancashire cheese not known outside the county, M. André Simon ?). And for lunch he will be regaled on hot-pot, amidst friendly Lancashire back-chat.

What will please the visitor most, however, are the enthusiastic beaters—most of them unemployed mill hands in heavy hob-nailed boots—and the general excellence of the dogs.

No Lancashire sportsman minds paying a good price for a dog, and he takes a good deal of pains over training. With little high heather breed is immaterial. One of the best performers I saw was a springer owned by a sporting Ormskirk solicitor, Mr. William Kennedy.

Perhaps, however, good retrieving is not surprising, for where else in the world will you take your dog for a walk before breakfast; drop in at the mill for a minute or two afterwards; and be reading the *Manchester Guardian* in your butt by 9.30 ?

A. P. THOMPSON.

WHICH END OF THE DAY?

TROTTING FOR GRAYLING

A Light-Tackle Method of Bait Fishing

IN both "swimming" and "trotting" for grayling the essential principle is the same—the manipulation of one's tackle so that the hook, whether baited with the alluring cockspur or the luscious maggot, swims in a state of apparent sweet ingenuousness down the current a few inches from the bottom, where, theoretically, a big, low-lying grayling is waiting for it.

The trout fisher who regards grayling fishing as no more than a between-seasons makeshift, and brings only his fly-fishing rod and tackle to the pursuit, limits himself in float fishing to "swimming," *i.e.*, he only fishes the water within reach of the length of his rod and the line he has out for the cast, unless, indeed, previously to casting he holds back a long loop of line (as he would in preparation for shooting the line in fly fishing) and gradually pays this out when, otherwise, the float would reach the end of the swim. In this is the correct depth, the angler casts his outfit into the stream. All he has now to do is to pay out sufficient line to allow the float to carry the bait swimming along nicely clear of the bottom until the end of the long swim is reached or something happens in the meanwhile. Sounds easy! But is it? To obtain the best results calls for the exercise of a certain amount of dexterity combined with some knowledge of rivercraft. In a free-flowing current the surface water moves appreciably faster than that at a greater depth, which means that, if given untrammelled freedom, the float would outrun the bait, and, in the event of a bite, the angler would have to make his strike along the two sides of an angle, not to mention that the float, dragging the bait after it, would also lift it out of its sphere of greatest usefulness.

On the other hand, if too much restraint is put on the pace of the float, the current raises the bait towards the surface and, literally, above the notice of the fish. Still, in the ideal swim the bait should travel in advance of the float, though near the bottom. This is effected by allowing, in adjusting the float, a foot or so of line more than is necessary to reach the bottom if hanging plumb, and regulating the speed of the float correctly. Sometimes the current will be sufficient to pull off line; at others a tap of a finger on the reel will ease a strained situation just as the braking touch of a sensitive digit will check the course of the too rapid float.

The tyro should not let what I have written discourage him. Even in his novitiate the probability is that he will catch some fish, but as experience teaches him when to pay out line and when to retard the float, he will find himself catching more and more.

W. CARTER PLATTS.

A DERBYSHIRE GRAYLING STREAM

On the Manifold and other Derbyshire streams trout and grayling seem to thrive together

way he can add a yard or two to his range, or, when no obstacles in the way of trees or bushes impede his progress, he can follow his float down the bank.

But the angler who makes a speciality of float fishing for *Thymallus* takes a leaf out of the coarse-fisher's tackle book and "trots." "Trotting" may be described as long-distance "swimming," the swims in this instance being anything up to 20yds. or so; indeed, the distance is only limited by the suitability of the water and the angler's ability to see his float. Bank obstructions have no terrors for him, if, from his standpoint on some projecting bit of bank or patch of shingle, the gently-flowing current pursues the "noiseless tenor of its way" downstream, free from snags, over a gravel bottom.

His equipment may well consist of a light 12ft. whole-cane rod, fitted with split-cane or greenheart top, stiffish in the butt and middle joint, but tapering quickly towards the tip. This affords all the necessary play and ensures a quick strike. It should be furnished with some form of upright rings, standing well away from the rod to give the greatest freedom possible to the passage of the line. The line should be of fine undressed silk, but must be well greased with one or another of the numerous flotants to guarantee a quick pick-up when striking from a long distance.

There is an inclination in some quarters towards the use of the fixed-spool reel in "trotting." Certainly no other type of reel gives off line so freely; but when it comes to regulating the speed of the float—to be referred to hereafter—a free-running revolving reel of the Nottingham type has its advantages. The float may be the small spherical cork with a wooden plug through it, usually associated with "swimming" for grayling, though the angler nurtured in the faith of the roach fisher may prefer a quill with a double-tapered cork body. The thing that really matters is that, without advertising its presence in glaring headlines, it should carry the tackle and be reasonably visible. Usually 3X gut will be found fine enough, and the cast need not be more than a couple of yards. I prefer a "crank-shanked" hook when baiting with worm, though a "crystal" hook will be found as good as any when the maggot is the *bonne-bouche*.

Having adjusted his float to what, in his judgment,

COMMUNITY FISHING IN KASHMIR

WE had not meant to fish at all. We had had two days' fishing; blank except for a 2lb. "choosh." But early that morning I was awakened by a wild cat in my room. I could not go to sleep again; so at 6 a.m. I shouted for baths and breakfast. By 7 a.m. we were fishing. At 8.30, Peggy, who had never done any fishing before, was into a big mahseer—and so the day opened.

She played it beautifully for half an hour—the fish fighting savagely, with strong rushes—then suddenly said: "I've got terrible cramp in both arms. Can you take the rod?" We were fishing in a 24ft. punt, 3ft. wide in the middle, with pointed ends, in which it was not easy to move about, for its gunwale was only about 3in. above water-line. Two men were paddling. I crawled out of my comfortable seat to where Peggy was perched in the bows and took the rod, while my "Marngie" ("Marngie" means houseboat owner. He was one of the men paddling. He held the reel for five hours without loosing up at all) crawled past me and tried to massage Peggy's arms.

With all three in the bows, I found I was sitting in a puddle of water—rather nice and cooling. After a bit Peggy tried again, but it was very hard work, the fish tearing off in all directions, taking out all the line. Then I found the reel was coming off its seating; the bottom rivet had sheered (a nearly new reel). So while I held the reel with my left hand and the rod with my right, Peggy, from behind me, wound in or let out, and the Marngie managed to tie the reel to the rod, top and bottom, with strong string.

After a bit the top rivet went, and my hand was no longer strong enough to hold the reel on, when a rush came. So my Marngie, Karima Daraz, held it with both hands, and I held the rod and worked the reel, or Peggy did it round my side. This was about 1 o'clock. Every few minutes we said: "This must be the last rush." We got the fish in quite often, but the moment it came near the boat or to shallow water, it would go off in a wild rush, taking out all the line, and we would have to race after it. At 2 p.m. we were quite close in, and my people brought us biscuits, whisky and soda, with which Peggy fed me and had some herself, as we were both quite done.

All the way down the stream, as soon as we got near the shore, my boat people waded in waist deep and cleared out all the weeds, so that the line should not tangle in them; this was done about fifteen times. Many times, too, the shikari got out of the boat to land the fish, but off it went as strong as ever. On the bank was the Marngie's father, a very fine old man, with long white beard and huge turban, rather like one's idea of Moses, solemnly praying with hands outstretched and eyes shut, that we should land the fish. About 20 or 30 people were behind him, and five Europeans. This had multiplied to 80 or 90 people by the time we finished.

At 3.30, kind English people in a houseboat nearby sent us two cups of tea, which Peggy (by this time in great pain from her arms) laced with whisky and held for me to drink. I had been sitting all this time on the flat bottom of the boat, leaning against Peggy's knees. At 4 p.m. I gave in. I simply had to move, so gave the rod to Peggy with the Marngie holding the reel, and crawled back to my comfortable seat; but Peggy could not carry on, and once I had the comfortable seat I felt much better. So she and Karima crawled inch by inch till they could give me the rod, and Karima got over the seat still holding the reel and crouched in front of me. Peggy got beside me, and again we took short turns at it, fishing under great difficulties.

At 4.30 the fish was obviously not quite so strong. So with infinite trouble, because of the loose reel we got ashore. One English fisherman said: "Pull him in, he must be done by now." So I said, "Put your hand on the rod just above mine and feel the pull"; and he said: "Good heavens, I had no idea a fish could pull like that." This was after eight hours fighting, so you can think what it was like to start with. Another man sent his shikari, reputed the best on the river, to help. My shikari, Raza Khan, a splendid shikari, pulled the line in then with his hands, letting go at every rush. Finally at 4.45 he got the fish in quite close; the other shikari got it with both hands by the gills and lifted it out, my shikari having it short by the head, and Peggy having the rod for the final landing.

Eight-and-a-quarter hours from beginning to end; it weighed 38lb., and was in prime condition. The rod was a rather heavy 9ft. split cane with 200yds. light salmon line and backing.

H. BAYLEY.

RAZA KHAN, PEGGY, KARIMA DARAZ AND THE CATCH

STUDIES OF BRITAIN'S MOST COLOURFUL BIRD

By F. H. MAIDMENT

THE STICKLEBACK WHO WOULD MOVE HIS TAIL: BUT HIS CAPTOR REMAINS UNPERTURBED

THE "CIGAR HOLD," WHICH IS USUAL FOR CARRYING FISH TO THE YOUNG

HE CARRIES A SHRIMP IN HIS BEAK, WHICH MEANT A FLIGHT OF ONE-AND-AN-EIGHTH MILES

A RUFFLED, HARD-WORKED MOTHER, NEARING THE END OF HER FEEDING TASK

A DECIDED ANSWER TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE HE CARRIES HIS FISH END-ON.

THE KINGFISHER TAKES EASILY TO AN ARTIFICIAL PERCH NEAR THE NEST WHICH ENABLED THE PHOTOGRAPHER TO RECORD THE HOMECOMING

A RATHER UNIQUE PICTURE, CONSIDERING THE USUAL SPEED OF THE BIRD AS IT ENTERS ITS NEST

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

WHILST South Africa has by far the largest vineyards within the Empire and Australia by far the greatest share of the trade in Empire wines, Canada produces an average of some 6,000,000 gallons of wine every year, Cyprus an average of 5,000,000 gallons, and other lands painted red on the map of the world smaller quantities.

The vineyards of Canada are greatly handicapped by the long and severe winters which check the growth of the vines and give them a very limited space of summer time within which they must hurry and bring their grapes to full maturity. The better—that is, the European—grapes, cannot get acclimatised to the Canadian winters, but the native American vines thrive in the vineyards of the Niagara Peninsula, in Ontario, and they yield a wine that is never free from either the "hen-coop" or "foxy" stink which render them quite unfit for sale to any wine lover in Europe and only a limited number of wine drinkers in America. However, strange as it may seem, the Canadian wine industry is a growing one, and there must be a generation growing which has acquired a liking for the peculiar and very obvious bouquet of Canadian wines.

Cyprus, which has had the benefit of being under the Union Jack since 1878, has been the home of one of the greatest and most famous wines of the world during many centuries past. It was from Cyprus that the first Malmsey wine was shipped to England, in the Middle Ages, and it was from Cyprus that came the vines which were first brought to the island of Madeira where they took so kindly to the soil that they supplied the civilised world with Malmsey long after the Turks had uprooted the vines of Cyprus. In modern times the best wine of Cyprus has been the wine which reached us under the name of *Commanderia*—it was said to be a wine made from grapes from the ancient vineyards surrounding the headquarters or *commanderie* of the Knights Templars. Both Cyprus wine and Cyprus brandy are sold in England, the first being a tawny, sweet, dessert wine which is said to be made from Malvazia grapes, the original native grape of Cyprus, whilst the brandy might very well suit sultanas and corinths in the making of plum-puddings.

Palestine, once upon a time a land of many vineyards, lost all its vines, and much else, during the Turkish occupation, but the new settlers have, under Zionism, replanted some 10,000 acres of vineyards, and there are both Palestinian wine and brandy sold in England at the present time.

Malta does not export any of her wines, but there are some 2,000 acres of vineyards in the island, not an inconsiderable proportion of the total available land fit for cultivation, and the Maltese themselves would not exchange their own wine for the finest Lafite, Yquem or Johannisberg in the world. As it happens, no one has as yet attempted to rob them of their native wines.

First Class Tip

"Might I enquire, Sir, whether you have recently visited Spitzbergen or Baffin Island?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Then no doubt you are interested in some commercial form of refrigeration — chilled beef, for instance?"

"Nothing to do with it."

"In that case, Sir, you will have no objection to closing that window. It is exceedingly cold, and the draught is ferocious."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long since I've had a hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Cancels hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

"Then, Sir, I am deeply indebted to you. Here is my card. I trust that we shall see more of each other. Much more. Are you by any chance free to dine tonight? Wonderful how these chance encounters change the course of one's whole life."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.
LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of November 3rd, 1888.

ADVENT of the Totalisator. "This machine was invented very soon after the passing of the Act 31 & 32 Vict. c. 52, which, in amending a previous statute, was designed to punish 'idle and disorderly persons, and rogues and vagabonds, so far as relates to the use of instruments for gaming.' It would seem that, having carefully studied the provisions of sect. 3, some ingenious speculator set himself to work to see if he could not drive the proverbial coach and four through the Act, and his cogitations ended in the construction of the totalisator. This outcome of ingenuity made its maiden appearance in England, on Wolverhampton racecourse, on August 10th, 1870. . . . Having made himself acquainted with the working of this new invention, a Wolverhampton police inspector came to the conclusion that its keepers infringed the Act.

"The owners of the *pari-mutuel* were convicted, and the conviction was confirmed on appeal, though the defence was as ingenious as the invention. On behalf of the owner of the concern it was argued that it was not an instrument of wagering, inasmuch as the wagering took place quite independently of it, and that it only served the purpose of a betting book, or register of wagers; and secondly, it was contended—unreasonably, perhaps, as some may think—that horse racing is not a game of chance.

"For scientific betting the totalisator is obviously unfitted; but for the average punter it is about as good a system as can be devised. The temptation to welsh is minimised. . . . its proprietor must win on every race by reason of his commission. The investor, too, can see at a glance how the money stands; and as it is the speculators themselves, and not a bookmaker, who shorten the prices, the punter can wait till the last minute before making up his mind which horse to back. In short, for those who indulge in post betting merely for amusement, the *pari-mutuel* has much to recommend it as the most harmless form of betting."

IN THE SALEROOM

THE remaining part of the collection of antiques and pictures of Rufford Abbey will be sold at Christie's on November 17th and 18th. This is the more important, and includes some very fine French and English furniture, a number of important tapestries, objects of art and ship models. The ship models are interesting, and include a British merchant vessel, 64in. long, *circa* 1770, probably an East Indiaman; an early frigate, *circa* 1680–1690, 32in. long, probably a 44-gun two-decker; a merchant ship, 83in. long, *circa* 1770–1780, appears to be a ship-rigged "buss," and is possibly of Dutch origin; a sailing cutter, 17in. wide, *circa* 1790–1810, bearing the Prince of Wales's feathers, is possibly a "hoy," a small passenger and cargo coaster, or a yacht. The tapestries are Beauvais, Flemish (Pre-Gobelins) and Gothic. The pictures, to be sold on November 18th, include some fine works by the greatest masters: Three Italian views by Canaletto; Crome's "A View near Norwich"; Gainsborough's famous work "The Ford"; and his portrait of Paul Sandby, R.A.; "A Woody Landscape with a Cottage and Angler," by Hobbema, and three other works by the same master; Hogarth's "Portrait of a Man, in a fighting attitude"; and works by Holbein, Lely, Rembrandt, Raeburn, Velazquez.

On November 10th, at the same rooms, will be sold an exceptional collection of rare Gothic, early Renaissance, and later European glass, which was formed under the professional guidance of a leading Dutch expert and is therefore, perhaps, somewhat unique. To mention a few particular pieces: there is a small German engraved and inscribed Roemer of very pale green tinted glass; a massive German "unbreakable" beaker of cylindrical form, and a goblet, the upper half engraved with a stag-hunting scene, Hessian, *circa* 1750.

A LONDONER'S BIRDS

WHEN reading Mr. Massingham's delightful column I am often surprised at his intransigent attitude towards the town-dweller. No doubt he is right when he inveighs against the soullessness of commerce, which hits town and country alike; but, an authority on all that concerns rural affairs, does he try to read the townsman's mind aright? Paradoxical as it may seem, many of the latter are countrymen at heart. Give them a patch of earth and they will either struggle to raise flowers on a desert or grow vegetables among the brickbats.

* * *

As regards nature, it is a case of "eyes and no eyes" where countrymen and townsmen are concerned. Nevertheless the company of birds is a solace to those who are of necessity divorced from field and hedgerow, and I count the sparrows among the personalities of my small garden. I can even distinguish some of them individually, and there is one of them minus a leg who has to feed resting on his breast. He does very well under the handicap and gets extra rations.

* * *

Another character of the garden is "Chock," the veteran blackbird with fierce yellow beak and a pate as bald as a coot's. His name is self-bestowed. In spring he confined his activities to the front garden, where he had a passion for dislodging moss from the garage roof. Great chunks of it would be found in front of the door, and the cause of the mess would watch us sweep it up and give a defiant "Chock." When young blackbirds arrived Chock took to the more expansive domain of the back garden. There he made himself an unmitigated nuisance to my wife by continually removing the tufts of grass with which she was endeavouring to cover bare patches at the edge of the rockery. The old villain is outside now splashing the water of the bird bowl all over the place. He has a sinister look in his eye, and is in every sense a black bird.

* * *

Doubtless we miss rare visitors a countryman would see. A friend entering our garden the other day spied a nuthatch on the fence. We were polite but unbelieving. However, he was right, for later two nuthatches turned up under the blue-tit's acacia tree. This tree is reserved for the tits, who by the way consume monkey nuts all the year round. They are strung on electric bell wire and a couple of score last for five or six days.

* * *

On examining our rings we found a number of nuts half broken and came to the conclusion the husks were too hard for the tits to get through. By chipping off these hard ends we found this to be the case as the nuts then soon disappeared. A method of feeding described in the *Field* was tried, that of fixing a forked twig into an inverted bowl of melted fat. It proved a great success until the starlings discovered they could get a hold on the twig and peck upwards. Things became impossible for the tits, and it has been decided to try a single stick to frustrate the starlings.

* * *

A new bird is a great event in the townsman's garden. After the discovery of the nuthatches we were rewarded by the appearance of a tree pipit. He was discovered amongst the sparrows, and is a single but regular visitor, even coming down to the ledge opposite the kitchen window. A wren busy on the aubrietia provided more excitement, and one day an almost pure white arrival suggested a rarity that would cause commotion in the office of the *Field*, especially as it had a ring on one foot. It perched on the fence, came down quite tamely for some crumbs, then burst into magnificent song. It was a canary! * * *

Thrushes common in spring are but occasional visitors now. A pair of youngsters just out of the nest perched on the rose trellis in June. They were trying their wings, and the sun shining on their pearly white plumage seen against a background of pale blue sky made them an unforgettable sight. Our chaffinches mingle with the sparrows pecking daintily at the bread crumbs. The red breast of the males in June rivals that of the robin. And, of course, we have our pair of robins always waiting for someone to dig up a piece of earth, and someone is generally obliging. The robin is a bird fond of novelty. Put a spade in the ground and he will perch on the handle; build a new trellis or drive in a stake and he will try it out at once, cocking his eye from side to side in approval.

* * *

There are town and suburban gardens molested by cats, which can boast a far better assortment than ours, or at least owned by naturalists who can identify the rarer visitors. But the unadulterated townsman gets a lot of pleasure from his birds who bring the country to his garden. At least this is true of most townsmen, for I had forgotten the man at the back who fired a .22 at one of our pair of fat maize-fed woodpigeons. The bullet splashed on our chimney. But was he a townsman or a countryman in town? R. N. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JACOB'S SHEEP

SIR,—In reply to Mr. J. F. Boydell's query regarding Jacob's Sheep in a recent issue of the *Field*, I think that the note which he saw regarding these animals appeared in the *Estate Magazine*, and perhaps the following observations from an article and correspondence in the *Estate Magazine* may be of interest.

The article read: "A motor drive deep into the most rural and beautiful district in Sussex, to see for the first time a small herd of the world's oldest breed of sheep, has just been my interesting experience. Strangely, the breed, though a foreign variety, has been peculiar only to England for at least five centuries, and perhaps for a much longer period. Recently it was reported to be extinct. The small herd of strange-looking animals that I saw is owned by Sir Merrik Burrell, Bart., this year's [1936] President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and they roam the pasturts of his Knepp Castle estate at West Grinstead, Sussex.

"The sheep are known by the name of Jacob's sheep. They are said to have originated in the Holy Land as long as 3,000 years ago, and are believed to be the identical breed (the spotted, speckled and ring-streaked) which Jacob received from his Uncle Laban in return for his services.

"A flock was brought into this country during the Roman occupation, and others during the Conqueror's reign and the first Crusades, and whilst the breed has become extinct in other parts of the world, if it was ever known in other countries besides Palestine and England, it transpires that a few widely-scattered small flocks still survive on British parklands.

"Sir Merrik Burrell's is the largest flock, and the most typical of the variety, which, for a breed that was originated in the East, is extraordinarily hardy, being much more robust than our native breeds, including the Shetland, and thriving where other sheep succumb to hunger and the vicissitudes of the weather.

"Sir Merrik Burrell inherited his herd on succeeding to the title and Knepp Castle estate some years ago, his predecessor having acquired them from a distant relative and friend, Sir Henry Dryden, of Northamptonshire, more than half a century ago. The Duke of Devonshire, also, has a few of these nearly extinct animals at Chatsworth.

"The sheep resemble a deer and goat cross. The creatures are white, profusely splashed with black, and are horned, and resemble deer in their movements and build.

"The breed is noted for milk yielded by the ewe, and sweet, lean mutton. Once the custom was to kill and eat a selection of the lambs (generally twins or triplets) or to rear them on cows' milk, and to use the milk of the sheep mothers for household purposes. The delicacy, the richness and the delicious flavour of milk and flesh alike are beyond dispute.

"They will not fatten as will the Southdown and our other commercial breeds because of their restless nature; and though their wool is superior to all other for hand spinning and weaving it is not suitable for spinning and weaving by mechanical means.

"Sir Merrik Burrell himself is inclined to believe that the sheep were brought into this country, not direct from the Holy Land, but from Spanish royal pastures, as presents for some of England's nobility, probably during the reign of Mary Tudor, with Philip of Spain as donor.

"Incidentally, it was during Mary Tudor's reign that the Spanish chestnut tree was introduced into England, and some that were planted at about that time on the Goodwood estate in Sussex still stand. The theory may not be unfounded, though the curious fact remains that there are now no sheep in Spain bearing any resemblance to them, and Ministers of Agriculture have failed to trace that there ever were any.

"In Palestine there are still sheep that do bear some resemblance to them, and where they do exist they are known by such other names as Andalusians, goat sheep, Spanish and Syrians.

"Although so old an importation, the sheep are quite unknown except in the localities where the few flocks survive, for no attempt has ever been made to popularise them or save the breed from ultimate extinction.

"J. C. BRISTOW-NOBLE."

The correspondence ran:

"SIR,—I would suggest that there may be far more flocks of the above than Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble thinks. I have a letter from the late Mr. Heatley Noble, saying he knew of over 50 flocks—and probably there were many more.

"One feels sure that many people would keep some if it were not that the local butcher is not a buyer, combined with their habit of getting out of any field—*if* they want to—unless the fences are very good, or sheep wire-netted. They are so attractive to the eye and so very hardy. Their origin in this country Mr. Heatley Noble could not discover, but there exists a picture at Tabley, painted in 1760, and another at Wentworth by Stubbs of about the same date.

"The Bible (Genesis XXX, verse 35) mentions goats as 'ringstraked' (the American revision calls it 'ring-streaked'), but no mention of *sheep*. A curious feature of the breed is the rams having four horns, and if care is taken when young, they become very fine ones, but in youthful play they knock off easily. The ewe lambs often have four horns, but the lower two are usually only skin attached. There were three flocks in France in 1925, and rams were sent out from Great Britain for change of blood.

"The oldest breed of all must surely be the 'Soay Island Sheep,' close to St. Kilda. The late owner of those isles stated that no change of blood could ever be traced. Perhaps because nowhere else are similar sheep found—if this fact is accurate.

"SPOTTED SHEEP."

An advertisement for the sheep appeared quite recently in the *Estate Magazine*.

Yours faithfully,
EDITOR, The *Estate Magazine*.
The Country Gentlemen's Association, Ltd.,
Letchworth.

LAKELAND A NATIONAL PARK

SIR,—I have read with much appreciation your article on "Lakeland a National Park." May I make a few comments on the subject-matter of the admirable photographs by which the article was accompanied, for I have seldom read an article in which the illustrations afford a more exact proof of the main argument of the article itself.

One of the photographs shows three reaches of Ullswater, "where there is no sign of development." Why not? Because in the summer of 1937 a private enthusiast, Mr. Francis C. Scott of Windermere, bought up the lake shore, which the photograph displays, in order to preserve it from building. To exploit the building values under Place Fell would be the ruin of Ullswater. The land was up for auction, and the auctioneer's catalogue read as follows: "The fields and woodlands at the water edge afford the most beautiful sites in the whole Lake District. The land can be utilised, if required, for any number up to 106 small houses or week-end cottages with garages. . . . The present is an opportunity which will probably never recur." Fortunately it will not recur; but that is no thanks to the Town and Country Planning Act, which allowed one house per acre to be built on the shore of Ullswater. As you rightly say, "Despite the Planning Act, the Lake District is greatly endangered." No rural area of low rateable value can afford to sterilise itself against building in critical places, at the expense of the ratepayer; only national aid from the Exchequer, through a Commission for National Parks, can make "planning" effective.

Another photograph illustrates the road along Buttermere, and is entitled "a grand road for walkers." It *was* a grand road for walkers, but the Cumberland County Council, with a grant from the Ministry of Transport, turned Honister Hause into a full-dress motor road, and what was a charming place on foot is now a hum and bother of cars. And things might have been worse than they are, for this year the Highways Committee of the County Council proposed to widen a mile of this road, lower down, by the foot of Crummock Water, to a width (over all) of 40ft.; in that event, the whole of the lakeside road would eventually have been condemned to a similar fate. After great public agitation, conducted by voluntary bodies, the County Council turned down its own Highway Committee's scheme. At present the protection of the Lake District rests largely with voluntary bodies. What is needed is a Commission for National Parks, enforcing sensible standards both upon the Ministry of Transport and upon the misguided ambitions of local authorities.

The third photograph is of the mountain summits near Sty Head: the title is "Looking over the suggested National Park." The magnificent walking route from Wasdale to Sty Head can be seen in the photograph, full in the foreground. In 1934 a special committee of the Cumberland County Council, looking about for methods to relieve unemployment, suggested turning this noble route, perhaps the grandest in England, into a motor road. "Cumberland," so the Committee wrote, "has some of the finest scenery in Great Britain, and it would appear worth while for the Government and County Council to make this a paying proposition." The central fells of the Lake District were described by the same Committee as "a countryside which is gradually being forgotten." Ye gods! The scheme was dropped, amidst an uproar of protest; but it was not the first time that it had been produced, and it will not be the last, unless we have a sound protective system with the Lake District administered by a common and considered standard. For this the creation of a National Park is necessary.

A fourth photograph shows Watendlath and its "famous walk." Here again an attempt has been made in recent years by the same county council to turn a pleasant lane into a motor road, and to debase the famous triangle from Ashness Bridge through Watendlath to Rosthwaite into a haunt of mechanical transport. The attempt was made quietly; it was defeated by the roadside landowner.

Private persons and voluntary bodies cannot indefinitely protect areas of great natural beauty against statutory bodies, Government departments, local authorities, and building development. Common defence, common standards, a *unified* and stringent planning system under a State authority can alone save the future. A National Park is an urgent need. To propagandise for this idea, the Friends of the Lake District exist, and they invite the support of all who wish the district well.

Yours faithfully,
Wood Close, Grasmere. H. H. SYMONDS
(Hon. Secretary, Friends of the Lake District).

ARTIFICIAL HUNTING

SIR,—I have read with interest the article entitled, "Has Hunting Become too Artificial?" in your number of October 15th. It seems that if, as your correspondent says, artificiality would mean the beginning of the end, then foxhunting in this country cannot continue for much longer. His statement that ". . . . in the effort to preserve foxes, enormous sums are paid out in poultry claims" drives home my point suitably enough.

If foxhunting is designed to rid the countryside of an admittedly destructive form of vermin, surely the sooner it fulfils its purpose the better! I will not enter here into the age-long question of which is the most humane and effective method by which to achieve this end. But as soon as the preservation of foxes begins, and I refuse to be persuaded that compensation is paid to poultry farmers to spare the fox for humanitarian reasons, hunting acquires some other purpose which it is not very difficult to appreciate. Despite the economic advantages which it may or may not entail, it becomes merely a nice question of conscience for those who follow hounds and at the same time pay a subscription to the R.S.P.C.A. It is one thing to kill vermin; it is another to preserve them for killing. The difference is artificiality.

In your editorial you describe those members of shooting syndicates who resent hounds in their coverts until after Christmas as "making a business of pleasure and forfeiting the right to be called either countrymen or sportsmen." Are they perhaps guilty of the crime of preservation? The pot appears to be calling the kettle black, and the kettle, at any rate, cannot be accused of preserving vermin.

Yours faithfully,
Vincent's Club, Oxford. W. J. H. LIVERSIDGE.

PONIES AND MOTORISTS

SIR,—I have read with much concern the letter from Mrs. Dunbar on this subject. I cannot understand why our local inspector apparently was not called upon to deal with the injured animal, as all A.A. Scouts and other officials have his address and telephone number. As the number of accidents to animals in the New Forest increased from 49 in 1936 to 74 in 1937 my council went most thoroughly into the whole of this question with the New Forest officials concerned in the early part of this year.

In conjunction with the A.A., the Hampshire County Council were approached with the suggestion that the gorse should be cut to within 2ft. of the ground at certain spots where accidents most frequently occur. The council accepted the suggestion and voted £100 towards the cost. We are aware that this suggestion is only a palliative, and that the main causes of the difficulty are that the foresters have the right to allow their animals to wander at will through the forest, and that the roads are not capable of bearing the summer traffic.

If a speed limit of, say, 30 miles per hour were imposed it would obviously mean that the novice would drive up to that speed, and there are places in the forest where one can drive even at that low speed and run serious risks. As the gorse has only recently been cut, time alone will show whether it will greatly reduce the number of accidents. If this does not happen, then your readers may feel quite confident the R.S.P.C.A. will make further strong representations in the proper quarter.

Yours faithfully,
FERGUS MACCUNN
(Captain, Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A.).
105, Jermyn Street,
London, S.W. 1.

THE WALK OF HIM WHO KNOWS THE HUNDREDTH NAME OF ALLAH
(See letter "Movement of Camels")

MOVEMENT OF CAMELS

SIR,—May I venture to offer an explanation which will, I think, account for the opposing views, held by Major Radclyffe and Mr. Ingram, with regard to the similarity, or otherwise, of the action of horse and camel (*vide* the *Field* issues of September 17th and October 15th).

The former states that the camel raises both feet on the same side at the same time: the latter disagrees, and maintains that a camel walks like a horse. I suggest that both are right; the explanation being that they are referring to different paces.

The camel has three paces—the walk, the trot (which is not a trot), and the gallop.

In the walk the sequence of movement of the feet is similar to that of the horse, allowing for differences of conformation. The movement is slow, dignified and terribly uncomfortable. This is the normal action of a baggage camel, and baggage on a camel has a rough passage.

In the "trot" the two legs on the same side move together, striking the ground and being lifted as one. In fact, the action is not unlike the two-legged action of a running hen, and there is the further similarity that the head is shot forward and drawn back, parallel with the ground, at each step. This is the only comfortable pace for a rider, and it can be maintained for long periods.

The gallop is ungainly, in fact ludicrous. It should not occur, but is sometimes seen in a desperate finish of a race.

A careful perusal of a large number of somewhat indifferent photographs, which I have by me, clearly bears out the above statement but, unfortunately, I have none taken for that purpose. I enclose three prints, however, in case you may find them suitable for reproduction:

1. *Walking.*—A camel, carrying the war-drums of the Kababish Arabs of the Northern Sudan, beginning to walk. In this the near hind has just been placed, the near fore is in motion and will be followed by the off hind, off fore, &c.
2. *Walking.*—A camel caravan entering Tokar.

WHERE CHANGE IS NOT DESIRABLE
(See letter "Stone Coin")

This shows a number of camels in different attitudes of the walk.

3. "*Trotting.*"—A detachment of the Egyptian Camel Corps at the 1913 Inspection at Khartoum. The near hind and the near fore of the camel nearest to the camera can be seen to be firmly planted, while the off side limbs are raised and coming forward.

But I write rather from memories of a period when it was my lot to spend most of my days on camel back, and to know my dignified, ungainly, complaining, supercilious, evil-smelling but gallant and enduring animals perhaps as well as a mere man is allowed to do. Incidentally, the supercilious attitude of the camel is said to be due to his consciousness that he knows a further attribute of Allah, unknown to man. Others say that it is due to the activities of a large, fat, parasitic grub which usually inhabits his nasal sinuses. Judging from the size and vigour of specimens which I have seen ejected by an extra violent snort, they might well keep his mind pretty fully occupied. Some Arabs hold that, but for the presence of these parasites, the camel would be unmanageable.

Yours faithfully,

The Old Vicarage, J. NIELD CAMERON.
Wetherby, Yorks.

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's letter in this week's *Field* about the movement of camels, I have a number of photographs taken at various times during the War, when I was on service in Egypt, Sinai and Palestine, and saw plenty of camels both at rest and in movement. As a result of his letter I looked up the book of photographs, and in every case of a moving camel both legs on the same side are moving in the same direction at the same time.

I would respectfully suggest that your correspondent can never have ridden a baggage camel, as I have, or he would not be able to write as he does.

Yours faithfully,

Underhill, E. FRASER STANFORD.
Pilgrims Way, Westerham.

PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY

HAIG FUND

20 YEARS AGO

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

Poppy Day is the finest opportunity we have to remember, in a practical way, the heroism and sacrifices of the War. Poppy Day finances the work of the British Legion for the survivors, thousands of whom to-day are gravely handicapped by age, sickness and the strain of the War years. These men, and the dependants who share their need, have the strongest possible claim on your sympathy. Please help the Legion to help them by giving as much as you possibly can for your Poppies of Remembrance.

POPPY DAY
Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be thankfully received by Poppy Day Committees or by Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Haig's Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7. POPPY SELLERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED. Ladies willing to volunteer for this work should communicate with the Local Committees or the Headquarters of Haig's Fund.

This space is donated to Earl Haig's Appeal Fund by Messrs. John Walker & Sons, Ltd., of Kilmarnock, Proprietors of Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky

A FINE FRENCH BRONZE

SIR,—I have a very fine bronze, apparently French, depicting a golden eagle on a rock standing on a young stork, which must weigh about ½cwt. It is signed, and appears to me to be "É. de Labrone." Are you able to tell me whether this sculptor is known in "Bronze circles," and if his works are of value?

Yours faithfully,

Hampshire. E. E. J.

OLD-TIME FIRE FIGHTING

SIR,—The fire-fighting hook illustration in your issue of October 22nd reminds me of the grand assortment of such hooks brought to fires by the Mih-hoo-loong Hook & Ladder Company of the Shanghai Amateur Fire Brigade when I joined the brigade in 1906. The motto emblazoned on their pony-drawn four-wheeled brakes was: "Say the word, and down comes your house." They were a great asset in fighting many a fierce fire in narrow alleyways at a period when Chinese shops and dwelling houses were flimsy and highly inflammable.

Yours faithfully,

Easton, M. O. SPRINGFIELD.
Woodbridge, Suffolk.

STONE COIN

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a stone coin I picked up on the farm the other day, and which, I think, may interest your readers. Collecting stones has been a hobby of mine all my life.

Yours faithfully,

Tayport, JAMES M. CHRIAH.
Fife.

A PRECARIOUS NEST

SIR,—While homeward bound from the Far East my ship took on some cargo at Bombay. In the gib of one of the great cranes loading up the ship was a hawk sitting serenely on its nest, apparently unconcerned at the long swaying motion of its elevated home.

At this height it would have been difficult to photograph the bird on the nest, but after waiting long and patiently, the hawk left its nesting place, and in the accompanying photograph the nest can be clearly seen at the point where the bird is leaving.

Yours faithfully,

Farnham. J. F. FRIEND.

WHEN THE CRANE WORKS THE CRADLE WILL ROCK
(See letter "A Precarious Nest")

AN ANCIENT JUNIPER

SIR,—I enclose a picture of a rather remarkable juniper tree. The photograph was taken in a Tibetan village on the border of Spiti, at a height of 13,000ft. This particular valley is 30 miles long, and except for those in the picture there is not a single other tree throughout its length. For a juniper it is immense, and it would be interesting to speculate on its age.

Yours faithfully,
10th/1st Punjab Regt., J. F. S. OTTLEY.
Jhelum,
Punjab.

AN ERA THAT IS PAST

SIR,—In the delightful article by Kathleen E. Morgan about farmers who have been huntsmen, there is only mention of a few, but I presume reasons of space have prevented mention of others.

In the concluding paragraph of the article these words occur: "Unfortunately, he found that he could not spare the time to continue in this position, so has resigned, and I do not know of another farmer-huntsman of the present day."

It is possible that only foxhunting was in the mind of the writer, but in case it was not, I think she will be interested to hear that the huntsman, Mr. F. H. Gaunt, of the Penistone Hunt (Foot Harriers), is a farmer. His two young daughters help as whippers-in, and there is a third coming on.

May I add that on the side of the country where there are no foxhounds we occasionally hunt fox.

If your correspondent will send me her address, I will gladly send her some more particulars.

Yours faithfully,
The Kennels, THE HON. TREASURER.
Cat Hill Hall Farm,
Hoylandswaine,
Penistone,
Near Sheffield.

A PARTRIDGE FLEW IN AT THE WINDOW WIDE—

SIR,—An unusual incident occurred at the Rifle Depôt, Winchester. At about 9 o'clock in the morning on October 18th, a fully grown partridge flew into the Officers' Mess ante-room through a half-open window, and settled on the floor. It was caught and examined, no injury being found. It was then liberated. The Rifle Depôt is situated in the middle of the town.

Yours faithfully,
Rifle Depôt, C. M. SMILEY.
Winchester.

GOOD LUCK SIGN ?

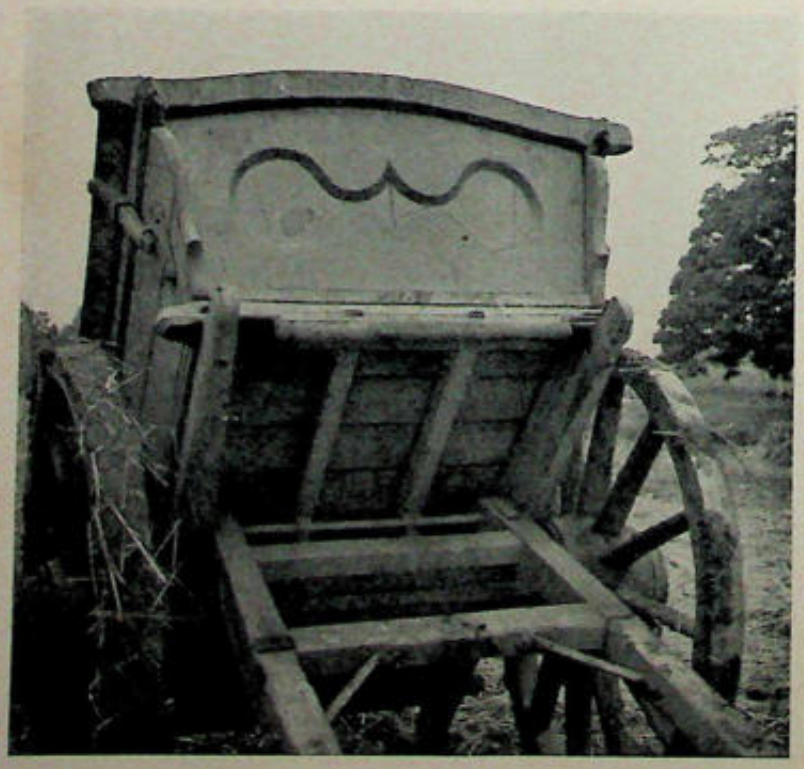
SIR,—The design on this cart front is typical of many to be found in the counties of Lincoln, Leicester, Rutland, Huntingdon and Cambridge, and in parts of Nottingham, Northampton, Bedford, Hertford, Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk.

It is known to wheelwrights as the "spectacles," but its origin or purpose is obscure to them. The front of the cart consists of two thicknesses of wood and the design is cut on the outer board, exposing the wood underneath. This construction allows rain to penetrate between the two layers of wood and rot it, so that the original reason for the ornament must have been a strong one. A good luck or fertility significance has been suggested and this is probably the correct explanation.

As most examples in the pure form still occur in the Fenland, this district would appear to be the distributing centre. The design found on the carts in districts on the edge of the Fenland are degenerate.

The design is found most frequently on the Scotch cart, but tumbril carts and wagons also have it and it sometimes occurs in harness stitchery.

Yours faithfully,
Villiers House, MARGHARITA RICHARDSON.
Villiers Road,
West Bridgford, Nottingham.



A FARM CART WITH SPECTACLES
(See letter "Good Luck Sign ?")

A QUESTION OF RECORDS

SIR,—Lord Derby's stallion, Hyperion, sired the three placed horses in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, on Saturday, October 1st, and many people were wondering if it was a record.

Comus's first crop of foals did even better, being first, second and third in the St. Leger. They were, Reveller, Ranter and The Marshall, the first two being out of mares that were sisters, and bred by Mr. H. Pierse.

Later, in Theodore's St. Leger, three Comus colts started and beat everything except the winner.

I am sorry the Countryman's Queries have been discontinued. There were two answers published, however, with which I did not agree. Daniel O'Rourke was only 14.3 when he won the 1852 Derby, although he subsequently grew to 15.1½, so he was smaller than Little Wonder by ½in. Bloomsbury, and not Hermit, won the snowstorm Derby in 1839.

Yours faithfully,
Royal Military Academy, G. C.
Woolwich.

POULTRY DIET

SIR,—I am endeavouring to gather reliable data with regard to results achieved with cod liver oil.

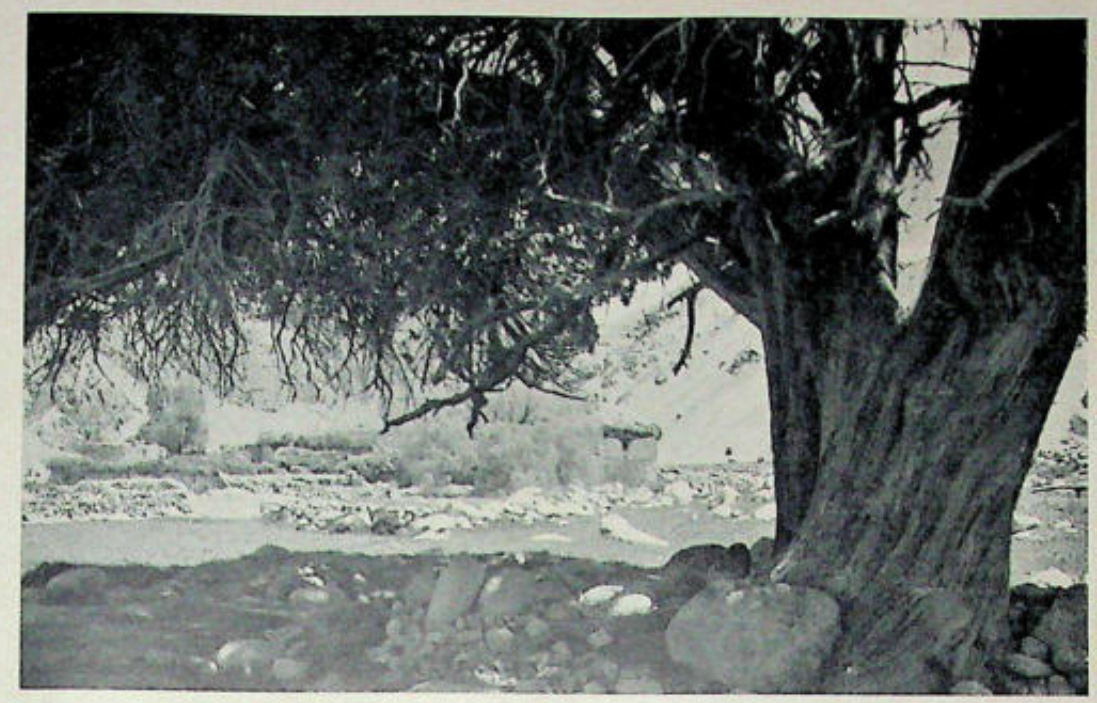
There is abundant evidence of success with pigs (*vide* work carried out at Reading) and what has proved to be good for the pig may well prove to be good for the laying pullet.

Perhaps readers who are using cod liver oil would inform me on the following points: 1, Dosage; 2, When given; 3, Changes noted.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE GODWIN.
43, Curzon Street,
London.

AFRICAN ELEPHANTS' EARS

SIR,—The excellent photographs you give on page 779 in the *Field* of October 1st are interesting, especially the lower picture of the Kalahari elephant. Its ears are extraordinarily small for an African elephant, and when compared with the ears of those in the upper photograph, which are by no means exceptional in size, the contrast is striking.



AN ENORMOUS JUNIPER 13,000 FEET UP IN THE HILLS OF TIBET
(See letter "An Ancient Juniper")

The farthest-off animal in the top illustration shows how the ear-flap is turned inwards, which is the usual fold, and I never saw one whose ears were bent outwards. The top and front of skull of the Kalahari elephant are slightly peculiar; and altogether this animal is not exactly typical of the African elephant in shape.

With regard to the letter by Mr. Guy E. Mitchell on the "Weight of African Game," I once read that Jumbo before he was sent to America weighed 6 tons, and I doubt whether he had reached his greatest weight. Therefore there is no reason to doubt that a really large African bull does sometimes weigh about 7 tons when living a natural life in the wilds.

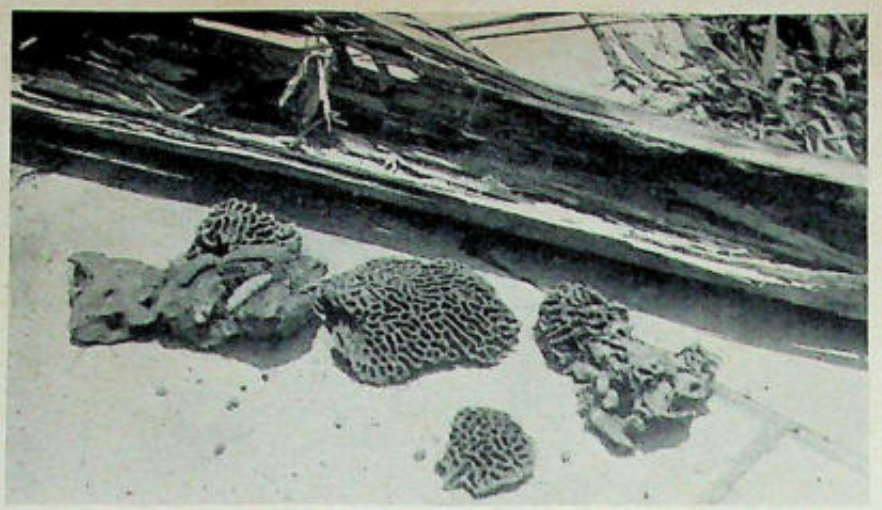
Yours faithfully,
Belmont, DENIS D. LYELL.
Moffat.

Obtainable from all leading Hotels, Restaurants and Wine Merchants.

WHITE ANTS

SIR,—The ravages of that scourge of the East, the white ant, are visible only too often, but the termitaria, which, in the main species, is always underground, is rarely seen.

I enclose a photograph of a white ant termitaria and behind it the post which had been eaten away. The inner nest is a solid structure of earth, cemented together with saliva and excreta, and can be seen on the left with the grub-like queen showing clearly. This bloated bag of eggs is attended by workers, who feed her and wash and carry away the eggs as she lays them at the rate of one every two or three seconds over a period of nine or ten years. The king is undersized, and is usually hiding under the queen. As soon as her fecundity shows signs of diminishing she is left without attention and dies of starvation, and is then eaten with relish by her erstwhile attendants.



THE WHITE ANT QUEEN IN THE TERMITARIA
(See letter "White Ants")

Maurice Maeterlinck, in his book, *The Life of the White Ant*, gives astonishing examples of the destructive powers of these pests, their "ravages wrought in secret and made manifest only at the moment of disaster." They devour anything. To get at corks they will pierce the tin capsules on the tops of bottles. Metal is dealt with by spreading on it a juice which rusts it. They can pierce lead of any thickness as the Post Office Underground Cable Depot has reason to know. They secrete a liquid which will rasp glass and give them a foothold.

It would be hard to believe the following, but Maeterlinck, in his preface, vouches for the truth of all his statements. A man returning to his bungalow after an absence, found that a set of engravings had been completely eaten, frames and all, but the glass in each case was still there, cemented to the wall by the earth tunnels in which these amazing insects carry on their ceaseless work of destruction.

Yours faithfully,
E. F. WATKINS.

2nd Battalion The Loyal Regiment,
Gillman Barracks, Singapore, S.S.

WEIGHT OR MEASUREMENT

SIR,—I send some papers for your and other fishermen's opinions. There has been a competition for a year, and in the scaly section I sent in a fish that weighed 6lb. I and several of the best fishermen in Natal think the decision should have been a dead heat. Perhaps you would be kind enough to publish this and get the decision of other fishermen. I should say there are three sorts of scale fish here. One is a greenish grey with a humpback, going thin to the tail. The second is the Berg fish, a long thin fish (I have taken those only weighing 3lb. 2oz., but going up to 23in. in length). The other, the sort I got, is a very compact fish, bright yellow with a very small head. I think it should have been given level, and have been fished over again for a month. I should be so much obliged if you would kindly give me your opinion.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES PENISTON.

Weenen,
Natal, South Africa.

[A letter from the *Natal Mercury* to our correspondent (which he enclosed) explains that two fish of 6lb. were entered. Our correspondent's measured 20in. long by 12in. girth, whereas the winner's measured 21½in. by 14¼in., and was consequently awarded the prize. We understand that the term "scale fish" in South Africa is the popular name for a species of barbel, but if there are, as our correspondent seems to suggest, more than one species known as scale fish, it would be better if competition rules gave the species its scientific name. On the particular point raised (and without reference to the rules, which we have not seen), we should hold that the umpire's decision was correct. It is the *size* of a fish which is the question; its weight is a convenient method of comparing size, since it is more accurate than measurement, but where weights are the same, we should regard comparison by measurement as the natural alternative. Dead heats are better avoided where possible.—ED.]

KILLING GAME

SIR,—For years I have endeavoured to discover some quick and clean method of killing a wounded pheasant when hampered by a gun under one's arm.

Perhaps some of your readers will describe the methods they use.

Yours faithfully,
PUZZLED.

Havant.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—The faithful servant for twenty-four years of an English family in Spain has appealed to us for help. Her employers have lost everything they possessed in the civil wars, and now she is faced with starvation, being unable to obtain her old age pension for another seven years. She has lost one eye, the other is weakening, and the only thing she can see sufficiently to do is work for an undertaker, a grim task indeed, adding to the gloom of her miserable existence. For some time now the most she has ever had is 9/6 a week for rent, food and everything, and the lack of nourishment is telling on her health. Please send us £13 that we may give her 5/- weekly for one year.

10 for 8D

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

15 for 1/-
20 for 1/4D
50 for 3/3D
100 for 6/4D
Handmade:—20 for 1/6

T.T.156E

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

IN THE CITY

BY THE CITY EDITOR

STOCKBROKERS are coming out of that shell into which they retired during the crisis. There is, however, a fairly general consensus of opinion that any concern in the luxury trade might be left out of reckoning for the present.

I consider such advice quite sound. They might, in my opinion, go a bit further and include most of our leading industrials. The reason is recent falling off in trade and, whether we like it or not, we shall have to face more direct taxation next year.

That must also adversely affect prices for trustee securities. More tax will clip a bit more off the net return, and market values must be adjusted accordingly. That is why many advise holding only trustee stocks which are definitely redeemable within about fifteen years.

Securities of that description appeal strongly to insurance companies, and prices show more resistance to any downward trend than is the case with stocks with a distant redemption date or no redemption date at all. Yields on comparatively short-dated stocks are, however, decidedly small already. Take, for instance, Conversion 2½ per cent, definitely redeemable in October, 1949, with a price of 97 to yield only £2 16s. 9d. per cent. less tax, including redemption.

Such a return cuts very little ice with the average investor but trustees are tied to such securities. The average investor has more rope. He can, and does, look elsewhere for a better return on his money. His chief difficulty is to find securities of a debenture type. Supplies are extremely small, and as a rule stocks command premiums on the redemption level.

Many stockbrokers I find now advising shares in companies producing primary commodities. These include Rhodesian copper and the Australian Broken Hill issues. I dealt with the Rhodesian copper situation some weeks ago. I still feel confident regarding prospects for that market from a purely speculative angle.

Still others, and they are many, believe in the outlook for undertakings concerned with re-armament. The most important armament firm in the country is Vickers Limited. It is well-known that the firms comprising the Vickers group are forced to let out a good deal of work to other companies by way of sub-contracts. They are overburdened with work, and this is likely to continue for some time. Vickers 10/- ordinary should be worth putting away for a year or two.

I favour the chances of some of the smaller engineering companies. Indirectly, they benefit from re-armament. One firm in this position is Craven Brothers (Manchester).

This is an old-established firm manufacturing high-class machine tools. The present company was formed as a public concern a few years ago and has been really successful. Orders on hand, despite an increased output, will keep the works going for two-and-a-half years. Dividend for 1937 was 15 per cent., while the interim for the current year has been raised from 5 per cent. to 7½ per cent. The 5/- shares are now about 12/- each. They should be worth putting away for a time.

I receive good accounts of Grayson, Rollo and Clover Docks. This firm is engaged as ship repairers and engineers. Much progress has been made during the last three years. There was a 7½ per cent. dividend for 1937 out of earnings of over 48 per cent. on the capital of £105,100 in ordinary shares of 2/6 each.

These shares have a somewhat limited market. They stand around 3/6. Although the directors follow a conservative dividend policy, it is reasonable to expect some increase in the distribution this year. Shares of this description should not be regarded as permanent investments, but they are very useful in raising the average yield on an investment list when trade conditions are brisk.

AXIS ARRIVES

We have heard much lately of the Rome–Berlin axis, and now Regent's Park, following in the line of fashion, has a new axis of its own. This little deer, which was born in one of the cattle sheds, has to be guarded carefully from its father, since the latter would be dangerously clumsy with the faun at best, and would more probably be responsible for infanticide. The baby already shows the family likeness, since it is spotted in an exactly similar manner to its parents, except that these markings appear to be even more pronounced owing to the smallness of the creature. Another result of its delicate build is an ability to pass under the railings of its paddock into the enclosure of its father (just another proof that "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage"), and thus it has been found necessary to restrict its peregrinations to the "inner ward."

New Books

A NOVELIST AT THE RINGSIDE

Tales of Famous Boxers

"Shake Hands and Come Out Fighting." By L. A. G. STRONG. (Chapman & Hall; 10/6.)

BOXING is like murder: the retelling never palls. Mr. Strong in this book tells again the stories of famous fights, some of which he saw himself and some of which he has collated from the reports of others. For the most part he tells of heavy-weights, beginning with the great fight between Jim Corbett and Bob FitzSimmons and continuing down to the present day. He calls this "the big stuff," and in between he has inserted what he terms "interludes," which deal with minor fights and fighters.

Prize-fighting is one of those things which passing time makes more glamorous—we think of Gentleman Jackson and Bendigo and Tom Sayers and their kind with affectionate reverence; we believe that in those days boxing was a clean and manly sport, while we have a horrible suspicion nowadays if still a manly sport is not so clean as it might be. This is a view with which I personally do not agree. Though I cannot speak from experience I feel convinced that all the trickery and roguery which is associated, rightly or wrongly, in the minds of the public with boxing to-day, was present in the good old days. Certainly boxing to-day is not so romantic as it was, and that is because we live in the era of big purses and much publicity and ballyhoo, and this era started, according to Mr. Strong, with the victory of Jackson over Tommy Burns, after which fight the victor was immediately offered and accepted a five weeks' contract on the music halls at £350 per week. Be that as it may, the people who will read this book are those who for the most part have no knowledge of any other era in boxing than the ballyhoo era, and Mr. Strong, I submit, is quite right in devoting his attentions only to modern fighters.

He gives very vivid accounts of the big fights at the beginning of the century and pays a well-deserved tribute to the extraordinary prowess of Fitzsimmons, who, never more than a good heavy-weight, did not hesitate to take on, and in most cases to defeat, men far heavier than himself. He pays, too, a well-deserved tribute to Jack Johnson, who, no matter what one may think of his bearing outside the ring, was beyond all manner of doubt the greatest defensive boxer of all time. From then he goes on to deal with the much disputed Willard-Godson fight, the rise to fame of Jack Dempsey, the story of Carpentier, of Gene Tunney, down to the fight between Louis and Tommy Farr. But he does not, in my opinion, always give praise where praise is due. There is but the smallest mention of Max Schmeling. Schmeling would have been world champion for a good many years had he not been shut out of the American ring by methods of which no unbiased observer could possibly approve. His final crushing defeat by Joe Louis was due, I think, not to any great skill on Louis's part, but to the combination of all those slights and forced inactivities to which the American public had forced him. Again he does not give sufficient credit, I think, to McTigue—and he is in agreement with most English writers—for that Irishman was as a matter of fact a very fine boxer indeed with a very fine punch, and his defeat of Siki was certainly as clear cut as Dempsey's defeat of Carpentier, even though the manner in which it was accomplished was not so dramatic.

Mr. Strong is not afraid to hint on many of the abuses which are present in British boxing: and I hope that his book will be read by those who I suppose control the sport. It is not too much, I think, to say that too great attention is paid in this country to champions, bouts for eliminating championships, to levies of purses and to all the red tape of control, and far too little attention paid to the honest hard-working professional fighter out of whom an unscrupulous manager—and there are plenty of them—makes easy money.

This is a very good book, very well illustrated. I have read it right through and shall read it right through again, and it has brought back to me memories of many good fights that I saw myself, and the photographs have recaptured for me momentarily many a thrill that I have half forgotten. That, I think, is an achievement of which Mr. Strong may well be proud, for the retelling of a story that has been told so many times before is not nearly so easy as those who do not write but imagine. Mr. Strong has, I suspect, failed in his immediate object. He wrote the book apparently because a disgusted friend could not understand why he liked going to fights; he makes out a very good case for himself, and for all those who like going to fights, but I very much doubt whether he has convinced his friend. B. V-F.

* * * *

Marlborough: His Life and Times. Volume IV. By the Right Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. (Harrap; 25/-.)

Mr. Winston Churchill has completed in this, his fourth volume, the only really authentic full length picture of John 1st Duke of Marlborough, and though his subject is by the nature of things his hero, it is an interesting fact that it has taken nearly two hundred years for the character of the greatest British soldier to be divorced from intense political prejudice. Mr. Churchill does not fail to draw political comparisons—"the story is pregnant with applications to the period in which our lives are cast"—but he does not attempt to gloss over the weaknesses of his ancestor. The volume is in many ways the best of the four. It lacks the shrillness of the first and the too purple patches that at times disfigured the third.

Mr. Churchill makes no efforts to write down the huge presents that Marlborough was offered and accepted under circumstances quite foreign to modern standards, nor does he deny the unlovely avaricious side of Marlborough's character: but he does resist to the full the peculation charge brought against him after his fall, and clearly the maladministration of funds is unlikely in a man to whom waste and lack of value would have been as a bruise to the soul.

This volume is, alas, most unpleasant reading in the week of the Godesberg conversations. It deals with the desertion by England of the Grand Alliance, which was so nearly akin to the modern League of Nations, and it shows how a triumphant country can be bereft of its conquests by pacifist reaction. The weakening of the will to war in England led inevitably to a prolonged resistance on the part of the French, so that the triumphant issues of 1709 were in the course of a very few years frittered away. Marlborough was driven from the scene of his triumphs, Sarah from the scene of her dominations. It is not to be supposed that such chances as this are lost on the pen of Mr. Churchill.

In the military sphere the volume deals fully and clearly with the final victory of Malplaquet, in many senses a Pyrrhic triumph, but one that showed certain sides of the duke's unruffled control to the full. But its reactions on his critics may in some respects be likened to that of the autumn battles in Flanders to those who doubted Sir Douglas Haig. Finally, we have that last scene over the deathbed of Queen Anne, when but for the implacable and iron control of the Whigs and the shifting opportunism of Bolingbroke, the Stuart Succession might well have been assured.

The end of the volume deals with Marlborough's last years, and the period of rest in which the walls of Blenheim rose, and the malignant fires of party politics began to be banked. The powers of John were failing, but those of his Duchess—"Sarah prowled round his couch like a she-bear guarding its slowly dying mate, and tearing all, friend or foe, who approached"—remained dominant. And though the words are well known one cannot refrain from quoting once again her reply to the "proud" Duke of Somerset's proposal in her widowhood: "If I were young and handsome as I was, instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the Empire of the World at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John Duke of Marlborough." There is nothing there but dignity and restraint: none of the fuming termagant of the Queen's Bedchamber.

In any ordinary historical writer this book, carefully compiled, containing many entirely new sources of information, and written in something of the Grand Manner of Gibbon, would be an achievement of the utmost distinction. Coming from the pen of a man who throughout the whole period of its writing has been fully and closely preoccupied with great events it is likely to remain unique. M. T. S.

* * * *

The Good Pain. By ELIZABETH HOLLISTON FROST. (Martin Secker; 6/-.)

This is an unusual novel, the scene of which is laid in the French village of St. Ciry-la-Popie. The book is written in the form of a succession of tales, each one dealing with one or more members of this strange little community.

The "Good Pain" runs through the book like a refrain, constantly recurring, a refrain which may not be to everybody's taste, but which throws an interesting light on the customs and traditions of a lovely part of Southern France. V. R.

* * * *

Lad. The story of a Border Collie. By Lady KITTY RITSON. 15 illustrations. (A. & C. Black; 5/-.)

Here is an excellent book for all children who love dogs. Which is not to say that this story will have no appeal for the older generation, but it is written in such a way that, to my mind, the volume would be most suitable as a school prize or birthday gift. We are told all about a Border Collie who, had it not been for his young mistress, would not have survived the early days of puppyhood. His training and subsequent exploits are related in a simple form which, nevertheless, has much of interest and not a little charm. V. R.

* * * *

In Czechoslovakia's Hinterland. By HENRY BAERLEIN. (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.)

Mr. Baerlein is probably right when he says that few people in England know where Ruthenia is. They will be little the wiser when they have read what Mr. Baerlein has to tell us, and there is no map. But they are almost certain to be charmed with his pictures of the inhabitants of that district; and beginning to wonder about the quickest routes to such a delightful spot—at least that would have been the reaction a few weeks ago!

The author writes fluently, and has an exquisite style for conveying the human touch. This is really a series of conversational essays, and though we shall learn little of the political controversies, the best way of getting to know people is to chat with them. It is books such as this that we stand in need of to-day. C. N.

* * * *

Ride to Russia. By BERNARD NEWMAN. (Herbert Jenkins; 10/6.)

Bernard Newman and "George" (his bicycle) have made yet another journey through Europe. Their jaunts are occasions for rejoicing amongst their "fans," and this time Mr. Newman rode to Russia via Germany and Czechoslovakia—the present European crisis adds interest to the choice of route. Once again we are told that the author is not interested in politics, but in people, and only where those touch does he stop to discuss the former; he recounts a few conversations he had, where the theme was political, but definitely that is not the object of the book. This is refreshing. Mr. Newman's publishers allow him 5/- a day to live on, to ensure his staying in inns and lodgings not frequented by the luxury or normal tourist. This state and Mr. Newman's abounding tact certainly achieve the object and he has made most original and entertaining contacts. He visited and mixed with all classes of the countries, from the peasants and factory workers, gypsies, "minorities," State officials, to a stray princess and a prominent President.

There is a charm in humour which is irresistible even when languages are unknown, and this asset Mr. Newman has to the full; it is apparent on every page and has supplied him with countless opportunities. There is a sane common sense tucked into those travels which is stimulating. C. N.

It's time to visit SOUTH AFRICA

DON'T you ever feel, when you come to the last page of a particularly vivid book of travel or adventure, that you yourself would like to do something different, to face new experiences and see how other people live?

Well, why not? Pack your trunks and take a holiday in South Africa. It is a country reserved by Nature for holiday-makers. Picture a land where the sun but rarely hides his face, where the air is as exhilarating as champagne, where flowers and trees deck hillside and meadow with a mantle of brilliant hues, and everywhere the mysterious lure of Africa surrounds you with its subtle hypnotic charm.

Picture the mighty scenic wonders of Africa—the Victoria Falls, an epitome of inexorable power and faerie loveliness, the magnificent Drakensberg Mountains, the unparalleled opportunity to study wild animal life at close quarters, the fascinating Native life and customs, the gay social life of the busy modern towns.

Go to South Africa this year and bask in the sunshine of an alluring land. The voyage there is one of restful comfort and takes only 14 days. Illustrated brochures obtainable from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or accredited Travel Agencies.

MR. R. G. HEATON'S CHEVERELLS AMBER RETRIEVES A PHEASANT

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT SOUTHILL

THE Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Retriever Trials were held by kind permission of Mr. S. H. Whitbread, at Southill, Bedfordshire, on October 21st and 22nd. The judges were Mr. B. B. Riviere, Major H. Doyne-Ditmas and the Hon. W. Holland Hibbert. Game was plentiful, well shown on both days and the weather perfect.

The Non-Winners' Stake, on the 21st, was won by Mr. R. G. Heaton's Cheverells Amber, handled by Mr. R. Leach. This dog went a good pace, had plenty of drive and brought well to hand. The second and third prizes were awarded to Miss Bickerton's Shelsley Nymph and Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill's Bolnhurst Bet, the former of these also ranged freely, and retrieved a good runner, but did not always deliver well to hand. Bolnhurst Bet worked steadily and found two runners. Certificates of merit were allotted to Miss Hyde Harrison's Pavenham Vivid, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Cry, Mr. Gilbert Turner's Abbott of Winscales and Major G. H. Barnett's Lochar Lido Lady (Gyp).

The Nomination Stake and Knutsford Challenge Cup on the 22nd, was won by the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Mike, who put up an excellent performance, particularly excelling himself in finding a bird in roots that four other competitors had failed to pick. He not only marks his birds well, ranges well out, and retrieves quickly and to hand, but when necessity arises works every inch of the ground with his nose well down. Mr. R. G. Heaton's Cheverells Amber secured the second prize. She was a good runner-up, and fully confirmed the decision of the previous day. Her handler, Mr. R. Leach, won the prize for the best keeper-handler. Third prize was awarded to Mr. H. S. Loebl's Hesloe Nigger, handled by Mr. R. Buckell. Nigger is a fast worker and showed himself a very useful performer.

Scent was not good on either day, birds being especially difficult to find in brussels sprouts. This made it impossible for the judges to award any prizes in the Nomination Stake except the first three, and this fact should please some critics of retriever trial judging, who wrongly maintain that dogs are judged solely on style and not on their success in finding dead or wounded birds. After luncheon the chairman, Sir Lionel Halsey, made a sympathetic reference to the recent death of Mr. Peter Clutterbuck, who, with the late Lord Knutsford, was one of the original founders of the society. Sir Lionel also thanked Mr. J. H. Whitbread and his son for their great kindness in allowing the trials to be held at Southill.

EASTERN COUNTIES RETRIEVER SOCIETY

By kind permission of Lord Somerleyton, these working trials were held at Somerleyton Park, Lowestoft, on October 18th and 19th. The judges were Mr. J. Bell, Major J. I. Benson and Mr. E. Winter.

The first prize in the All-aged Stake went to Mr. H. M. Peacock's Labrador bitch Greatford Shy, second and third places being filled respectively by Major D. G. Astley's Labrador Dander and Mr. C. H. Kennard's Labrador Pettistree Dan. Mr. H. M. Peacock's F.T. Ch. black interbred bitch Greatford Quickstep was fourth, and Captain E. H. Buxton's Labrador bitch Maryrose of Saxmundham reserve. Awards of honour were made to Wing-Commander P. K. Wise's Labrador Sweepson and Mrs. Breitmeyer's brown curly-coat Snapehill Brown Boy. The following received certificates of merit. Mr. J. Whitworth's Labrador Tolly of Hamyax. Mr. B. B. Riviere's Labrador bitch Belmore Gin, Lord Somerleyton's red Labrador Peter the Piper, Dr. W. Collin's Labrador Colwill Diamond, Mr. H. Whitworth-Smith's Golden retriever bitch Quick of Yelme and Mr. F. P. Busuttil's Labrador bitch Desta.

SPRINGERS AT WOODALE

On Thursday and Friday, October 13th and 14th, the North Western Counties Field Trial Association held their spaniel trials on Captain W. R. Burrill-Robinson's ground at Woodale, near Middleham, Yorkshire.

The weather was wild and stormy on the first day, but the second day was fine, if somewhat windy. Game was plentiful in spite of the adverse weather conditions, and some really splendid spaniel work was seen on both days. This ground is ideal for spaniels, and the dogs were really well tried out for stamina and game-finding properties. The Novice Stake in particular was very keenly contested and was won by Mr. A. Byrne's Tedwyn Toddy, a win which was undoubtedly very popular. Mr. T. B. Laird's English springer, Solo Event, winner of the Open Stake, gave a very polished performance which stamped her as a springer with a future. Mr. C. A. Phillips's cocker bitch, Rivington May, won the Open Cocker Stake, and was very creditably handled by C. Thompson, a worthy son of Mr. Phillips's old handler, J. Thompson, so well known to all spaniel trial enthusiasts. The meeting was on all sides voted one of the most successful and enjoyable held by the Association. The results were as follows:

OPEN STAKE (ANY VARIETY EXCEPT COCKERS) RETRIEVING SPANIELS.—1st, Mr. T. B. Laird's English Springer b., Solo Event; 2nd, Mr. A. Byrne's English Springer b., F.T. Ch. Tedwyns Tonic; 3rd, Captain J. H. Rhodes's English Springer b., Harstonia Sally; Reserve and Award of Honour, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English Springer b., F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; Award of Honour, Captain A. Beal's English Springer b., Wistful; Certificates of merit: Mr. J. F. Houstoun-Boswall's English Springer d., Glanton Sport; Dr. J. A. Jamieson's English Springer b., Peerless Tess; Mr. J. Mortimer's English Springer d., Wag Hill Dash; and Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English Springer b., Squib O'Vara.

NOVICE STAKE (ANY VARIETY).—1st, Mr. A. Byrne's English Springer d., Tedwyns Toddy; 2nd, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise's English Springer d., Raithburn Prince; 3rd, Captain A. Beal's English Springer d. Garrigill; Reserve and Award of Honour, Captain A. Beal's English Springer b., Wistful; Certificate of Honour, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise's English Springer d., Raithburn Rughe; Certificates of Merit: Mr. J. Mortimer's English Springer d., Wag Hill Dash; Mrs. R. T. Amour's English Springer b., Swift Arrow; Mr. G. Blacklock's English Springer d., Cocky Leekie.

OPEN STAKE FOR COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b., Rivington May; 2nd, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's b., Yoredale Jen; 3rd, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise's d. Raithburn Smut. Reserve, Mr. E. A. Walker's d., Markover Titch. Certificates of Merit: Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d., Yoredale Snipe; Mr. G. Blacklock's b., Browster Bridget; Mr. E. A. Walker's d., Yoredale Yorker; Mr. C. A. Phillips's b., Rivington Bean.

The judges were Messrs. G. H. Turner and G. Girdwood.

BLACKGAME.

GOLDEN RETRIEVER CLUB

By kind permission of Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., the Non-Winners Stake of the Golden Retriever Club was held on October 26th, at Sennowe Park, Guist, Norfolk. The judges were Sir Giles Sebright, Bt., Sir Hugh Ripley, Bt., and Captain H. F. H. Hardy. The stake was for twelve dogs and bitches, and the results were as follows:

1st, Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's b., Veritas of Yelme; 2nd, Mrs. Nagle's b., Sulhampstead Dazzle D'Or; 3rd, Commander Mack's b., Sea Rose. Reserve and Certificate of Merit: Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst's d., Colin of Tyrconnel.

A Qualifying Certificate was granted to Mr. J. Whitworth's Yellow Labrador b., Tessa of Hamyax.

SPANIEL SOCIETY

On October 24th and 25th the fourteenth meeting of the society was held at Stratford-on-Avon. The judges were Captain Gilbert H. Turner and Mr. John Cady. The results of the trials were as follows:

JUDGING GOLDEN RETRIEVERS IN THE WATER TEST AT SENNOWE PARK. MRS. HERVEY-BATHURST'S COLIN OF TYRCONNEL RETRIEVING

OPEN ALL-AGE STAKE for Field Spaniels only.—1st, Mr. Lewis G. Beaumont's b. Saxpence of Skerries; 2nd, Major H. Beaumont's Brag of Stronds; 3rd, Miss S. Beaumont's Newburie Chips. Reserve, Major H. Beaumont's Bairam of Stronds.

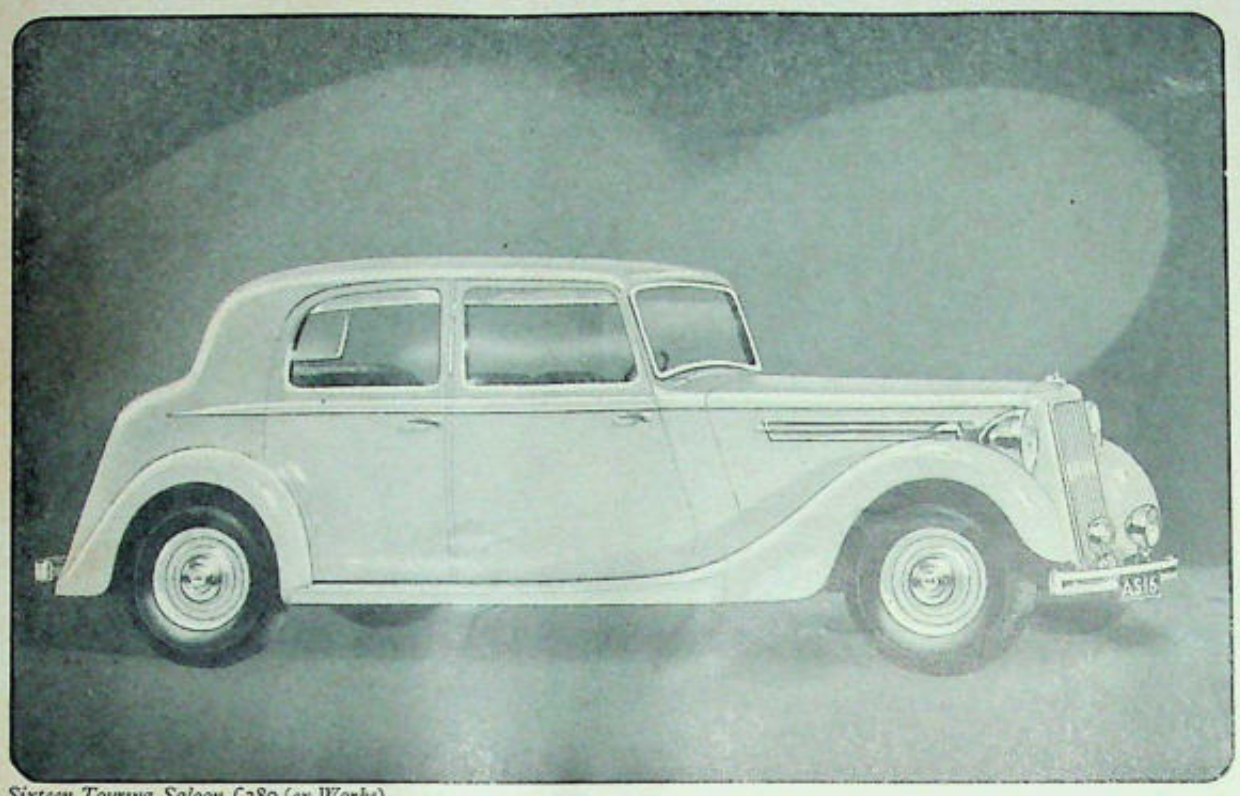
NON-WINNER STAKE for any variety of Sporting Spaniel which has never won a first prize (excluding specials) at Spaniel Trials prior to November 10th, 1937.—1st, Mr. F. M. Prime's English Springer Mr. Sprigg; 2nd, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's English Springer b. Blendworth Linda; 3rd, Mrs. F. C. Hollingsworth's English Springer Dagnall Duncan. Reserve, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's English Springer Newburie Sport. Certificates of Merit: Miss J. Featherstonhaugh's English Springer b. Rockstead Footflash, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's English Springer Laughal, Major H. Beaumont's Field Spaniel Bairam of Stronds, Mr. C. McNeill's English Springer Spanks Son, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Cocker Spaniel b. Golden Ray of Ware, Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer b. Noranby Pelican, Miss S. Beaumont's Field Spaniel Newburie Chipps, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer Eromtew Pod, Rev. E. J. Nelson's English Springer Blendworth Jack, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer b. Eromtew Judy, Mr. A. M. Horsburgh's English Springer Goldeneye Drake, Mr. W. K. Hulme's English Springer b. Grendon Judy (First Reserve).

OPEN ALL-AGE STAKE for any variety of Sporting Spaniel other than Cocker.—1st, Major H. Beaumont's Field Spaniel b. Butter of Stronds; 2nd, Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer b. Bryngarw Daisy; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer b. Bryngarw Fireside. Reserve, Mr. W. D. Edwards's English Springer Hillhampton Spark. Certificates of Merit: Mrs. F. C. Hollingsworth's English Springer Dagnall Duncan, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's English Springer Newburie Sport, Major H. Beaumont's Field Spaniel Brag of Stronds, Mr. F. M. Prime's English Springer Mr. Sprigg, Mr. L. G. Beaumont's Field Spaniel b. Saxpence of Skerries, Cadet J. Calvert's English Springer F.T. Ch. Bobble, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer Staindrop Stop Bright, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's English Springer Spaniel b. Holefield Sally.

OPEN ALL-AGE STAKE for Cocker Spaniels only.—1st, Mr. R. MacDonald's Rockstead Footspur; 2nd, Mr. R. Hill's b. Nip of the Links; 3rd, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's b. F.T. Ch. Poddle Crankle. Reserve, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's b. F.T. Ch. Poddle Cricket. Certificates of Merit: Mr. R. MacDonald's b. Rockstead Foothopper, Miss A. L. Beaumont's Bisto of Stronds, Mr. H. C. Cowles's b. Glenley Bess, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's b. Golden Ray of Ware, Miss M. Carnegie's b. Heydown Dinah, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Nawn.

Qualifying Certificates Granted: Mrs. A. Kirk's Golden Retriever Abbots Trust, Mrs. Gwen Broadley's Black Labrador b. June of Sandilands, Mr. M. D. Withers's English Springer Showman of Shotton.

The New ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY '16'



Sixteen Touring Saloon £380 (ex Works)

SPECIAL FEATURES INCLUDE:

- High-efficiency engine
- New suspension system
- New chassis frame rigidity
- Balanced Drive transmission
- Generous enclosed luggage compartment
- Minimum "Valeting" and service

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1. *Agents in all Centres*

BRITISH CARS ARE BEST — in the long run

You are invited to write for our illustrated catalogue and our new booklet "How Balanced Ride is achieved." Please mention the "Field."

ASG11A

Morris Angel & Son, Ltd.
HUNTING AND SPORTING TAILORS

Ready for Wear
HUNTING, RIDING and SPORTING KITS
ALSO
LADIES' JODHPURS and BREECHES

A large selection of Lounge, Dress, Dinner Suits and Overcoats always in stock.

117 & 119 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.
Telegraphic Address: THEATRIDIO, LONDON.
'Phones { - - - - TEMPLE BAR 5181.
Tailoring Dept. - - „ „ 6497.
Film Dept. - - „ „ 8694.

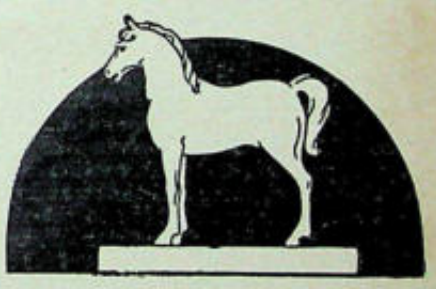
"Ah! that reminds me to **Get Gibbs!**"
It's Super-Fatted!

Gibbs Super-Fatted Shaving Cream makes all the difference to a shave. The super-fatting gives a dense, copious lather that enables the razor to sweep cleanly and smoothly on its way; lubricates and feeds the skin leaving it cool and comfortable.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TODAY!

GIBBS SUPER-FATTED SHAVING CREAM

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.



Ask for
WHITE HORSE
as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

IN TOUCH

Problems of Scrummage Formation

NOT only is the scrummage the storm centre on the playing field but in committee meetings, clubs and periodicals the storm rages on throughout the year.

Only last week I drew attention to the deviating interpretation of the scrummage rules during the match between Cambridge University and the Harlequins earlier this month, when Mr. W. W. Wakefield seemed to be of one mind and W. O. Chadwick of quite another. The former, being the referee, had the advantage and Chadwick suffered accordingly.

The rules of hooking are but one difficulty of many. Another is the devastating habit of the modern wing forward to pounce on the opposing scrum half before that unfortunate individual has had time to get rid of the ball. We have all grown extremely warm over this last point, and although in some ways it is an unfortunate state of affairs, the wing forward is unduly maligned, and more rubbish has been spoken and written to his degradation than any one individual fairly deserves —especially since his behaviour is legally justified and is born of an ability and quickness which are the outcome of modern methods and practice.

It is interesting in the light of all these conflicting opinions to consider the merits and demerits of the two systems of scrummage formation. The one known to all of us is the usual 3-2-3 "lay-out," forming a solid block of heaving, sweating manhood from which emerges much bad language, innumerable law infringements and, if all goes according to plan, the ball.

The second is the 3-4-1 system which was used by both sides during the recent South African tour and has been adopted this season, up to the present at least, by the Oxford University side. Much weighing up of its merits was done when the South Africans toured this country in 1931–32, forming down in this manner with such excellent results. Now the problem has become even more — well, "pressing" would seem to be the most appropriate word.

The relative value of these two formations is difficult to assess since we have experienced too little of the 3–4–1 style to offer judgment with any fairness, but that it has its uses with certain conditions prevailing there can be no doubt.

I see that Walker, the English captain in the South African tour, said: "The South Africans were particularly strong forward, the pack being big and fast and able to handle like three-quarters. They played the 3–4–1 formation in the scrums, and it proved so successful that we adopted it. From that time onwards we began to get the ball in the scrums. It is obvious that more thought will have to be paid to this formation in British Rugby."

The whole problem is one of weights and measures, and the great point of a 3–4–1 arrangement of forwards is to have three front-row men of exceptional bulk. Without them an orthodox scrummage will easily have the ascendency because, as can be seen from the accompanying sketch, the shove of the outside man in the second row (shown as D) is only indirectly exerted on the scrum, while orthodoxy presents a solid and compact front. Mathematically, this is obvious, but in practice, of course, the thrust from the back row (U T S) is transmitted through the second row, and because the human body has a certain spring effect and no second-row player can be expected to be perfect in other ways, a good deal of the drive is lost, while in the other conformation it is at least direct thrust.

Potentially, the unorthodox packing is a line short, and the ball comes out more cleanly and with more speed, while the odd man (H) at the back can guide it to whom he will.

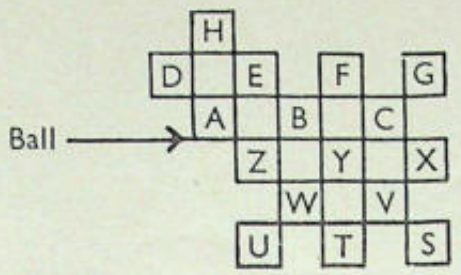
The presence of D and G make it increasingly difficult for the enemy to get at the ball, which has found its way, via H, out to the scrum-half. According to some, H himself constitutes a problem. If he is allowed to pack down between D and E and the ball comes out—as in 99 cases out of 100 it will—between E and F, he is hindering the defending scrum-half from getting at his opposite number, and is thus causing obstruction in a manner which is a contravention of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the law, since he forces the scrum-half into an offside position.

It has been suggested that H should be made to pack between E and F, and nowhere else. I have been speaking to a friend who at one time played as H for a well-known Midland team, and he tells me that he was made to pack in the middle—much to his indignation. A large proportion of the value of this type of scrummage goes when H is not allowed to become an unknown quantity.

From the sketch it can at once be seen that the preponderance of weight is on the side of the top scrum's loose head (A), and that to wheel the scrum right round is simple. If H decided to go down with F and G instead, even with X on the other side being the loose head, it would be very little more difficult to slue the whole pack the other way. Fix H, and this quality is lost.

The position which arises when both teams are packing 3–4–1 is interesting, for the wing forwards are closer to one another now than in the other formation, and therefore a row nearer the opposing half-backs which offers obvious advantages to the defending team and is an effective counter to the value of the quick heel.

Whatever the finer points of the matter may be



there is no doubt that with the orthodox scrum the weight and importance lies with the second row, while in the 3–4–1 method the front row must supply the bulk. It may be remembered that in the 1932 team the South Africans played Kipling, Mostert and Louw, who stood 6ft., and tipped the scale at about 15st.—that is enough to bear the brunt of almost any opposition!

Experiment will show which is the most favourable formation, but I cannot help feeling that 3–2–3 will remain ultimately as the more efficient. Without weight and experience 3–4–1 is hopeless, and if it were to be introduced generally the result would be, I believe, disastrous. The wingers would begin to shove even less than they do now in the old formation. It does not necessarily follow that what is an enormous success in an International team will be similarly effective in ordinary club or school Rugby.

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

I.—The Drive

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE drive is probably the most spectacular and most popular shot in golf. As it is the beginning to a hole much depends on it. Within limits we are allowed to choose where we shall stand and where we shall tee up the ball. Everything is in our favour so that we cannot blame a bad lie for a bad shot. Yet how many golfers handicap themselves and fail to do themselves justice on the tee.

No doubt one of the most common faults is to try to do too much. Too many players hit hard and hope for the best. They see the fairway before them and are satisfied if their ball finishes somewhere on it. In other words, few have a definite target at which to aim when driving. A little foresight beforehand would save many wasted strokes. The studious golfer, before he drives off, will look beyond the immediate fairway to the green, notice where the flag is, and decide from which angle he can best attack it. This practice of planning the next stroke in advance can be followed by any handicap golfer. He will not always succeed, but his play will improve by degrees. As Lady Heathcoat-Amory has pointed out: "The object should be to use technique intelligently rather than automatically . . . at some holes there will be nothing gained by striving for excessive length; at others a decided effort may very likely be called for."

The ideal tee-shot achieves the desired direction, length with as much run as possible, the maximum power of the individual being applied. It should be a straightforward shot without spin. That demands a sound swing, free movement of the arms, correct weight transference and balance. The slightest suspicion of any tension will ruin the stroke. The methods adopted must vary according to the individual and his physical capabilities. If you are short and stout it is not the slightest use trying to emulate the example of, say, Archie Compston. If you are tall you will not benefit by attempting to imitate Jones. The local professional can assist you more than anyone as regards the various movements of the actual swing. Personal idiosyncrasies do not matter so long as the fundamental principles are carried out faithfully.

The width of the stance for the tee-shot depends on the height and build of the player and his natural walking stride. It is imperative to be comfortable. Cotton says that when in doubt "you should stand too near the ball rather than too far away from it, but not so near that you are all cramped up or so far away that you have to stretch out to reach the ball." In gauging the distance between the player and the ball this old method may be of help. The ball should be so situated that when the club is laid with its heel to the ball the end of the club shaft touches the players' left knee. But this measurement naturally varies according to the "lie" of the club. As the drive is a sweep rather than a hit the ball should be either opposite the left foot or at a point just inside it—the experts differ, but all agree that it must not be nearer the middle of the stance.

Cotton walks with his toes slightly turned inwards, so he has found the "pigeon-toed" stance the most suitable. Others believe that an open stance is to be preferred. Padgham uses practically a square stance, but he has his left foot turned outwards, slightly to ensure, as he calls it, "a snappy follow-through." This stance, or one rather more open, does help to get the weight through. And the question of weight transference is all-important.

Abe Mitchell is one of the finest exponents of good driving, even when a gale is blowing. Like the Whitcombes he appears, and is, perfectly steady on his feet and keeps his weight behind the ball. In his book, *Length on the Links*, he lays stress on this vital point—weight transference. "The back swing should be made in such a way that the weight is transferred from foot to foot along a line parallel to the line of flight. The back swing should begin at the feet, not at the shoulders," he says. "Hitting at the top of the swing is proof of a natural anxiety to complete the stroke." Mitchell believes that this is caused by "the legs not holding so that the player feels he must use his arms at once." Therefore he bids us concentrate on our feet and legs to get length and "not to go all out with the arms."

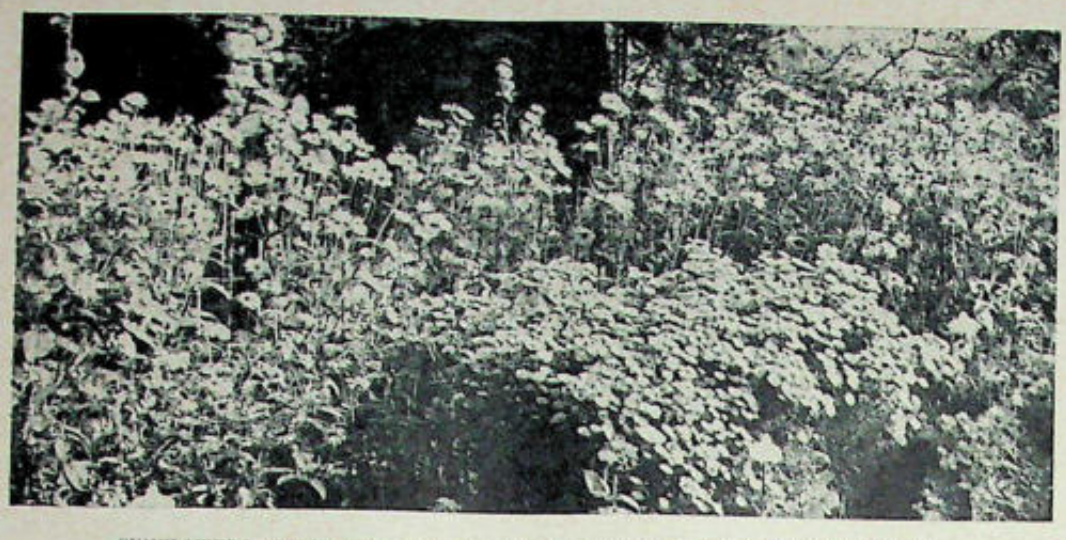
The famous American professional, Alex. J. Morrison, has proved one of the most successful tutors of his time, and he lays stress on aiming the chin at a point just behind the ball and keeping it there until the ball has been hit. Mitchell also advises looking at the ball with the left eye, and thus your weight will be behind and not in front at impact. I have noticed that the majority of first-class players have adopted this practice, and I am convinced that it helps the follow through in particular.

It has been said that one can tell whether a shot has been a good one or not by looking at the player's finish. Certainly one can always discover the good players by their position at the end of the swing. The follow-through is not a pretty poise for the benefit of any stray photographer or admirer, but is a definite reflection on how the swing has been made. Even the experts vary as to how they finish their drives. Some have their hands held high, others have turned their bodies to a great extent, but all have preserved their balance. They are steady on their feet and have not moved. It is not too much to assume that if a player is correctly balanced at the end of his swing he has been in control during it.

If a player is falling over himself after the ball has been hit—one foot up in the air or feet both turned round facing the objective—it is obvious that faults have occurred before the moment of impact. Compston puts the matter in a nutshell when he states that we should "visualise the proper finish" before we play the shot. Our ideas will differ according to our capabilities, but if we try to gain a sense of balance we will eradicate many of our faults.

The question of the driver itself is a personal matter. The modern tendency is to use a deep-faced club with hardly any loft. If such a one is used a high tee is necessary. It gives maximum amount of run. On the other hand a shallow-faced club is easier to handle, and I know one golfer who has improved his driving by having a little loft put on the face of his club. He told me this alteration has given him greater confidence, and whatever club we decide to use, we must be confident of it. It is wiser to use a light club than one that is heavy. Too heavy a head will tend to destroy any rhythm that our swing may possess, and before the round is finished it may tire us so that we can hardly wield it.

Some tee-shots are more difficult than others—or at least we like to think they are. The trouble is the mental attitude. So many players are beaten before they take up their stance. Morrison's words should be remembered: "The ferocious effort to 'concentrate' results in rigid muscles and stiff joints, which are fatal." If the word relaxation is substituted for concentration then good driving would be easier than many golfers imagine possible.



SUNFLOWERS ASSOCIATED WITH MICHAELMAS DAISIES IN AN AUTUMN BORDER

The Country House

SUNFLOWERS

"Most Precious for the Autumnal Garden"

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN spite of their beauty many folk despise Sunflowers, but those of us who share cottagers' tastes like their hearty splendour and the warmth and light they diffuse in a border. We are at least in good company in liking them for the late Mr. William Robinson described them as "most precious for the autumnal garden when well placed." The annual Sunflower he described as "one of the noblest flowers we have and one of the most effective for various positions."

The annual kind was probably more appreciated when introduced over 300 years ago, when the tales of the Sunflowers made of gold worn as diadems and breast-plates and carried in their hands by the virgins who officiated in the temples of the Sun in Peru, were still fresh. The splendour of this spectacle greatly impressed the Spaniards and the flowers, when first introduced, speedily became popular. Gerard grew them in his London garden under the name of "The Flower of the Sunne or Marigolde of Peru." He states, proudly, that with him they had attained a height of 14ft., but that in Spain they had been known to grow 20ft. high. Parkinson, in his *Paradisius*, calls the Sunflower "a goodly and stately plant," and comments on the characteristic downward curve of the flower head which he describes as "bowing downe the head unto the Sunne." The popular error that the flowers turn to the sun has been perpetuated through the centuries, especially in the French name Tournesol. So far from this being true the plant branches in all directions, and the flowers do not change their positions. Thomas Moore used the poetical idea of turning with the sun in one of his most popular Irish melodies.

> "As the Sunflower turns to her god when he sets
> The same look that she gave when he rose."

When first introduced the annual Sunflower was grown not merely for its decorative value but for food. The heads were cooked and eaten in the same way as Globe Artichokes. Parkinson observed "they are accounted of some to be good meate, but they are too strong for my taste." The peeled seeds are supposed to have an almond-like flavour, and were used in salads, but I think the resemblance is remote.

I like the tall-growing annual Sunflowers, associated with Hollyhocks, *Bocconia cordata*, Hemp Agrimony and other giants. In a border about 60ft. long by 10ft. wide, and in the rich soil they like, I am going to try a mixture of annual and perennial Sunflowers, associated with Hollyhocks, *Bocconia cordata*, Hemp Agrimony, the giant Fennel (*Ferula gigantea*) and *Molopospermum cicutarium*. With the splendid foliage of the *Molopospermum* in front, this border should look effective in late summer.

The varieties of the annual Sunflower are now fairly numerous. The tallest growing is *H. giganteus* Russian giant. *H. citrinus* is always pleasing. The miniature species *H. cucumerifolius*, which grows about 3ft. high, is a native of Texas and the most popular varieties are the Stella Red hybrids. Well grown and given sufficient space, they make fine plants branching in all directions, but I never find the colourings attractive. Last season, however, a friend sent me seed from California. What a difference! Instead of the rather rough untidy foliage and the dingy colouring of the small annual Sunflowers commonly grown in this country the foliage was glossy and handsome, and the flowers for the most part an almost metallic yellow or rich butter colour. Some of them were poorly coloured, but seed of the best I am carefully saving after taking steps betimes to see that my diligent little bees have no chance of hybridising them.

All the annual kinds do best where they are to flower, but in bleak parts they are commonly sown in boxes in March or April and planted out in May.

If you save your own seeds it is more important with Sunflowers than with almost any other annuals to take them from the first large heads produced by each plant. Anyone who grows Sunflowers in quantities notices that the flowers vary greatly. Some are magnificent 8ft. to 10ft. high, branching splendidly, whereas others grow only about 5ft. high and have comparatively small flowers. The finest plants are those raised from seed of the first very large flowers, the only ones that have the characteristic downward bend. Birds are very discerning where Sunflower seeds are concerned. Before those in the large heads even begin to turn colour the birds attack and strip them. It is, therefore, necessary to cover the heads with muslin bags in time, for if you leave them even a few hours too long you will probably find every seed taken and the ground strewn with husks. The secondary heads the birds hardly trouble about.

The perennial Sunflowers, like the annual kinds, have the merit of a long flowering period, usually six weeks. *H. multiflorus*, a native of Virginia, was introduced in the sixteenth century. Apart from the double form, there are now numerous varieties, and like the type they are amongst the few showy flowers that succeed in town gardens. None of them set seed in this country, but they are all easily increased by division. Amongst the best varieties are Loddon Gold, which was awarded the A.M. of the R.H.S. in 1922, H. major, Meteor and Soleil d'or. The earliest to flower is the anemone-flowered variety Queen Victoria.

The handsomest of the perennial Sunflowers is indisputably *H. sparsifolius*, sometimes listed as Monarch. This magnificent species, with flowers on 8ft. stems, does not bloom as a rule till mid-September, but it continues till November. Like the better Asters, it is a slow spreader, whilst the poorer sorts are rampant growers.

H. orgyalis, a native of the plains of Nebraska and Texas, was introduced in the nineteenth century It is a remarkably graceful species with its 8in. willow-like leaves on stems 8ft. high. The flowers are small. Except in wind-swept parts the stems, in spite of their height, need no staking. Miss Jekyll used to pull the stems down and peg them across and between Eryngiums, and in this position the plants are seen in full beauty, for the flowers in the axils of the leaves are all visible.

H. rigidus syn Harpalium rigidus, a native of Georgia and Texas, is a very variable species. The best forms are Miss Mellish and Daniel Deware. The former produces flowers in overwhelming profusion, and the latter has florets twisted like those of Japanese Chrysanthemums.

H. tomentosus is very attractive with its greyish downy foliage. It attains about 4ft. By many this is regarded as the best of all the Sunflower tribe, and it is certainly worthy of a place in every border.

TREE SURGERY

MANY trees planted to form terminal features to lawns have grown beyond a useful size and now dominate the gardens to such an extent as perhaps to dwarf the house and the lawn completely, to shut out sunlight, or to reduce the usable area of the lawn. It is the unfortunate effect of lack of foresight on the part of our ancestors in planting large quick-growing species instead of the smaller trees, the red horse chestnut, the common maple. Skilful surgery can reduce the span and height of a tree, but still retain its essential and typical form, and the more simple operations can be undertaken by the amateur.

The reduction in the span of the tree does not present any great difficulty. It is not a very hard task to examine the branch system, remove those that are likely to rub and thus damage better branches, and to cut back the ends of all the branches 3ft., 4ft. or 5ft., thus reducing the span of the tree by twice that amount. The aim must be to leave a framework of sturdy branches capable of producing healthy shoots.

The lower branches will usually sweep the ground, and if it is desired to give headroom under the tree it may be necessary to remove the lowest ring of branches. These will all be large, and there may be five or six of them. They may be removed by cutting in the manner described last week, but it would be fatal to cut all at once. The tree would never be able to manufacture enough callus to heal all over, and quite apart from this the shock would be very severe, and if a dry summer followed the tree might die. The removal of a single large branch is a severe shock, comparable with the removal of a limb from a human being, so it is clear that the cutting of five or six large branches should be spread over three years, cutting two a year.

The effect of the removal of a large branch or branches is very different from the removal of a limb from a human being. The tree is stimulated to active growth and to reproduction. It will seed fruitfully, and immediately start to heal over the cuts. It will also start to branch rapidly, and this active growth appears to increase the susceptibility of the tree to disease, hence the need for protection of the cut surfaces as described last week.

The older a tree is the less vitality it possesses, and the less its healing power, and power of making fresh shoots. For instance, in an old beech, cutting of a branch produces nothing but a few weak and straggly shoots. The best course is to cut a tree when in its early prime, when little but shortening back of branches is needed, and to repeat the operation every five years or so, training the tree into the desired size and shape, but being careful to make the shape the natural one for the species. When this has not been done it may be found that the height of a tree needs reducing to let more light to the house or lawn, or to reduce the dominating effect of an over-large tree on a small lawn.

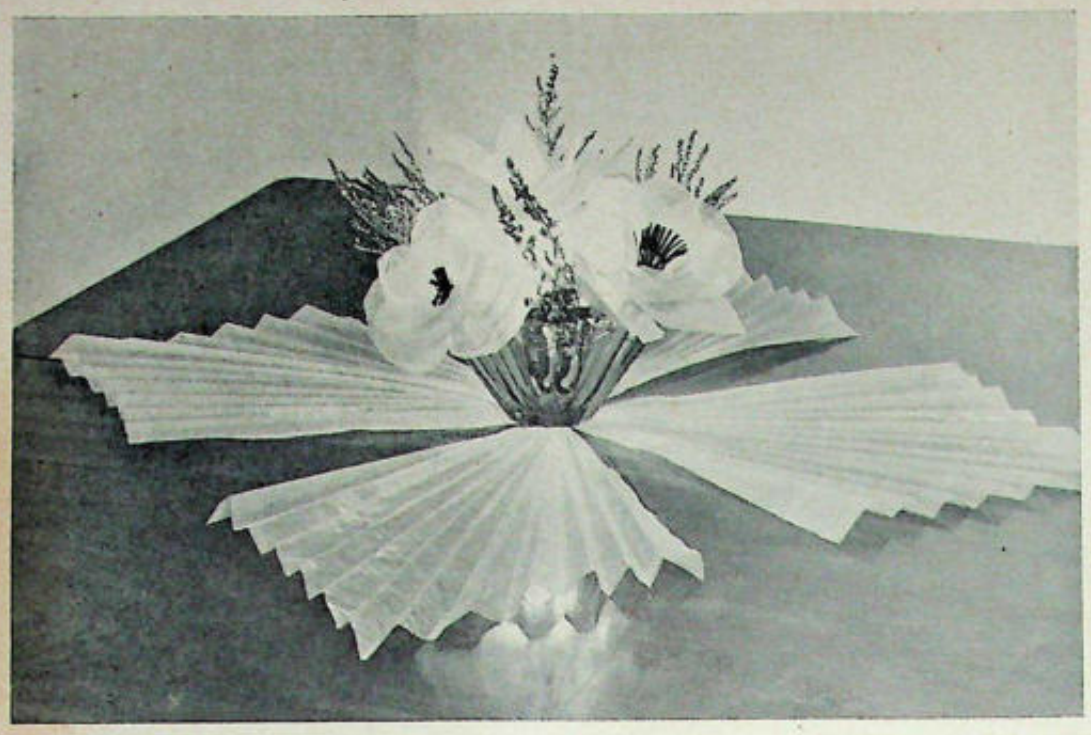
This operation requires skilled advice, but its principles may be set down. Trees are of two types. The best type is that which has a leading shoot carried right up to the highest point of the tree. The leading shoot is the prolongation of the stem, and it should be fairly straight and considerably larger than the principal branches, which should be arranged in a subsidiary manner. Elms are always of this type. Most young oaks, ashes and beeches conform also, but in later life they sometimes tend to lose it and not infrequently their mature rounded crowns give no indication of the leading shoot.

The type of tree less favoured by foresters is where the stem ends in a bunch of branches, all more or less of the same size like a brush.

For this latter type of tree the lowering of the crown is a simple matter, consisting of shortening back the branches as described above for reducing the span of the tree. For the better type of tree with a definite leader, and for the more pyramidal elms and conifers, lopping is a skilled operation only to be undertaken by a man skilled at the task, or the falling top may be fatal to the man who cuts it. The cut is made with an inclination so that water runs off and is protected in the same way as a branch stump. Judgment is needed in deciding the best point to make the cut, having regard to the likelihood of the tree reclothing its pollarded top. Beech cannot be relied upon to do so, and should only be pollarded if it has other branches that can be left a little higher to mask the naked top.

The amateur tree surgeon should not dare too much without good advice, because different species respond in different ways to the stimulus of pruning, and some will scarcely respond at all. He will also desire that the final result shall conform to the typical shape of the tree, and so must study the natural shape of the species.

REGINALD DAVEY.



HEATHER WITH ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, AND AN EXTRA TOUCH OF LIGHT FOR THE TABLE

PARTY PREPARATIONS

Good Winter Material for Floral Decoration

By MARGUERITE JAMES

WHEN Cleopatra gave a party it is at least possible that the Rose of the Nile, or White Lotus, and the traditional overhead rose wreath of the Roman banquet were wedded by this accomplished mistress of pageantry and pomp in flower and water decorations ostentatious enough to out-Hollywood Hollywood. But in one respect at least Cleopatra was handicapped: she had no electric lamps at her disposal.

These thoughts were prompted by the dinner party decorations of a clever hostess. Suspended horizontally above the dining table was an enormous circle of white roses, a sort of grown-up version of the popular posy ring. It was hung just below a strong ceiling light, and was at once the *pièce de résistance* of the whole scheme. A little foliage drooped from the circle of flowers, but the ring was so placed that no heavy shadows fell on the table. Also, of course, there were other lights present. On the table itself was a wide pool of water on which white waterlilies floated. Subdued green light from below the water level suggested a greater depth of water than was obviously possible. Green and white crystal bowls filled with white flowers occupied other positions on the table.

The party was an intimate, mainly family, affair, and it was the laughing reminder of the hostess that all conversation would be *sub rosa* that brought Rome and Egypt to my mind. The Critic—there is always one—thought it "rather elaborate for a small dinner party," but surely the perfect hostess is she who makes a few personal friends feel they are as important as a roomful of notorieties, and equally can make a roomful of Public Personages feel they are her personal friends.

Floral decorations should help in this. It is an eloquent gesture to stage a brilliant display for a few friends, while at larger parties a small surprise for each individual guest is equally felicitous. One hostess recently used, among her living flowers, a number of tiny Purbeck posies, one of which she handed to each lady guest as a memento. (Purbeck posies are of artificial flowers, made in the Purbeck studio. They are delicate works of art, and frequently so life-like as to defy detection when set among real flowers.)

When I am consulted about party decorations, I usually think of two factors. First the season of the year. Autumn is possibly the easiest time of all for daytime floral decorations, for every meadow and woodland will furnish material that needs but little skill in arrangement. Beech leaves gathered when half the leaves have turned colour, and set into glycerine and water, make a good background for many different arrangements, and last the whole winter in good condition. Cape gooseberries and all the so-called "everlasting" flowers mix as well with the beech as do the various berries of the shrubbery. The creamy-yellow Achillea, which keeps a better colour if the heads are dipped into boracic powder, is particularly useful in the autumn mixed display.

Evening parties are more difficult, for autumn browns and buffs and the greenish grey of seed heads and lichen-covered twigs are not too good by artificial light. Chrysanthemums are an excellent stand-by; deep cream, gold, white and bright salmon-pink varieties all light up well. A point to remember in this connection is that white, primrose and golden yellow flowers add to the brilliance of a room, whereas pink and golden brown, though attractive, absorb light instead of reflecting it. In other words, an arrangement of white or cream flowers can be better lit by lower-powered lamps than if the chief flowers were golden brown. As for red—our grandmothers were right in rejecting all crimson and magenta shades, for these colours reflect only a small percentage of the light rays, which makes them difficult to use indoors either by day or evening light.

The other thing that concerns me immediately is space. A party is usually an event where guests move freely, and decorations are therefore best kept to walls and ceilings. A series of characteristic flower arrangements set in wall niches is good, or similar arrangements in wall vases, or standing on small brackets (not quite so good!) may be acceptable. Those fortunate enough to have old Staffordshire chine wall vases, or old Chinese vases of similar type, will find them useful. Both date generally from about the end of the eighteenth century, when wall vases seem to have been fashionable.

From modern studios there are several types. One is a china frame, oval or round, with a flower-vase to one side of the base, so that a single flower or spray set into it appears to be framed. This should take an exotic flower such as an orchid. Then there is the hand-worked metal vase, large enough to take branches of preserved beech, or evergreens, or a bold mixed group of dried leaves, berries, and seed heads. This metal holder will take water (or glycerine and water) as required.

An alternative style in wall decorations is made of ropes, loops or circles of evergreens or flowers, or sometimes of muslin with floral additions, the important thing being to keep a sense of proportion, and never to allow the decorations to become undignified.

Children's wooden hoops make a good foundation for wall decorations. For autumn and winter parties they can be covered with foliage and berries, and hung flat against the wall, or set as frames to wall vases of more highly-coloured flowers. They can also hang high above the heads of the guests, singly, or in threes like chains, or pushed one inside the other to form globes. Perhaps they are most useful at Christmas, covered with white or scarlet ribbon, and hung with icicles or with silver bells.

Christmas party decorations are not difficult. White, silver and vivid scarlet, *a la* Santa Claus, is almost inevitable as a colour scheme. If a Christmas tree is used, I think most of us want a *real* tree, though usually this is improved by the judicious use of secateurs to give it rather the tiered formality of the indoor Araucaria. Arrangement of the lights on the tree can also improve its formality and balance.

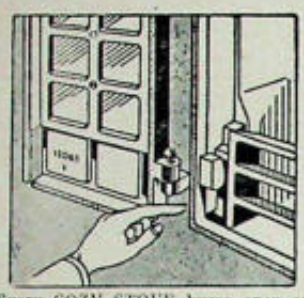
I saw a very charming decoration for a children's party made almost entirely of bare branches enamelled silver and white, and hung with silver icicles. The holders for these branches were actually crumpled handfuls of chicken wire, covered with frosted cottonwool so that they resembled snowballs. A large posy ring of white pottery surrounded each snowball on the centre of the table, and was filled with whitened and frosted holly and bunches of scarlet berries.

Smaller snowballs and twigs stood by each plate, but in these individual decorations the posy rings held two or three brightly coloured crystallised fruits in paper cases, instead of holly berries. It seemed safer!

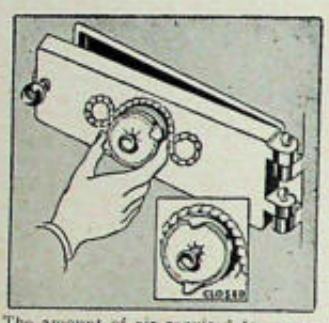
ELECTRIC CANDLES GIVE A FESTIVE AIR TO FLORAL DECORATIONS

Scientific Construction makes them *highly efficient*

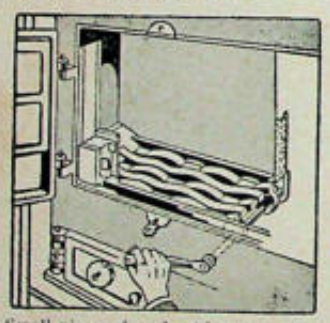
★ NO SPECIAL FUEL IS REQUIRED FOR COZY STOVES



Every COZY STOVE burns open or closed as required on ordinary kitchen coal, and is guaranteed to burn 12 hours without attention. This is largely made possible by precision in workmanship, which results in all doors fitting perfectly. The air draught, at all times, is under complete control.



The amount of air required to ensure proper and complete slow combustion depends upon the type of fuel used. The air regulating device in COZY STOVES is situated in the ash door and is operated by a disc. It is a most efficient arrangement.



Small pieces of coal not burnt to ashes can still give off heat. Dropped through to the ashpan they are wasted. With the new patent Rocking Grate fitted in all large size COZY STOVES the maximum efficiency is obtained. When used it may not show much movement on the surface, but down under the fire very little but the dead ashes fall through, which is as it should be.

COZY STOVES are scientifically designed to give maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption during the whole 24 hours. For efficiency, adaptability, and economy, YOUR home needs a COZY. There's a wide range of models available to suit all requirements.

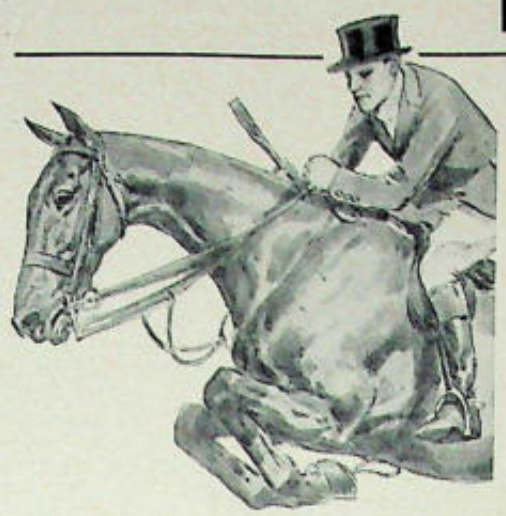
Write for catalogue or see them at your local dealers.

COZY STOVES are available on easy terms.

THE COZY STOVE CO., LTD.
43, Berners Street, London, W. 1

COZY STOVES

Every rider needs the Linia Belt



The advantages of a compact weight

THE sense of firmness and well-being, the exhilarating feeling of lightness, the knowledge that your weight is scientifically under control, add immensely to the enjoyment of hunting. Enjoy this feeling with the Linia Belt. It is woven on scientific lines to give controlled compact weight. It holds you in correctly, without restriction or harmful pressure. Men who have had to hunt in slow countries because of that "top-heavy" feeling, have worn the Linia Belt and gone back to their nicely fenced country; so much difference does the Linia Belt make.

The lack of perfect control and balance experienced by the man with the "corporation" accounts for half the fatigue of a hard day's hunting—of horse as well as rider. The heavy-weight, or the man whose muscles have been weakened by a sedentary existence for most of the year, should wear the Linia Belt for hunting.

The patented Linia Belt is made of unusually strong elastic tricot, porous, light, hygienic and washable. Be careful that you get the genuine Linia Belt—for its success has led to many worthless imitations. Order now—perfect fitting guaranteed or money refunded in full. Write to-day for descriptive booklet.

The Prices of the Linia Belt, including a Linia Jock Strap, are: Popular Model, 3½ gns. (Black, 4 gns.). De Luxe Model in pure silk, extra light quality, 6 gns. (Black, 7 gns.). Standard Model, 2 gns. C.O.D. 1/- extra.

On Sale Only at **J. Roussel, Ltd., 177 Regent St., London, W.1**

Branches in **London** and at **Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hove, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham** and **Southport.**

Telephone: Regent 7570

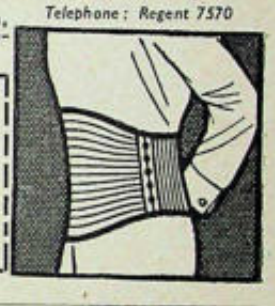
J. L. Roussel, Ltd., 177 Regent Street, London, W. 1.

★ Please send me a Linia Belt, price..... including the Linia Jock Strap. My **maximum** measurement round the body is.....inches.

I enclose cheque, *OR* please send C.O.D., 1/- extra.

★ Please send me a free copy of the booklet fully describing the Linia Belt.

My name and full address are attached. L77



UNDERNEATH —but not OVERLOOKED

A PARTICULAR MAN can face his tailor's eagle eye even when attired in his underwear, because he chooses his underwear-maker just as carefully as he does his tailor. Braemar makes the kind of underwear that satisfies particular men—underwear that gives unimagined comfort and fit because of first-class quality and workmanship. Braemar Underwear for Men is sold at most good shops and stores at prices from 10/6 a garment.

BRAEMAR

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

you will be well in WOOL

PLEASE SEND ME *the new leaflet* 'Why You Should Wear Wool', *containing full particulars of Braemar Underwear for Men.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

F.5 11/38

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND
and at Axtell House, Warwick Street, London, W.1

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

ESTABLISHED 1785

Gieves Flannel Sports Shirt—Collar attached 15/6

Gieves LIMITED

21, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 6411
Telegrams: "Muftis, Piccy, London"

EDINBURGH, WEYMOUTH, CHATHAM, SOUTHSEA, MALTA, LIVERPOOL, PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, GIBRALTAR

THE SCIENCE OF MUSHROOM FARMING

Methods That Increase the Crops

MUSHROOMS have always been a popular dish, but during the last year or so their popularity has increased out of all knowledge. Several years ago it was the French growers who received the benefit derived from marketing the mushroom in this country, but with the imposition of certain tariffs the English grower was given the opportunity of showing what he could produce.

To-day, owing to steady publicity, combined with a big drop in prices, there is a demand for mushrooms which far exceeds the supply. During the first weeks of August, in spite of the almost unprecedented early arrival of the "field" mushroom, there was a demand for mushrooms which could not be met.

It is in this sphere, then, that many may look for an interesting, steady, and lucrative career. Large numbers of landowners and farmers have the facilities for growing vast supplies of this delicious fungus, but never seem to attempt cultivation—presumably because of the supposed necessity of costly buildings, or the mythical existence of some mystery pertaining to the successful growing of this unusual crop.

Actually mushrooms may be grown in practically any kind of shed or building—also, under certain conditions, in open pastures.

I started with a capital of fifty shillings, and put down my first beds in a disused garage, which I had first of all most laboriously cleaned and prepared in accordance with the instructions gleaned from some admirable little booklet.

Later on I apprenticed myself to one of the biggest growers in the country—a most excellent plan for anyone who is really thinking of making this his, or may be his son's, career. I worked my way through a farm, and then obtained a post as manager on the mushroom farm which I have recently purchased for myself.

There are at present eight long, low, thatched sheds. Two more will shortly be erected—a manure "turning" shelter, a small office, and a neat packing shed.

Specially selected "long" horse manure arrives at the farm every third week, 30 tons at a time, and is then immediately shaken out and watered with a special disinfectant, before being stacked in a long heap about 10ft. wide, 5ft. high, and 25ft. in length. A couple of long thermometers are now plunged into the stack, and in a day or so a temperature of around 160 degrees F. may be recorded. The "compost" is left for five days and then "turned" again—inside to outside, and *vice versa*, more water with disinfectant being added where necessary.

From three to six "turnings" may be necessary before the several definite tests may be properly carried out, and the "compost" passed as ready for bed-making. These days gypsum is added during the last turning to prevent the "compost" from becoming wet and "soapy," a condition which in the old days made failure more or less certain.

There is now a special mould and tool for every stage of mushroom cultivation, and directly the manure has passed certain tests it is wheeled into one of the sheds, which has previously been carefully prepared to receive it, and is then restacked and fumigated with either sulphur dioxide gas or calcium cyanide.

Two or three days later the "compost" is compressed into special wooden moulds, and when these are lifted away there is formed a very neat section of a ridge-bed. When all the bedding has been completed the house is shut up for a day or so, until the beds reach what is known as "peak heat," when they are again fumigated to ensure that there are no flies, maggots, or other pests lurking in the manure. For if the manure, at "peak heat," rises to above 110 degrees F., all the insects' eggs within the bed will have been destroyed, and all flies driven to the bed's surface, where they are immediately destroyed by the poisonous gas liberated in the tightly-sealed shed.

A steady temperature of 58–60 degrees F. must be obtained in the shed, either by electric heating or by the usual low pressure water heating plant. Under these conditions the beds should lose their heat in about six to nine days. Directly the bed-thermometer registers 80 degrees F. spawn must be inserted.

Only the best known makes of special sterilised pure-culture mushroom spawn must be used—one carton spawns about 50 square feet, and costs between 3/6 and 3/9 per quart carton.

When spawned, each bed receives a casing of sterilised soil. Special implements are used for this operation, and the soil is spread on to the beds and smoothly plastered evenly over the surface of the compost, 1in. to 1½in. on flat beds, and on ridge beds it varies from 2½in. at the base of the walls to 1½in. at the summit of the bed.

Nearly every large farm has its own soil sterilising plant, some type of apparatus, either steam or electric, which heats the prepared casing soil up to about 170 degrees F., thus destroying all harmful bacteria. Temperatures higher than 170 degrees F. will render the soil an inert mass, incapable of maintaining growth, therefore ruining it so far as mushroom casing is concerned.

After casing and until the first button mushrooms show on the surface, the air temperature and the humidity of both atmosphere and casing soil are the only points for consideration. An air temperature of 55–60 degrees F. must be steadily maintained, and should the beds show signs of drying out they may be very lightly sprayed with warm water, paths being carefully damped down at the same time. Atmospheric humidity at this stage is not so important as during the period of cropping, and is maintained chiefly by moisture evaporated from the casing soil or from the paths.

"SPECIAL STERILISED PURE-CULTURE MUSHROOM SPAWN MUST BE USED"

"A FEW DAYS LATER THE WHOLE BED WILL BE COVERED WITH MUSHROOMS"

A constant temperature of about 58 degrees F. induces rapid growth of the spawn—or mycelium, as the small fluffy white strands, which shoot out from each portion of spawn, are technically called. The usual period of waiting is about six to eight weeks, but beds have often been known to lie dormant for as long as six months before there has been any sign of cropping.

However, with all conditions favourable, mushrooms can be expected to appear in six weeks from the planting of spawn.

Watering is permissible after the first few buttons have come through, but only through a very fine rose, great care being taken to see that no actual water soaks through to the compost beneath the casing soil.

A few days later the whole bed will be covered with mushrooms, and this should be the case every few days over the total cropping period—which is usually about ten to twelve weeks. Mushrooms are gathered daily, each mushroom being twisted from the bed—never cut—the stalk then partially removed with a sharp knife, and the mushrooms then packed in special chip baskets, each basket holding about 4lb.

Every salesman is on the lookout for a regular supply of cultivated mushrooms—the markets are many, whether the grower resides in north or south. I send mine to Covent Garden, Brentford Market, Swansea, Merthyr Tydfil, Liverpool, and Southampton—besides having quite a valuable little private clientele of restaurateurs and hotel keepers. The prices vary considerably throughout the year, but I have worked out the average price per pound over last year was 1/3, which is a distinctly useful price.

There are several diseases and many insect pests, but the modern grower need have no real fear of serious damage or loss, for scientists have been kind to us and have found a cure or antidote for each of these troubles, whether it be a milky solution of lime-water for Fusarium, soil sterilisation for Mycogone, and Xylaria vaporia—or fumigation with nicotine shreds, dusting with pyrethrum powders, or gassing with poisonous gases to drive away the Phorid fly, the Sciarids, or the Cecidomyiidæ. Science has now met, and conquered, each of these old-time causes of complete failure with which the mushroom grower of a few years ago had to contend unarmed as it were. The would-be modern grower need have no qualms, if he carefully sticks to a strict "hospital-like" routine—and let his motto be: "Prevention is better than cure."

G. PATERSON-HART, F.R.H.S.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

A CONVERTED LIFEBOAT UNDER SAIL OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT AT BEMBRIDGE

MOTORING'S THEME FOR 1939

Increasing Refinements of Comfort and Economy

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

NOW that we have had an opportunity of seeing what the motor manufacturers have to offer for the coming season, it is possible to make a general survey of the developments in design and construction.

Undoubtedly the theme for 1939 is economy in running costs without sacrificing performance and comfort. The manufacturers of the popular cars have sought a new high level, and judging by programme announcements, have succeeded in attaining a striking standard.

A petrol consumption in the region of 40 miles per gallon or more is claimed for the Vauxhall "Ten," and similarly the Morris, Hillman, Standard and Austin concerns described the performance of their respective products which are every bit as admirable.

Economy has been achieved by the introduction of a new system of carburation and by sweeping weight reductions as well as certain ignition improvements. I feel that this constitutes a move in the right direction, since it will encourage car purchase by the man of limited means, and should, to a certain extent, result in improved sales figures for the entire motor-car industry which, as a whole, did not experience any too satisfactory a year in 1938 as compared with 1936–1937.

Secondly, with the weight reduction there is a more favourable power-weight ratio, which obviously results in improved performance. For a number of years now I have put forward the view that British cars could be stripped of much superfluous weight without impairing stability and ease of handling, providing amendments were made in design, and I am now gratified to see that many manufacturers have made much progress along these lines.

Comfort is a consideration which has not been neglected, and the 1939 models can show several new advantages in this respect. Many believe that comfort is the most important factor to be borne in mind when purchasing a car, and I am inclined to support this theory. No matter what phenomenal acceleration a car may possess, no matter how efficient the power unit may be or how economical, motoring cannot be enjoyed unless a really high standard of comfort is maintained.

Sensible seating arrangements for driver and passengers, ample head and leg room, and improved upholstery as well as easy entry and egress, are features of the new ranges. These are the obvious things which can be demonstrated in the showrooms, but there are two other integral factors which mean much more. I refer now to good suspension and quiet running.

A great deal of effort has been expended to ensure the isolation of engine noises by carefully sealing the bulkhead between interior and the engine unit, and by the application of sound-deadening floor coverings. Flexible rubber engine mountings are still in vogue, as is the spraying of panels with special preparations, which prevent the transmission of noises.

In the matter of suspension there has been a notable advance, and many manufacturers have introduced praiseworthy improvements. The Standard Company have incorporated independent front-wheel suspension in their newest models together with several other concerns, and I believe that this should result in increased comfort and vastly improved steering accuracy.

Personally, I would always recommend independent suspension, because it ensures easier handling and the precision of steering promotes confidence. Shock absorbers, spring flexibility and rubber mounting of the axle on the springs, all contribute to greater comfort and sound elimination, as does the employment of Silentbloc bushes. Stability has received increased attention, and the usage of anti-roll bars is general in the 1939 cars.

Now we come to the all-important question of luggage space. This is a point which I invariably emphasise because it means so much to the enjoyment of a trip, and yet is not infrequently overlooked by designers. I have seen and driven more expensive and luxurious cars, but my opinion of them has often been influenced by the remarkable inadequacy of luggage facilities.

For those who do a fair amount of travelling, it is essential to have reasonable accommodation for luggage. Nothing is more annoying than having to wrestle with a suitcase that is wedged between the top of the luggage boot and the petrol filler pipe after a long day's driving, neither is a passenger likely to be in the best of spirits if he has been forced to nurse a bag throughout the drive, or had to sit with his knees under his chin because of a case on the floor.

If I am purchasing a car I take a great deal of trouble when it comes to considering luggage space and might even reject a car if it was lacking in this respect—even if it was good in other directions. I am, therefore, pleased that this year manufacturers have spared a little thought to this problem, and practically every new model has decent equipment. The scheme finding general favour is to provide a large boot at the rear, which also carries the spare wheel. In the majority of cases the rear panel opens downwards thus providing a commodious and firm platform for additional baggage, which may be strapped on. I commend this method, for the lines of the car are in no way spoiled, nor are the passengers incommoded.

Instrument panels show a vast advance, being more easily visible since, generally, they have been set higher and at an improved angle. Cubby holes for maps, gloves and other odds and ends are greatly increased in size, in some cases extending the whole width of the dashboard.

Summing up, one can say that the new season's productions show no startling or revolutionary changes, coachwork is excellent and finish sets an extremely high standard. Prices have not undergone any noteworthy alterations—although they are definitely on the downward grade—yet this year's cars do offer increased value for money.

One thing which pleases me particularly is that British manufacturers have followed some of the innovations of our overseas competitors. Although our cars retain their own characteristics, at the same time they incorporate some of the best ideas emanating from advanced American design. Short-sightedness is not one of the failings of our manufacturers, so that they are not loath to adopt ideas which have been used and tested and which have proved their worth in other countries. I could mention a host of recent improvements which originated in America, and which have been, quite rightly, taken up by designers in this country with every success.

Nineteen-hundred-and-thirty-nine also brings it home that Great Britain unquestionably leads the world in the production of the light car. The preponderance of light cars upon our roads to-day is illustrative of their popularity and the excellence of their design.

ANIMALS ON FRENCH ROADS

For the guidance of British motorists, the following exposition of the French law regarding animals on their roads, obtained from the International Association, may be helpful: "Rural populations have habits which are a nuisance; they frequently consider the road a pasturage or a fowl run. The law has fixed that no indemnity is payable to the owner of an animal which, wandering at liberty on the road, is killed or wounded by a vehicle. The Code of the Road and the Penal Code maintain definitely this principle of forbidding the wandering of animals on public highways. The driving of herds or flocks of any kind of animals on public roads must be effected so that it shall not inconvenience public circulation and so that meeting or passing may be done conveniently; flocks must not be stationary on the road."

LOOKING TO TO-MORROW IN AERODROME PLANNING

A Growing Problem of the Airways

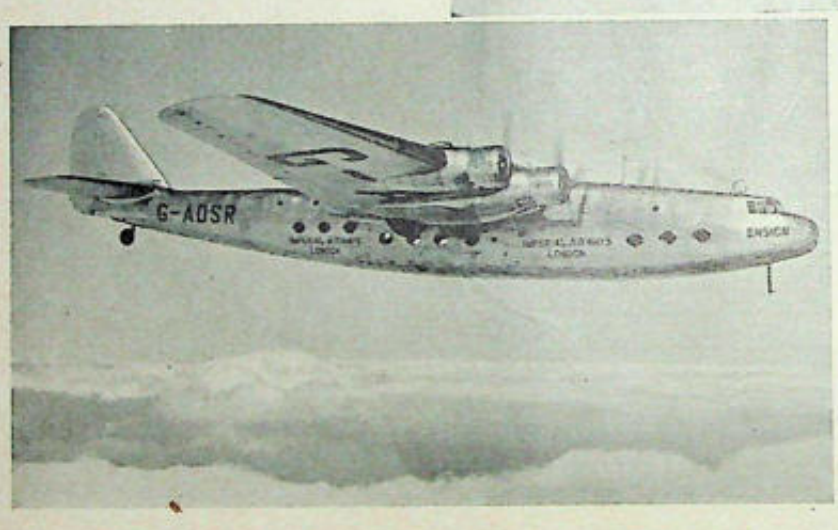
By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

IT is a paradox oft-repeated, yet none the less true, that the progress of aviation is very largely determined by the development of ground facilities. "Aviation grows on the ground" is a truth that no one can afford to neglect; and recent reports from various parts of the Empire airways have demonstrated that its application is not merely to the provision of aerodromes, but to their being kept constantly in line with expanding requirements. That airports should become unfit for use by the most modern machines means that commercial aviation is handicapped. An unusable airport is worse than no airport at all, for an aeroplane may set out for it and arrive to find landing impossible, thus being forced to make an emergency landing elsewhere.

There are ample signs that the problem of airports, always one of prime importance to commercial aviation, is becoming increasingly complex. Just as the great transatlantic liners demand special docking facilities that only a few ports can provide, so the large aeroplanes of to-day are imposing more and more rigorous standards on airport owners and operators. In the past year or so there have been many reports of our Empire air liners bogged at various intermediate places of call; unless airport construction keeps pace with increasing weights of aircraft such incidents cannot but multiply, until they might well constitute a serious burden on the airways.

THE NEW ENSIGN MONOPLANE, WHICH WEIGHS, FULLY LOADED, SOME 21 TONS

THE ENSIGN IN FLIGHT WITH ITS UNDERCARRIAGE RETRACTED (BELOW)



HERACLES (ABOVE), SIX YEARS AGO THE LARGEST AIR LINER IN THE WORLD, WEIGHING ABOUT 13 TONS

This question of weight is highly important; an example will show clearly how serious it is becoming. When the H.P. 42 (Heracles) class of aircraft was put in commission by Imperial Airways, it was the largest commercial type in the world. In its heaviest European form, its loaded weight was 29,500lb., while in the Empire version, with lower seating capacity, the figure was 27,100lb. The world's biggest air liner, then, of six years ago, was of the order of 13 tons in weight.

To-day, the new *Ensign* class is taking over many of the duties that the H.P.42 formerly performed. Its weight is 46,500lb. fully loaded. This, some 21 tons, is more than 60 per cent. greater than the weight of the earlier type. Clearly, the demands on the surfaces of aerodromes are increasing very rapidly. When it is remembered that in the six years or so during which weights have grown by more than 60 per cent. the air lines have been pushed out rapidly in many directions, it will be seen that the strain on ground organisation is becoming serious.

It is this question of weight which is one of the greatest problems of the moment. In the past, the major problem has been concerned with size. As machines grew, the length of run required for take-off extended, until to-day a first-class airport should approximate to 2,000yds. in all directions. This by itself is a serious enough matter, since obviously the difficulties of securing the necessary area in reasonable proximity to the great towns that need airports are immense.

But to some extent this angle of the aerodrome problem is declining in importance. It may even be that a limit in size is being approached. The past few years have seen notable aerodynamic advances that make for shorter take-off runs, and the announcement that a landplane version of the Mayo composite aircraft is to be built is an indication that assisted take-off may offer a solution for this problem of area. An ingenious scheme recently proposed for equipping machines with castoring tricycle undercarriages so that strip aerodromes can be used, the machine always being able to assume the correct relative angle to the wind with a more or less constant ground path, whether practicable or not, is a further sign that designers are seeking to solve the aerodrome problem by improving the aircraft.

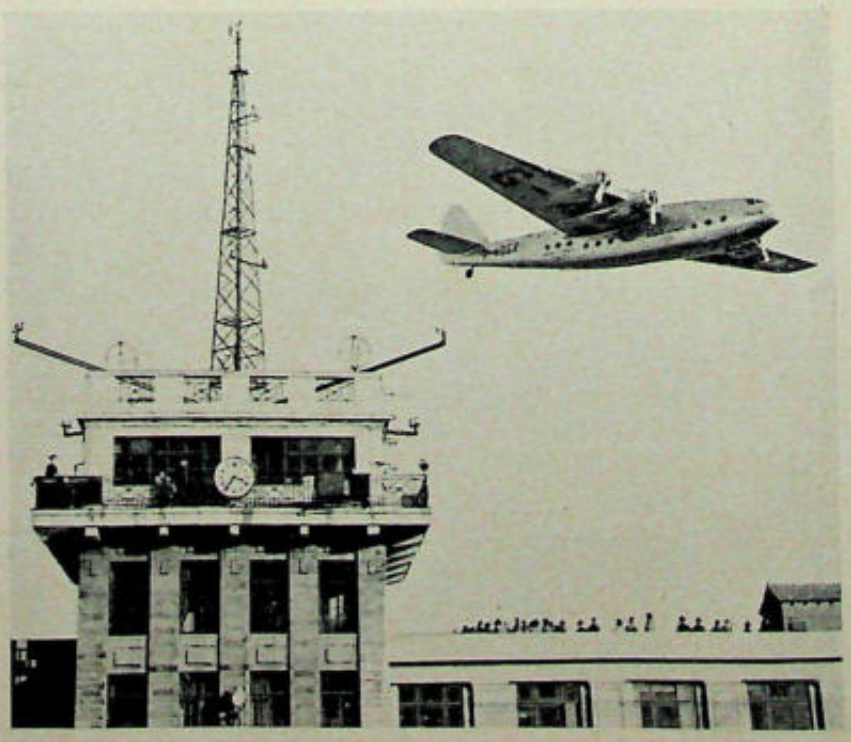
While, then, a solution for the aerodrome size difficulty may be discovered, the weight problem will not merely remain but increase. If, for example, the landplane composite proves an economic type, it will obviously demand a very carefully prepared aerodrome surface capable of sustaining a heavy load. There can be no doubt that the whole trend of aircraft design in the commercial field is towards ever greater weights. This development, so essential to the future of commercial aviation from the financial standpoint, must not be artificially checked by any lagging behind of airport facilities. If harbour authorities consider it worth while to construct special docks and the like for vessels such as the Normandie and the Queen Mary, those responsible for aerodromes must pursue a similarly enlightened policy—the more so, since large terminal airports are frequently State owned.

ONE OF THE HUGE WHEELS OF THE ENSIGN

The remarkable quickening of interest in the large flying-boat recently is to some extent due to this difficulty of equipping land aerodromes for big machines. Within limits, the larger a flying boat the less it needs specially sheltered water, for as size increases so does sea-worthiness.

Flying boats, however, are, in the main, suitable only for long-distance routes. The future of the shorter airways lies with the land-plane.

If, as does not seem improbable, the question of take-off and aerodrome size is solved, then aerodrome design must concentrate on devising the perfect surface. In the near future, no airport will be considered first-class unless it is capable of being used in all weathers by machines of perhaps 30 tons in weight. There, briefly, is the pressing problem of to-morrow; and with civil expansion going forward and new aerodromes being proposed, it is essential that these facts should be faced now.



THE GIANT ENSIGN FLYING OVER THE AIRPORT BUILDING AT CROYDON. SHE IS DESIGNED TO CARRY 42 PASSENGERS, AND A CREW OF SIX, AT OVER 200 m.p.h.

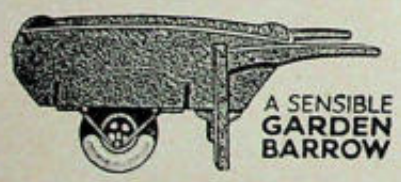
No more than ninety miles away from London but a world away in atmosphere. Health is in the fresh keen air at the Forest Park Hotel: healing in the quietude of forest glades, happiness in games and sports enjoyed against a background of green and tranquil beauty. Within the hotel, service, cuisine, comfort make the perfect compromise between country simplicity and the amenities of urban life.

FOREST PARK HOTEL

BROCKENHURST

Golf, tennis, riding. The sea five miles away: the forest at the door. Hot and cold water in every room. Ample garage accommodation. Write for illustrated Tariff to the Manageress.

The WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) — — — 64/- (Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.
Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster. Wilts.

more than a name....

The vast capacity of our Bonded Warehouses enables us to maintain exceptional stocks of Whisky, largely the produce of our own Distilleries. This supply under our own control is your insurance that not a bottle is released until it is thoroughly and satisfactorily matured. . . . "Highland Queen" is *more than a name.*

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

PRODUCT OF THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS IN SCOTLAND

MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD.
LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW & LONDON

Obtainable everywhere, from 5/- each. Made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby.

Fit your car for trouble-free running

Fit a new set of

LODGE

THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD

WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD : 357.5 miles per hour
(Subject to official confirmation)

Capt. Eyston used Lodge plugs in the Rolls-Royce engines of "Thunderbolt."

Pintail SHERRY

The Perfect Aperitif

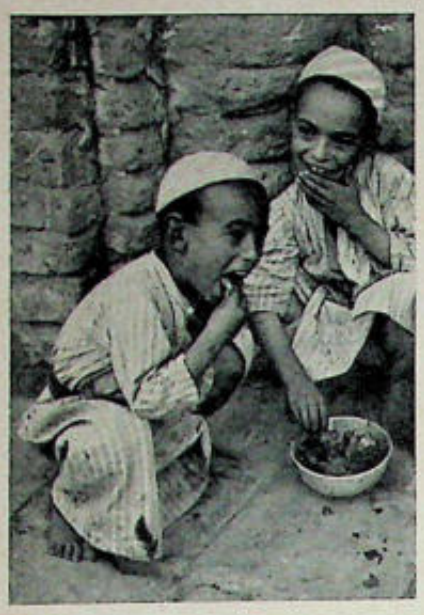
72 - per doz. bottles, carriage paid.
Sample bottle, post free, 6 -

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:

Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth, Scotland

CITY OF ARABIAN NIGHTS

A Day in the Bazaars of Baghdad



A COUPLE OF ARAB IMPS FEEDING IN A BAGHDAD COURTYARD

AN elderly gentleman accosted us as we drove up to the hotel in Baghdad. We were in no mood for polite conversation, for as we had been 27 hours on the road we were very hot, dirty and tired and our one thought was: "Food and rest."

"Where have you come from? Where are you going to?" he demanded.

"We are on our way to Persia."

We explained that we were merely making a holiday tour from England in our car, and we were anxious to see something of these ancient countries of which we had heard so much.

He roared with laughter and exclaimed: "Do you mean you have come all this way to see this God-forsaken hole? There is nothing to see in Baghdad, and even less to see in Persia."

Somewhat disheartened, we unpacked our belongings and in almost less time than it takes to tell, were sound asleep in our beds.

Our journey across the Syrian Desert from Damascus had been exceedingly tiring, for with the exception of the half-way station of Rutbah Wells there is nowhere to stop, and no chance of obtaining food, water or petrol. Only the very roughest tracks exist, until the River Euphrates is reached, and then a comparatively good road of 80 miles leads into Baghdad.

Baghdad—City of the Arabian Nights—City of Enchantment. No words could sufficiently describe its charm and its glamour. Few cities have undergone as many and as violent changes of fortune as this. In a life of under twelve hundred years she has served as the heart of a world civilisation, the pontifical seat of a universal religion, a provincial capital of the Mongols, a bone of contention between Turkoman tribes, a Persian possession, a Turkish colonial town, an outpost of the British Empire and the metropolis of a youthful Arab state.

There has been no attempt to modernise Iraq's capital. The people are dressing, living and working in exactly the same way as they did many hundreds of years ago. The bazaars, with their characteristic smells, filled to overflowing with the glowing colours of oriental silks and rugs, and resounding with the clang of the metal-workers' hammers, are an intricate maze in which one would quickly become lost without a guide.

The first impression of the Caliph's city is its most morbid aspect—a long, low, straight street, a dingy hybrid between East and West, with the unattractiveness of both. The people look unhealthy and sallow; the children are pitiful; the shops are ineffective comparisons with the poorest of European shops, but as soon as one leaves the main street and walks into the long bazaars or into the Jewish or Moslem quarters, the West and its civilisation is left far behind and forgotten.

At the bazaar gates where white-turbaned Indians, Arabs, Kurds, Turks, Jewish and Armenian merchants rub shoulders, civilisation has halted, though their silks and spices, their indigo and pepper, the sugar and velvets no longer travel the old Aleppo Road, but are delivered by air.

Persian pilgrims still walk with silent, bare feet through the shadows of the dark and airless ways. Strolling vendors come along, shouting the wares they carry on their heads in round trays—bananas, dates, pickles, European cottons, manna from Mosul. If one waited long enough there would hardly be an accessory of life that did not pass by one's door.

Through Baghdad flows the Tigris, a muddy river about 400yds. wide, and it is the only sweet and fresh thoroughfare of the city. It is best at evening time, when the sun is setting and casting yellow shadows across the water. Water buffalo come down to drink and wallow in the cool muddy stream; Arab women descend to the water's edge with their jars on their shoulders, and boatmen tow their craft up against the strong current.

"Kalaks" come down-stream from Mosul, their planks and the inflated goatskins which support them hidden under a cargo of brushwood; there are slender "mehelas" with pointed, overhanging bows and sloping masts; long rectangular barges called "shaitums," such as one sees in Assyrian sculptures, and little motor boats run by Arabs in their ragged head-dresses, and sometimes pilgrim steamers packed to overflowing with passengers on their way to the holy cities.

One evening just before the sun had set we drove out of the town a few miles to see the Golden Mosque. At first we were only able to get glimpses of the interior through open doorways, since Christians are not permitted to enter. Here we saw men chatting and smoking their hookah pipes quietly, children noisily playing, and the more devout swaying backwards and forwards till their foreheads touched the floor, praying undisturbed. Our guide took us through a series of alleyways to a nearby house, and as we mounted to its roof we heard the "Muezzin" calling from one of the minarets. Four huge rounded domes with minarets surmounted the mosque, and each was completely covered with real gold, which, in the dying light, assumed ever deepening shades of colour. As the muezzin began calling the faithful to prayer, the towers of the minarets were suddenly lit up by circles of electric lamps. We stood in awe and wonderment at the scene before us. The chanting voice, powerful and shrill, moved one strangely; and then, suddenly on the roof adjoining ours, a raggedly dressed "Mullah" joined in and took up the cry. For a full five minutes he called, his hands cupped before his mouth, turning in all directions. Of us he took no notice at all—as Christians we were beneath his notice.

A BAGHDAD SILK WEAVER PLYING HIS TRADE IN THE COOL

"La Allah, il Allah, Mahommed resoul Allah." "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet. Oh, Faithful, come to prayer. Come and pray."

The next morning we left Baghdad just before daybreak on our way to Persia. At the outskirts we stopped to watch the agricultural efforts of the peasants, whose digging caused us much amusement. It is facilitated by the ingenious invention of two men with a rope attached to the spade. The digger inserts the spade the helpers pull it out—a method which is said to enable three men to do the work of one in just double the time.

GEOFFREY MOREY.

A SCENE IN A BAGHDAD BAZAAR

"Persian pilgrims still walk with silent, bare feet through the shadows of the dark and airless ways"

AN OPEN AIR ARAB SCHOOL IN A MOSQUE COURTYARD

"O running stream of sparkling joy
To be a soaring human boy!"

"Snug as a Motoluxe Rug"

There is an air of quiet dignity . . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe Motor Rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery. At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort, and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

OTHER MOTOLUXE PRODUCTIONS

Footmuffs to match Rugs - 39/6
Baby Carriage Rugs - - 29/6
Gauntlet Gloves - - - 21/-
Ladies' Jackets and Coats from £4.4.0 to £10.10.0
Men's Coats - from £9.9.0

Write for latest illustrated booklet of all Motoluxe products to :—

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL.

MOTOLUXE
The SNUGGEST of RUGS

Agents Everywhere

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen St. Works, Regina St., London, N.W.1

"... must have been gazed on by Angels in their flight"—LIVINGSTONE

The sombre majesty of the Victoria Falls—the stupendous leap of the Zambezi into a 400-foot chasm—is only one of Southern Rhodesia's many thrills for Tourists old and young. The mystery of the strange Zimbabwe ruins; Rhodes' grave in the Matopo Hills; scenery unequalled; big game; these, and civilised comfort in travel and hotels, combine to make it a perfect holiday-land. To home-makers, Southern Rhodesia offers splendid prospects—civilised conditions, low living costs, no Income Tax on married incomes under £800.

Write for Booklets on Touring or Settlement to Dept. F., Rhodesia Travel Bureau, 219, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

NO country in the world within the relatively small compass of 100,000 square miles, or less than the area of the British Isles, can offer its visitor such a diversity of sport or wealth of scenic attractions as the Dominion of New Zealand. Nowadays it takes but 34 days to reach this "Sportsman's Paradise" and a Round Voyage allowing 30 days in New Zealand waters can be achieved in 98 days at a cost of £155

Apply: N.Z.S.Co., Ltd. (Agents, J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd.), 138, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or Trans-Pacific Passenger Agency, Ltd. (W. L. James, General Manager), 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, or principal Travel Agents.

NEW ZEALAND LINE

WHERE TO STAY

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

Wonderful Winter, in England too . . .

Snow on the Grampians and fog on the Thames! But here we promise a wonderful winter. Warmth without and warmth within. Personal attentions. Studied diet. Position on the level, overlooking the bay.

Also a sliding scale plan whereby the longer you stay the less you pay. Write to our Manager, Mr. R. Paul, for details.

It will be the first step to spending a wonderful winter at

THE GRAND TORQUAY

Telephone: 2234

200 rooms and suites, many with private bath. A five-star hotel in the fullest sense.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanfyllin 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1055.

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

CHEQUERS HOTEL, HOLBEACH
Exceptional Comfort. Moderate Cost.
OUTSTANDINGLY GOOD WILD FOWL AND GEESE SHOOTING

AT THE CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON, SOMERSET, you can find warm and friendly COUNTRY QUARTERS. Hunting with five packs, stag and fox hounds. Good horses from our own stables. Rough shooting and billiards. Write for booklet.—Wire Nekder, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone: 4080 Brighton.

NORTH DEVON.—Limited number of GUESTS RECEIVED in charming old COUNTRY MANSION. Shooting over 5,000 acres, well stocked with pheasants and fair number of partridges. Hunting with three packs and hacking available. Terms moderate.—Hudscott House, Chittlehampton.

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton–Minehead; centre of staghunting, riding, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3323, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—CORDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

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

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE OLD GEORGE INN AT CRAWLEY

ONLY the other day I was discussing inn signs with a friend of mine. He told me that there were Acts of Parliament from the days of Richard II to those of Henry VI with definite rulings on the signs which innkeepers were allowed to display, and at one time there was a law stating that "in all the streets no signboard should hang across, but that the sign be fixed against the balcony, or some convenient part of the side of the house." Quite naturally from that point our conversation turned to the subject of inns which had signs spanning the road to-day—signs, by the way, which caused Moritz to remark, in 1782, that "they have the appearance of gateways, but the whole apparatus is intended for nothing more than to tell the inquisitive traveller that there is an inn."

Thus we came to the George Inn at Crawley and its fine old gallows sign, so well known to travellers on the Brighton Road. A hundred years ago as many as 50 coaches changed horses here in 24 hours, but I am afraid your imagination would have to be in very healthy working order to picture such a scene at Crawley to-day.

"The coach stops here half an hour, gentlemen: dinner quite ready!" will never again be shouted by the hostler at the doorway of the George.

Tradition has it that the building was first used as an inn about 1615, though doubtless it must have been a private house for nearly a century before this. It shows every sign of having been a building of importance from the fifteenth century. Naturally there have been constant alterations, but they have been unable to obliterate entirely its original form.

Everywhere in the George massive oaken timbers meet your eye. The lounge, which used to be the old Coffee Room, is full of old oak. So, too, is the billiards room, while the ceilings of the cosy old-fashioned bar and its jolly little smoking room adjoining are rich in great dark beams. Writing in *Tales of Old Inns*, the author says of this Sussex inn: "One of the first things of interest to hold the visitor's attention is immediately on the left as you enter the hall. It is a well-proportioned stone fireplace, older than the date, 1615, carved boldly upon it. There is a story that this was brought from another house, but there is no reason why it should not belong to the George; it is just the sort of fireplace to have been put into such a house as this must have been in Tudor days, when fireplaces were counted modern improvements."

Another author to mention the George was Conan Doyle. You may recall that it was at this inn that Belcher trained Boy Jim for his fight with Crab Wilson on Crawley Down, a few miles away. Buck Tregellis and his nephew drove down on the eve of the great fight and in the description of this journey (*vide Rodney Stone*) the passage runs: "At Kimberham Bridge the carriage lamps were all lit and it was wonderful, as the road curved downward before us, to see this writhing serpent with the golden scales crawling before us in the darkness. And then, at last, we saw the formless mass of the huge Crawley elm looming before us in the gloom . . . and the high front of the old George Inn, glowing from every door, and pane, and crevice in honour of the noble company who were to sleep within that night."

Since then, of course, time has wrought changes at Crawley. But the George still stands, cosy, hospitable and always ready to welcome travellers along one of the most famous highways in England.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

WINE AND FOOD
A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY
To all who wish to cultivate the art and enjoyment of good living this official journal of the Wine and Food Society will prove of inestimable value.
FROM BOOKSELLERS, OR FROM THE "FIELD," BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
QUARTERLY Price 2/6

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY
Near LYNTON, N. DEVON

THE GROUNDS, a natural bird-sanctuary, are now a delight to the eye. The
PRIVATE GOLF COURSE
is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are moderate.
Why not spend this Autumn . . . with us? At any rate, write for an illustrated brochure or
TELEPHONE LYNTON 24.

IRELAND

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

HOUSE ISLA, AROSA.—Newly, first-class. Family Hotel, particularly well protected, sunny, woodland surroundings, up-to-date high-class cooking. Inclusive terms during summer from Fr.14; during winter from Fr.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

PAYING GUESTS

COTSWOLDS.—Lady TAKES one or two PAYING GUESTS. Very comfortable house. Excellent cuisine; 4 guineas a week.—Box 3350, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN.—Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE. Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations.—TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish house; hunting with Wexford and Kilkenny Hounds six days a week. Hirelings available, also stabling, grooms' accommodation for own horses.—Box 3244, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmohor, Corofin, Clare.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN, Castle Hyde, Fermoy, Co. Cork. Hunting three packs, rough shooting; every home comfort, electric light, central heating.—Apply MANAGERESS.

HUNTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN for hunting, Ormond and East Galway. Comfortable House; good horses. Also plenty of shooting. Five guineas weekly.—ESMONDE, Dromynagh, Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary.

LOUGH CORRIB, CO. GALWAY.—Best Free Fishing, also Rough Shooting. Excellent accommodation. Special winter terms.—For particulars apply Mrs. E. LISKIS, Hillside House, Cornamona, Co. Galway.

TO SPORTSMEN IN NORTH DEVON.—RESIDENTIAL CLUB, exceptional cuisine, hot and cold water all bedrooms, central heating; cocktail bar. Good rough shooting 900 acres. Inclusive 4 guineas weekly. Westward Ho! Golf Course one mile.—For illustrated particulars, SECRETARY, North Devon Country Club, Northam, North Devon.

WINES AND TOBACCOS

EXCELLENT SCOTCH WHISKY. Specially selected Standard strength. Enquiries invited.—DUNLOP, Wine Merchant, Greenock. Established 1840. Prices 61/- per gall. and 122/- per dozen cases or two-gallon bulk carriage paid.

STAMPS

EARLY BRITISH COLONIALS. Advertiser is dispersing Choice Collection. Selections of picked copies on approval at one-third catalogue. Also superb used and mint modern at over half catalogue.—"F.," 6, West Hill Road, London, S.W. 18.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance.

BRIDGE

THE CURSE OF CONVENTIONS

A Plea for Simplicity

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

"SPEAKING generally the fewer conventions a game has the better. It is perfectly ridiculous if, when sitting down to a game of cards, your partner has to put you through an elaborate series of questions as to your method of bidding. There are certain people who are convention-bound and who would like to see every kind of call coded so that from it they might deduce with absolute accuracy what cards the bidder possesses."

This is an extract from an article I wrote no less than nineteen years ago. Its reference was to Auction Bridge as Contract had not then come in. Its application to the present game is still more cogent. Auction Bridge had comparatively few conventions and, after we had settled down to it, most of them disappeared. It was discovered that we could do as well or better without them.

Contract Bridge has had to pass through and is still passing through similar stages. For years convention-mongers ran riot until the authorities in the United States, who had been, many of them, the chief offenders, saw the necessity of crying "Halt."

England, which had been chary at first of adopting the more extravagant and fantastic ideas which emanated from America, then took a hand. At the period when things were quietening down in the United States scores of English writers and successful players in Duplicate Tournaments rushed into print and produced numerous novelties for which they made sensational claims. Each asserted that his was the one and only method of successful bidding. He was the only "real friend." The others were inadequate or spurious. And so it went on and still goes on, although there are signs of abatement.

That I am not exaggerating is shown by the experiences given in a recent number of the *Bridge Magazine* of a player who went as a stranger to a "mixed" club. She played seven rubbers and had seven partners, each of whom had a different convention which had to be explained, while she also had to be catechised as to her methods and procedure. This occurred, mark you, in the year of grace 1938. And surely, if ridicule could kill, this statement of fact should do the work!

Strangely enough, ridicule so far has not achieved the object. There are numerous players who positively love conventions and take great pleasure in learning and practising them. Whether it is because they absolve the player from individual thought and judgment or whether it is because they like them for their own sakes I cannot say. I only know that women players are the chief supporters and that many men players use them half-heartedly or unwillingly because they think they *must*. This appearing on the fifth of November will be an appropriate date for making a bonfire of the lot!

And note that there is a distinct tendency towards abandonment of all but the simpler conventions and it is only a matter of time before this desirable result is actually achieved. There is a growing revolt against artificialities. The wisdom of the Portland Club which, after in the early days toying with and abandoning the Vanderbilt Club Convention, set its face against it and all other new devices will in the end be acclaimed.

There are two schools of thought. The first consists of those who regard conventions as an evil, but a necessary evil. They argue that they assist in effective partnership and are indispensable in slam bidding.

This I deny, and I base my denial upon long and elaborate study of the methods of the experts at revealed in Duplicate Tournaments. It has never yet been proved that the systems on which these experts work, and from which, by the way, they frequently depart, is the cause of their success. And this I assert in face of the fact of the victorious career of the Viennese team using the Stern System in International Contests organised by the International Bridge League. I attribute their success not to the system, but to the fact that individually they were better players.

The second school advocates artificial conventions because they help the poorer player and put him, if he learns them properly, on a par with the expert. This is a fallacy. So far from doing anything of the kind they are a stumbling block. They reduce the game to a rule of thumb and prevent him employing his common sense. If they sometimes help they more often hinder.

Moreover, life is short. Every player cannot be expected to learn and master the intricacies of every system. Many of them resolve themselves into a code of secret signs. They lend themselves to sharp practice. Here is an extract from a writer:

"One of the pairs had an arrangement that while Two Diamonds, Two Hearts and Two Spades should be regarded as ordinary strong Two bids an opening of Two Clubs was always psychic. As their opponents were unaware of this arrangement, it enjoyed considerable success." For such play there is no excuse or defence whatever. It is definitely crooked. But I agree with the teller of the story that the difference is only one of degree between such a definite plot and a tacit understanding. For example, two partners who play constantly together may evolve all sorts of seemingly innocent little bidding habits, which in fact, in so far as they assist them and deceive opponents, are dishonest.

The publication of the cheap edition of my book *Contract Bridge Without Conventions* (Seeley Service; 3/6) will enable those of you who have not already read it to learn my views about artificial systems which introduce us into an "Alice-in-Wonderland" realm. Although it first appeared two years ago, I have nothing to retract. I still believe that the Simple System which I give in it is the pleasantest method. And just as profitable!

CHESS

THE TWO BISHOPS

The following game, played in a match between Germany and Scandinavia at Bremen in June, shows the great strength of two Bishops when they have open diagonals along which to operate.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. Pettersen. (Scandinavia).	BLACK. Carls. (Germany).	WHITE. Pettersen. (Scandinavia).	BLACK. Carls. (Germany).
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	12. Kt to R 4 (*d*)	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	13. Kt to Kt 6 (*e*)	Q to K 3
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	14. Kt takes R	Q takes K P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3	15. Q to Q 3	B takes B P
5. Kt to Q B 3	P to K Kt 3	16. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q (*f*)
6. B to K 2	B to Kt 2	17. Q R to B sq	Kt to Kt 6
7. Castles	Kt to B 3	18. K R to K sq(*g*)	B to K 5
8. R to K 3	Castles	19. Kt to Kt 6	B takes Q Kt P
9. Kt to Kt 3 (*a*)	B to K 3	20. R to B 4 (*h*)	P to Q 4
10. P to B 4	Q to B sq (*b*)	21. R takes B (*i*)	P takes R
11. P to K R 3	P to Q R 4 (*c*)	Black won (*j*)	

(*a*) This is the move most frequently played here, the object being to prevent P to Q 4. The late Dr. Tarrasch, however, condemned it on tie grounds (1) that it does not further White's development and (2) that the Knight usually has to return to Q 4. He recommended, instead, 9. Q to Q 2 after which Black cannot well play 9. . . . P to Q 4 because of the continuation 10. P takes P, Kt takes P; 11. Q Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 12. B to B 3, Q to B 5; 13. P to Q Kt 3, Q to R 3; 14. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 15. P to B 3, B to B 4; 16. Q R to Q sq with advantage in position to White. Black's best reply to 9. Q to Q 2 is 9. . . . Kt to K Kt 5, but after 10. B takes Kt, B takes B; 11. P to B 4 (threatening P to R 5) White has attacking chances.

(*b*) Not P to Q 4 because of P to B 5.

(*c*) A good move, threatening P to R 5 followed by P to R 6. White appears to have nothing better now than 12. Kt to Q 4 for, if, instead, 12. P to Q R 4, then 12. . . . B takes Kt, spoiling the formation of White's Queen's side pawns.

(*d*) A tempting move—but it turns out very badly.

(*e*) If, instead, R P takes B, then Q to K 3.

(*f*) Black has two pawns for the exchange, and his Bishops are very strong.

(*g*) 18. R to B 2 is slightly better. After 18. . . . R takes Kt; 19. R takes R, Kt to Q 5; 20. B takes Kt, B takes B; 21. B to B 3 Black regains the exchange, but White has a better chance of making a fight than he has after the text-move.

(*h*) If, instead, 20. Q R to Q sq, then 20. . . . B to Q B 6, followed, if 21. B to Q 2, by 21. . . . B to Q 5, ch; 22. K to R 2, Kt takes B; 23. R takes Kt, B to Q 6; 24. K R to K sq, B takes Kt and wins.

(*i*) If 21. R to R 4, then 21. . . . B to B 7 and wins. If, instead, 21. R to B 5, then 21. . . . B to R 6; 22. R to Kt 5, B to Kt 5 and wins.

(*j*) White might well have resigned here. The remaining moves were: 22. B to B 4, R to Q sq; 23. B to B 2, B to Q 5; 24. Kt to Q 5, P to K 3; 25. Kt to K 3, Kt to B 4; 26. Kt to B 2, B takes B, ch; 27. K takes B, R to Q 7, ch; 28. K to K 2, R takes R, ch; 29. K takes R (B takes R is better), P to Q Kt 4, and White resigned. (If R takes Kt P, then either Kt to Q 5 ch. If, instead, B to Kt 3, then P to R 5).

A GOOD GAME BY STAHLBERG

The following game, from a recent tournament at Örebro, was well played by the Swedish master, G. Stahlberg.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Nilsson.	BLACK. Stahlberg.	WHITE. Nilsson.	BLACK. Stahlberg.
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	14. P takes P	Q takes P
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	15. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 5
3. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	16. K R to K sq(*d*)	Q to R 4
4. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	17. Kt to K 6	P to Q 5
5. P to K 5	K Kt to Q 2	18. Kt to K 2	K R to K sq (*e*)
6. B takes B	Q takes B	19. Kt (K 2) to B 4	Q to B 2
7. Q to Q 2	Castles	20. B to R 3	B takes B (*f*)
8. P to B 4	P to Q B 4	21. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
9. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	22. Kt to Kt 5	R takes R
10. P to K Kt 3	P to B 3 (*a*)	23. Kt takes Q	R takes R, ch
11. K P takes P	Kt takes B P	24. K takes R	K takes Kt
12. Castles (*b*)	P takes P	Black won (*g*)	
13. K Kt takes P	P to K 4 (*c*)		

(*a*) A good move, much better than P to Q R 3 which has been played in this position as a preliminary to P to Q Kt 4.

(*b*) The continuation in a game L. Steiner v. Staldberg (Ujpest tournament, 1934) was 12. B to Kt 2, P takes P; 13. K Kt takes P, P to K 4; 14. Kt takes P, K Kt takes Kt; 15. B takes Kt, ch, K to R sq; 16. Kt to K 2, B to Kt 5; 17. Castles (Q R), Q R to Q sq; 18. P to B 4, Kt to Kt 5 with a very good game for Black.

(*c*) A good move.

(*d*) Not good. He should, instead, play Kt takes Kt followed by Q R to K sq.

(*e*) If, instead, B takes Kt (K 3), then Kt to B 4, followed by Kt takes B.

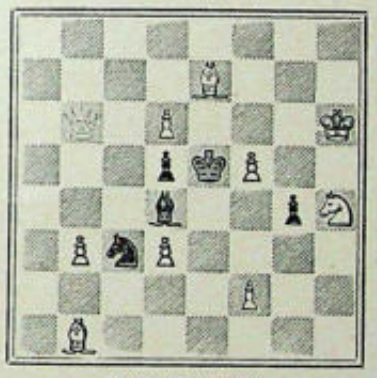
(*f*) Better than B takes R.

(*g*) The Rook and the two Knights are stronger than the Queen. The remaining moves were 25. P to K Kt 4, P to K R 3 (if Kt takes P, then Q to B 4, ch, followed by Q to B 7); 26. P to K R 4, R to K sq; 27. Q to B 4, R to K 5; 28. Q to B 7, ch, R to K 2; 29. Q to B 4, K to K sq; 30. Q to B 5, K to Q sq; 31. P to Kt 4, Kt to K 5 (not Kt takes Q Kt P because of Q to R 5, ch); 32. Q to K B 8, ch, K to B 2; 33. P to R 3, P to R 3; 34. Q to B 4, ch, K to Kt 3; 35. Q to B 8, Kt to B 6, ch; 36. K to Q 2 (not K to B sq because of R to K 8, ch and mate next move), Kt to Kt 8, ch; 37. K to Q sq (if 37. K to Q 3, then 37. . . . R to K 6, ch; 38. K to B 4, Kt to Q 7, ch; 39. K to Q 5, R to K 4, ch; 40. K to Q 6, Kt to K 5, ch; 41. K to Q 7, Kt to B 3, ch; 42. K to Q 6, R to Q 4, ch; 43. K to K 6, Kt to Q sq, ch and wins for, if 44. K to K 7, then 44. . . . R to Q 2, mate), Kt takes R P; 38. Q to B 5, Kt to Kt 4; 39. Q to B 5, ch, K to B 2; 40. P to Kt 5, Kt to B 6, ch and White resigned. (If 41. K to B sq, then 41. . . . R to K 8, ch leads either to mate or the gain of the Queen).

PROBLEM No. 3986

By P. G. L. F.

BLACK (5 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3985

1. Q to Q sq. If 1. . . . P to Kt 6, then 2. Q to Q B sq, etc. If 1. . . . P takes B P, then 2. Q to R sq, etc. If 1. . . . P takes R P, then 2. Kt to R 3, etc.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 489

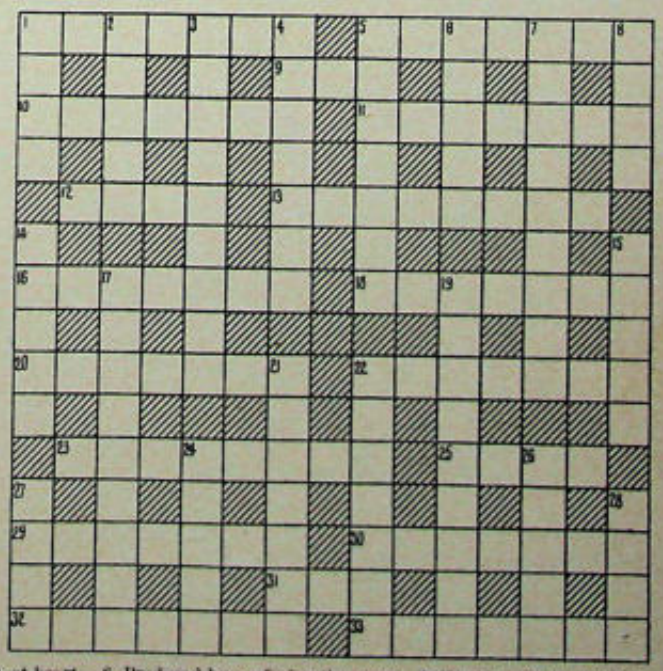
ACROSS.—1, "Quinquereme of ——" (Masefield). 5, Seen in some theatres. 9, This tree seems burnt. 10, Piscatorial lure. 11, Increase, including U.S. policemen. 12, You, singularly, are the object. 13, This is just the contrary. 16, Well-known figure in detective novels. 18, A nitrogen salt. 20, The little demon starts to stamp. 22, Scottish mull. 23, To hold back, concerning the tension. 25, Military body is mostly limb. 29, "Beg rice" (Anagram). 30, Devotee of pleasure finishes with healing. 31, Forty-five inches. 32, Central figure in many Spanish fights. 33, Slim, with its end in the middle.

DOWN.—1, Bird's home is hidden in fine straw. 2, An equine negative? 3, The aim of the avenger. 4, A sheltered place, even when decapitated. 5, To make keen, with A.R.P. at heart. 6, Produced by confusing the gears. 7, To this a wire is shocking. 8, Note this. 14, Pungent. 15, Owing to the loss of a vowel the insect has become a nut. 17, "Stern peer" (Anagram). 19, Experimental. 21, Perhaps the result of a stag-party. 24, A tendency to tear apart when beheaded. 26, To form, or to decay. 27, The projector screens it. 28, A fruit more singular than would at first appear.

SOLUTION TO No. 488

Published October 29th

P	E	N	G	U	I	N		S	H	I	K	A	R	
E		A	E	R	T	E	X		E				U	
N	I	G	H	T		W		A	S	S	I	S	T	S
N		S	E	S	A	M	E		I	O	T	A		W
Y			N		N	A	P		T	O	S	S		A
F	A	U	N		T	R	E	P	A	N		S	O	L
A	T		A	L	I	K	E		T			A	W	L
R	E	P		I	R	E		A	I	R		F	L	O
T		I	N	E	R	T		I	N	N	E	R		W
H		N	E	S	H				G			A	I	D
I	R	K			I	M	P	A	L	E		S		I
N	O	S	E		N			G	Y	V	E			V
G	O		A		U	N	T	O		E	N	N	U	I
	T		S	U	M			G	E	N	O	A		N
	S	T	E	P	S	O	N			S	S	E		G



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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Cricket

Catching.—There is no mention in the laws of cricket of your suggestion that if the ball is caught with the hand actually touching the ground it is not a catch. The ruling in Law 22 on this subject seems to us to be final: "The striker is out, if the ball, from a stroke of the bat or hand, but not the wrist, be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher—'caught.'" The largest number of catches ever made in a match by a player was when W. R. Hammond caught ten of the Surrey eleven out in the Gloucestershire *v.* Surrey match at Cheltenham in 1928; incidentally, his total for the season was 76.—*P. S., Whitby.*

Particulars of the South African Tour.—The M.C.C. selected in all 15 players to tour South Africa. Their names are: W. R. Hammond (captain), L. E. G. Ames, H. T. Bartlett, W. J. Edrich, K. Farnes, P. A. Gibb, T. W. Goddard, L. Hutton, E. Paynter, T. D. Perks, B. H. Valentine, H. Verity, L. L. Wilkinson, D. V. P. Wright, N. W. D. Yardley, while Flight-Lieutenant A. J. Holmes, the Sussex captain, is going as manager. They will play five Test matches—two at Johannesburg, two at Durban, and one at Capetown, while there are fourteen other games on their fixture list against the various provincial teams. The duration of the first four Test matches has been fixed for four days, and the fifth will be played to a finish if at the end of the fourth the difference between matches won and lost is not greater than one. The actual conditions of play will be practically the same as they are over here, with two notable exceptions—eight balls will be bowled to the over and matting wickets will be used in many cases.—*W. H., Sevenoaks.*

Forestry

Destroying Oak Stumps.—The destruction of tree stumps without uprooting them is not a very difficult matter. I understand that in your case you are concerned mostly with oaks, and these, in common with other species, can be made to decay quite rapidly with the aid of saltpetre. The method is to bore three holes with a ¾in. auger, each hole in the top of the stump pointing downwards for a distance of about a foot towards the roots. These holes are then, in the autumn, filled with saltpetre crystals, which rain is allowed to dissolve and wash into the substance of the wood. If this treatment is repeated for three winters, the stumps should be so rotten as to be capable of being removed piece by piece with the aid of a small mattock. If a more rapid destruction is required, the saltpetre treatment in the autumn can be followed next summer by the burning of the stumps. The method is to collect some cordwood and light a fire on top, when it will be found that the stump will catch and burn down to the roots for a surprising distance. This burning is facilitated if a small hole be dug at the side of the stump and a transverse auger hole be drilled at the bottom of the hole into the root and connected with a similar hole bored downwards from the top of the stump. This creates a draught which is most helpful. There is one other method of removal which should be referred to, and that is the immediate one of having the stumps blown up by high explosive. Gelignite is used, but the work should not be undertaken save by a firm who specialise in explosive engineering.—*H. R. B., Gironde.*

Garden

Flower Sent for Identification. *Impatiens glandulifera.*—*R. S. R. T., Builth Wells.*

Apples Sent for Identification.—These are old apples no longer in commerce, and, with few exceptions, it is impossible to identify these old kinds. In addition, these specimens are poor and also not mature.—*E. C., Devizes.*

Mushrooms Sent for Identification. This is a *Psalliota*, a mushroom genus, but it is impossible to say whether it is edible or not without seeing the entire plant.—*G. F. C. P., Budleigh Salterton.*

Privet Hedge. You say you are in doubt about the wisdom of planting a privet hedge bordering a field where cattle are kept because it is said to be poisonous. Privet is poisonous and the animals would certainly suffer damage if they ate it.—*F. M. P., Ightham.*

Injurious Effects of Pine Needles.—Nothing can be done, but there are a few decorative plants that do well under pines, the best being *Scilla hispanica* (*syn. campanulata*). This scilla, which resembles a bluebell, is far handsomer than our native bluebell, and grows quite 15in. high. It is a rapid and vigorous spreader.—"*Oak*," *Englefield Green.*

Kennel

Correct Food for Labrador.—A bitch of the weight stated would need at least 1½lb. to 2lb. of meat and an equal amount of hound meal of biscuit fed dry. Slops and fattening foods such as rice should not be given, and in this particular case no fats should be allowed.—*W. F. W., Scarborough.*

Treatment for Tapeworms.—Starve her for 24 hours, and then give 30 grains freshly-powdered areca nut in a little warm milk sweetened with glucose, and exercise until the medicine takes effect. It is important that the intestines be as empty as possible, so it is usually advisable to give an enema of warm soap water to empty the lower bowel both at the commencement and termination of the starving period.—*A. N. P., Winchester.*

Motoring

Cars for Trailer.—You ask whether a Ford 8 h.p. car could be used for pulling a one-horse trailer. The answer is in the negative, as this load would be excessive, and very detrimental to a vehicle of this light weight. Although trailers are extremely useful for transporting luggage, &c., they are not really to be recommended for use in conjunction with an ultra light car, and we would suggest that nothing less than a 12 h.p. vehicle should be used for this purpose. For towing a one-horse trailer, however, we consider that at least a 20 h.p. vehicle would be necessary, and tremble to think what might happen if an 8 h.p. car was used in this connection if it had to negotiate a steep hill having a gradient of, say, 1 in 5.—*L. P. T., Morebath.*

Naturalist

Eggs Sent for Identification.—These were those of the common snake; they are laid during July and August under heaps of leaves or stones.—*D. W., Lincoln.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Trichostrongylosis of Game Birds.—Trichostrongylosis is a contagious thread-worm infection of the bowels, which is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the worm-containing droppings of infected birds. Such droppings may remain infective on the ground for many months. Every season it is the most prevalent disease among young pheasants within a few weeks of their being turned to covert. The young susceptible birds contract the disease from the infected ground around the feeding sites. Waterlogged ground and areas shut off by dense foliage from fresh air and sunshine are more liable to harbour the worms. Thus valuable preventive measures include draining and widening the rides, choosing fresh sites for laying food as often as practicable, daily cleaning out the drinking-water troughs, and moving the coops until vacated by the birds. We frequently receive requests for "something" which can be added to the food or drinking water as a curative. Curative measures in covert are impracticable, for the simple reason that the only known specific medicine must be administered to the individual bird, and the dose, preferably in pill or capsule, should be repeated after an interval of seven days. Consequently for treatment birds must be under control; moreover, they must be housed on sawdust or similar absorbent, which with the birds' droppings must be removed and burned each day. These measures for poultry, aviary birds or penned birds cannot be applied to pheasants in covert. Consequently sanitation is the keeper's slogan for his coverts; and one of his most valuable sanitary measures is letting in sunshine and drying air, keeping grass trimmed short, removing undergrowth and too much topgrowth. The desire of keepers for shade over the rides can be overdone, with the result that August and September bring their outbreaks of trichostrongylosis. We have to report the disease among pheasants from eight different estates and among partridges from three shoots. This season to date we have received grouse and blackcock with trichostrongylosis from only four moors—an unusually low record. From reports received from several moors in Scotland it would appear that the disease is far less prevalent this season. A big increase in grouse next season may be anticipated.—*H. M., Somerset; C. H. S., Oxon; D. P., Sussex; E. F. H. E., Worcester; W. M.; Dumphail; R. H. S., Glos; R. B. E., Salop; R. D. H., Glos; C. P., Yorks; H. S. G., Dumfries; W. N. H., North Wales; R. L., Beds; F. B., Hants; C. W. C., Inverness; G. N. H., Cheshire.*

Rowing

Diamond Sculls.—Beresford has won the Diamond Sculls four times since 1929. The other winners are given in the list below:

1920.	J. Beresford, jun.
1921.	F. E. Eyken.
1922.	W. M. Hoover.
1923.	M. K. Morris.
1924.	J. Beresford, jun.
1925.	J. Beresford, jun.
1926.	J. Beresford, jun.
1927.	R. T. Lee.
1928.	J. Wright, jun.
1929.	L. H. F. Gunther.
1930.	J. S. Guest.
1931.	H. R. Pearce.
1932.	H. Buhtz.
1933.	T. G. Askwith.
1934.	H. Buhtz.
1935.	E. Rufli.
1936.	E. Rufli.
1937.	J. Hasenohrl.
1938.	J. W. Burk.

A. L. T., Norwich.

Rugby

Formation of Rugby Union.—The Rugby Union was formed on January 26th, 1871, when the following clubs met at the old Pall Mall Restaurant at Charing Cross to discuss certain problems which confronted the game at the time: Blackheath, Richmond, Wellington College, Guy's Hospital, Harlequins, King's College, St. Paul's, Civil Service, Marlborough Nomads, Queen's House, West Kent, Wimbledon Hornets, Gipsies, Clapham Rovers, Flamingoes, Law, Lausanne, Addison, Mohicans, and Belsize Park.—*W. F. S., Yorks.*

"All Blacks."—It was the 1924–25 New Zealand ("All Blacks") touring team which subsequently became known under the title of "The Invincibles" on account of their triumphal series of victories over the Rugby teams in this country. Here is their international record: November 1st, 1924, beat Ireland at Dublin; November 29th, 1924, beat Wales at Swansea; January 18th, 1925, beat England at Twickenham; January 18th, 1925, beat France at Toulouse. The last time they came over was in the 1935–36 season, and again we give their international record: November 23rd, 1935, beat Scotland at Murrayfield by 18 pts. to 8 pts.; December 7th, 1935, beat Ireland at Dublin by 17 pts. to 9 pts.; December 21st, 1935, lost to Wales at Cardiff by 13 pts. to 12 pts.; January 4th, 1936, lost to England at Twickenham by 13 pts. to nil.—*S. W. F. D., Thornhill.*

Shooting

12-bore 2in. Guns.—You will find that for general shooting the 2in. 12-bore gun is as effective as a standard 2½in. at normal range; it, however, should be understood that with a shot charge of ¾oz. the same results cannot be obtained at long ranges as with 1⅛ oz. charge at present employed in the longer cartridge. However, as fully 90 per cent. of shots are obtained well within 35yds., this slight disadvantage is outweighted by the reduction in weight of at least 1lb., enabling one to bring the gun quicker to the shoulder and to swing better, not to mention the great saving in fatigue experienced at the end of a long day. As these guns shoot very close patterns we would recommend you having the right barrel improved cylinder and the left modified choke. A very good load is 27 grains of Diamond Smokeless powder and ¾oz. shot.—*Brown, Damerham.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

A FULL catalogue was dealt with at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository, on Saturday last, and some good prices were again realised, the best being the 210gs. paid for Mr. A. Smith-Bingham's chesnut gelding Ridley, whose stable companion, Hereford, a bay gelding, sold for 200gs.; that amount was also given for Mr. G. M. Gibbs's chesnut gelding Cartoon. Major E. A. Fielden's brown gelding, Help Yourself, went for 160gs., and Captain and Mrs. Beck's chesnut gelding changed hands at 135gs. The prices of 30gs. and over were as follows: Property of Mr. E. A. Coombe: B g, 50gs. Property of Mr. A. Hanbury: Derry Boy, b g, 70gs. Property of Mr. F. Porter: Martini, br m, 42gs. Property of Mrs. B. E. T. Parsons: June, b m, 34gs. Bicester Cubhunters, the property of Mr. R. E. Field-Marsham: Owlpen, ch g, 34gs.; Belcot, b g, 52gs.; Dandy, gr g, 55gs.; ch m, 47gs.; Smut, br g, 30gs. Property of Captain and Mrs. Beck: Acknowledge, ch g, 135gs.; Jack, b g, 75gs. Property of Mr. G. M. Gibbs: Cartoon, ch g, 200gs. Property of Captain and Mrs. Benn: Prioress, ch m, 70gs. Property of Mr. A. Smith-Bingham: Hereford, b g, 200gs.; Oliver, b g, 65gs.; Ridley, ch g, 210gs.; Authority, br g, 190gs. Property of Mrs. H. Rosell: Simon, gr g, 57gs. Property of Major E. A. Fielden: Help Yourself, br g, 160gs. Property of Mr. W. N. Seymour: Anna Karina, ch m, 32gs. Property of Mr. D. Brownlow: Headlights, bl m, 72gs. Property of Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Lawrence: Fire Escape, b g, 40gs.; Admiral, gr g, 50gs. Property of Captain D. R. Daly: Night Cap II, ch g, 47gs. Property of Mr. J. H. Hudson: B g, 40gs.; b g, 40gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	*Canada.* £ s. d.	*Elsewhere abroad.* £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

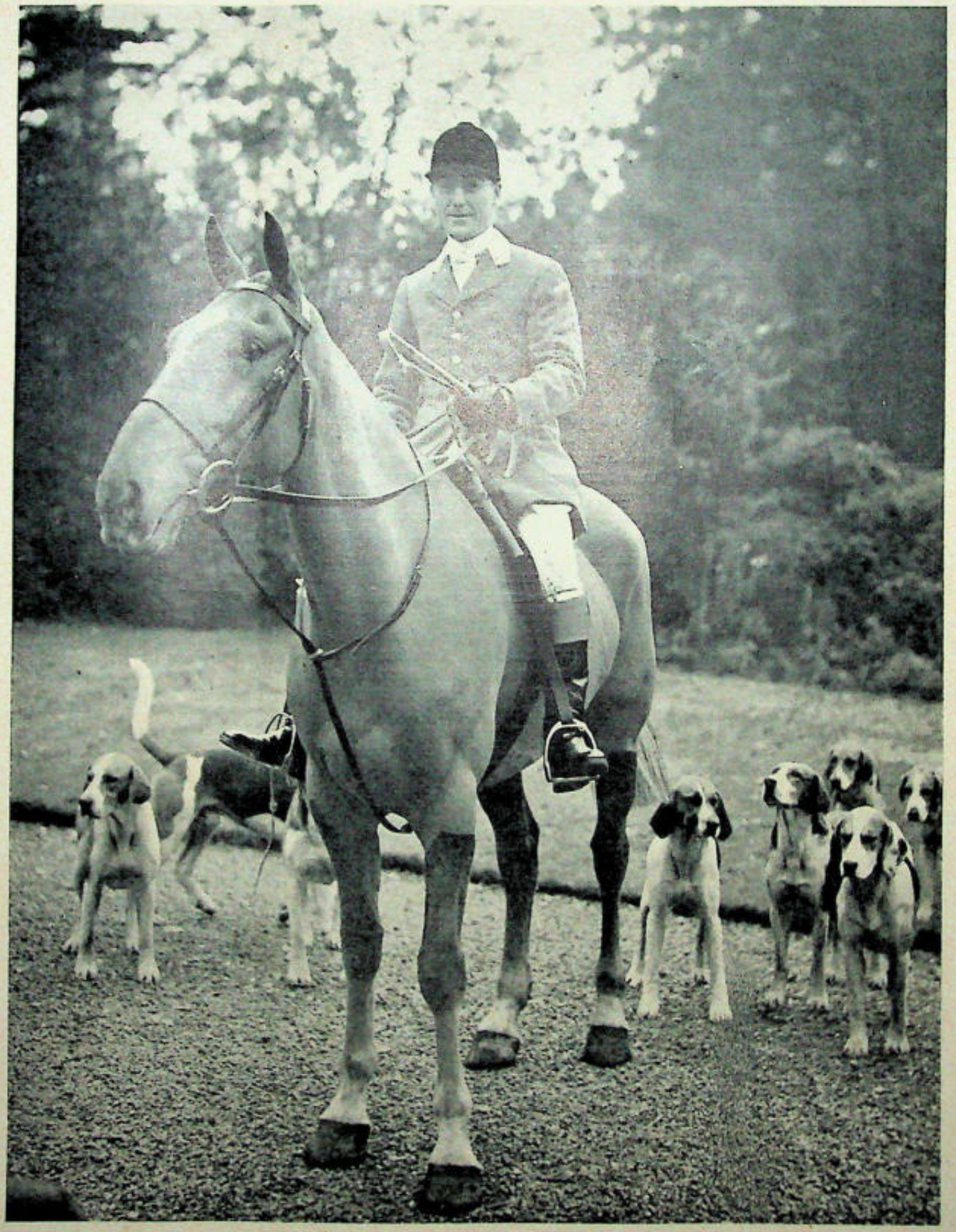
Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Nov. 5, 1938

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4481. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3d.}



MASTER OF THE NORTH ATHERSTONE

Mr. P. W. Paget is another Master of Foxhounds brought up in that famous school for future Masters, the Trinity Foot Beagles. He is the son of the late Edmund Paget, also Master of the T.F.B., and a very famous Master of the Quorn.

CVS—295

THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1121
"THE WARMEST WELCOME" 1121
NATIONAL PARKS AND NATURAL BEAUTY . . . 1122
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS 1124
CHELTENHAM AND WINDSOR 1126
OPENING MEETS OF TWO FAMOUS PACKS . . . 1127
NOVICE'S STABLE LORE 1128
BLACKBUCK AND CHEETAH 1129
THE ETHICS OF PUNT GUNNING 1130
THE CUCKOO'S MATE 1131
KENYA'S TROUT PROBLEM 1132
FIELD TRIALS 1133
BULLETS AND BRUSHWOOD 1134
MY THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD TROUT 1135
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1136
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1136
IN THE SALEROOM 1136
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1136
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Canalising the Avon; Field Trials: The Armant Dog . 1137
IN THE CITY 1140
NEW BOOKS 1141
FROM TEE TO GREEN—II 1142
IN TOUCH 1142
"COTTAGERS' FLOWERS" 1144
OBEDIENCE CLASSES FOR DOGS 1144
WROUGHT IRON IN THE GARDEN 1146
THE PERSONAL TOUCH 1146
WHITE-FISH MEAL 1148
"SABLE-VESTED NIGHT" 1150
THE AIR CONQUEST OF DISTANCE 1151
VANISHING GAME OF THE CAPE 1152
CARDS AND CHESS 1155
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1156

SCOTTISH SALMON BILL

NOW that a new session of Parliament has started, it is to be hoped that a real effort will be made to place the new Salmon Fisheries Bill for Scotland on the Statute Book. At the moment it is a private member's Bill, but surely the Government should be sufficiently interested to give facilities for its discussion? Salmon legislation is urgently needed; it has been urgently needed for years past, and the time is coming when a Government measure will become inevitable to save this important industry from hopeless deterioration. Every year that passes makes matters a little worse; puts off the recovery and allows more men to drop out of country employment.

So it is important that salmon interests, rodsmen, netsmen and proprietors, should join forces so that the Bill may be passed as a practically unopposed measure. The prime object of the Bill is, of course, to improve the stock of salmon in the rivers. It is quite evident from past records that our rivers are not holding anything like the number of salmon that they used to do, and quite possibly not more than half the salmon which a system of modern conservation might provide. That the legislation proposed will go a long way to restoring prosperity is admitted by all, but there is a feeling in some quarters that the cost of this improvement is not so evenly divided between the rod and net interests as it might be.

The principal point on which agreement seems difficult to attain is the weekly close time for nets. This is, perhaps, the most important move for increasing stocks, as it allows a certain percentage of each run of salmon to get up the river. That reduction in netting eventually achieves this object was shown by the figures published in 1933 for the Conon by Colonel the Hon. I. M. Campbell. He gave figures for 30 years, for the first ten of which intensive netting was carried on, and showed that in the last ten years of the period there were many seasons when the comparatively few nets operated actually caught more salmon than when, earlier, far more nets were in use; and this in spite of the fact that the sea nets, outside this experiment, must have been getting a large share of the benefit.

But when reduction in netting takes place the first people to benefit are the rods; they get a share of the additional salmon running through. The nets have to wait for their dividends until these salmon have spawned and the increased stock has gone to sea and come back again; it takes time. When it does return, however, the nets get 90 per cent. of the increase, since rods only take one fish for every ten caught in the nets. This is emphatically a case for a long view. Scotsmen have an enviable reputation for being long-headed, and some compromise between the proprietors and the netting lessees will be necessary. The proprietors are sure of their return; the netsmen can only get it if their lease is long enough.

Immediate, though eventually lesser, advantage to the rodsman may be admitted, but his benefit to the community as a whole should not be forgotten. His is the interest which brings money and employment to the countryside. It is probable that the number of gillies alone is equal to the total number of men employed in netting; in subsidiary employment his sport is still more beneficial. Already there is a tendency for men to seek their sport elsewhere, and once this kind of dry rot sets in it is difficult to stay. An effective Bill, giving hope for improvement, will go a long way towards restoring confidence. Salmon interests in Scotland, by setting aside small differences and making a combined effort, can get this Bill on the Statute Book and pave the way for restoring prosperity to commercial and sporting interests alike.

THE "FIELD" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Next week's issue of the "Field" will be a special Christmas Number. It will contain many notable features. There will be six pages in colour, including J. Pollard's picture of the Peace Coach of 123 years ago; "Sprees at Melton Mowbray," two of Alken's Sporting Anecdotes; two humorous suggestions for Masters and Field Masters by G. W. Allinson; six plates in colour photography of the Sporting Year; and "Bird Life on the Mudflats at Christmas," by Dr. E. A. R. Ennion.

Among special literary features are: "The Changing Face of the Countryside," by R. H. Mottram (author of "Spanish Farm" and winner of the Hawthornden Prize); "I Fear the Greeks," by Major C. S. Jarvis; "Mistletoe, a Romance of Christmas Numbers," by Patrick Chalmers; "Christmas Creel," by Robert Hartman; "Handley Cross and Leamington Spa," by Alan Fox-Hutchinson; "A Dog of Character, the Labrador in Canada," by R. Leckie Ewing; and many seasonable articles in addition to the usual contents.

The cover of this issue is a colour reproduction from George Morland's "A Country Alehouse," in which the artist is said to be the central figure.

THE ROTHAMSTED CENTENARY

THE Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden is the oldest institution of its type in the world, and will, in 1943, celebrate its centenary. Ever since it introduced artificial fertilisers, the station has continued to render the greatest service to agriculturists not only at home but in many parts of the world. Indeed, many farmers abroad are more familiar with its experiments than are those in England. Besides the work carried out at Harpenden, the station has trained a fine body of experts, whose knowledge is now serving the Empire and foreign countries.

Our aim has been the constant inspiration of this century of service—that of practical assistance to the farmer by advising him as to his soils, crops and fertilisers. The increasing number of farmers who apply for this information is itself a sufficient warrant for the appeal for £125,000 with which to bring the buildings and equipment up to date on the occasion of the centenary. The King has opened this fund with a donation of £100.

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

Another flying record has found an abiding place under the British flag—the long-distance record. The facts of it have been reiterated many times during the last week, but no opportunity can be neglected to offer unstinted praise both to the men who made the flight and to the R.A.F. as a whole. To find good reason for criticism and grumbling is a national vice, but here at least is something tangible which should still a number of wagging tongues, for, in effect, the three Vickers-Wellesleys of the flight were "taken out of stock" and, apart from extra petrol tanks, they are twin brothers to numerous other Wellesleys powered with Bristol Pegasus engines. All these aeroplanes are capable of carrying the extra tanks in their wing structures, and capable of topping 7,000 miles non-stop. Perhaps our aircraft is not so inefficient as some critics would have us believe!

BE PREPARED!

Amusing, if pathetic, is Lord Addison's account of the recruiting of the master gauge-maker during the War, and how he was eventually discovered on fatigue duty picking up paper on Wimbledon Common. The *L.R.B. Record* publishes one or two stories of the crisis in similar vein. One anti-aircraft unit, it is stated, on embodiment, found that the painters had preceded them to paint the drill hall. In one village, respirators had been put in charge of the local warden, who had locked them in the family strong room and departed on a world cruise taking the keys with him. But the best yarn concerns the unit which arrived at headquarters to find a dog show in progress, a lady judge greeting a much harassed officer with the remark: "Isn't it fun? Now I can judge two lots of Terriers at once!"

NOVEMBER ROACH

Apart from the summer day recently dedicated to Guy Fawkes, November this year has treated her fishermen to sour looks; for this, in the opinion of many rods, is the great month of the year for roach and perch. In a properly-ordered November there should come, after St. Luke's little summer has cheered the grayling fisherman by revealing the face of his stream bedecked with dimples, a fortnight of soft, still weather which keeps the golden leaves upon their boughs and allows a well-poised float to swim uninterruptedly save for that sudden dip which means a fat and feeding roach on unsuspicious business bent; or allows the spinner with his shining spoon to see obstructions, whereby he may ensnare a perch, that handsomest of fish, without lament for tackle lost. Maybe these early winter storms precede a period of quietness, but up to now we have had a ruffled and unseemly surface strewn with clogging leaves.

LATE HEDGEROWS

I walked in Spring between
The hedgerows green,
When tiny-leaved they soared
In sun, and music poured,
Here, there, from nests unseen.

So dense they grew and high
With Spring gone by,
That loitering I could see
Only a trinity
Of hedge and road and sky.

Now thinned in wintry sun
The hedgerows run.
Between the thorn-twigs bare
Light pours and frosty air.
Spring, Summer, both are done.

ERIC CHILMAN

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

WHENEVER I talk to a master-man in any surviving local and rural industry, I see a whole series of unities and correlations interwoven before my eyes. It is as though I were listening to a piece of music. The tyranny of time is snapped because all master-craftsmen express a stable reality as independent of present time as are they themselves of laws of supply and demand that have no relation to human needs, of over-specialisation, of cheapjack mass-production, of the machinery which robs a man of his hand and eye, and of urban unrealities. My man was a basket-maker; he owned a small greengrocer's shop; he brought up his son to be his apprentice, and he used to rent an osier-bed and cut his own rods from it. I do not know how he now survives, but in surviving he illustrated a pattern of life and a rhythm of work utterly lost to-day.

In the craft-guilds of the Middle Ages, masters, workers and shopkeepers were parts of one whole. Here he was, all three in one. When the local crafts flourished, the bridge between producer and consumer was not yet broken down. It was still holding—in the little back-parlour of the basket-maker. Of old, the master experienced the whole process of his trade from raising the fruits of the earth to the last touch of his hand on the product. My master-man could no longer cut his osier-beds, because inferior, dumped rods from South America had ruined their cultivation. But there was a time when he made his finest baskets out of the best rods, English and his own. This, in its turn, introduced the most profound and intimate bond of all, the bond between agriculture, craftsmanship and industry. By that bond every community must abide or perish.

Most of the master-men I know are of a grave deportment, as well they may be in such times for them. But this basket-maker, with his dash of French and Irish blood, was as merry as a grig. His trade has been established in a small market-town for a century, and with a mixture of gusto and slyness, of pride and shrewdness, he told me something of his family fortunes. His ancestors were Breton basket-makers and the first emigrant was his great-great-grandfather. Though there was a biggish firm of basket-makers already in possession in the town, his grandfather's uncle, a mill-wright, bought him a small shop there at the back of a pub whither he used to travel in his carrier's cart. This was a family that lived to make baskets as much as it made baskets to live, and the sturdy grandfather taught his son to make them when he was eight years old, after he himself had begun by tramping round the farms with a handcart to sell his baskets and had triumphed in the end by buying up the rival firm.

With a wealth of dramatic effect, his grandson informed me that he was one of the six best basket-makers in England—"just as I am myself." He never, I gathered, stopped working at all except to penn hurdles on market-days, and this the grandson still does, though, unlike his grandfather, he can no longer live on basketry alone. The tradition of work, as among all true craftsmen, is maintained to the present day and, while he no longer works in a cellar as his forbears did, he used to put in twelve hours a day and three entire nights in a week. As much for the passion in his blood as to keep his family, since such modern factors as the time-sheet and regulated hours of labour have no relevance to a master-craftsman, because a man who controls and fashions his own product, enjoys his labour, and so is preoccupied with the thing in itself rather than with what he makes out of it. In the ancient days, indeed, such craftsmen lived by barter, and so to this day understand money at its true value—as a medium of exchange. The same principle is implicit in what he told me of his father who at one time kept an inn and paid his rent—in baskets.

The last job of his grandfather at 71 was to teach his grandson to make baskets, and now at eighteen the great-grandson is "almost a basket-maker." What rest, what hope, what superiority to change and decay there is in such a continuity! As the tale unfolded, his quips and quiddities, his very boastfulness spouting out from the grin of a happy child brought me a sense of unfathomable assurance. I was in the presence of reality, and the phantoms of our own age that throws men like these aside, fled gibbering away. It is a reality that has lasted and will live again when the night of our own time is passed.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an illustrated daily: "Beagles are used nowadays in hunting hares and rabbits. They are followed on foot. Eton pack meets twice a week in winter. So far this season the dogs have caught fifty hares."

Rowlandson's famous picture of the George Inn at Crawley in 1789

"THE WARMEST WELCOME"

Some Thoughts on the Ideal Host

TO write about British hotels is perhaps to court trouble. There are so many of them and so many different ways, apparently, of running them. Doubtless many proprietors will disagree with what I say here, but I would ask them to remember that an article is often little more than a sort of clothes-line on which one pegs a string of ideas, quotations, allusions, and so on.

In a way a reader has before him or her the mental undergarments of the writer; some possibly fairly new, others which seem rather old and patched. And sometimes, owing to the invisible clothes-line, ideas seem to have no connection or continuity, for language was ever intended to be spoken to the ear. Who will deny that it is always easier to thrash out a subject by word of mouth than ever it is to link together a series of paragraphs for a page of print?

Those who have read the late Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Imperial Palace* will know that it is concerned with the modern conception of a great hotel as a living organism. It is a book which is well worth reading, and the rapid evolution of several hotels to-day might serve as an appendix, for they furnish modern examples of what happens following the revival of road traffic. When the railways challenged the coach traffic and won, many a good inn—which previously had been the centre of enormous trade—was forced to close its doors or else became little more than a "pub" frequented by local agricultural labourers.

Then came the motor car, and once again prosperity entered the portals of many an inn or hotel on the main roads of England. Hotel owners would do well to remember just how much they owe to the motorist. Only the other day I received a letter concerning an article I had written in our series "Mine Ease at Mine Inn." The writer, who had recently returned from the East, asked me why it was that some hotel keepers looked upon the motorist as someone to fleece. Why was it, he asked, that proprietors usually charged a motorist for garaging his car during his stay at their hotel? After all, many of the hotels on the Great North Road would do little trade were it not for the motorist.

Now in all the hotels I have visited where the garage has been free of charge to guests there has been what one might term an ideal host. Chiefly he is met in the smaller hotel where one man is master; in the larger hotel, which Arnold Bennett pictured, it is never easy to find out who is really in control. Many tail-coated and condescending gentlemen will welcome you on your arrival at the hotel run on the Grand Babylon scale, but few visitors ever reach a decision in their own minds as to who is in control. And it is not among the ways of the English to ask.

In the small hotel, however, we often meet the perfect host. He shows thoughtfulness in everything he does. He makes it his business to understand his guests without ever appearing to ask questions. In his hotel you do not have to look for ashtrays—there are plenty—nor do you have to crane your neck into the most awkward position before you can shave in the morning. Everything has been tested and arranged perfectly; no need to unscrew the mirror from the wall and take it over to the window. That may sound absurd, but I was once forced to do this (or risk cutting myself to pieces), and when I tried to put the mirror back in its original position the screws simply would not hold in the wall. I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—I fled. But the good host never causes his guests to be in such a predicament. He realises that if people are to return to his hotel they must not be irritated by any minor stinginess on his part.

Watch a really efficient proprietor or manager and you will see an artist at work. He is always on the spot yet never in the way. He knows a good deal yet gives his guests the impression that they know more than he does. On your arrival he greets you; on your departure he regretfully speeds you on your way. During your visit he makes you feel that it is "your hotel" more than his, but take liberties over that score and you will soon find the error of your ways.

There is a quiet, almost old-world courtesy about the civility which permeates the whole of his staff, and this has no small part in sustaining the atmosphere of comfort and refinement which makes his hotel so unusually attractive to discriminating visitors. If the proprietor likes signs of the antique (so many do to-day) they are so placed that the visitor remains only subconsciously aware of their presence, for it is always the modern disposition or contrivance that answers instantly our mental questions as to whether this or that is as it should be. A well-lighted dining room, an inviting and comfortable lounge, and a cosy little card room give a sense of social intimacy to which it is always a pleasure to return.

Now I am not trying to suggest that British hotels are adequate; they most certainly are not. It has, for example, long been a mystery to me as to how and why some hotels are awarded so many stars by the A.A. I do think, however, that in the main our hotels are much better than some people (usually, you find, they spend their holidays abroad) make out. Perfection is only met with, however, where the proprietor or manager has acquired a real understanding of human nature. That, I believe, is the key to a successfully run hotel, and it must have been one of the reasons why Shenstone wrote that he always received "the warmest welcome at an inn."

W. G. L.

NATIONAL PARKS AND NATURAL BEAUTY

An Urban Problem Which Must be Solved by Countrymen

IN 1926, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England was formed to co-ordinate the efforts of many national associations, societies and institutions, each of which is interested in preserving the artistic and historic features of country towns and villages. Its main objects are:

1. To organise concerted action to secure the protection of rural scenery and of the amenities of country towns and villages from disfigurement and injury.

2. To act directly or through its members as a centre for furnishing or procuring advice and information upon any matters affecting the protection of such amenities.

3. To arouse, form and educate public opinion in order to ensure the promotion of these objects.

The preservation of the artistic and historic features of country towns and villages, the protection of rural scenery and the amenities of country towns and villages from disfigurement and injury, these things do not necessarily imply a desire for the static preservation of the countryside in its ancient form. In certain cases such preservation is, of course, essential, but in most rural areas development is not only inevitable but desirable. The C.P.R.E. has always recognised that, but never so clearly, I think, as to-day, if one may judge by the spirit of realism shown in the speeches delivered at the recent conference at Chester.

Development is, indeed, inevitable. Nature is quite unable to stand still, and if not guided and tended slips rapidly back to a state which is, from our 20th-century point of view, not very beautiful and certainly not productive. A crowning example of this may be seen in certain areas of derelict land in Hampshire—land which I can remember when it was as beautiful and as highly farmed as any in England. To-day it is wild, and some might, not knowing it of old, call it beautiful; but no longer is it useful. No, development is inevitable and desirable. The C.P.R.E. demands that such development shall be along orderly lines, so that the new things—many of them foreign altogether to the countryside—shall carry on the traditions of the old, shall harmonise so far as possible with the landscape of which they form part.

These are aims with which I am in most hearty agreement. And they are aims which the C.P.R.E., in the face of many difficulties, has fulfilled nobly. There are those—I meet quite a number—who complain that the work done is too parochial in character. So far the work has necessarily been somewhat parochial in character—a moment's thought will show that that must always be so. But is there any reason why it should not also be national? No reason at all, that I can see, beyond public apathy.

With the growth of urbanisation love of countryside is growing. More and more men are realising that their spiritual existence is bound up not in bungalows and tubes and the clicking of typewriters, but in the earth as God made it. To satisfy this desire—the desire of urban populations for the open country—is a national duty. The planning of green belts, the laying out of more and yet more public parks and recreation grounds, while excellent in themselves, do no more than scratch the surface, are no more than palliatives. What is needed, is essential—indeed, inevitable—is a new orientation between town and country.

Plenty of people realise this, but cannot agree as to the best means by which it may be brought about. There are two schools of thought more or less violently opposed to each other. The one school would, once and for all, like to have done with huge cities, and in their place to scatter throughout the country moderately sized industrial towns. The other desires to keep town and country as distinct as possible; to erect, in effect, a sort of walled city. And between the two camps are those who support the idea involved in ribbon development, only rather better planned than it is at the moment. I must confess that the idea of a multitude of small industrial towns scattered up and down the country appals me. I cannot see how such towns could be kept within bounds, and I can see a time when the whole country would be but an urban-rural hybrid, sterile and unbeautiful. I must confess that the idea of any extension of ribbon development fills me with nausea. I am, therefore, a staunch advocate of the walled city idea.

SUNSHINE IN SOMERSET AND THE QUAINT, COBBLED STREET IN THE "OLD TOWN" OF MINEHEAD

But acceptance of this idea carries with it acceptance of the obvious corollary that the large city implies abundant facilities in the country for the holidays and week-ends of the urban worker. At the moment, though we have large cities enough, such facilities do not exist. They can exist only in the formation of national parks. The movement for the setting up of such parks has been launched. I do not know what the response has been; I do not know how near we are to seeing national parks formed in Britain. But I do know that their formation is long overdue.

There are national parks in other countries, and two—the Yellowstone Park and the Kruger National Park—are very well known (by hearsay, at any rate) in this country. These two famous parks—they are really game reserves rather than parks—have given in the minds of many Englishmen quite a wrong idea of the meaning and purpose of a national park as it would be in Britain.

The purpose of a national park is twofold—the preservation of natural character and the provision of recreation for the people. Every national park should satisfy both conditions. It is not a prime consideration that rare species of fauna and flora should be preserved in British national parks, though it is, of course, implied in the words *preservation of natural character*, that neither they nor species common to the district should be persecuted. There are, since we are blessed with a wide variety of geological structure, many well-defined forms of scenery, each with its typical fauna and flora, in Britain. No scheme of national parks could, therefore, be considered complete that did not preserve the natural character of each type of scenery. Dr. Vaughan Cornish has enumerated six types of scenery (he considers the whole area of enclosed agricultural land to be unsuitable for inclusion in any scheme of national parks—an opinion with which it is impossible to disagree) mountain, moor and down, woodland, fenland, river and coast.

Adopting his six types, we can all think of areas which we would like to see preserved in perpetuity

for the nation. But in the choosing of areas two points are essential and must not be overlooked. They must be pre-eminent in their own peculiar beauty; and they must be distributed, so far as possible, in relation to the big industrial centres—London, Cardiff, Birmingham, Newcastle, and that dreadful desert of brick that includes Manchester and Leeds. For it must always be remembered—it is a point we are, all of us, too apt to forget—that national parks are designed primarily for the benefit of the townsmen.

There are other points worth remembering also. Firstly, national parks, properly chosen, would be beyond the radius of a day trip from any big industrial centre: they would be places visited for a holiday. For this reason such wild places as still exist on the outskirts or in the immediate neighbourhood of a big industrial centre should be a municipal, at most a regional, concern, and not a national one. Secondly, national parks should be planned, not with the idea of extending the facilities for organised athletics or communal pram-pushing, but with the idea of providing opportunities for those basic forms of recreation which we have so sadly neglected—walking and climbing and swimming and boating—together with the intellectual recreation provided in the study of nature and in contact with beauty.

Bearing these essentials in mind, certain areas immediately present themselves as suitable for national parks. Probably each one of us has his own ideas, each visualising some favourite stretch of country. Here are my own: the Lake District, since it combines mountain and wood and water, and is situated ideally for the industrial desert of the Lancashire-Yorkshire borders and for the closely populated industry of Tyneside; Snowdonia, as a mountain group and within the reach of industrial Lancashire, industrial Birmingham and the Black Country; the cliff coast of Pembrokeshire, which is as beautiful as any in the world and so happily placed for Cardiff (the only other cliff scenery to compare with it is to be found around Land's End, and that seems to me to be rather out of reach for most urban workers); the New Forest, one of the last remaining areas of deciduous woodland in Britain, and well placed for London and all South-Eastern England; the Fens, which, though scarcely comparable to the Lakes in point of size, yet supply some 200 miles of waterways and are within easy reach of a number of industrial centres. Of river scenery there is a wide choice. My own would be the Wye by Ross, which is an almost perfect example of river-gorge scenery allied to woodland, and fulfils the requirements so far as access from industrial centres is concerned. Each and everyone of those will arouse objections of varying value from a wide variety of people. I put them forward only as examples, no more.

Objections, of course, there will be to any proposed national park. The formation of a national park anywhere is bound to cut across private interests to some extent. I hear a good many objections from time to time—not necessarily directed against national parks as such, but against allowing the public—by which I presume the urban public is meant—access to land. And I know that the public, when it has access—or forces its own access—to land, does do a certain amount of harm. I am not so sure that the same harm would be done if the land belonged to the public. We are *en masse* extremely jealous of our rights and our property; we are rarely jealous of the rights and properties of others.

If farming land is to be excluded, as it must, from any scheme of national parks, then the main interests which would or might be damaged are those connected with sport. Hunting would not, I imagine, be affected—and might well be enhanced. But shooting, in the areas chosen, would undoubtedly suffer, for obviously one could not allow of shooting on ground open to the public, and equally it would be impossible to preserve game in such areas.

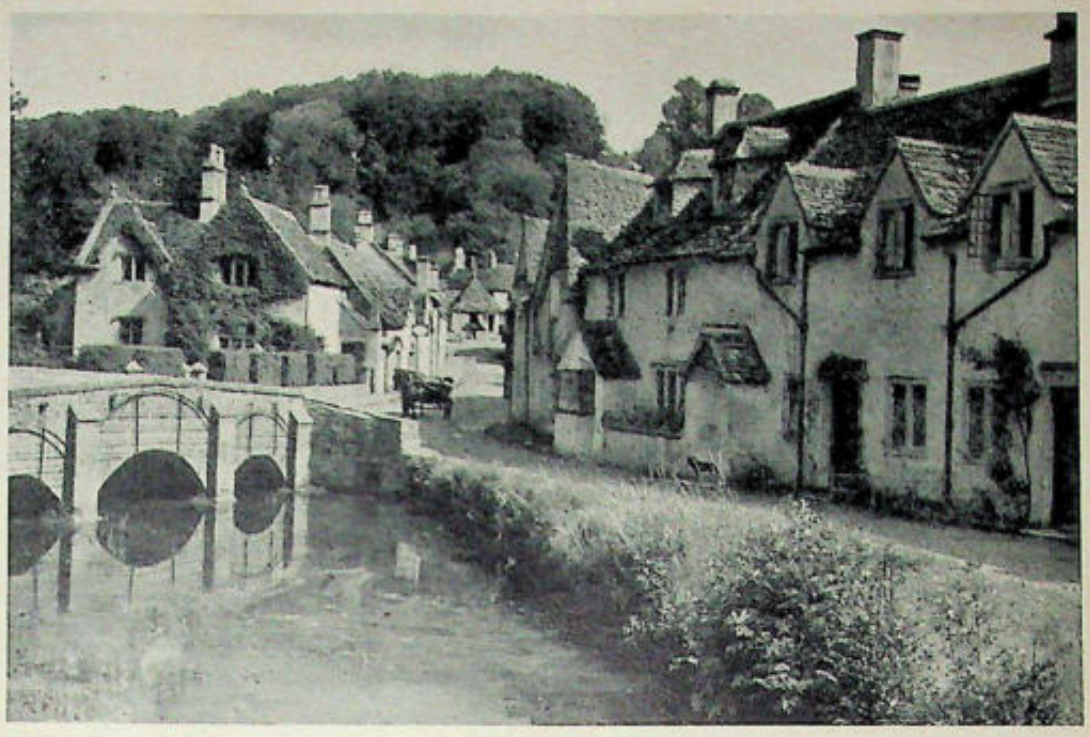
I do not feel qualified to discuss the whole of this question, but I feel certain it is not one beyond solution. Further, I have heard it said in connection with shooting that a national park, by encouraging vermin, would affect the sporting properties in the immediate neighbourhood; but I cannot imagine a properly conducted national park encouraging vermin to that extent.

But, despite objections (of which there could be many), despite difficulties, I remain a strong advocate of such parks. I am a countryman, and I know the inestimable advantages the countryside possesses, and can convey to those who have the ability and the inclination to sojourn therein. The beauty of the countryside, the beauty of scenery, is not a luxury contingent upon wealth and the time to live pleasantly: it is a factor in the formation of national character. Its preservation is essential to the national well-being. The influence of natural beauty upon personality is manifold—visual, temperamental, æsthetic—and always beneficial. We are beginning at long last to cultivate the habit of receptive contemplation of beauty, that habit which is a source of spiritual inspiration far greater in strength than is commonly realised. We cannot but be the better for that, individually and nationally.

It is for these reasons—and those inherent and evil in our present gigantic and unstable industrialisation—that we must seek out once more the land that made us. The need is urgent, for the attack upon the land is incessant, and inaction is, perhaps, the dominant trait in the English character.

But do not let us delude ourselves into imagining this to be a problem for countrymen alone. It is not. Primarily, the problem of the Preservation of Rural England is an urban problem. It is an urban problem which must be solved by countrymen.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.



ONE OF ENGLAND'S PRETTIEST VILLAGES
The stream, bridge and single street of Castle Combe in Wiltshire

IN THE "LORNA DOONE" COUNTRY
Looking across a branch of the famous Bagworthy Valley, favourite haunt of the wild Exmoor ponies

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

With the Pytchley from Mr. Clarke's

THE week under review has not been without incident during the process of clearing the ground for the regular season, which had its inception on Monday, the 7th. On Monday, the 31st, besides other useful work and a cub handled, hounds ran well for fifteen minutes from Old Pooks and located an unsuspected hole near Old Village in so doing.

On Wednesday, the 2nd, hounds ran really fast from Stanford Park over a delightful and rideable line of country to Kilworth House. Thence at the pace of a hunting run to the starting-place, where, among deer—and there is no more puzzling foil than this—plus nettles, a really tired fox saved his brush. A cub was killed, and at least five marked to ground before the day ended.

On Friday, the 4th, the mixed pack provided a really good day's sport. A fox from Watford Covert was hunted at a fair pace as though for Winwick, but under considerable pressure was forced to return to where he was found. Watford Covert is of a considerable acreage and uncommonly thick, but for another 30 minutes hounds were hard at work, and hunting him away finally killed in the open near to West Haddon. Not far from Welton Mr. Clarke has made on his farm a snug little covert, and in so doing supplied a long-felt want. Several were in evidence on this day, and the one to which hounds settled was a stout customer. The pack began to run well at once and returned to this spinney, having completed a circle via the Sallow Beds and Ashby Village at a good pace and over a line of grazing ground which bears comparison with any in the country.

The fox had not gained on his pursuers in the meantime, and so the pace increased considerably as the hunt continued, this time in a larger circle. Welton Station, Ashby Old Park, the Cleeves and Braceborough were passed on the right, and the field were hard at work to keep the pack in sight. As the fox turned towards Welton Village a kale field was encountered. This field held a fresh fox, and his presence, added to a good deal of conflicting information, caused some delay. On account of this, although a line of sorts was carried in the direction of Daventry, a good gallop of 25 minutes ended without the conclusion which looked many times so probable. Saturday the 5th, from Haselbeach, on account of the heat largely, was disappointing. A brace of cubs were killed on the Cottesbrooke Estate, and a little excursion from Creaton Covert provided some galloping and for the enthusiasts some jumping. EMERITUS.

THE BELVOIR BEGIN

TWO more attractive sites for opening meets than Leadenham House and Croxton Park could hardly be devised. This dual celebration is a peculiarity of the Belvoir Hunt, though Lincolnshire really has the honour of "starting the tambourine a-rolling." The social amenities of a lawn meet having been enjoyed at Leadenham House, a record gathering was taken off to the Hilltop. Any discontent this move might have occasioned in those with an eye on the Vale must have been dissolved by the sight of the perfect view afforded. The long shoulder of land which stretches to the brink of Lincoln was mellow in the sunshine, whilst the lower ground wandered off into the horizon, replete with all the soft greys, greens and russets of the autumn tapestry, pricked by the stone fingers of the scattered churches.

Fresh horses everywhere seemed galvanised to extra antics by the sight of scarlet coats. But before long, a sharp though all too short dart over the little heath fences, made most of them amenable. Scenting difficulties arose after finding each successive fox; there were plenty of them about, but they clearly knew they could do what they chose with hounds, and, with the exception of one caught napping in Willson's Osiers, the laughs were all with the foxes.

The temperature underwent a change overnight, so that shivers were the fashion at Croxton Park next day. A smaller field than usual attended the Leicestershire debut and nothing of note enlivened the morning. Each "aisle" of Bescaby Oaks seemed colder than the last, but a useful fox was discovered, surprisingly enough, in the least protected part of the covert; not only did the wind whistle over it, but the main pedestrian traffic walked and talked within a few yards of where he was found. A perfect gentleman, this fox obliged by departing in the most desirable direction and laid the foundations to a hunt of two hours or more. The best of it was fast to Sproxton Thorns—and anyone who knows the country need not be reminded of the resilient grass, the serried rows of sleek thorn fences which ornament the route. There was every reason to suppose we were in for a good thing, but after the first fine burst the pace diminished. No one could grumble, as much of the best Wednesday country was covered, and from Coston hounds ran very fast towards Wymondham, to the alarm of those fortifying themselves with lunch and a fresh horse: checks certainly have their uses, but we could have done with rather fewer to make it a high-class hunt.

What the thermometer registered at Long Clawson is not known, but so phenomenally hot was the day that the gross tonnage of the field must have been enormously reduced, and the hounds' periodic swims in the canal were the envy of all. As a hunting eye-full, the approach to Sherbrookes takes a lot of beating. The covert is so perfectly placed in a limitless sea of grass, and the gallant assembly which cantered across the preliminary fields were all turned out in their best, and riding horses to dream of. But pity the poor stranger who wishes to locate the high commands. Lord Daresbury has always worn a tall hat in preference to a Master's cap, and now that Colonel Colman is similarly disguised, nothing but second sight can help the uninitiated; to add to the confusion, the rank of first flighters who wear a cap for accidental reasons, has had a further addition!

There was not long to wait before the covert-side ride was quietly crossed by a small brown fox, full of purpose. He first left the Smite on his left, but, changing his mind, caused the huntsman a nasty jolt. George had to gallop back to cross the bridge, and in his hurry his horse slipped up on the greasy wood. One of the nastiest variety of falls, this one luckily let him off with slight deflation and delay. Hounds were meanwhile slipping along nicely towards Hose. Although one shrinks from suggesting that virtue is frequently penalised, the fact remains that those who did not wait for the huntsman were the only ones to see the fun, which was, however, only fast for a few fields and then, unfortunately, left off altogether, as a holloa back proved the fox had been headed. This ultimately caused his undoing in covert.

Hose Thorns was full, which is a most satisfactory state of affairs. The most resolute member of the tribe made off towards Clawson Village, but hounds were occupied with one of his brethren, and were not extracted in time. A nice quick spurt from Harby Covert came to an end, all too soon, in the main drain at Langar. In the enforced absence of a terrier, it might have been possible to steam out the fox, so many people and horses having by then reached boiling-point. Hopes were again raised at Kaye Wood with another bustle for a field or two, but this flattering pace was largely caused by the necessity of galloping for a bridge to cross the Smite, and it was home for all soon after.

UNBRIDLED.

A COTTESMORE DIARY

PROCEEDING with the diary from October 22nd, hunting has taken place under the same abnormal weather conditions, namely, a hot sun and drying winds, thus rendering the going very much on the hard side. How many times overnight have we made the resolution not to jump to-morrow; alas! with the sound of Herbert's shrill whistle and the cry of hounds in our ears, this good resolution is quickly forgotten. A period of remorse follows; one avoids the studgroom next morning and peeps nervously over the open door to view the bay horse's legs, and if all is well how happy one feels. True, we had some rain on Monday night, the 24th, but not enough to get into the ground and take off the jar when landing over fences.

Some very good gallops have been scored during the past few days, the most notable of which were an excellent 32 minutes from Wheathill on the 29th, a nice 20 minutes from Kennel Spinney on November 4th, and to wind up the cubbing season on November 5th a rattling good hunt of 48 minutes from the Wild Gorse on Mr. Barnett's Farm above Oakham. Mr. Hilton Green is more than satisfied with his young entry, and with the country splendidly stocked with foxes we only want a good scent to ensure a great season.

Some slight changes have taken place on the staff: Herbert Norman becomes first whipper-in in place of Will Garrett, who has gone as huntsman to the Berkeley, and his son, John Norman, takes his father's place of last year. We have also a new Field Master, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, who replaces the Hon. R. Cubitt, who has gone to reside in the Quorn country. To him we tender our most sincere thanks for the excellent way he carried out his duties in the past two seasons, with the loyalty and help of the field, essential to any Field Master.

I have not the least doubt Sir Thomas will prove equally efficient. The wire district managers have been hard at work in their areas for some time, and the country will be quite clear of this menace by the opening meet at Greetham Inn on November 7th. FOXY.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S RUN OVER A GOOD LINE

BRIGHT sun and steadily-falling glass did not suggest a scent for the opening day at Lyneham Green, and the same conditions were present for Tuesday at Newnton Lodge. Wednesday was much better. Hounds ran well with a fox from Dodington Grove and killed him in the park. A kale field fox found below Springs Farm was lost after a nice gallop to Lyegrove, and another put out of Mr. Hall's stick heap ran a ring over the vale before he was pulled down by the Rectory.

Friday from the Kennels was the best day of the week, and scent was excellent all day. There was a brace of foxes in the thick privet of Bath Verge (which is also now full of fast-flying young pheasants) and hounds were quickly away. Running a line at the back of Badminton Village, their fox turned from Withymore, was viewed over the station road, and went on by Cape Farm towards Badminton House. Then a fresh fox jumped out of a tree just in front of hounds and they raced him to Allengrove, whence a brace more went away. Hunting beautifully the mixed pack took the line of their own fox alongside the boundary wall and crossed the Luckington Road by Manor Inn.

Here there was a brief check, their fox having turned alongside the brook to Brook End, and they went on by Widleys Hill to the Grove, where the second whipper-in got a view of the hunted fox running the road near Lady's Wood. Getting on better terms, hounds ran very fast over the cream of what is now a perfect wireless country, thanks to the organisation of the Rev. Jack Gibbs, and on by the New Plantation and Lord's Wood. The fox could not face the railway cutting and turned back, to be bowled over in Lord's Wood—to finish a capital hunt. Later a fox from Allengrove provided a good second hunt, and a last from Centre Walk, at racing pace to Cherry Orchard, finished a first-rate day's sport.

Saturday at Sevington proved disappointing, as in spite of good scent foxes never ran straight or far, and the day was spent making them see the error of their ways! At the meet Captain Simon Browne, who resigned the Secretaryship at the end of last season in order to take on the joint-Mastership of the Percy, received his presentation picture; neat speeches were made by everybody concerned, and everyone was glad to see Sir Audley about again. FIELD FARE.

PATCHY WEEK WITH THE QUORN

UNLESS something outstanding takes place I always think the last week of cubbing falls a bit flat and happenings are all the harder to write about when readers have enjoyed a week of the real thing before these lines appear. Anyway, I trust I may be forgiven if I am particularly boring to those who are sufficiently forbearing to give these notes a glance. To begin with, the sport was marred by the accident to the very popular wife of the Belvoir joint-Master last Monday week. What jolly bad luck, and how Lady Daresbury will be missed from the ranks of first-flighters when hounds run.

However, there is good news, kindly given me from Waltham House this morning for the hundreds of anxious Point-to-Point followers who, in the past, have cheered this gallant and brilliant Point-to-Point rider to victory. The news is that Lady Daresbury is progressing as well as can be expected.

Going back to Monday's sport, one or two foxes were allowed to go before hounds went away with a fox through Charlton's Gorse, across the Fosse Road on by Craddock's Ashes, down to Ella's and then by Willoughby to Widmerpool, when he was lost. Before writing more I should like to apologise for the names of two places in my last week's notes appearing incorrectly spelt all through my extremely bad writing. The names referred to are Langley New Wood and Sanham House.

After losing their fox at Widmerpool, hounds next found a fox at the back of the Six Hill's Hotel, and ringing round crossed the Old Fosse Road and went right-handed over the Melton—Loughborough Road down into the Hoby Vale and back by Lord Aylsford's and Bridgetts down to Old Dalby and into the Broughton Vale, when they lost him after a real nice hunt.

Friday spent in the Monday country proved rather disappointing owing to foxes preferring the open and sunshine to the coverts, and it was not until the "Curates" was reached that a fox was found. I never remember anything like the heat of

the sun on Saturday last for the time of year, and foxes were simply trotting along in front of hounds in that huge covert, Quorn Wood—there wasn't any scent at all.

While talking to an ex first whipper-in, who at one time turned hounds to the late Lord Harrington when he hunted the Forest side of this country, an enormous bright deep yellow butterfly flitted past and settled on some blackberry blossom, and later on, when hounds were giving a litter of cubs a pretty warm time in Mr. Moss's Spinney, I noticed a field smothered in bright red poppies. Surely this is a bit out of the ordinary? If these bright, sunny days continue it will be certain to affect the going, and we are badly in need of a frost or two. Many places are dangerously blind yet.

SCARLET RUNNER.

EXMOOR'S WONDERFUL HUNT

NOVEMBER 3rd was an ideal day from every point of view. The weather was all that is typical of the autumn at its best, and the colours and shades on the moor ranged from a purple that would in no way have dishonoured the toga of a Cæsar to the fiery red of a December sun as it sinks to a frosty horizon. There was a slight crispness in the air that made promise of a good scent, and in this we were not disappointed. For even if scent could never earn the soubriquet of "screaming," there was always enough of it to keep every rider who wished to see hounds galloping hard.

There was a fair-sized field to meet the bitch pack at Shallowford, but from the moment Mr. Wood cheered hounds into Thornworthy Gorse, its ranks became thinner and thinner. It seemed at first as though all prognostications about scent were but to prove the truth of John J.'s dictum. Several people saw the fox, and did not hesitate to tell the Master so in no gentle way. But the gorse was as thick as a wall, and hounds seemed to be able to make nothing of it. Eventually, however, they settled to him, and running him through the gorse from the Shallowford end, he was holloaed away by Mr. Saunders—who had "harboured" this fox for us—at exactly 11.25.

Hounds came away well, and were no more than a minute behind their fox; but still scent seemed only moderate, and it was at merely a steady pace that they ran over the lane and on to Stock Wood. From here scent took a definite turn for the better. So definite, in fact, that the Master was badly left, and missed the first quarter of an hour of this hunt.

After a turn round Stock Wood, hounds went away at the far side and ran over Stock Lane, with Lyn Down on their left, to Furzehill. There was a slight check here, but the whipper-in righted them—the Master being busy hunting his hounds—and on they went left-handed down to Woolaway. Crossing the combe they ran straight over Cheriton Ridge and down the far side to Farley Water, which they crossed on to Middle Hill. Everything looked set for a straightforward gallop to Badgeworthy, but the fox had different ideas. Turning right-handed up Farley Water, hounds hunted him to Holcombe Burrows, and then right again over Cheriton Ridge into Hoar Oak. This may have been some disappointment for those four members of the field who had got such a flying start from Stock Wood, but it was a fortunate turn for the Master, who could now see a hound and finally settled down to it in the wood. After running for a couple of minutes their whole cry altered to a deeper and more menacing note, which seemed to shake the very trees themselves. It was obvious he was not very far in front of them now. With the same deep angry cry they ran through Coombe Park Lodge and checked on the main road. In a moment, however, they had hit it off the far side into Boutin Wood, and the huntsman's heart failed him for once in that there would be 20 fresh foxes for every tired one.

But the fox himself had different ideas for his safety, and turning left-handed went out on to the open fields above the Bristol Channel. If once he got to the cliffs he was safe. Lyn Cleeve loomed ominous and large to the Master as he topped the ridge, and saw hounds running and a white wave advancing towards him with a great cry over the purple heather.

Crossing Hoar Oak hounds swung right over Stock Common down into Lyncombe. "I see'd 'e, I see'd 'e!" shouted an excited gentleman on the combe side as a spotlessly clean yellow fox brushed past him; but luckily hounds understood as little of his speech as did the Master, and consequently they paid attention to nothing but the job in hand. Without any hesitation they took the line straight across the coombe and over the fields at the far side into Cheriton, where their cry brought many a good lady from cooking her midday dinner. But hounds were not to be seen for long, since they were through Cheriton and into Cheriton Wood as quick as a horse could get there. At Cheriton Wood things looked bad. Sheep foiled the line and our fox had done some intricate twists and turns.

Hounds, however, were given plenty of time up the slope towards it, past Ladycombe Lake. But he saw something else as well which accounted for their sudden whimpering stillness—a small, dirty brown figure only a bare half field in front of them. Horses that could hardly raise a trot were made—God knows how—to canter, and as the Master, his whipper-in and four members of the field topped the rise they saw hounds in that ominous "rugby scrum," which can mean only one thing. In sight of the sea, having found on the moor, and within 25yds. of safety, hounds had killed a very big and very stiff dog fox after a first-class gallop of 80 minutes, with hardly a check, and covering twelve miles of country. Indeed may we say with Whyte Melville, "To Triumph!"

"HEDGEHOG."

THE CATTISTOCK HAVE A GOOD DAY

IF the first week's sport is any criterion for what is to follow, the members of the Cattistock field can look forward to a good season this year. It must be gratifying to their new huntsman, Fred Gosden, to be able to show such a brilliant day to the field as that which can be recorded for Saturday last, when hounds met at Red House, Key, on the borders of the Blackmore Vale country. The East Coker withybed can always be counted on to produce foxes, and when hounds were thrown in there on the day in question, a brace was quickly afoot.

THE NORTH ATHERSTONE MOVING OFF AFTER A MEET AT OSBASTON HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR THOMAS COPE

I am afraid, however, that the earth-stopper had not done his work too well; for the first one got to ground within a mile, and the second, though he did give hounds a short gallop, might almost be said to have committed suicide; for when he found himself unable to join his brother, whose earth was blocked by a whipper-in, he sat in a hedge and waited for hounds to kill him. However, Major Budden's home coverts—the gorses on the bank above the river opposite Sutton Bingham Manor—provided a fox which made up for all the deficiencies of the early pilots. It so happened that the writer was unable to be on a horse on that day, owing to a slight accident early in the week, but he was on the Yeovil Road when that fox broke from the covert and, breasting the hill, ran past the Sutton Bingham stables and over the Halstock Road, heading for Coker Wood.

Hounds came tumbling after him, scarce a field away, with the Hunt servants and the field, a hundred or more strong, close behind. They swept over the road and I feared that we should lose sight of them; but two fields short of Coker Wood the pack swung right-handed back to us, and leaving East Coker to the north, recrossed the railway and drove on past Netherton to Closworth, over a lovely line of country, where the field could

(Continued on col. 3, page 1126)

CHELTENHAM AND WINDSOR

An Appreciation of Sharples

THERE have in the past been occasions when the fields were too large for the course. Indeed, on more than one occasion a race on the flat has been started in two lines, a most unsatisfactory thing. Under National Hunt Rules races have been divided into two parts and run as separate events. There have been too many starters more than once this season, although courses such as Newbury and Newmarket can take all that they have ever had to take. It is different with some other courses. Even Manchester at the end of the month is to have too many starters, probably, for a race for more than eighty have been entered for an event there, and it is highly probable that some fifty of them will be started.

There were too many starters in one event at Windsor for the course. It is true that an accident might not have happened, but even if there had been no accident half the field could never have had a chance of winning from the start, for they were badly drawn, and a large number of them were bound to be barged about and so severely handicapped. As the result of the accident in this particular event poor Sharples was killed. I have wondered many times when the fields were even smaller that there are not more falls, for it happens too often that horses fail to keep anything like a straight course. It is the wonderful ability that a horse, if left alone, has of keeping on his feet that prevents more serious accidents. Sharples, who had been trained by that greatest of all schoolmasters, Stanley Wootton, was a very capable light-weight rider who would have earned a comfortable living as a jockey for many years to come. He might never have made an outstanding rider. He was a very nice young man, an exceptionally honest one, and he had a good brain. He will be much missed, and the sympathy of all followers of racing will go out to his widowed mother and brothers and sisters with whom he lived.

The authorities must do something about these large fields. I would suggest that when an entry is above a certain figure the race should be made into two. Totalisator funds, it has been suggested, should be used in such cases to make the second prize. I was asked the other day if I ever got tired of going racing, and I was able to answer, as I have done before, very truthfully, that so far I had never done so. I admitted that towards the end of the flat race season I am longing for a change not from racing but rather to a new sport, that of steeplechasing and hurdle racing. I, therefore, went last week to Cheltenham with the greatest of pleasure.

It is true that there was no flat racing on those two afternoons, but I should have gone to Cheltenham in any case. I thoroughly enjoyed it all, but I should have enjoyed it more if those two fine riders under National Hunt Rules, Wilson and Hobbs, had not been so seriously injured. Wilson broke five ribs and punctured a lung by a fall in the last race of the first day, while a day after he had fallen in a race there it was found that Bruce Hobbs had fractured a vertebrae in his spine. It will be some time before Wilson rides again, and still longer before Bruce Hobbs can go near a horse. Still, these steeplechase riders are the toughest young men that ever I did know, and I suppose that both will be back in the saddle much sooner than any of us think. Like all other admirers of brave men I most sincerely hope that they will.

If the attendances at the two Cheltenham afternoons are anything to go by, this season's racing under National Hunt Rules is going to be a great success. It is true that the weather on both days was fine, and that Cheltenham is in the middle of a great sporting country. The racing also was good, with several promising horses seen out. Bachelor's Gown, who won the Cheltenham Handicap Steeplechase, is only a five-year-old, but he jumped well and stayed well. He won a race on the flat two years ago at Lincoln when trained by Briscoe for the late Mr. Foster.

Some visitors thought that the horse was Bachelor's Call and backed him accordingly, for Bachelor's Call is a proved steeplechaser. Another visitor had forgotten who Bachelor's Gown was, but would have backed him if he had remembered, for he was Mr. Foster's brother-in-law. Racing is, indeed, a funny game, or rather the betting side of it is. Another nice young steeplechaser who won at the meeting is Pedigree. This young horse—he is seven years old—has shown promise before and had then been sold to Mr. J. V. Rank, who, however, must have been rather displeased with him, for the next thing that I knew was that he was back with Earl and was running in his name and colours. As a matter of fact, the horse is really a partnership horse owned by Mr. Rank and Earl, and trained by Earl. He is going to win more races for the two of them. He is a bold fine jumper and can stay. He is of the type that wins at Aintree.

I wonder how many times Alarmist has been out alone in front when running over fences and has then been caught and beaten. He had got the name of being chicken-hearted when he heard hooves thundering behind him, and who should say that he was not altogether right? He seems now to have overcome that complex and he ran a great race at Cheltenham to win the Charlton Park Steeplechase of three miles. He was soon out in front, and without ever being headed he won by five lengths from Away. But this time he must have heard the horses behind him, for Away got to him close home, but Alarmist was no longer living up to his name and went away again. He is owned by Mr. Berry, one of the best supporters of racing under National Hunt Rules that there is.

Stevedore, a well-bred colt by Trimdon out of Jonah's Choice, was rather a disappointment on the flat, but he suggested by his winning the Rosehill Hurdle that he may make a name for himself under National Hunt Rules. Much was hoped of Trimdon when he went to the stud, but so far he has not done what was hoped of him. It may be that he gets the stock all right, but owners will not wait with them. After all, he did not appear on a racecourse so far as I remember until he was a three-year-old. He won two Gold Cups at Ascot, but he ought never to have kept the first of them, for no matter how one argues no one will ever convince me that he did not interfere seriously with Singapore in that race.

Windsor is not by any means an ideal course for the spectator nor the rider who does not know it inside out, yet it is a popular place, and for a comparatively minor meeting there were lots of people there on both days. Fields were large but winners terribly hard to find, and the ring should have made money, even admitting the fact that there was not much betting. At this time of the season many of the bigger operators go very lightly. Everything comes to him who waits, or so it is said by people who have never had to wait.

Three years ago Knighted won the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot for the second time, the only horse ever to have done so. Since then he had never won a race until he was successful on the first afternoon of this Windsor Meeting. Further, his rider, none other than G. Richards, had not ridden a winner for very nearly thirty races, an amazingly long losing run for this famous man. Knighted having at last won may do so again, for he is still a useful sprinter.

Another horse to win at long last was Manorite. At the end of last year it was thought that he might well be a Derby winner, but all this season he has been toiling away without ever winning. At last he also has won, for he won the Apprentices Plate of a mile and a half. He finished first and kept the race, but he seemed to me to bore Portefeuille all across the course in the last furlong. Still, one cannot expect little boys at the end of a mile-and-a-half race to know really what is happening at the end of the contest and nothing was done. This really seemed to me to be a case for action by the Stewards, but they are a kind body of men, and it would not have done either small boy any good. Little Wilson, who rode the second, so far regarded as a non-stayer, is a very small boy and to ride 7st. 9lb. had to put up some 3st. of lead. He shows much promise and is not lacking in confidence.

After disappointing him many times Mr. Tattersall sold Elgar, a colt by Hurstwood out of Foliation, and so purely home-bred. G. Bennett bought him and very nearly won the Newbury Autumn Handicap with him. Indeed, he ran so well in that race that racegoers forgot what a nasty little dog he had been for several years and piled the money on him to win the Runnymede Plate at Windsor.

Not all the barons in the Kingdom could have induced reason into him and his name was not signed in as being in the first three. Beary did all that a great horseman can do with a horse, but Elgar would have none of it. Surely his name should be changed. Great horses deserve great names; bad horses deserve the worst and silliest names that can be given to them, if they deserve names at all.

GNOSTIC.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS (*Continued from page 1125*)

spread out and take the fences as they met them. It was a very pretty sight to watch them cross the Yeovil Road below Closworth, and turn to their right over the open fields towards Melbury Bubb.

I went down the road in my motor car, and was able to see hounds drive into Lord Ilchester's well-known covert—Eighteen Acres—and out the other side, where they swung left-handed toward Chetnole withybed. I lost them here for a moment, but my chauffeur knows the country well, and by breaking all speed laws we cut around over the Great Western Railway bridge, and turning left through Chetnole, caught sight of the pack as they streamed over the beautiful Blackmore Vale country towards Yetminster. Hounds were half a mile from me, but they were always in sight and their cry came to me across the fields very clearly. On this hill above Yetminster I waited, and from the gorses I saw a very beaten fox go down the hill towards the railway line, cross the line, and disappear in a small withybed alongside of it.

My chauffeur comes from hunting stock; three of his brothers are in Hunt service, and his father was a well-known huntsman before he died. The hunting spirit is in the man, and he started down the hill for that withybed before I could speak. Hounds checked on the hillside opposite to me, and the huntsman must have been glad to hear the welcome holloa from the railway line, where I saw my chauffeur, cap held high, cheering on the pack as they came to his holloa. The fox was very beaten by this time, and hounds caught him within 100yds., after as nice a hunt as one could wish to see. An hour and thirty-five minutes of the best, and a dozen miles as hounds ran, though only a five-mile point.

LINCOLN.

THE WHADDON CHASE'S TWO GOOD POINTS

NOVEMBER 1st the opening meet, and at 7 a.m. a driving, pouring rain and no prospect of better weather. Could anything be less auspicious for a new huntsman, new staff, new horses—in fact, nearly everything new except the fact that we were meeting at Cublington. It turned out to be just another case of meeting trouble instead of waiting for it, as by eleven o'clock the sun was shining and a gentle wind from the west made one think scent was a possibility. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Stevens kindly dispensed hospitality to a large field. A word of thanks and appreciation is certainly due to the county constabulary for the way they control the cars, horses, &c., at the meet; without them complete chaos would reign.

According to custom the Hook Covert was drawn first, and it responded to the tune of a brace—one went away for Littlecote, the other hounds hunted up to Dunton Field; here, no one person but scores of footpeople headed him, and he swung back into Hartwell Covert, where he was accounted for. The Jubilee Covert, still on the right side of its third birthday, situated in the centre of Creslow Great Ground and consisting of gorse, blackthorn and privet, was called upon next in the hope that it would produce its first fox.

Anxious moments were followed by one clear holloa from the second whipper-in, and the first fox was away, leaving a brace behind in the covert. Hounds streamed across the Great Ground in a right-handed direction for the Aylesbury Road. Keeping right-handed, the fox went into the Hook Covert; it was the old fox of the family as could be plainly seen when he left the covert in full view of the field. Scent was good and any coffee-housers were left as hounds ran fast in the direction of Whitchurch.

Crossing the brook, the fox breasted the hill, went on the Bushmead Road to Mr. Bickard's earths, but Kempster of Cublington had been there the night before, and so, facing the big pastures, the fox went on left-handed to Weedon Village. Under the village, hounds made a short turn to the left, which saved many of the followers from seeing no more of the hunt. Going parallel with the brook, the fox went on to Norduck. After a momentary check, hounds ran right-handed, leaving Aston Abbotts Village on their left, for the covert.

With no thought of sanctuary here, the fox missed it by yards only and set off up the hill for Rowsham. Sinking the valley, and leaving this small hamlet on their left, hounds checked on reaching the brook, and here the pace for the first time slackened. But hunting on, with no real assistance, they accounted for their fox in Mr. Gurney's brickyard at Bierton, after running for just over 70 minutes. The point is five miles and a good hunt for any time of the year, but for an opening day, and really the first time that hounds have been let go, a brilliant one.

The rough field at Hardwick provided the next customer, but he intends to run another day, as after a quick run round Weedon he found safety in a drain at the Lillies. From Puttenham, last Thursday, a good hunt followed to ground at Aston Abbotts, this being a point of six-and-a-half miles. May these two days be an omen.

G. B. T.

OPENING MEETS OF TWO FAMOUS PACKS

THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL FIELD AT STRATTON COP, THE FIRST DRAW OF THE REGULAR SEASON

FOLLOWERS OF THE WHADDON CHASE BUNCHING AT A BRIDGE WHEN HOUNDS WERE RUNNING

NOVICE'S STABLE LORE

Terms and Their Meanings

AT THE BORDON HUNTER TRIALS

Miss E. Campbell's Toreador II jumping the water in the Novices class

THERE are expressions in stable parlance which are unique, and the cause and derivation of some of these terms remain a mystery. There must be many terms which, to the novice, are puzzling, and others at which even the old-timer and equine expert must sometimes pause and ponder how they came about, and yet others which by their nomenclature appear to have no connection with the work, or the subject in hand. Many words used are, of course, quite obvious, so there is no necessity to dwell upon these here.

The man who grooms a horse is frequently called a strapper, and the act of grooming is referred to as strapping. Had these names been applied to cleaning tack, there might perhaps have been something a little more appropriate about them, for there is a lot to do with straps and buckles there. Strapping actually is a reference to giving a horse a thorough grooming, as compared with quartering. Quartering seems a more appropriate name for the action the word performs, for it has to do with the quarters, and no doubt originally meant brushing down the quarters at early morning stables, after they had become soiled from the night's rest when lying down on dirty straw. Nowadays, this expression refers to light grooming, as compared with strapping—a thorough grooming.

From grooming we go to the actual names of parts and descriptions appertaining to the horse. Some of these names are odd, to say the least. When we talk of wind-galls, the mind naturally turns to wind and air, therefore it is often not understood why this name should be applied to the puffy swellings usually found in the vicinity of the fetlock joint, which contain fluid and not air. It is said on good authority that this name is derived from the fact that in the days of the ancient Egyptians the impression abroad was that wind-galls were swellings caused by air, hence the misnomer. A hogged mane is one that is clipped. A bang tail is one that is squared at the end by cutting with a banger.

There are certain descriptive markings of the horse which are to be found noted in veterinary certificates, among these are :

Star—A white mark on the forehead.

Race—Described as short, broad, or faint, consists of a narrow white stripe down the face, and is also sometimes called reach or stripe, the latter not to be confused with the stripe along the back.

Snip—A white mark between the nostrils.

Blaze—A white splash down the face, may be distinct from star and snip, or may comprise both.

The above markings have to do with the face and head ; there are also distinctive body markings, and here are some :

List, Ray, or Stripe—This term is used for dark lines, which are sometimes seen running along the horse's back.

On the legs we get socks and stockings, which are white in colour, the sock being the white hair which extends to just above the fetlock ; when this is prolonged it is referred to as a stocking.

In addition to these markings many parts of the horse have gained various descriptions, some of which are odd :

Roman Nose—Where the line of the nose is prominent.

Stag Faced—Where the line of the nose curves inwards, as opposed to Roman Nose.

Lop Ears—Floppy ears, said to denote laziness, but on the other hand usually a sign of good nature and easy temperament.

Fiddle Headed—Fiddle-shaped head, drawn in excessively, especially round and below the jaw.

Ewe Neck—Is a neck shaped like that of a sheep, and in which the curve is the wrong way.

Backs are sometimes described as "hollow," and "roached." A hollow back is a clear description, and applies to horses which have the back deeper than usual. A roach back is the reverse to a hollow back, and the curve instead of dipping is upward. The roach back is a strong formation, whereas the hollow back is a weak one.

Slack Loins—Those which are long, narrow, and weak.

Well Sprung Ribs—Those which are hooped and deep.

Well Ribbed Up—Ribs which reach well back, leaving little space between the last rib and the point of the hip.

Herring Gutted—Smallness of ribs and belly, shaped like those of the fish of that name, when looked at sideways.

Riding Shoulders—Those which are sloped and long in the blade, covered with muscular flesh, of which the muscles should not be lumped together.

Loaded Shoulders—Those which have the muscles lumped together, and are bulky at the point.

Upright Shoulders—Those without sufficient slope of blade.

Short Shoulders—Insufficient depth from wither to elbow.

Calf Knees—Knees which are calf-like in appearance, sometimes termed "back at the knee."

Tied at the Knees—Where the tendons are drawn in just below the knee, giving the appearance as if they had been tied, as compared with the lower portions of the tendons.

Gummy Legs—Those wherein the tendons are not well defined, general fulness of the legs, rounded appearance.

Goose Rump—Quarters which slant excessively.

Ragged Hips—Those that are prominent with the points wide apart.

Cow Hocks—Those that turn inwards towards each other.

Sickle Hocks—Those which are too bent.

Split Up—Quarters lacking muscle in between the thighs.

Flat Feet—Those which are large, sloping and low, frequently with thin soles.

Oyster Feet—Flat feet with ridged or ringed horn.

Boxy Feet—Sometimes called mule feet, contracted, small feet, with high heels, and a small frog.

There are some strange names given to various kinds of action :

Dishing—Faulty action of the forelegs, bending the knee outwards when bringing it back, throwing the feet outwards.

Plaiting—Bending the knee in a manner to cause the toe of forefeet to turn inwards, faulty, and apt to be dangerous action.

Brushing—When in action knocking one leg against the opposite one, causing bruises and cuts on the fetlock.

Speedy-Cutting—A form of high brushing, causing wounds and cuts above the fetlock, and below the knee.

Forging—Clicking the outside of the hind shoe against the fore shoe. A habit caused by laziness and slackness. Horses that are tired sometimes do it, and those that are not up to the mark, such as when coming up from grass, are apt to do this.

Over-reach—Striking the foreleg with the hind leg, causing injury. Above the fetlock—high over-reach ; below the fetlock—low over-reach.

Then we come to the breathing apparatus, and terms applied to defects here :

Whistling—A respiratory noise caused by excessive breathing under pressure when in action.

Roaring—An aggravated form of whistling.

High-blowing—Not to be confused with whistling or roaring. A noise caused by the air passing through the nostrils.

When riding, some expressions frequently used must often be somewhat puzzling to the novice ; here are some :

Boring—Bearing down on the bit.

Into His Bridle—A horse which is well up into its bit, neither behind it, nor over it.

Jibbing—Resistance, refusal to move forward, and sometimes even backing. In fact passive resistance, to which some activity is added at times.

Nappy—Bucking, over-freshness, shying at nothing, and trying to dispose of its rider. Rebellious resistance craftily carried out, sometimes caused by overfeeding and under-exercising.

Balanced—Equal distribution of the weight on all fours.

Collected—Correct flexion, and the hocks well under the horse. The exploitation of balance. Readiness of body and mind, and ability to answer the aids and indications at the given signal, at any pace.

Flexion—Important part of collection. "Direct flexion," giving of the lower jaw, bringing the head inwards, and bending from just behind the poll. "Lateral flexion," turning the head sideways, bending from the poll, and giving the lower jaw.

Giving the Office—Correct indications given by the rider to the horse about to clear a fence. The balanced horse is collected, presented to the jump, and given the office. With a well-trained horse it is mutual, that is, you indicate to the horse you want it to jump, and it indicates to you that it is ready. This means rhythmic jumping.

Calling a Cab—The act whereby the rider when jumping raises one of his hands in the air, usually the right one.

Forward Seat—Sitting forward, and not swinging the body back when landing over a fence.

Show Jumping Seat—Exaggerated forward seat, used in the show ring to assist in the clearance of successive high obstacles within a limited area.

Turning to a lighter vein, I recently overheard the following two descriptions :

A Horseman—Is a man who knows a great deal about very little, and goes on learning more and more about less and less, until he finally knows everything about practically nothing.

A Horsemaster—A man who knows very little about a great deal, and goes on learning less and less about more and more, until he finally knows nothing about anything.

R. M. S. BARTON.

A BRITISH TRIUMPH.—The Shell lubricating oil used for each of the three Bristol-engined Wellesley monoplanes was refined at Shell Haven, Essex, by the new solvent extraction process. Although it was, of course, an aviation oil, it was basically the same as the new Shell oils sold at all garages for private cars. Any motorist can give his car similar protection. The record flight of 7,162 miles is spectacular proof of the way in which this oil stays on the job under all conditions of standing, starting and running.

BLACKBUCK AND CHEETAH

An Exhibition of High Speed

A STILL morning in April in an Indian State, with every prospect of a hot day to come, necessitates an early start so as to be well away before the heat of the sun becomes too great. The visitors assemble under the porch of the palace where the Maharajah's big orange painted charabanc is waiting to take the party to the cheetah camp some ten miles away.

The first good mornings and salaams over, the charabanc leaves to the accompaniment of a recital of the Maharajah's titles and accomplishments delivered in a strong baritone by the Keeper of the Keys. The drive out is uneventful except for an occasional jolt as the charabanc takes a pot-hole in its stride, and the cheetah camp is reached with the party none the worse for wear.

The camp is situated on a rise in what may be best described as down-like country. From this point of vantage one can get an uninterrupted view for miles across tree-less stretches of undulating grass-covered land. At this time of the year the grass is burnt brown and, except for a little scrub, there is no vestige of green anywhere. Here and there one can see patches of jungle in the middle and far distance, which melt into the blue horizon in the heat waves that are already rising from the warm earth.

The inhabitants of the camp are an odd and interesting mixture of men and animals. The centre of interest is the double row of charpoys, on each of which sits a cheetah in leash and unhooded, the keepers tending their charges as one would a pet dog. These cat-like members of the dog family are well worth studying. Their movements are certainly feline, but one can hear an occasional growl, and a further reminder of their canine descent are their greyhound-like proportions. They are definitely speed models.

The cheetahs are inspected by the visitors, the outstanding peculiarities of each one being explained by the expert who is in charge of all the Maharajah's sporting activities and who has a full knowledge of the capabilities, characteristics and training of each animal.

The collection of vehicles is of interest, too. Two large brakes are the chief exhibits, for it is from these that the actual hunting will be conducted. There are dog-carts, pony carts, bullock carts, motor cars, motor lorries, and several kinds of nameless two-wheeled vehicles each provided for a particular purpose.

The number of retainers, assistants, camp followers, guards and other officials is legion; but each has his own particular job in this country of specialisation.

There is a delightful feeling of co-operation in the air. Everyone, no matter what his particular duty, is one of the team from the Maharajah down to the humblest camp follower. Shall we find plenty of buck? Will the cheetahs show their best paces? Will the brake teams be able to put up the necessary burst of speed when the psychological moment arrives? These and a hundred other questions pass through the assembly as the eight big black horses are led out and harnessed to the two brakes.

The guests are divided into two parties, one party to each brake. The guests of honour sit by the driver, and the remainder sit on either side in jaunting-car fashion, with a keeper and his hooded cheetah next to them. The head keeper stands behind the box seat, holding on to a pole in case of accidents.

We move off into the open country, and the camp takes on a new life. Spare teams for the brakes are sent out in various directions. Relays of cheetahs in bullock carts, each cheetah protected from the sun by a large umbrella, move out into the open, and motor lorries with refreshments and spare attendants get under way. The brakes take divergent courses. Everyone is hoping for the best, and we strain our eyes in the hopes of catching sight of the buck. After a little while a small herd is sighted and the fun begins.

The success or failure of the hunt will depend upon the handling of the brake. The object to be aimed at is the placing of the brake in the correct tactical position, slightly in advance of the herd of buck, so that the cheetah has not got to go too far before it can make contact with the quarry. This necessitates the brake making a wide circling movement, driven at full speed as soon as the probable direction of advance of the herd can be estimated in the hope that it may be possible to get into the correct position before the herd changes its direction.

The driver gets his team nto a steady trot and studies the situation. His mind made up, off at full speed, the team being encouraged by a variety of sibilant noises from the driver. The passage to the desired position is an exciting one. Nullahs have to be avoided, dried river beds have to be crossed, and we hold on as best we can as the brake sways from side to side. The brake mounts a rise in the ground, and there we are in as good a position as could be wished for.

Herd and brake are now moving at their best speed, and all is set for the cheetah's release. The cheetah, unhooded now, can see the herd and is in a state of tense excitement. The head keeper lifts his hand, the cheetah is slipped, and the next few seconds give us an unequalled exhibition of high speed, for this time the cheetah has selected his buck without hesitation.

THE INDIAN BLACKBUCK

It is a wonderful sight. The movement of the cheetah is a perfect combination of grace and speed; it is something to be marvelled at and remembered. The chase is a short one. The buck, as soon as it realises that it has been marked out by the cheetah, starts to gink, each turn being accompanied by a little cloud of dust from the dry earth. The cheetah turns too and is soon close enough to give the critical stroke with its forepaw on the buck's hindquarters. This causes the buck to lose its balance and so, in falling, allows the cheetah time to get to its throat. Strangulation follows quickly, and all is over without the spilling of blood.

Sometimes it is not quite so easy or simple as this. A cunning buck can outwit the cheetah, for the cheetah's staying powers are limited. Perhaps the brake has not obtained the optimum position and the distance is too great for the cheetah to maintain its full speed until contact is made. In that case the result is disappointing from the point of view of everyone except the buck, as the cheetah sits down, having given up the chase at the first indication of difficulty.

Occasionally the cheetah commits the sin of selecting a hind instead of a buck and its reputation suffers severely. The training of the cheetah to ensure that buck are selected and hinds left undisturbed is a difficult matter. The object that the trainers have in mind is to make the cheetah associate dark colour with something that it wants. This is done by the cheetah always being fed by a man in a black blanket. This appears to have the desired effect, for mistakes in the selection of the quarry are not frequently made.

There are occasions when the cheetah fails to make up its mind as to which buck it should select, and, crouching flat on the ground, it wastes precious seconds, after which the issue is in doubt, for the distance may be too great for the maintenance of full speed.

So it happens that quite a large element of doubt can enter into each particular hunt, and so the sporting interest is maintained until the last moment.

Changes of horses are frequent, for the strain of hauling a heavy brake over rough ground at full speed in the hot sun is a great one and cannot be maintained for long.

At a prearranged time the hunt is stopped, and the two brakes meet so that notes can be compared and much-needed refreshment indulged in, for the heat has been increasing with every passing minute.

After a welcome rest the hunt is continued, and finally abandoned so that the visitors can rendezvous at the luncheon bungalow for an early lunch after the early morning start.

Lunch over, the game is inspected and photographed, visitors are garlanded and everyone is thoroughly hot and happy.

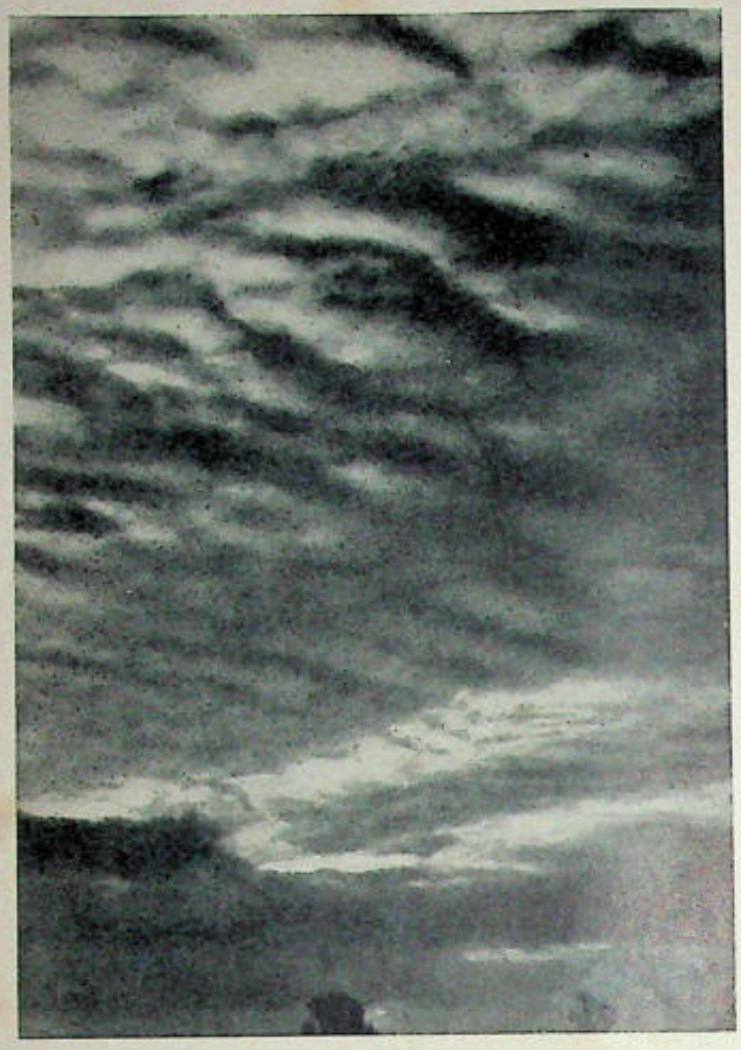
On the particular occasion of which I write sixteen buck and one hind were killed. It was interesting to see that there were no marks of teeth on the bucks' throats. One or two showed the marks of the cheetah's paw on a hindquarter.

On one occasion the cheetah was allowed to stalk on its own. The brake was driven so as to allow a rise in the ground to shut out the herd of buck from the direct view of the cheetah. As soon as the cheetah was slipped it crept forward, taking what cover it could and moving like an animated shadow until it could see the herd. Then, when it had selected its buck, it went at full speed and succeeded in bringing down its quarry.

To those who have never seen this particular type of sport it may seem that it is all too easy. The dice are certainly loaded in the cheetah's favour, but long and careful training is necessary and no one can tell until the hunt is over what the result is going to be.

As an exhibition of high speed it is something to be remembered.

HERBERT FITZHERBERT.



"THE DAPPLED MACKEREL SKIES OF WINTER"

The Gun Month by Month

THE ETHICS OF PUNT GUNNING

MOST people who wildfowl at all have their own favourite place, and no other, however full of fowl, ever holds quite the same attraction. With the coming of November and the east winds these places assume again their familiar appearance. All through the summer they have looked strange and unreal with long green grass and green trees, where a goose would look as much out of place as an Esquimaux in the tropics.

By my own favourite marsh there stand three trees where the salt marsh joins the fields. They are twisted, unhappy-looking trees, that have carried the burden of so many gales that they are bent like hags. Yet every year they become unrecognisably green and young again for a few months, so that they look like old women wearing grotesquely youthful wigs. A week before the wildfowl come they are still covered in leaves, but when the first goose calls from high overhead they seem to shed their leaves in a day as though afraid of being ridiculed. I shot my first goose from below one of these trees, and the sight of them sums up wildfowling for me in a single picture—moonrise between their tangled skeleton branches, fantastic sunsets, and the dappled mackerel skies of winter. One walks in darkness across two boggy fields to the trees, and stops by them to listen for the calling of the geese. Sometimes it is blowing too hard to hear, but often the first waking calls of the geese come from far out on the mud. As it grows lighter they become visible as a long dark line, and presently the clamour grows more continuous. Suddenly it swells to a babel as the first bunch take wing for their feeding grounds. There is something absolutely unmistakable about that sudden clamour that comes from rising geese, and immediately after it there is usually a complete silence, for every goose in the long line is listening and watching. Only the bunch of geese that is flighting gives a few low notes that are quite unlike their calling on the ground. Should the first bunch reach the feeding grounds in safety, the talk out on the mud soon begins again. Every now and again an old gander flaps the stiffness from his wings, till there is another sudden clamour and the second lot are on the wing. Under absolutely natural circumstances the grey geese flight in lots of not more than ten or a dozen, but where they are much disturbed the whole body will sometimes rise together and fill the air with a deafening clamour as they flight in to feed. When they do this they will generally wait until it is almost broad daylight before they flight, but very occasionally they do the same by moonlight.

One very cold night in January we waited for the greylags to flight under the full moon. The talking out on the tideline was almost continuous, but the geese were nervous and would not flight. At two o'clock in the morning we decided that they would not flight until dawn, and made our way to an old barn in a field near the edge of the marsh. The barn was full of straw, and we slept comfortably for an hour. I was awakened by the sound of about 2,000 geese about to alight within 200yds. of us. They had been too hungry to wait for the light and had moved in a body, not to the salt marsh which they considered dangerous, but to the near fields. Greylags probably do this very seldom, though pinkfeet will often move in big skeins by moonlight.

It is difficult, however, to draw any hard and fast rules on the behaviour of geese in any given circumstances—no one, however experienced, can make any statement with absolute certainty. A most remarkable incident in proof of this fact took place on a morning in December two years ago at morning flight. We had misjudged the flight line of the geese, and the first lot alighted 300yds. to the right of the right-hand gun. Thinking that it would be better to move them, he showed himself, but they paid no attention. He began to walk towards them. He walked within 50yds. of them, and shot one. During the course of the morning we "walked up" three more geese. There was a gale blowing, but no gale before or since has ever had such an extraordinary effect on the geese. It would have been worth a lifetime of shooting to have had a camera that morning.

It is a peculiar thing that pinkfeet will not sit with greylags. They will sit within a few hundred yards of them and flight at about the same distance, but never feed or flight among the greylags. Sometimes when the dawn comes and the long line of geese out on the mud becomes gradually visible there is a small bunch 200yds. or 300yds. to one side of them, and the glass will usually make them out to be pinkfeet. Once they were bean, but they flighted with the greylags and fed amongst them.

This year there was a strange visitor to the marsh. He arrived in the early summer and stayed for a fortnight, and the bay seemed empty when he had gone. I was asked whether I would like to see a white heron which had been seen the day before on the salt marsh, and we set out to look for it. After a few hours we found it, and at once remarked that it was the smallest heron we had ever seen. It was a day of high gusty wind, and we approached within 200yds. before the white bird rose, but before that the glasses had unmistakably made out a little egret. It took a good deal of hard work to persuade certain gentlemen that its carcase was of no value.

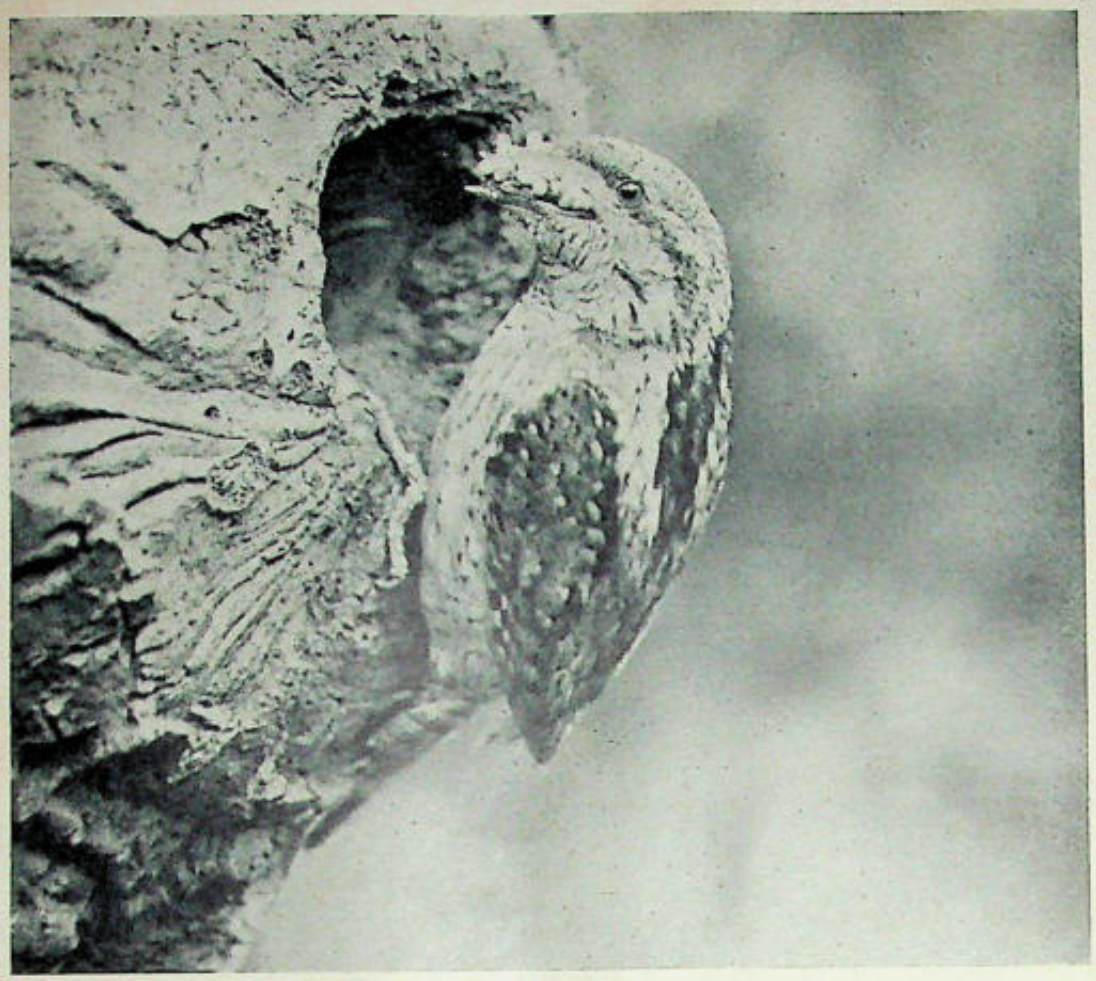
Much has been said during recent years upon the ethics of punt-gunning. Most of the arguments against have been arguments against its implied cruelty, and most of the answers have excused this on the grounds of the infrequency of the shots. This would surely appear to approach the problem from an entirely wrong angle. It is justifiable for any man who does not shoot to criticise any form of shooting on the grounds that it causes unnecessary suffering, and it is exceedingly difficult to answer such criticism. But those who shoot at all live in glasshouses, and to them the answer is easy.

Assume for a moment that A. is going to a large covert shoot on the same day as B. is going punting. Even if A. is a very good shot indeed—and very good shots are sufficiently rare to make this a concession—he may be quite certain of wounding ten birds on a day when 500 or 600 are killed. At the latter figure, each of six guns must kill his 100 pheasants, and each must wound *at least* ten. Therefore A. goes forth in the morning with the absolute certainty of seeing 60 birds wounded. This sounds a high figure, but it is surprising how easily such things may be overlooked when guns are busy. Some of these birds may be picked up on the same day, some on the next, but the degree of cruelty necessary to any form of shooting is still there. B., on the other hand, will be unfortunate should he wound and lose half a dozen, if he exercises due care. His gun is loaded with very heavy shot—rarely smaller than BB—so that a single pellet in the body is usually sufficient to cause swift death. For any winged birds there is the cripple-stopper, commanding a radius of 50yds. from the punt. (Diving ducks are an exception, but there can, in any case, be little excuse for killing quantities of almost inedible fowl with the punt-gun.) There are careless and criminal punt-gunners as there are careless and criminal game-shots, but both are unnecessary. So let any game-shot who disapproves of punting confine himself to the plain statement that it is not a form of sport that would appeal to him; which is, after all, a purely personal matter. The effect of punt-gunning on the status of wildfowl within a given area is a very different question, and deserves very much more serious consideration.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

The following articles have recently appeared in this series: Bird Life in Galloway, being a plea for the protection of the buzzard; A Month of Shooting Memories; July, the prelude to Saltpetre; A Diftinguifhed Apellation, which states the case for the advantages of driving partridges; and Deer-Stalking Days Recalled, in which the author reminds himself and his readers of the days which will stand out in his memory when he can no longer take the field.

"A. GOES FORTH IN THE MORNING"



WITH A BEAK FULL OF ANTS' EGGS
A Wryneck returning to the nesting hole with the family dinner

THE CUCKOO'S MATE

Observations on a Curious and Inconspicuous Bird

MANY people have never seen a wryneck, and, until a few years ago, I had not done so, either. My first introduction to this curious bird was somewhat tragic. I had, with some reluctance, accepted the temporary custody of a relative's cat, a huge, villainous looking black Persian. Two willow warblers and a thrush nesting in the garden soon came to an untimely end, while large tufts of black hair on the surrounding brambles left no doubt as to the culprit. Then, one day on returning home, I discovered a half-eaten body on the lawn which I was able to identify as that of a wryneck. After that dear Minnie was speedily moved to new quarters.

The following May I was puzzled by a persistent kestrel-like call in the wood adjoining my garden. Eventually, I was awakened by this curious call, and I looked out to see a pair of wrynecks sitting on a nest-box outside. Since then I have seen (and heard) a great deal of these birds, as each year they return, waking me up at the crack of dawn during most of May, pulling out half the tits' nests in the garden and thoroughly annoying the neighbours who, though they never see the birds, think that they ought to be shot.

I never tire of watching these birds going through the ritual of choosing a nesting site, as not only is it interesting, but indeed comical. I have some 30 nest-boxes in the garden, with entrance holes of two sizes, the larger of which will just admit a wryneck. Although two or three boxes are favoured more than the others, the majority are visited, and wherever possible, the tits' nests are pulled out—often in one piece. Wrynecks seem to hate the tit family, and appear to take a fiendish delight in pursuing any activity detrimental to them, whether it be ejecting the nests or baiting the owners of those which they cannot reach. I have several times seen a wryneck put its head into a nest-box to withdraw it rapidly at each vicious hiss from the sitting occupant. This process was repeated time and time again, the wryneck obviously enjoying itself thoroughly. One box visited in this way contained a sitting blue tit. The wryneck could only get its head inside, but, unfortunately for the tit, a split about ⅛in. wide developed in the side of the box, and the wryneck lost no time in pulling out most of the nest through this. Once I saw one trying to enter a box containing young blue tits. The owner returned and quizzed angrily at its tormentor. Eventually the latter moved a few feet away and the tit made for the entrance, but before it got there the wryneck interposed itself again. The unfortunate tit was kept from its nest fully half an hour by the wryneck's continuous repetition of this "dog in the manger" attitude.

On another occasion I focused my reflex camera on a much-favoured box and sat down in a deck chair a few yards away, hoping to obtain a photograph by means of an electric release. Within a few minutes the wryneck arrived and flew on to a small tit box nearby, where it met with the usual reception from inside. Then, curiously enough, it flew on to the camera and examined it carefully before hopping on to the edge of the telephoto lens, where its antics were very amusing. Clinging on to the rim, it hung downwards, twisting its head round at all angles, trying to understand, presumably, its own reflection in the glass. I feel convinced that, had the lens not been there, it would have gone inside the camera, hoping no doubt, to find another tit's nest to ransack!

A starling in search of a nesting hole will endeavour to enter any tit box, however remote its chances of success may be. Once I was watching a box which a wryneck had just entered and a starling flew on to the top. The wryneck peeped out and climbed up to the top also, where both birds eyed one another closely. The wryneck then flew down to the lawn and, squatting flat, remained motionless. The starling, as if accepting a challenge, flew down alongside. The wryneck, still maintaining the squatting position, spun quickly round and, with neck outstretched, faced the intruder. The starling hopped back, only to be again confronted in this way. After a few repetitions, the starling seemed completely baffled, and flew off. I do not pretend to understand the significance of this episode but it was a curious bit of bird behaviour.

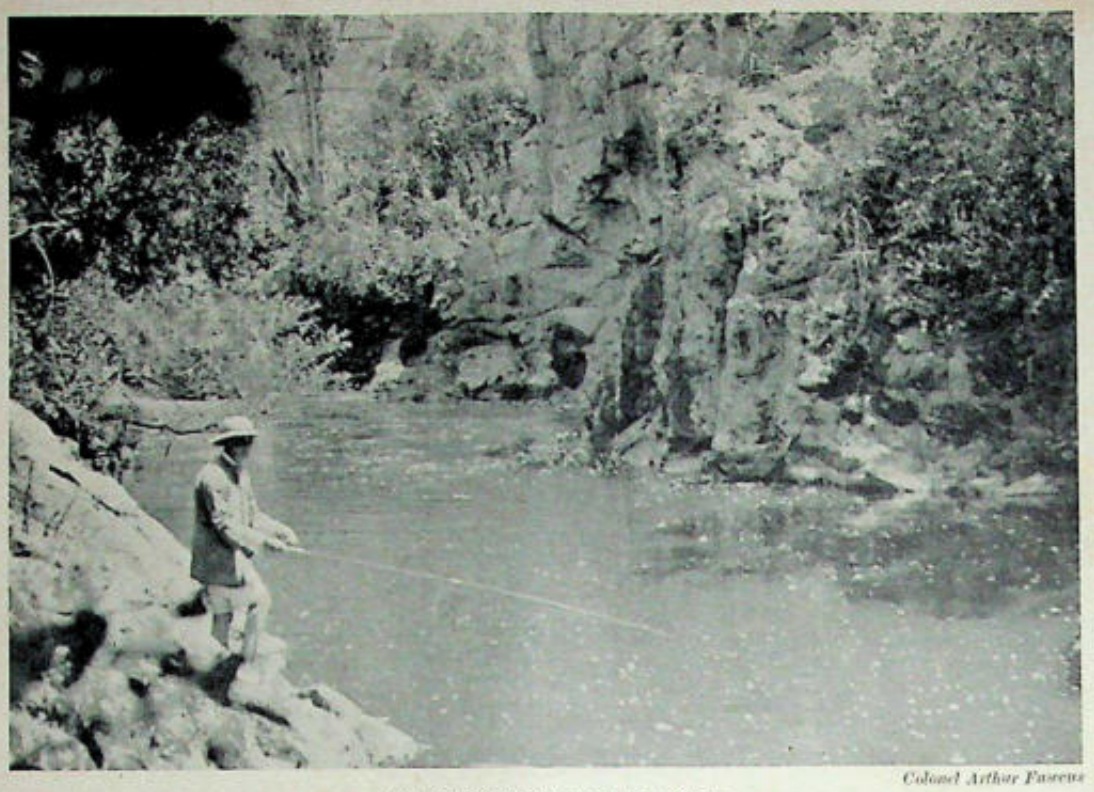
Although it has some points in common with the woodpecker, the wryneck has quite a character of its own. The flight and appearance show a marked resemblance, but the beak and tail feathers quickly dispel any suggestion that it belongs to the same family. The wryneck endeavours to utilise its tail feathers for support on a vertical surface, but being soft, their assistance is limited. I have seen a green woodpecker clinging motionless to a tree-trunk for over an hour, a feat which I feel sure is well beyond the wryneck's capabilities. In fact, when taking these photographs, I was particularly struck by the apparent weakness of the feet and the somewhat unbusiness-like application of the claws to the bark. The fondness for ants' eggs is another point of similarity, and it is surprising what a large number of these can be collected at once. During my observations, ants' eggs were brought exclusively to the nest, and on some occasions, so many were brought that it was almost impossible to see anything of the bird's beak or eyes.

It is generally thought that the number of wrynecks visiting this country each year, is rapidly diminishing. Why this should be so I cannot understand, unless it is a case of the accepted idea of increasing rarity being a contributory cause. This year I knew the whereabouts of some five or six pairs in Surrey, within quite a small radius, and from all accounts they seem to be fairly evenly distributed in the southern counties. It is a bird which is seldom seen in the ordinary way and seldom identified when seen. Its presence is advertised with irritating thoroughness just prior to nesting. During incubation it is comparatively quiet, but the youngsters are among the noisiest imaginable. One would think there would be little chance of a nest hatching off unnoticed in its immediate vicinity, at all events. Yet very few nests seem to be found.

In spite of the attentions they have paid to my nesting boxes, they have not yet paid me the compliment of nesting in one. Each year I put up new types and sizes to try and induce them to stay, but so far without success—still, there is always next year!

D. N. DALTON.

"PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE . . ."
Showing the hide from which the photograph above was taken



Colonel Arthur Fawcus

ONE OF KENYA'S TROUT STREAMS

In Central Africa trout are growing too fast for the food supply

KENYA'S TROUT PROBLEM

How Salmonidæ are Faring in the Tropics

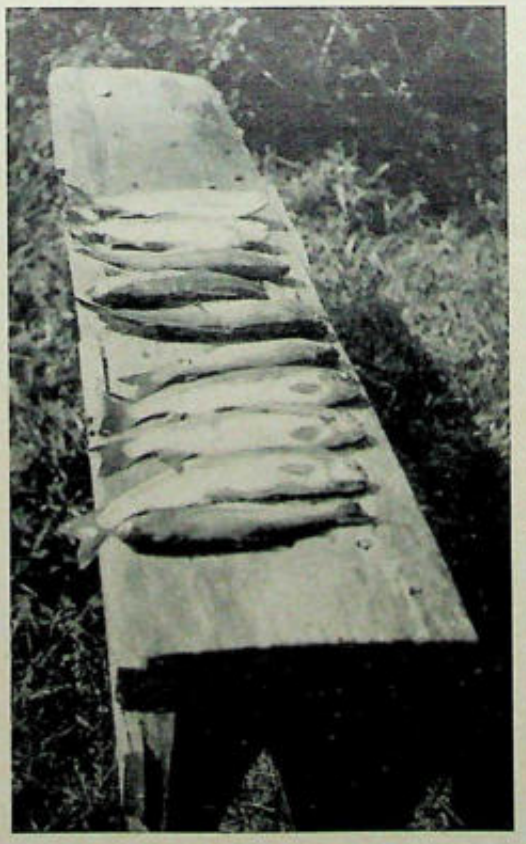
By H. D. TURING

FOR many years past, especially since air transport became a commonplace of travel, fishermen's eyes have been turned towards those tropical highlands of Kenya which lie so close to the equator and yet are high enough for a white man to live without having his "soul sweated clean till the yellow stains of it came through his pores," as Tom Sawyer would have put it. A land where summer lasts all the year round, where there are dancing streams gurgling through sub-tropical vegetation, where the trout grow portly and still retain their youthful enthusiasm for "colourable imitations," and where there is no close season, seems a very Mecca to some of us when the season here has closed and winter's raw damp is getting uncomfortably near. A recent report, however, from that delectable country is a reminder that if Eden was made in a day, there is no mention of trout in the records which have come down to us. The trout which have been introduced to Central Africa are not, as it were, taking their transfer lying down.

The Committee of Anglers, under the chairmanship of Major A. W. Sutcliffe, and having a most efficient secretary in the person of Mr. Hugh Copley, was appointed by the Government to make "recommendations for the control and development of fishing in every river in the Colony that holds, or might hold, trout," and generally to advise on the best way of developing and protecting what has now become a valuable asset to Kenya. The suggestions, very naturally, have to do largely with local administration (a difficult matter in sparsely populated country which has native questions on its hands) and its recommendations are, briefly, that control should be exercised largely through clubs, both private clubs which own fishing, and what may be called public clubs which anyone can join at a moderate fee, the fees (with the assistance of grants-in-aid) being used to improve the water.

Public fishing rights, though they come into the recommendations, are very wisely relegated to a subordinate position—the disastrous effect of such rights (where the Government undertakes continual restocking) in other parts of the world has no doubt been recognised. At all events, it is good to know that Kenya does not seem likely to fall into that trap. But for the English reader—and the report deserves to be widely read by trout fishermen whose interest in their sport goes beyond the mere capture of fish—the value of the report lies more in those sections devoted to the history of the trout, the apparent change in their habits, and the possible steps to be taken to prevent a deterioration in the fishing, which already shows signs of setting in.

In some respects the history of trout stocking in Kenya follows closely along the lines of that of other waters where trout were previously unknown: the fish grew enormously with the prolific food supply and comparative lack of natural enemies, and were soon providing good sport as they spread down the rivers. But there is one peculiarity of the Kenya streams. Owing to their latitude and their position in mountain ranges, the fish have only to travel a few miles to get from temperate waters into the tropics, and these waters are too warm for spawning. This in itself might not matter provided the fish could get upstream again to the spawning grounds, but the effect of the climate, it seems, with two rainy seasons instead of one winter, has been to induce bi-annual spawning, which practically puts a stop to any effectual growth once maturity has been reached;



A BAG OF KENYA TROUT FROM THE LIKI

and rapid growth or some unknown condition, has made even brown trout start spawning at two years old. This, combined with the exhaustion of the food supply, has caused a rapid falling-off in the ultimate size to which the trout attain in the middle sections—those immediately above the lower warm water reaches where trout are few and big.

Both brown and rainbow trout have been introduced into Kenya streams, the latter, according to the report, being steelheads (Pacific Coast of America sea trout), and these seem to provide an even more difficult problem than brown trout since they grow more quickly and reduce the food supply to a greater extent than the browns. On the other hand, they are more tolerant of warm water than brown trout and their original habitat in mountain streams, which provide cold water for spawning upstream, and warm water for growth lower down, would seem to be more in keeping with Central African conditions than the temperate streams of these islands from which the brown trout came. Even rainbow trout do not necessarily grow quickly unless the conditions, principally, no doubt, the food supply, are suitable, for Mr. John MacOnie recently discovered a race of pigmy rainbows in New Zealand in which trout of less than 10in. were three-and-three-quarter years old. They were found in a tributary of the Waitati, which had been stocked 30 years ago, and from which the trout had "disappeared"—another example no doubt of rainbows growing too big for a water migrating, but leaving behind them a brood suitable for Nature's balance in the stream.

Is this the kind of balance Nature is going to strike in Kenya when rainbow trout, reproducing their kind prolifically, have reduced the available food supply to famine proportions? It is evident that the committee are alive to the possibility and its recommendation that no further stocking with rainbow trout be done until a river has been tried for brown trout is sound common sense. If fish are growing too fast, to stock with the slower-growing species is a step in the right direction.

But the main question still remains: how to maintain a satisfactory head of trout which will not deteriorate into fingerlings. I gather from the report that what is happening at present is that the middle reaches (what may be called the fishable parts of a river) are fairly well stocked with young medium-sized fish which are showing a tendency to deteriorate slightly in size. These fish spawn and then drop downstream to the lower, warmer water, where most of them disappear, but a few grow to outstanding size, though they probably count but little to the fly fisher. The upper reaches, however, are swarming with fry. It is the problem of an overstocked water in an acute form.

It is an axiom of fishery management in this country that in an overstocked water good results can be obtained by reducing the stock, and it is evident that schemes with this end in view have been mooted in Kenya. The report mentions such suggestions as dynamiting and netting out the fish (the rocky nature of the bed makes this difficult) as having been made to them; but as long as rapidly-growing parr are taking toll of the food supply this removal of fish by whatever means would have to be repeated year after year, and would surely be too costly to undertake on any extensive scale where access to rivers is difficult?

There is a possibility of obtaining slower-growing fish by keeping fry in stews and selecting those making slow growth for stocking purposes. The report explains the difficulty of using hatcheries which have to be located in the colder portions of the streams to which access is difficult, but if this difficulty can be overcome it would probably be worth while trying some such scheme for a new water. Individual trout in the tropics, as elsewhere, show very different rates of growth. Scales of brown trout sent from Tanganyika show fish of the same age varying from ½lb. to 2lb., all hatched from the same batch of eggs. Though all of these show exceptionally good growth for their age (less than two years) there is obviously as great a difference in the growth rate proportionally as is found in trout parr at home. A system of starting with a poor growth rate and letting Nature adjust it upwards according to the food supply might easily give better results than starting with rapidly growing fish and waiting for a deteriorating balance.

But in the streams already stocked such a scheme would have no noticeable effect; it is a reduction of superfluous stock that is needed, so as to allow the remainder to grow better and not to drop downstream. It may well be that this habit of dropping downstream is not altogether due to the quantity of food needed, but to its size. Investigations over here seem to suggest that a trout needs a big size of food if it is itself to attain to large dimensions. Many of the small-trout waters have been proved to contain a much larger amount of food than the trout consume; so it is possible that these middle reaches do not provide the size of fare needed by trout beyond a certain size.

Would it not be better to try the effect of providing deeper water in parts by damming the streams periodically along their courses? If the trout could be induced to stop in the middle reaches, which it is quite likely they would do if quiet, deep water can be provided, there is a possibility they may find the size of food necessary among their own all-too-abundant fry. This would have the effect of reducing the superabundance of fingerlings without the necessity of slower-growing fish. Rapid growth is all to the good if it does not result in exhausting the food supply.

COMPETITORS IN THE POSTPONED KENNEL CLUB RETRIEVER TRIALS AT CHEVERELL'S

Left: Cheverell's Busybody retrieving a pheasant. Centre: Miss Bickerton, with Shelsley Nymph, talking to Mr. R. G. Heaton, who lent his ground for the trials. Right: Zelstone Big Ben takes a wire fence in his stride

FIELD TRIALS

Kennel Club Retriever Junior and Non-Winners' Stake

AT the request of the Ministry of Agriculture, this meeting, which should have taken place in Kent, was unfortunately cancelled at the last moment, owing to an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in the district. The Kennel Club was fortunate, however, in receiving an offer from Mr. Heaton to hold the trials at Cheverell's in Herts. Although he had only just come into residence there and was in no way prepared for such a contingency, he most generously sacrificed his shooting to the interest of those holding nominations, so preventing an abandonment. In spite of the short time at his disposal to make arrangements, Mr. Heaton was able to provide equal tests for all competing.

At many of the trials held early in the season, it has been found impossible to try the dogs in cover to test their courage, one of the natural qualities a retriever should possess, on which every judge should insist. Style and pace are two other attributes which rightly appeal, and if a dog has keenness, you can depend upon him having a good nose.

I mention pace, because there are some who think that judges should give more credit to the slow dogs which do actually find game, but in their own time and invariably requiring much encouragement from their handlers. They maintain that these dogs pick more game and fewer birds are lost. Even if this argument was sound (and it is completely unsound) the fact remains that prizes would be given to dogs with no natural qualities, such as style, perseverance and pace, which I believe to be hereditary.

If a dog has not style no one can give it to him, and pace, which is a very necessary attribute, can be controlled by the trainer. The best dog is the dog that best fills the bag and this is undoubtedly the fast dog. These inherent qualities are what judges should be out to find, and what the man who wishes to breed on the right lines is out to discover.

I was glad to see that Lady Wigan, Major Jack Wormald and Mr. Saunders, the three judges on this occasion, seemed to be in accordance with these views by the awards they made, and so helping to assist breeders to select the best working strains. Colwill Diamond, a puppy which has already been successful on former occasions, deservedly won. I rather question the policy of running this dog so much; it struck me he was not going with quite his usual dash. So much travelling could easily undermine the constitution of anything but a very hardy dog, and I should be sorry to see him suffer in consequence. Tinker of Trofts, another puppy, was rightly awarded second prize; he was one that thoroughly worked his ground, and needed little assistance. He has the makings of a good one and only wants experience. I don't think he failed at all. I thought Cheverell's Busybody was the unlucky one, though on the results of the two days she could not have been placed higher. A puppy of great promise, she had very difficult work to do, and did it well without actually achieving her object. Time will prove that this was the best puppy in the stake.

Results: 1st, Dr. Collin's Colwill Diamond; 2nd, Major Montfort-Bebb's Tinker of Trofts; 3rd, Mr. Heaton's Cheverell's Busybody; reserve and certificate of honour, Mrs. Radclyffe's Zelstone Big Ben; certificate of honour, Mr. Chance's Krinkle of Benann; certificates of merit, Mrs. Brassey's Greatford Nan, Sir Clive Baillieu's Golden Wattle, Mrs. C. Breitmeyer's Snapehill Brown Boy.

ERNEST TURNER.

SPANIELS AT KINMEL PARK

BY kind permission of Colonel H. B. L. Hughes, the Northern and Midlands Spaniel Club held their trials at Kinmel Park, Abergele, on November 1st and 2nd. The judges were Messrs. R. R. Kelland and H. L. May, Mr. R. J. Shoesmith acting as referee. The official guns were Admiral R. Rowley-Conway, C.M.G., Captain W. Piers Jones, Major J. D. Greenshields and Mr. W. David D. Evans. Results:

OPEN STAKE (for any variety of spaniel, except Cockers).—1st, Captain A. Beal's English Springer b. Wistful; 2nd, Major H. Beaumont's Field Spaniel b. Butter of Stronds; 3rd, R.N. Cadet D. L. Calvert's English Springer F.T. Ch. Bobble; reserve, Mr. C. A. Phillips's English Springer Rivington Flight. Certificates of merit: Major H. Beaumont's Field spaniel Brag of Stronds, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English Springer Sprint O'Vara, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer b. Eromtew Judy, Mr. W. D. Edwards's English Springer Hillhampton Spark, Mr. L. G. Beaumont's Field spaniel b. Saxpence of Skerries, Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer b. Bryngarw Fireside.

NOVICE STAKE (open to any variety of sporting spaniel which has not won at the date of closing of entries—October 24th, 1938—a first prize in any single stake at a recognised field trial meeting).—1st, Mr. C. A. Phillips's English Springer Rivington Flight; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English Springer Spur O'Vara; Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer b. Noranby Pelican; reserve, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer Stalndrop Stopbright. Certificates of merit: Dr. J. A. Jamieson's English Springer b. Peerless Tess, Lieutenant-Colonel N. E. Tilney's English Springer b. Clonyard Flare, Major H. Beaumont's English Springer b. Biretta of Stronds, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's English Springer b. Delia of Ware, Mr. W. D. Edwards's English Springer Pierpoint Painter, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer Eromtew Pod, Mr. E. A. Walker's English Springer Dene of Balcary, Major H. Beaumont's Field spaniel Bairam of Stronds, Captain A. Beal's English Springer Garrigill.

OPEN STAKE (for Cocker spaniels).—1st, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's b. Yoredale Jen; 2nd, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington May; 3rd, Mr. E. A. Walker's Markover Titch; reserve, Mr. R. Macdonald's b. Rockstead Footspur. Certificates of merit: Captain C. T. Traill's b. Sobenhal Binnie, Mr. E. A. Walker's b. Markover Nan, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Golden Ray of Ware.

AMATEUR STAKE (for any variety owned and handled by persons (not professionals) whose dogs have not won a first prize at any meeting held under Kennel Club Rules previous to September 1st).—1st, Lieutenant-Colonel N. E. Tilney's English Springer b Clonyard Flare; 2nd, Dr. A. Jamieson's English Springer b. Bint's Bairn; 3rd, Mr. T. Radcliffe's English Springer Saighton's Snipe; reserve, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's Cocker Yoredale Snipe. Certificates of merit: Major H. Beaumont's English Springer b. Birette of Stronds, Mr. T. Radcliffe's English Springer Spinner O'Vara, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer Eromtew Pod, Miss S. Beaumont's Field spaniel Newbarie Chips. Qualifying certificate granted: Mr. A. J. Dyke's Welsh Springer Margiam Marquis.

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS AND GUNS ON THEIR WAY THROUGH THE AUTUMN-TINTED WOODLANDS

BULLETS AND BRUSHWOOD

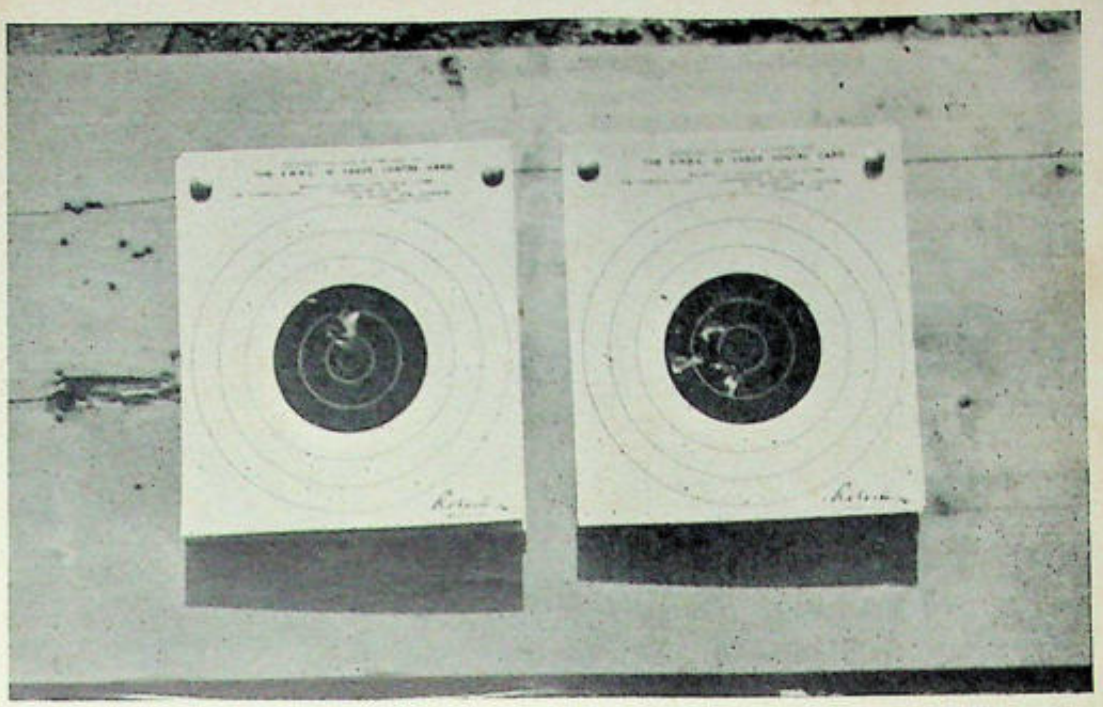
Results of an Experiment in Deflection

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

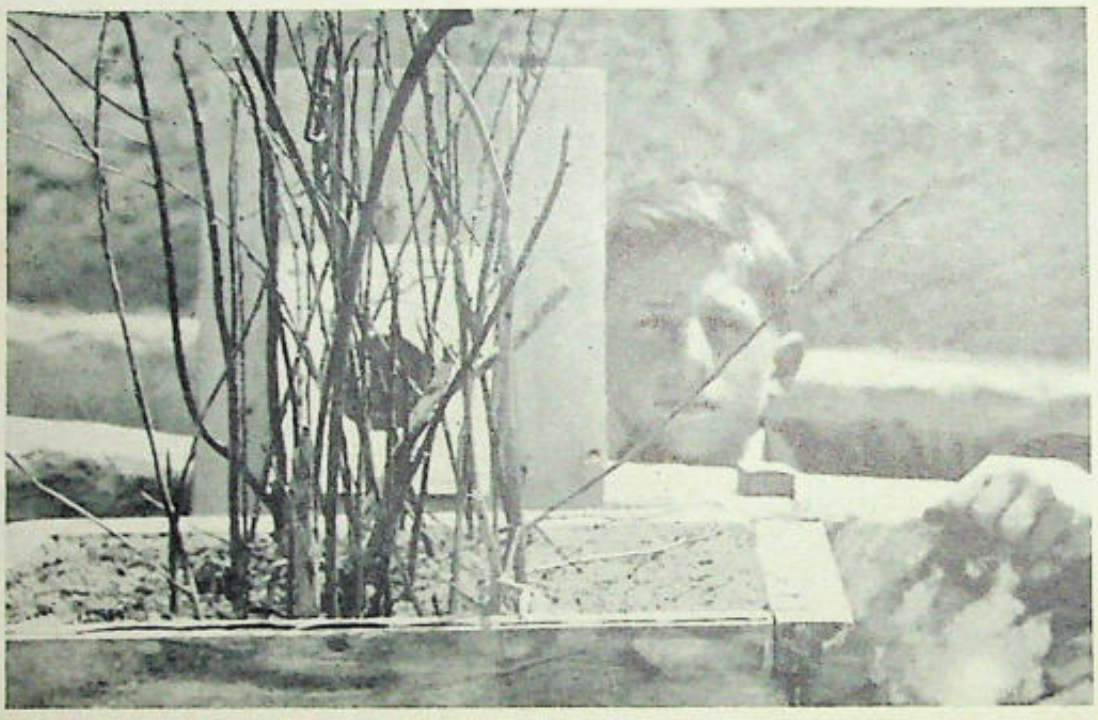
AMONG the many theories still supported by riflemen is the contention of those who favour the large bore to the effect that light small-calibre bullets, and particularly pointed ones, are deflected from their true course by intervening brush more than heavy ones. That is the alibi which is offered for almost every bad shot made in cover.

For many years I believed in the deflection theory, for I was a large-bore man. It was so well established that, like one's religion, it was one of those things which the devout accept without question. Then one day came an agnostic who asked "Why?" and proposed that we should make a thorough test and settle the matter once and for all to our own satisfaction.

Our plans were made accordingly, and against a steep hillside we erected a long frame in which



THE .22 TARGETS



THE SCREEN USED FOR THE .22 TEST

we stuck brush, freshly cut from a nearby cover. It was principally of black alder, birch and swamp maple and wild cherry, which was tough and hard and which had been carefully selected for uniformity in size. When finished the screen looked like the temporary brush jumps used in hurdle racing, only while it was not as thick it was of much greater depth.

The frame was about 10ft. or 12ft. in length, so that we could make an exhaustive test of every cartridge selected for trial, and a long screen meant that we did not have to renew the brush as frequently, as we could shift the targets behind it.

The target frame was then set up about 10ft. in back of the brush screen, and to it we fastened large sheets of white paper, on which were painted 12in. bulls. After the target was erected we proceeded to fill the screen with brush until the bull could barely be seen, and we were ready to begin the test. Of course, we did not have to use such large bulls as we could have set up a small disc for an aiming point in front and simply measured the dispersion on the white paper, but at the time we wanted to make the conditions as similar to those in the woods as possible. The firing point was fixed at 75yds. from the target, although in my own experience the average distance in forest shooting has been much less.

The rifles were selected from our own batteries and represented the most popular bores in the States and Canada; at any rate, they contained two radical extremes which we were anxious to prove, namely, the .250-3,000 and the .45-70. There were also a .33 W.C.F., a 6.5 Mannlicher, .401 Automatic, .30-06 and a .303 Enfield.

It would be unnecessarily boring to recite a dry account of the results with each rifle and cartridge used. Let it suffice to state that there was not a single exception to refute our conclusions, but the results were most revolutionary and contrary to our expectations.

The .250-3,000, with its tiny 87-grain bullet, which would make a 1¼in. group in the clear, only showed a dispersion of 3in. through the brush for a string of ten shots, and every one of its soft-point bullets struck at least one or more twigs. The .30-06 (150-grain bullet) and the .303 Mark VII showed similar disdain for the obstructions, averaging 3in. dispersion. All of these tests were made with ten-shot strings, using expanding bullets at high velocity and shifting the target from time to time as the brush was weakened.

The flat-nose .33 W.C.F. opened up to an average dispersion of 6in., which was an increase of 50 per cent. over what it would do in the clear with the sights involved, and then we came to the most astounding thing of all.

The grand old favourite of the big-bore die-hards in America, the .45-70 with its 300-grain bullet at only 1,800ft.-seconds of muzzle velocity, which the men in the backwoods say will plough through anything, capable of 3in. groups or better in the open at that short range, spread out to a mean horizontal of 8in. by 9in. vertical. Naturally after that it was a foregone conclusion what the 250-grain short slug of the .401 Automatic would do (although it was designed for deer shooting in the bush), and it did it—we got an 11in. group.

So bang goes the theory on deflection, knocked into a cocked hat! We have got to find a new excuse for our rotten shooting in cover. Two things are evident—that light-pointed bullets at high velocity are not more easily deflected by intervening brush; conversely, they are much less easily deflected than heavy low-speed bullets with round or flat points. Therefore, to my way of thinking the high-velocity cartridge is just as good in cover as it is in the open, which explains why I have used it as satisfactorily under those conditions which exist in Eastern Canada and Central America as I did in the wide open spaces of the North-West.

These tests were made several years ago, and as in the States and Canada the woods are full of enthusiastic squirrel stalkers, armed with the all-popular .22 calibre—to say nothing of the hunters who use it as a "pot" gun about the world—I decided to see what the miniature would do under the same conditions.

The shooting was done at 25yds. with the brush screen set up 2ft. in front of the target. The cartridge was the .22 Long Rifle Hollow Point. In the illustrated groups the one on the right is a string of five, all of which hit more than one twig and measures 1in. The target on the left is a string of ten fired with the brush so thickened that the bull was barely discernible. That, I believe, accounts for the wider dispersion, as we could not tell exactly where we were holding, but at that only one of them would have missed the head of a squirrel and none of them a rabbit's.

(To be continued)

EGGS BY AIR

IT occurred to the writer that to make a really serious effort to rear pheasants in Kenya eggs might be brought out by air from England. By the kindness of Lord Riverdale, of Sheffield, 100 eggs were despatched to Kenya. An unfortunate delay occurred between the time of collecting and despatching, so that the eggs when received in Kenya were actually sixteen days old. Broody hens had been collected in readiness, but owing to the late arrival of the eggs some of them were sitting some time before the pheasant eggs arrived. All the 100 eggs were received in excellent condition, but owing to the fact that they were so old already, they were not rested more than eighteen hours. It might have been better to have rested them twice as long. Considerable trouble was experienced with the broody hens, as some of them escaped from the stable in which hatching was taking place, the writer not having had the tip then to tie the hens up with a cord when feeding daily.

Another unforeseen trouble was a most serious infestation of red mites, which swarmed all over the hens, eggs and nests. Dusting with an insecticide did not seem to do much good, and the attack was responsible for the death of no less than four broody hens. Some 25 of the 100 eggs had been placed in an incubator as a second line of control in case the broody hens did not do their duty, and immediately the hens were found to be dead, their eggs were rushed to the incubator, the hatch being due in 24 hours. The final result of both broody hens and incubator was a hatch of five pheasant chicks out of the 100 eggs. The 95 eggs were all broken and examined, and of these only nine were found to have partially formed chicks inside. The five live chicks were taken to one of the broody hens, when two were promptly trodden underfoot. The three remaining chicks were taken away again in an endeavour to save them, and put into a box with a hot water bottle and a lamp. All three eventually died within a very short time.

Whilst the above attempt to raise pheasants from eggs by air was being made another consignment of some 120 eggs had also arrived in the district. Of these some 70 were put under hens, and the remaining eggs put in an incubator worked by experienced poultry folk. Here again the results were most disappointing, only five chicks being hatched out under the hens and only four from the incubator.

H. BRIAN BATES.

MY THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD TROUT

Observing Rainbows in a Garden Pond

THOSE of you who are in the fortunate position of having a small pond in your garden or grounds, under your control, have an opportunity of observing fish life which is both fascinating and valuable. Not only is it a source of pleasure to yourself and your friends, but the results of observations will prove instructive if you are an angler, and absorbing if you are a naturalist. I have such a pond into which I introduced both brown and rainbow trout for purposes of observation, and it is of these trout which I write.

When I first spoke of putting trout into a pond only 30ft. long by about 8ft. wide, my friends said that they would not live. Admittedly, the space is cramped, and there is not sufficient food to maintain any but the smallest number without some artificial feeding. Still, I decided to try the experiment, and as a result I have left two rainbow trout which have reached this year the remarkable age of thirteen years. They are strong and healthy and plump, and remarkably active.

There has been much controversy, I know, as to the length of life of rainbow trout. Some have stated that they will only live six years, others nine years. None, so far as I know, has ever ventured to say that they will live to thirteen years, and such an age seems almost a record. As they were two years old when I got them, and as I have had them eleven years, the age of thirteen cannot be denied. They have spawned occasionally, but there has been no result. No young trout have ever been seen, and the two left are the original stock, or all that remains of it.

Admittedly, they live under sheltered conditions. Their natural enemies do not seem to have bothered them. No otter has so far visited the pond, and while an occasional heron flies over, none has ever been known to alight; probably because of the close proximity to the pond of the gardener's house.

But first let me tell you of the pond. It is fed by an underground spring of pure water, assisted by field drains. Some fifteen years ago, as there seemed sufficient water, we enlarged it to its present size. To ensure its holding the water we concreted the bottom, which has now a covering of some 3in. of mud. Even in flood, its extreme depth is not much over 2ft. to 2½ft. The inlet and outlet being close together at one end, much of the pond is sluggish, and because of this sluggishness the manager of the hatchery from whom I obtained my fish recommended rainbows as being more suitable for still water. In this he proved to be correct, for of the eight trout I put in—two brown trout and six rainbows—the rainbows lived longest.

The two brown trout died after two years. They seemed to prefer the end of the pond where the fresh water came in, and in summer were listless and inert. One was found dead, the other simply disappeared. The advantage of such a small pond is that I can observe every individual fish. I can study their most intimate habits at any time of the day or evening; summer or winter. I have got to know pretty well what they will do under given conditions.

I introduced watercress, which I find quite the finest harbourage for all sorts of water insects, shrimp, caddis, eggs and grub of various life, and flies. I have two plants of water lilies for additional shade, and also patches of water ranunculus, which is the bane of my existence and most difficult to keep in check once introduced. I have some minnows, which have a poor time of it, and while they continue breeding, their numbers are kept down by the feeding trout. A few loaches live under the stones round the edge, and I have five small perch. These latter have become so tame that they will take worms from the hand, but the trout are always nervous of any sudden movement, as, indeed, are all fish; a point for anglers to remember.

After the death of the brown trout the following is a history of the six rainbows. About five years ago one rainbow jumped out on to the bank and was found dead. One disappeared seven years ago, most unaccountably. One disappeared the same way in 1935, and last year another disappeared. This leaves me with the two fish. As to the disappearance of the rainbows, the outlet is so well trapped that I cannot think they got away there. The inlet goes underground, so, unless they are dead up the pipe I am unable to say where they have gone to. They could get a little way down the stream which leaves the pond. There is a smaller pond there, but no trout has ever been seen in it. So the matter remains a mystery.

One point interested me very much in view of the fact that rainbows apparently do better in sluggish water than brown trout. I watched two lying close to each other under the bridge. They had not been recently fed, but opened and closed their jaws in a chewing movement, which I took to be their breathing. I found that the brown trout seemed to breathe about 80 to the minute, whereas the rainbows breathed 60 to the minute. I thought that probably the quicker-breathing fish was, therefore, more suited to rapidly moving or "lively" water. One of the officials at the Edinburgh Zoo was particularly interested in this, and took the pulses, as it were, of trout in the aquarium. He found that the breathing was quite the reverse. The rainbows breathed quickly and the brown trout slowly. I understand he is observing other fish. Whether this can be taken as an indication of the suitability of different fish to different types of water I am unable to state authoritatively. Further investigation might elucidate the point. It is possible that my brown trout were breathing more quickly because it was a hot day.

FEEDING THE TWO THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD RAINBOW TROUT IN THE POND
The pond is 30ft. long by 8ft. wide. It is fed by an underground spring of pure water, assisted by field drains, and the concreted bottom has a covering of some 3 ins. of mud. Watercress provides a harbourage for all sorts of water insects.

The rainbows grew rapidly. My larger fish remaining is about 2½lb., but his fellow (the male) is only half that size. I think it largely a matter of feed, because the larger fish always wins in a scramble for food, and drives the smaller away. Temperature of the water, too, must be considered. I think that rainbow trout will always do better in a pond of higher temperature. The result of my observations leads me to the conclusion that warmer lakes with ample food are the best suited to rainbows. I have frequently been asked to advise on the stocking of lakes, and have always advised against rainbows being put into cold lakes in high altitudes. Blagdon seems to suit rainbows, and the reason, it seems to me, is because it is warmer, perhaps it is not so rough, and there is ample food.

As to their habits I find many of absorbing interest. For instance, whether they have a keen sense of smell I do not know, but if I throw a small piece of meat, unseen by them, into the weed they will nose round near the place, like a dog, and eventually find it. They usually come out in the evening for their main food quest. They will, of course, cruise round during the day, but in hot sun hide in the weeds. I feed them once a week on small pieces of liver and lights, boiled. Some of the meat is light and floats, and I can simulate with it a fly dropping on to the water. Nine times out of ten if a trout misses its aim it swings round again to the same spot. Even if it gets the morsel at the first chance it generally turns to the same place to see if it has missed anything. This would prove the advisability of anglers casting quickly if they have missed a fish (provided the hook has not pricked it), as it is more than likely the fish will still be there.

Their sense of hearing is remarkably acute. They know when I am feeding them, and if I throw quite a small piece of meat immediately behind them when they, one would think, cannot see it, they at once swing round. One has always had the idea that an angler standing immediately behind a trout is invisible to it. Do they, to some extent, like hares, see what goes on behind them? In a lake this would seem to be the case, but in the running current of a stream perhaps it is not.

Sounds in the air do not seem to affect them so long as they do not see movement; but in the water they hear everything. If I tap the stones on the bank—keeping out of sight—they are at once on the alert. If I go to the top end of the pond and hit or move the water with my hand, they sense it at once. Sight seems to be their prime defence from danger, but hearing runs it very close.

One point I must not omit, as it is useful to anglers: before a thunderstorm when the air is still and sultry, the trout are quite listless and do not seem to move. *Immediately* after the storm is over, however, they are abnormally active, and feed, which would tend to show that just after such a storm is one of the best times to fish.

How long my two trout will yet live of course is not possible to say—I hope for many years, but thirteen has, I admit, already surprised me.

PERCY MAIL.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

THERE are many corners of the world within the boundaries of the British Empire where grapes grow and wine is made on a limited scale. There are vines, for instance, just outside Nairobi, in Kenya, almost directly under the Equator; wine is made there by some French missionaries, a red wine which I have tasted with pleasurable surprise.

Of course, such vineyards as those of Nairobi and similar places are not commercial, and whatever wine they produce is never marketed. But there are others; there are very important vineyards within the Empire, chiefly those of the Union of South Africa, Australia and Canada. Canadian wines have not yet reached the English market, but the wines of South Africa and of Australia are sold in England in rapidly increasing quantities, and they are fully deserving of the success which they have achieved.

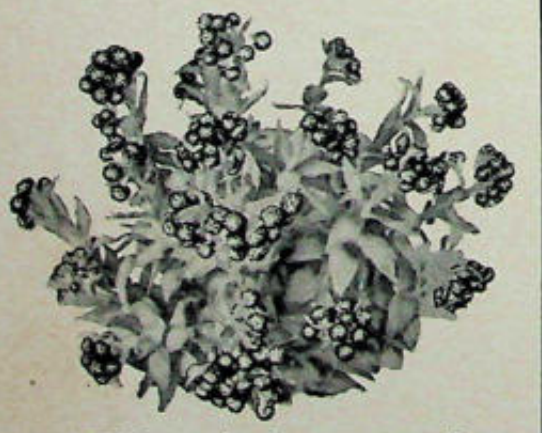
The wines of South Africa deserve the first place—first as to seniority and next as to importance. The vineyards of South Africa date back to the seventeenth century. They owe their origin in a roundabout way to Louis XIV and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the Huguenots left their native land for the nearest protestant countries, chiefly England and Holland.

The Dutch having little room at home for the newcomers, they shipped most of them to their South African Colony, at the Cape, and to this day the De Villiers, Langlois and many other French names are quite common in the Paarl Valley, from French Hock to Huguenot, villages the names of which still bear witness to the nationality of the early settlers who first brought the vine and planted the Cape vineyards. In 1822, the London Society of Arts offered a gold medal to the person who would import the finest wine made from grapes grown at the Cape of Good Hope, "or parts adjacent," as an encouragement to the Dutch colonists to extend and improve their vineyards, and to prove to them that they had every reason to trust the new régime, namely the English rule, which had succeeded to the Dutch a few years previously.

As a matter of fact, the imports of wine from the Cape into England during the first 30 years of the English occupation of the country rose from quite an insignificant quantity to close upon a million gallons, in 1829, when the wines of Constantia were at the height of their fame.

Unfortunately, the vineyards of the Cape did not escape the blight of the Phylloxera. Since then the vineyards have been replanted and extended, and they produce an abundance of red and white wines, some of which are of very fair quality indeed, but none, so far, equal in distinction and excellence to the old wines of Constantia which once upon a time graced the cellars of the Tuileries and some noble châteaux in France, as well as the tables of the royal family and many noble families in England.

The
CAPE COUNTRYSIDE
is *ablaze*
with WILD FLOWERS



THERE can be few more magnificent spectacles than the South African countryside when the wild flowers and shrubs are in bloom and the landscape is decked in a mantle of riotous colour.

The orchards and vineyards are now laden with fruit, and their sun-ripened crops add new significance to the pleasures of the table.

Visit South Africa and lay up a store of memories you will cherish throughout your life.

Consult your Travel Agent or the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Special steamer fares apply by certain sailings during Winter.

South Africa

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of November 10th, 1888.

DANGERS of the road. Under this heading comes the following: "Chimneypots and slates fall off as of yore, more often, perhaps, thanks to that modern institution the Jerry builder; and in addition we have telegraph and telephone wires to break and cut us more or less in pieces, trains to collide, unguarded electric light wires to send us in one brief second into eternity, infernal machines worked by infernal beings, bridges and other public works built by contract, and streets so full of horses and carriages that the crossing of them is a work of difficulty and danger."

An Eye for Country. "It is well known that some of the hardest men to hounds, though they have lived in the same country for years, have never acquired the knack of knowing where hounds are running. It was only last season—and the incident may be still fresh in the minds of readers of the *Field*, for I believe it was recorded at the time—that a lady pointed to a house nestling in some trees not half a mile distant, and inquired of her neighbour, as hounds came to a check after a twenty-minutes' burst, 'Who lives there?' The reply, as may probably be divined, was short and to the point—'Yourself!' However, I only quote this as instancing the truth of what has been said—H. S. D."

Wire. "A single individual may effect a good deal in the matter of getting wire taken down, but he cannot possibly meet with the same measure of success as would attend the efforts of a hundred; and, on this account, it appears to be the paramount duty of every influential man who has the interests of foxhunting at heart to go round and canvas the tenant farmers *of his own immediate district*, one by one, and in the same manner as he would were he bent on becoming a candidate for Parliament, and was anxious to secure their votes. It is only *by combined and united action* of this kind that we can hope to grapple with an evil that, unless taken in hand at once, and vigorously dealt with, must inevitably ring the death knell of hunting before the lapse of many more years."

IN THE SALEROOM

SOTHEBY'S are disposing of a number of objects of vertu, gold boxes, miniatures, &c., on November 17th, the property of four well-known collectors. Included is a rare hawking whistle, and three small seventeenth century hawk's rings, engraved with the owners' names, and bearing an old label, inscribed: "To tye upon Hawkes Leg's that the Owners name be known"; an English court sword, London hall-mark, 1793, maker Cornelius Bland; a boxwood triptych, 7¼in. high, Italian, sixteenth century; and an artillery level and sight, dated 1575, made by Ulrich Klieber of Augsburg, apparently, for some high officer of the artillery to more carefully check the rude calculations of the gunner. A cannon sight by Jost Miller, of Strasburg, dated 1609, which is in the British Museum, is neither so fine nor so elaborate as this latter article. There are also a number of interesting silhouettes of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; and a fine miniature of Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Vice-Admiral, who was born in Rhode Island, served in the Royal Navy in the War of Independence, and towards the end of his career was Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

At the same rooms, on November 18th, is to be held a sale which includes model coaches removed from the Badminton Club, one a fine model of the Nottingham—Leicester—Harboro—London Coach, complete with passengers inside and out, and drawn by two pairs of horses, length overall 25in.; another of wood and metal, painted black, with crests on the doors, 10¾in. long by 6½in. high, both of which were exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and were presented to the club by Thomas H. Holdick; a model of a horse-breaker's gig, and one of the "Magnet" coach and team. Among the ship models also in this sale is one of a three-masted man-o'-war, fully rigged, the work of French prisoners of war, and there is also some very interesting furniture, carpets and rugs, some of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

YOU must, of course, have noticed how often St. Martin's Day falls in the midst of a spell of warm, light weather. We call this spell St. Martin's Summer, and it is rare indeed that we do not, as with St. Luke's Summer, get around the Saint's name-day a few days of weather as perfect as any in our summer proper.

* * *

I first noticed this when I was at school. On St. Martin's Day the inter-house Rugger matches commenced. They were gory affairs in which the ball played a very minor rôle, and I played in the scrum. I played in the scrum normally, and that is always a hot place. But on St. Martin's Day the sun always shone with greater power and I was always very much warmer than usual.

* * *

I look forward to it, as I look forward to St. Luke's Summer a little earlier, but in a rather different spirit to that in which—a good many years ago now—I used to do. Then I was roused to a pitch of enthusiasm and excitement: now I relax and regard the brief return of summer—the last flicker of a candle that is dying—contemplatively and know that when it has passed there will be fogs, and rain and cold winds, and days in which the twilight commences soon after the luncheon hour.

* * *

But how perfect are these few short days. The sunshine is so brilliant and so delicate. Summer has gone, but here is the memory of summer, a gentle, tranquil memory clothing the dying glories of the year. The early mists have changed the elms, clothing every bough with orange and with gold. And as you walk between the hedgerows there is a magic in this great glory of decline.

* * *

The trees are ablaze with colour beside which the brightness of summer was dim. The sun shines in a sky unclouded, a sky of exquisite blue so different from the metallic blue of August. And in the soft noon hours the throstle sings amidst the gold. I would have no more. The ranked splendour of elms by the laneside; the glory of elms crowded so closely beneath the down that they hide every other tree: the flame of elms eclipsing the deep orange and crimson of beeches and the russet of oaks that will still be smouldering when every elm leaf has fallen to decay.

* * *

I would have no more. It has the greater glory for being brief. I know that in one night of storm the whole may vanish. In the very air is the sense of decay. The leaf, indeed, is glorious, but it depends for its glory and its continued life upon the calm of the sky. The sun, indeed, is bright, but it shines aslant from the heavens, from a point so low that but a small ground mist may eclipse it suddenly—and without warning. In the heart of all the glory of St. Martin's Summer there is, ever-present, the sense of life ebbing.

* * *

Of all the abundant flowers that filled the fields and hedgerows in summer there remains but a thistle-head, a stain of purple against the brown of grass; and the mayweed blossom on land yet to be ploughed. The earth is littered with the summer's ruin. The woodland scents are dank, their fragrance corrupt. The rank herbage of the hedgerow is full of decaying verdure, not yet down-trodden and withered. And the rooks, cawing in flight at sunset, are not returning to nest but are flying high, bound for the deep woods.

* * *

The year is dying: but is not dead. Indeed, I do not think that the year does die. There are all around the signs of death and of approaching death, but in the midst of them are signs—even in November—of life, new life, springing up afresh, vigorous and strong. And first of these, for me, is the renewed song of the throstles, though long ago the robins were trilling in garden and copse. And the starlings are chattering again, quaint and piping, and you may notice how any glimpse of the blue above, any lightening overhead, will set them all agoing once again, musically loquacious.

* * *

It is natural—it is a primitive tendency—as the days shorten and the cold grips, to think of the earth as sharing our human distaste at the change. Poets, in particular, support the idea. But it is quite wrong. If we would but watch without attributing to the earth human feelings, the earth disdains, we would see that the passage from one season to another is quite untroubled, that the process of decay is every whit as beautiful as that of growth.

* * *

The warmth and brightness of St. Martin's Summer cannot cloak the decay. But there is no need of sadness at the passing of summer's memory. The first fallen leaf of autumn is the first sign of spring. And in the elm the throstle heralds April.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CANALISING THE AVON

SIR,—I have read carefully the letters regarding the canalising of the Upper Avon in your issues of October 8th and 29th. I am, personally, greatly interested in the matter, as I have had a rod on this part of the river for some years. Until recently, the stream was a very attractive one and well stocked with trout and grayling.

I found the chief charm of the river to be that it was to a great extent natural, the flowery banks shaded by an occasional willow tree, the winding course of the stream and the abundance of bird life made a day spent on its banks a very real delight. Now the charm is gone, and gone, I fear, for many years to come.

I cannot in any way agree with the views expressed by Mr. Ivor Back and Muckle Flugga; I wish very much that I could do so, but it is impossible. I am in complete agreement with the views expressed by General Carey, and I do not think that he has in any way overstated his case.

I am now, I regret to say, advanced in years, and although my devotion to fly-fishing remains unabated, yet I realise that I have not many years left in which to enjoy it.

I have resigned my rod on the Upper Avon, for it would give me no pleasure to spend a day—nor an hour—on the river in its present transformed condition, and I do not think it can recover even a fraction of its former charm during my remaining years. Therefore, I must be content to live on the happy memory of the river as it was and refrain from seeing it as it is.

Yours faithfully,

Allington House, near Devizes, Wilts. JOHN GOODWIN.

SIR,—I entirely sympathise with General Carey, particularly in his regret at the arbitrary actions of the Catchment Board. For more than 20 years I have rented the fishing in about a mile of a brook that joins the Avon at Fordingbridge. Every April I go over twice to fish and see when weeds should be cut (usually about the end of that month, for the brook grows a great quantity). About four years ago I made my usual visit, and was surprised to find no weed at all, except some undesired flags. I came again for my usual fortnight's fishing towards the end of May; still no weed. On inquiry, I was told that the board had had three or four men in the stream for a week or more *digging* up all weed. I had to replant, and for two years the fishing was spoilt. Just beyond my lower boundary there is a considerable fall, and above this is a run-out and sluice gates, so that the farmer, by closing these, can flood the meadows to some extent. When the sluice is clear of the water, the banks are about 6ft. above the water level. Surely this work was an unnecessary expense to the public, and also totally wasted.

Yours faithfully,

10, The Green, Marlborough, Wilts. J. H. ELVERSON.

SIR,—I was recently shown the result of the activities of the Avon and Stour Catchment Board on the upper reaches of the Salisbury Avon at Enford, about ten miles north of Amesbury. In my opinion the result is appalling. What is being done is to clear all the vegetation and trees off the banks, to tear all the weeds out of the river, to cut back the banks for a considerable distance and to heap the soil on the sides of the river. The result is to produce a wide, desolate canal with a thin trickle of water of a uniform depth of about 4in., very ugly and completely useless for fishing.

The object of this barbarity is to prevent flooding. I suggest it will ultimately fail, as the much-reduced "scour" must eventually cause serious silting. A better plan, I should have thought, would be to repair disused flood hatches and to clean out the carriers. I would strongly suggest that any of your readers who are interested in the amenities of our South Country chalk valleys should go and see the desolation that has been achieved, in order that they may be on their guard to prevent its happening elsewhere.

Yours faithfully,

London. P. M. HAMMOND.

FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—Having handled dogs at field trials on some thirty or forty different occasions, it seems to me that many judges attach too much importance to every "eye-wipe" which occurs. No doubt on many occasions the dog with the better nose and better method of working will find the bird on which other dogs have failed. But I am sure it often happens that the bird (particularly a partridge) lies in such a position that it gives off no scent whatever and unless a dog stumbles right on it, would possibly be lost. I remember a year or two ago at the E.C.F.T.'s there was such a bird. Every one knew where this dead bird was. I think my dog was the ninth to be tried. The judges pointed to a spot some 50yds. the other side of a low hedge. My dog went there and made nothing of it. But a spectator said to me: "I know the bird is under that large yellow sugar-beet leaf." I called the dog back, and pointing to the leaf sent him out straight to the leaf. As he reached it I stopped him. He looked at me, then down at his feet. "By gad! Here's a partridge!" He looked really surprised. Had I been a judge I would not have attached much importance to it. Shortly afterwards the same thing happened again, but my dog was one of the failures.

To my mind both cases were pure flukes. It was a warm, windless day. On the other hand, quite lately, at some trials, my dog "wiped the eyes" of nearly the whole card on a partridge lying in shallow water surrounded by nettles in a wood. In this case, too, the three judges knew exactly where the bird was, having been to look for it when about eight dogs had failed. But I think the nettles were the cause of the trouble. And the failures should have been, and probably were, penalised. But I have seen so many cases where failure on a dead bird has prevented a really high-class dog from getting into the prize list, perhaps at the very beginning, whereas some inferior animal, which has had nothing but easy ones, is placed first, second or third because he has not failed. If I were a judge, instead of a very deaf handler, I would say such-and-such dogs have put up the best *all-round* performance, and should take the prizes. I would not hail every "eye wipe" with joy, as eliminating a likely dog and shortening the trial. A dog has so little to do for the first day and a half that he cannot pile up points enough to counterbalance the blot of a possibly lucky "eye-wipe." Well, the judges *do* have a very difficult job, and most of them do it splendidly.

Yours faithfully,

Orchard House, Woodbridge, Suffolk. C. H. KENNARD.

SIR,—With reference to Mrs. Charlesworth's letter *re* "Field Trial Judging," appearing in a recent issue of the *Field*, I would like to say how completely I am in agreement with all that she says. I could write at some length on this subject but will content myself with saying that until Mrs. Charlesworth's remarks are acted upon by field trial judges, awards will continue to be made which can only bring field trials into disrepute.

Yours faithfully,

Dall, Rannoch. F. W. VERNON-WENTWORTH.

THE ARMANT DOG

SIR,—I was extremely interested in Mr. Wentworth Day's letter about the Armant dog in your issue of October 15th. Presumably there is no purely sporting breed in Egypt that could be trained for local shooting. Mr. Day's suggestion seems to me an excellent one, but brings us to the controversial subject of a herding breed working as a gundog.

Now, in a recent issue of *Our Dogs* there is an indignant letter from "Canis" on this subject, where he says "the employment of pastoral breeds for shooting over is all wrong; they are the artisans of the canine world, not the showy leisure dogs," a sentence which, in itself, appears to be contradictory, as both breeds are artisans. He ends by saying that someone had tried to train an Armant to the gun, but "the experiment failed, as it surely deserved to do."

To my mind, this attitude shows a totally narrow-minded viewpoint. I have always understood, for instance, that the present-day Golden retriever evolved from a foreign pastoral breed, and indeed he does very much resemble the Kuvasz type of sheepdog in shape and placid temperament.

To go much further back, one feels convinced that primitive man needed and used his dog companion as a hunter before ever he turned him into a herder. Is there any reason, then, why one should not turn the herder back to the original hunter? If one can, of course. It is purely a matter of adapting and training the brains that are already there.

Personally, I have always been struck with awe and admiration for the man who used a pig for retrieving partridges; for another who employed poodles exclusively; and even for the man whose pekingese or dachshund can work through a covert, spaniel-fashion. In Scandinavia and Germany dachshunds are used extensively with the gun; in some other countries, beagles or harriers. One admires the poacher's lurcher who can "hunt, kill, and retrieve silently to hand or car." Incidentally, in this same issue of your paper you publish a letter about the praiseworthy feats of a very sporting bull-terrier. More power to all of them! These people have taught their animals something useful—something helpful—something that fits in with their own sport. Is not that what dogs are for?

I myself have kept and trained for some time two distinctly pastoral breeds for gun work—Alsatians and Welsh Corgis. I find the sheepdog brain the most delightful of all with which to work, quick-developing and adaptable. Both these breeds retrieve naturally on land and water, and both may be used in the double capacity of retriever and spaniel. Taken all round, quite honestly, perhaps they are not quite so efficient as genuine gundogs, but they are certainly not far behind in performance, control and willingness.

Whether the Armant dog is descended from the Alsatian or Briard (another Continental herding breed), I feel sure he could be trained for shooting purposes; that is, in the capacity of spaniel or retriever, but not as a pointer. One would start with a litter of young puppies, eventually select a suitable one, or two, and finally evolve a strain of shooting dogs who would inherit, without doubt, the capabilities of their trained parents. What a pity there are no Armant puppies in this country on which one could test and prove the soundness of Mr. Day's proposition!

Yours faithfully,

Yarcombe, Devon. HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

SIR,—I was the temporary owner of two of these dogs (inherited from my predecessor and bequeathed to my successor) when in the Egyptian Army, in the Sudan, during the War, but I am afraid I cannot answer Mr. Wentworth Day's question as to whether they can be broken for sporting purposes. If taken in hand young enough, it is possible, though I should doubt it. My dogs would be very friendly one day, but very independent another. They were, however, excellent watch-dogs, and although one knew they were somewhere about the premises the only time one was sure of seeing them was when they were fed at night by my sons or myself. One rather curious incident may be worth recording.

Sitting one night under my verandah reading at a small table, I was nearly frightened out of my wits by a civet cat springing out of the dark on to the table. This, equally frightened, immediately jumped off and was quickly seized by my dogs, though I had no idea they were so close at hand. Although elusive and exclusive, they had a certain "personality," and one became very fond of them.

Yours faithfully,

Hoon Ridge, Derbyshire. A. H. BETTERTON.

THE SONG THRUSH

SIR,—Having had considerable experience of song thrush families in the garden, I read the article in this paper for October 8th with considerable interest, and can say that until my wife and I began to pay attention to these birds we had no idea what delightful pets they could be. In 1932 we had a pair of old birds and their three broods of young (nine in all) in and about the garden, and they used to come, like poultry, to be fed at certain times of the day. A family of eleven tame wild thrushes at once must be something of a record I should think. We are not photographers, but we picked up a lot of information about them, and, incidentally, the habits of birds in general, which could probably not be acquired under any other circumstances.

May I point out an apparent slip in the third paragraph of G. B. F.'s article? The word "first" in the last line of it should surely be "last." From paragraph 8 is one to infer that G. B. F. is unaware that both blackbird and thrush plaster the inside of their nests with mud, but only the blackbird adds the inner lining of dried grass?

Considering the difference between the songs of blackbird and thrush, it seems curious that "G. B. F." had to cut a hole in the hide to identify the cock blackbird who "poured forth a flood of melody" to the sitting thrush (paragraph 12).

In paragraph 15 "G. B. F." expresses surprise at the number of worms found by his thrushes in a period of intense drought. This *is* remarkable, because worms are usually scarce at such times. Heavy dews will bring some out at dusk and in the early morning, but at other times they would be scarce except in damp woods and such places. Insect food in general is not plentiful in long spells of drought, and even caterpillars may be by no means common.

If "G. B. F." has neighbours who feed the birds could the "cream cheese-like" substance possibly be soaked white bread, or rice pudding? I cannot think of any "natural" food that it could be, as, so far as I am aware, thrushes do not feed their young by regurgitation. Is not the fine grey dust in the nest after the young birds have flown simply the wear and tear of the mud in their moving about in the nest?

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

PALACE GATE FARM AND THE RUINS OF ODIHAM CASTLE
(See letter "Odiham Palace and Castle")

ODIHAM PALACE AND CASTLE

SIR,—I was interested to see the photograph of King Henry's shooting box in the *Field* a few weeks ago, and noted that your correspondent mentioned the Royal Palace that once existed at Odiham, and also the Castle.

Where the Palace once stood, Palace Gate Farm stands to-day, and the entrance to a subterranean passage, over a mile in length, that once connected the Royal residence with the Castle, may be seen yet. I have several times gone down underneath the farm kitchen at Palace Gate into a cellar that dates from the older building, and seen the bricked up arch, and longed to explore what lay beyond.

The farm has long been divided into several tenements, and the portion to the right of the photograph lies immediately over the beginning of the passage. One of the occupants once told me that the wood flooring requires constant renewing, owing to the damp air rising from the subway below. I had an opportunity to explore a branch section of the passage on one occasion, but the foul air made it impossible.

Palace Gate as seen from the front with its old stone facings, or from the rear with its beautiful gabled roof, bears yet much of the charm and dignity of other days.

Odiham Castle stands almost forgotten in low-lying fields near where the Whitewater passes under the Basingstoke Canal. As far as one is able to judge from the keep, which, with a few traces of the ditches which once surrounded it, is all that remains of the stronghold to-day, the Castle was as small in size as it proved great in strength. It became famous in 1216 for its gallant defence against the Dauphin of France, when, with a garrison of only thirteen men, the French army was kept at bay for fifteen days.

It was at Odiham Castle that King John spent the last night before coming up to Windsor and Runnymede to meet the Barons.

In later years, when Odiham became a great hunting centre, a large stud was maintained at the castle.

Yours faithfully,
122, Kenilworth Court, E. P. OLNEY.
Putney.

PALE CLOUDED YELLOW

SIR,—I have not heard whether the pale clouded yellow (*Colias Hyale*) has been in evidence this autumn or not, but when out walking one overtook, and flew slowly by me, enabling me to see it was a fine female in good condition, on June 19th, in the New Forest at Brockenhurst.

Yours faithfully,
The Evergreens, ERNEST E. JOHNSON.
Lyndhurst, Hants.

DON PABLO LARIOS

SIR,—You were kind enough to publish an appeal for subscriptions to a fund which we are raising as a memorial to the late Don Pablo Larios, who for 45 years was Master of the Royal Calpe Hunt.

Thanks, largely, to the publicity which you gave to the appeal, a sum of £300 has been received.

It will be remembered that among the objects to which the fund was to be devoted was the purchase of a suitably inscribed piece of plate for presentation to the Marquesa de Marzales, as a mark of the admiration and affection of past and present members of the Hunt for their late Master.

It was originally intended to make the presentation to the Marquesa in the presence of members of the Hunt, but owing to the international situation prevailing at the time, it was decided by the hunt committee that the presentation should be private.

His Excellency the Governor, who had consented to make the presentation, gave a small luncheon party on Tuesday, September 27th, at The Cottage, at which were present the Marquesa de Marzales, several members of her family, and the president and hon. secretary of the Hunt.

His Excellency, in presenting the salver, spoke of the admiration which the late Master had inspired in the followers of the Hunt during the last 45 years, and on behalf of past and present members he asked the Marquesa to accept this token of their feelings.

The following letter from the Marquesa de Marzales has been received by His Excellency:

"San Bernardo,
October 12th, 1938.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I am writing to thank you and all the members of the Hunt most sincerely for the truly beautiful token and souvenir of my husband's life-long association with the Royal Calpe Hounds. I know how extremely proud he would be of such an expression of appreciation. I can assure you that it will be greatly treasured by my family.

"I was extremely touched at your very kind words and real sympathy, and this I will never forget, nor will I ever forget your extreme courtesy and friendship to my husband and that, owing to this, the last years of his life were made happy.

"Again my very best thanks to you and to all those whose feelings you have expressed in so genuine a manner.

"Believe me, very sincerely yours,
"(Sgd.) PEPITA DE MARZALES."

It will be of interest to subscribers to know that the original from which the salver was copied was made by a Huguenot refugee in London in 1721. It is 21in. long and 16¼in. wide, and weighs 116oz. It was purchased from Messrs. Tessiers of Bond Street.

I enclose a photograph of the salver, and would be most grateful if you could publish it—with this letter—for the benefit of those who have so generously subscribed.

I may add that the fund is still open, and subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged by the hon. secretary, Royal Calpe Hunt, Gibraltar.

Yours faithfully,
H. P. CURREY
(President, Royal Calpe Hunt)
Royal Calpe Hunt, Gibraltar.

"IN TOKEN OF THEIR ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION FOR THE LATE MARQUES DE MARZALES, M.F.H."
(See letter "Don Pablo Larios")

A WEASEL HUNT

SIR,—The other day I was walking across the Kingswood Golf Links after tea, and my three small hunt terriers made good quite a small patch of rough grass on the fairway. I saw great excitement amongst the dogs, and then heard a lot of squeaking, hurried over to the dogs and found each terrier killing a weasel—a full-grown one and two three-quarters grown. We proudly brought the bag home. A good performance, as the terriers are small, going about 10lb. each.

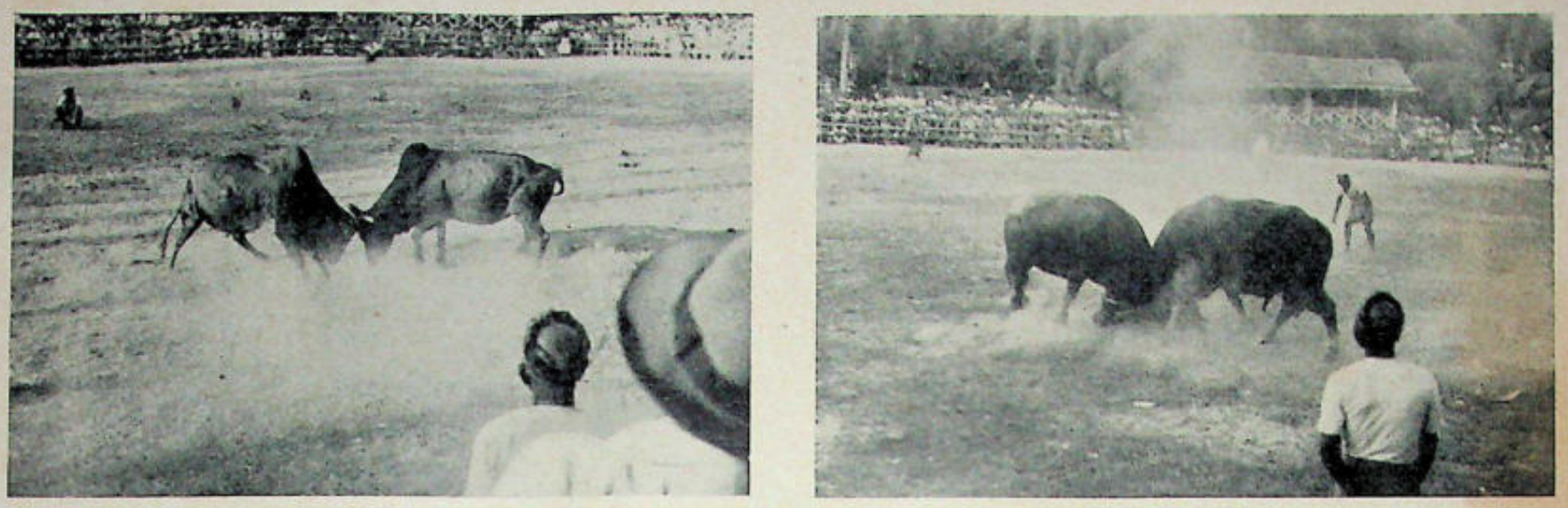
Yours faithfully,
The Shiel, RUTH A. GOAD.
Kingswood,
Surrey.

IT'S A GIFT!

Johnnie Walker has the gift of making finely-balanced whisky by skilful blending—so Johnnie Walker makes the perfect Christmas gift. Your wine-merchant or licensed dealer stocks special Christmas cases, containing 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles of Johnnie Walker, ready for sending off to your friends.

JOHNNIE WALKER
walks away with it!

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG



THEY EMERGE FROM OPPOSITE GATES MEETING WITH AN APPALLING CRASH
(See letter "Bull Fighting")

BULL FIGHTING

SIR,—It may interest your readers to hear of what is, I believe, an obsolescent sport, though practised in the Malay State of Kelantan and in Siam, namely, the fighting of bull against bull.

The local domestic animals are used: the Lembu, not unlike the average English bull, but lighter, and the Kuban, a tremendous water buffalo with long curved horns.

The Lembus are docile enough, and are led up to each other by a nose string. They generally leap into action at a range of about 6ft. when the string is withdrawn. The first animal to run away loses the bout. Theoretically, the best of three bouts decides the issue; but in nine cases out of ten the defeated bull, after it has been caught by its owner, very sensibly refuses to make a fool of itself a second time, and retreats at once, though it may have contested the first bout gallantly for 20 minutes.

Kubans are not handled in the same way; there is no need for a nose string. They emerge from opposite gates and charge each other, meeting with an appalling crash. An exit is left open, and through this the vanquished flees, pursued by the victor through the fields, coconut groves or even the streets of the town. There is no question of catching them until they have calmed down.

In spite of the spectacular nature of these combats, the animals apparently do each other considerably less damage than a couple of brisk amateur boxers in three rounds with well padded gloves.

Yours faithfully,
C. H. G.

Kelantan, Malaya.

GOING DOWN!
(See letter "Choked to Death")

GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—I have just read with much interest Mr. G. L. Harrison's letter in the *Field* of October 29th concerning grey squirrels. He finishes up by saying: "At home I do not think they trouble birds or nests, but they no doubt change their habits when transported across the sea." In these woods at Cobham, Kent, the keepers have killed nearly 300 in two seasons, and only this week, just before pheasant feeding time, the underkeeper was just going to start to feed and the birds were coming on to the ride from all sides when I heard a commotion behind the feed hut, and on going round I saw a big grey squirrel attacking and attempting to catch hen pheasant after hen pheasant—to be accurate, eight in all and one cock. One hen ran in under some cut brushwood and the squirrel went under and over and hunted her like a stoat. She eventually got away. The head-keeper said he had often seen them try to catch a pheasant, though the underkeeper said he had never seen such a sight before. If they will attempt to catch a full-grown pheasant, then what chance have young pheasants with the brutes. They hunt the whole woods for young birds and eggs of any sort. They do not do much damage to partridges, if any, as they never go far from a tree for safety.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES MCNEILL.

Cobham, Kent.

A SALMON FISHER'S CRI DU CŒUR

SIR,—The cause of the lamentations of "West Country" in his interesting article in your issue of October 15th may be due to a slight attack of that dread disease of the mind, popularly ascribed in these days to inferiority complex, the psychological and physiological factors of which would surely communicate themselves to fish, which he rightly says, are known to be extremely sensitive to differences of pressure, temperature and electrical charges. The same agency is communicated to horse and dog instanter.

During 60 years of salmon and trout fishing I have seen this agency at work on many occasions, and, indeed, have suffered from it myself from time to time. "West Country" may comfort himself with this prescription: The best man wins in the long run every time, in spite of good or bad luck, and that the "flag" must ever be kept erect.

Yours faithfully,
PISCATOR IN PURBECK.

Purbeck.

CHOKED TO DEATH

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a 6olb. garrick which was choked to death by a 2½lb. silver bream wedged in its throat.

The large fish was seen by two ladies on the Natal South Coast lashing the surf in great distress, until it was pulled ashore in a suffocated condition. The bream had spread its fins, which became wedged in the garrick's gullet with fatal results.

Yours faithfully,
R. W. JOHNSTON.

Box 598, Durban,
South Africa.

ECZEMA IN DOGS

SIR,—Last spring my Cairn terrier developed a very bad attack of eczema. A friend told me that I ought to try "Kurmange." I did so, and the result was a complete cure. I was so grateful that I wrote a short letter to our local weekly paper advising dog-owners to try it. A few days ago I received a letter from a lady in South Africa, saying: "My Cairn terrier was suffering from skin trouble, and I had made up my mind to have her destroyed, as her whole body was inflamed—burning hot and painful. I happened to see your letter in the paper which a friend had sent to me from England. I took your advice, and after three applications she is completely cured, and I felt I must write and thank you."

I trust that you will publish this letter, as I feel that if a letter in a small local paper has saved the life of one dog from misery and subsequent death, one in the *Field*, which is read in every part of the British Empire, will be the means of saving many dogs from a similar fate. It is hardly necessary for me to state that I have no financial or other interest in "Kurmange," which can be obtained at any chemists. Also may I say that I have been a constant reader of your paper for over half a century.

Yours faithfully,
J. MUSGRAVE.

Cuckfield, Sussex.

ROOKS NESTING

SIR,—A pair of rooks have built a new nest at the top of a high lime tree here, which was only noticed after the leaves fell. From the way the cock bird is feeding her, there seems no doubt that she is sitting. Unfortunately, we cannot get to the nest to investigate.

Yours faithfully,
C. L. FORSTER.

Wellisford, Somerset.

You will notice the difference in quality at once! Craven 'A' are so exceptionally smooth, so cool and fresh. Remember too, that these cork-tipped cigarettes will *not* affect your throat. Switch to Craven 'A' they will give you *real* smoking satisfaction.

In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof Cellophane.

10 *for* **6D** • **20** *for* **1/-**

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras Ltd. 150 years' Reputation for Quality C.A. 509.

ANIMAL TOPIARY

SIR,—On one of my rambles into the country a short time ago I came upon a field in which were a number of gorse bushes, all of which bore curious shapes. These had been formed by the rabbits nibbling away the young shoots as they grew.

Many of the bushes were in the form of cushions; one had the shape of a lamb. But the most peculiar of all was that portrayed in the accompanying illustration. Here the rabbits have controlled the growth of the bush so that it resembles one of themselves sitting up in the listening attitude so characteristic of these animals.

Maybe it stands as a memorial to one of the bunny folk who has performed some epic feat in the rabbit world, and was invested with the Order of the Crested Ears?

Yours faithfully,

84, The Broadway, Exeter, Devon. R. W. J. NORTON.

POSSIBLE REPLACEMENT OF THE FANGS OF SNAKES

SIR,—Can any of your readers produce evidence of the replacement of fangs in viperine snakes? It is commonly believed that an axillary pair grow into place should the main pair of fangs be accidentally broken, but I am informed by an authority that there would seem to be no likelihood of such replacement.

It should not be difficult to prove this in view of the fact that the fangs are often extracted during the life of a snake.

It would appear that both reptiles and sharks, representing primitive types of life, are provided with reserve rows of teeth which never come into use. As their teeth are movable with the gum, they are less liable to injury than if they had been embedded in sockets. They do not come into use so constantly as those of mammals, though only in the fresh state is it possible to observe how much the teeth move or become exposed whilst the snake is biting.

Yours faithfully,

South Africa. F. GORDON CAWSTON.

LIONS AND GUINEA FOWL

SIR,—On Monday, July 18th, at about eight o'clock in the morning, from a low bluff on the dry River Luia, near Chioco, in Portuguese East Africa, I watched through field-glasses three lions walk across about 200yds. of the sandy river bed. There was nothing remarkable in that. But in rear of the lions and close behind, following them

"THE ORDER OF THE CRESTED EARS"
(See letter "Animal Topiary")

across the whole distance, was a troop of about 50 guinea fowl, which, with outstretched necks, were evidently proclaiming to the world that marauders were abroad.

Once, the third lion in line stopped for a moment and gazed up stream; the guinea fowl stopped, too, with an almost visible jerk, but the moment the lion resumed its walk the guinea fowl did also.

The procession did not break up until it was within 10ft. of the dense jungle of thorn and palm trees at the edge of the river.

I have never seen anything quite like this before, and would be very interested to know if any readers of the *Field* have seen anything similar. In my previous experience, the lesser things of the veld have always made themselves remarkably scarce when lions are about.

Yours faithfully,

The Salisbury Club, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia. L. M. HASTINGS.

PONIES AND MOTORISTS

SIR,—It is also possible to read Miss Eva Dunbar's letter to you upon the above matter and find nothing at all irrational or ignorant in a car driver for failing to see any "enormity" about hitting an animal straying across the public highway, because similar roads exist all over the British Isles where there are no fences, but not often a similar idiotic neglect to enclose animals. The car driver was not to blame for such a regrettable accident, but the people responsible for the care and keeperage of their livestock. I well know the New Forest. Let them see to it. They put human life to the hazard which is a far more serious matter. The same applies to some other places.

Yours faithfully,

194, Handside Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. SYDNEY J. ENGLAND.

GULL WARFARE

SIR,—A few evenings ago, when driving along a main road in Scotland, I noticed a group of common gulls rise from near a river, together with a lesser black-backed gull.

The latter separated one of the common gulls from the rest, and proceeded to pursue it, always trying to rise above, as though to strike. The common gull had nothing in his bill apparently. A casual observer might well have thought a hawk had been hunting the gull.

The pursuit went on for a considerable distance, and at some height, but unfortunately I was unable to remain to watch the finish.

I should be interested to know whether lesser black-backed gulls often deliberately hunt other gulls in this way, and how the smaller gull usually fares in the end.

Yours faithfully,

Scotland. M. W.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, need help for a plucky old lady of 81. Her father, a horse trainer, died in the 'seventies leaving his daughter to support herself. Although only partially trained she took up nursing, and one of her old patients has written to us on her behalf. The old lady is now an invalid, and often bedridden for days with acute heart trouble. Her home is an almshouse in Somerset, where she pays a rent of £10 a year, but this does not include fires or any service. Her great wish is to remain independent in her tiny home for the few remaining years of her life, but as she has only her Old Age Pension and a few shillings annuity she is without many little comforts so essential to very old age. Please send us £13.

Yes, my darling daughter?

So that explains the decline and fall in Father's stock of Gold Flake. Of course, she's only one of many these days. Women have developed a liking for a man's cigarette. And a Wills's Gold Flake—*the* man's cigarette—certainly *is* something worth smoking. It has the distinctive flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos. Look how men have been loyal to Gold Flake for years and years and years.

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 592

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

INVESTORS in high-class stocks are still sitting on the fence. They visualise increased taxation to meet rearmament expenditure. That will naturally cut into income on investments. Strangely enough, there is a definite move in markets towards armament shares.

The Prime Minister recently recalled that the country is now in the third year of the rearmament programme. The initial intention was to rearm over a period of five years. Another two years of hectic activity for rearmament firms can be more or less relied upon.

Several firms on the fringe of rearmament work have recently held annual meetings. In every case chairmen have been able to state that they can look forward to prosperity for several years to come. The order-books are full. The margin of profits may not be great but this is made up on a large turnover.

This supplies the reason for the return of iron, and steels, and engineering shares to popularity with the speculative investor. Some of the engineering shares seem to deserve attention. They are standing at prices substantially below the levels reached a year or two ago.

Even if it is allowed that previous top prices were the result of ultra-optimism, present prices discount the earning capacity of the concerns. Naturally shares in this category cannot be approached as permanent investments. They should be turned over if a profit accrues. It may also be advisable for the buyer who finds himself on the wrong horse to cut his loss with the best grace possible.

I hear quite optimistic views concerning Beans Industries. This is a firm of general engineers which was made public in January, 1937. For the year to November 30th, 1937, there was a total dividend of 30 per cent. Interim for the year to November this year has been raised from 8 per cent. to 10 per cent.

Whether the larger interim is merely to equalise distributions over the year or not is impossible to say. I do, however, hear that the company is very successful. It is most unlikely the dividend will be less than 30 per cent. this year. The 5/– shares around 18/– should be worth putting away just as a speculation.

I might mention that Trojan (Holdings) has a considerable investment interest in Beans Industries. Here is another little company which is successful and doing good business. Dividend for the year to last August was 10 per cent. The 5/– shares are now a shade under 6/–. They went to practically 12/– at one time last year.

A concern with a reasonably successful record over many years is Davis & Timmins. It manufactures screws as well as nuts and bolts. It has quite a number of activities in the engineering trades. A company of this description stands to make real good profits in times such as these.

Except for 1931, which was a depression year, dividends have been regularly paid on the ordinary capital. True, distributions have varied. Only 5 per cent. was possible for 1932 and 1933. Since then there has been gradual increase in distributions. It is noteworthy, however, that dividends have been very conservative on earnings. For instance, two distributions totalling 30 per cent. were paid for 1937. Earnings that year were over 44 per cent.

Interim for the current year has been maintained at 10 per cent. Market dealers tell me they expect at least 30 per cent. for the year. We find the shares standing to-day in the neighbourhood of 18/6. The price went as high as 27/– last year. This share gives a particularly good return and, in my opinion, is one which can be put away for a year or two with reasonable confidence.

INSECT INDUSTRY

Probably most of us have chuckled appreciatively over Robert Graves's delightful *Lost Love*, where he speaks of the "clashing jaws of moth chumbling holes in cloth," and "the groan of ants who undertake gigantic loads for honour's sake." It may, as Graves suggests, be necessary for a man's senses to be quickened by grief before he can hear these things; but the London Zoo has at least enabled him to see them under the best possible conditions without the need for sorrow as a stimulant. In the Insect House there is an excellent arrangement whereby their world may be viewed at leisure. There are magnifying portholes through which the smaller creatures may be viewed—furniture beetles, grain weavers and silver fish; while the clothes moth can be seen, not only "chumbling," but in other of life's duties. The wood-tunnelling larvæ of such unpleasant creatures as the stag beetle and the goat moth, of lamentably filthy smell, are on the other side of the corridor by the entrance. All are worthy of a close acquaintance.

New Books

BIRTH OF A CITY

Activities of the Men Whose Administrative Ability Established New York

New York's Making. By MARY DE PEYSTER RUTGERS MCCRAE CONGER. (Methuen ; 6/- net.)

IN the light of recent events in Europe and elsewhere it is of especial interest to note the mentality and methods of the rival Colonists in the earliest days of New York. Forests of trees may give place to cities of steel and stone, but that the mind of man changes little is instanced by the case of the English Admiral who, in 1664, requested the surrender of New York from the Dutch, backing up his demand with the observation that in the event of any resistance the onus of bloodshed would rest upon the defenders !

The author of this book paints a picture of New York as few people in these days can visualise it—a New York that came into being through the efforts of those early Dutch settlers who, by trading with the Indians and bringing with them new methods of cultivation, laid the foundations of what was to become one of the most valuable tracts of land in the American continent.

How many present-day New Yorkers, I wonder, realise what America owes to those pioneers, the Dutch West India Company, whose first directors, such men as David de Vries, did so much by their administrative ability to pacify the Indians and establish the city as a centre of trade and commerce.

In reading this book one cannot fail to be struck by the situations of those early days that have their parallel in modern times. The dictatorship of Willem Kieft—whose methods were resented by Indians and Europeans alike, with the result that much blood was shed on both sides—and the able diplomacy of his successor, Johannes de Peyster, who was largely instrumental in negotiating the treaty by which the city was handed over to the English on the understanding that religious freedom and rights of property were respected. (It is illuminating to note that in those " bad old days " the exchange took place with the minimum of unpleasantness !) Then, again, during the War of Independence, we have the " incident " of the American Jane McCrae, who was brutally murdered while on her way to be married to an officer in the King's Army. The blame for this tragedy was naturally laid, by the Americans, at the door of the British, and recruiting for the American Army received a tremendous stimulus ! The second, and perhaps equally vivid, impression to be gained from this chronicle is that civic leadership and administration was very much of a family affair, the sons and daughters of the first colonists intermarrying and forming a closely-knit clan. We see them with their coaches and negro retainers, at receptions and dinners, with powdered hair and patches, as members of the State Legislature and as founders and organisers of universities and charitable institutions. They had their quarrels and misunderstandings, their schemes and plans, successes and failures, but no one can deny that these old families gave of their best in every sphere of their activities for the good of the community.

It is 300 years since Johannes de Peyster landed on Manhattan Island, where forests of trees reared their topmost branches to the sky, where the Indians hunted the wolf and deer, planted the clearings with corn and dived for fish in the waters of the Hudson. Now the forest is of sky-scrapers, resounding not with the shrill cry of the whippoorwill, but with the never-ceasing clangour of modern machine-made life.

In a small compass the author of this book has given us a clear outline of six generations from old Johannes down to the present day ; and we are left with a profound sense of the sincerity and steadfastness of purpose which characterised the lives of those pioneers of New York. V. R.

* * * *

Sailing All Seas in the Idle Hour. By DWIGHT LONG. (Hodder & Stoughton ; 9/6.)

How many times a week do you hear people say : " I'm fed up ! " It is an odd, illogical saying, for it has no connection with food at all. Usually it is meant to infer that the speaker is either sick of a suburban life or of office life generally. Yet few of the people who moan like that ever do anything about it. They just grouse and grizzle their way through life, and before they have decided what it is they do want they have qualified for an old age pension. Others have dreams but never quite fulfil them, owing usually to a lack of self-confidence or courage.

Mr. Dwight Long, however, possesses both these qualities. No one could accuse him of being a " grizzler," but he was definitely not content to laze away his life on a job " which had no future." At seven years of age he was carrying circulars from door to door in order to earn enough money to buy a row-boat. He succeeded. Later he changed it ; and in the course of ten years he bought and sold fourteen boats, each time making money on the deal and each time investing it in something bigger and better.

His enthusiasm deserved the success it received. In the early twenties he spent every penny he possessed in acquiring the 32-foot ketch Idle Hour. Business life offered him nothing, so he went off in her to see the world. He sailed her from Seattle down among the Islands, to Tahiti and Samoa and Tonga and all those lovely far-off places. He weathered hurricanes and avoided reefs, he learnt the ability to suffer much and the value of true companionship with one or two men confined to a small boat for weeks on end.

You will find that *Sailing All Seas in the Idle Hour* is a grand yarn about a true sea-wanderer and his companions. It holds the reader, and is the next best thing to making a round-the-world trip yourself.

W. G. L.

* * * *

Patagonian Year. By PEDRO RUBIO. (Methuen ; 7/6.)

Patagonia is hardly the place most people would choose to visit if they could possibly go anywhere else. It is an inhospitable place with mile after mile of grassland, desert and dried-up salt lake peopled by sheep and by human beings strangely reminiscent of the twopenny adventure magazines beloved of boyhood days. Despite all this Pedro Rubio, the Norwegian author of *Patagonian Year*, confesses that " after a time one longs to be back just as ardently as one had longed to get away."

The World War gave an impetus to the development of Patagonia, and the price of wool—sheep farming is the be-all and end-all of the country—rose by four or five hundred per cent., with the inevitable result that, where previously there had been land enough and to spare without worrying about exact boundaries, the influx of new farmers threatened the lands and livelihoods of the old *pobladores*.

It being an ill wind that blows nobody any good, the author found surveying a profitable occupation, and in his book he tells something of this queer land where sheep, cars, wine and women seem to be the whole horizon of the average inhabitant.

It is a pity that the author did not launch out into something a little less inconsequently than *Patagonian Year*, for quite obviously he knows what he is writing about—not always a feature of modern day travel books—but his choice of material is rather more reminiscent in style of a novel than of a serious travel book. No doubt translation from the Norwegian has detracted from its effect, for there is almost always an indefinable something rarely found in a translated work which makes so much difference to the original. *Patagonian Year* is not to be ignored, but to be read when the mind does not feel equal to more weighty topographical works. L. N. R.

* * * *

The Cambridge Region. Edited by H. C. DARBY. (Cambridge University Press ; 6/- net.)

For the purposes of this survey the Cambridge region is defined as the two and separate administrative counties of Cambridge and the Isle of Ely. The book takes the form of a comprehensive account of those districts from fifteen different points of view. The chapter on place names is as fascinating as these inquiries usually are, and it is interesting to note that, owing to phonetic changes and popular etymology, the form " Grantchester " is the one at which " Cambridge " should have arrived. The agricultural survey points out the four main changes which have taken place in Cambridge farming since the beginning of the century, and outlines the present condition, while the historical description of the draining of the Fens is one of extraordinary interest. The industries of Cambridge also find a place, among which the old Sawston Paper Mill, and the fruit preserving and canning industry, made necessary by the prospect of an over-production of fruit, are perhaps the most typical of the district. Nearly all of the 160 villages in Cambridgeshire are mentioned in Domesday Book, which is a striking indication of the extent to which the country districts have remained the same. It is impossible to do more than indicate the extent of this survey, which has the unusual quality of being a very readable book of reference. R. C.

* * * *

My Irish Sketchbook. By LIONEL EDWARDS. (Collins ; 21/-.)

The Silent Horn. By ERIC MEADE-KING. (Collins ; 12/6.)

The search for Christmas presents looms ever nearer. To many recipients, books are the ideal gift and then the real agony begins—unless we escape through a " token."

But this year if you are searching for a horse-loving friend (better still a hunter) you have two winners ; both are books, largely composed of illustrations, and both have colour work augmented by pencil sketches ; and both are very beautiful.

In the first, Lionel Edwards has concentrated his superb skill upon Irish hunts. He has depicted the Irish sport with its backgrounds which no shire can compete against. He has a humorous twist to his pencil, and many little points of difference between the Irish and English " going " are shown in the sketches. The histories of the famous packs are briefly given, and the coloured illustrations which accompany them are exquisite.

In *The Silent Horn* we have rather a different setting. It is England's countryside during the quiet months which have no " R's " Here we see the other side of the sport as displayed by Mr. Edwards. Mr. Meade-King has caught the idleness of the midsummer, in the kennels and the paddock. The group of mares in a Leicester field with their aristocratic foals ; the hounds stretched out in the sun-baked yard, visited by the flies ; the busy kennel man attending to the irresistible puppies ; and occasionally the frayed temper in a flying hoof. This is perhaps the less serious book, for Mr. Edwards has been attracted by the importance of the peak of the season.

There is much more in these pictures than good artistry or even hunting records. There is a smell of the " good earth," the oats and the saddle—there are sounds from the yard and harness room, and a glimpse of a slinking red form.

Choice is difficult ; but see both, buy both, take them home, and if you are wise keep them for yourself.

C. N.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Behaviour of Animals, by E. S. RUSSELL, D.Sc., F.L.S. (Arnold ; 10/6), will be of immense interest to all biologists ; this is the second edition of the book, whose object is to show the principles which should govern one's observations of animal behaviour. This is not merely a scientific attitude, but one which includes all owners of animals, who have the greatest opportunities of recording the daily and natural actions of their charges. A new theory is discussed here relating to whether an animal perceives only the objects and happenings taking place around him which concern only himself. The naturalist and field sportsman who observe animal life in its wild state, can help in this, as yet, undeveloped science.

Mr. A. G. STREET always brings joy to the country lover with his novels, and in his latest one—*Already Walks To-morrow* (Faber & Faber ; 7/6)—this is again the case. But this time a deeper note is introduced. The author has often made it clear that he has fears for the farming industry and our national food supply in an emergency. It is of such a predicament that he now writes, and his plans for frustrating such ugly fears becoming realities are worthy of note. There are plain stated, basic facts here, interwoven with a charming story. Quite one of Mr. Street's most successful ventures

IN TOUCH

The Sports Writer, the Spirit, and the Secretary

OUR valued contemporary, Mr. Punch, has quite rightly mimicked the modern sports writer in one of his articles. The latter invariably heads his column at least once a year, "What is Wrong with Hop-scotch"—or hockey or hoop-la, according to his particular subject. So insistent is he in finding fault with something no one else had hit upon the previous season that a long-suffering public have at last grown tired of being told that things are not what they were in the old days, and as a result, many a true word being spoken in jest, Mr. Punch has aired a legitimate grievance.

On the other hand, is the unfortunate writer to blame? He is desperately trying to till a living from the sports field, and is quite aware that if, for instance, he smiles at some misconduct on the field and, in effect, murmers, "Boys will be boys," his public (and what is more important to him, his employers) tell him he doesn't know his job, and never has any opinions of his own, while if he thunders down a column striking out left and right he is dubbed a carping critic and obviously one who has never played the game. Since any reasonable sports writer would rather be a carping critic than a jobless journalist, he chooses the lesser of two evils, and thus, "What is Wrong with Rugby Football?" still finds its place in newspaper and magazine indices.

I cannot help the feeling that there is far less wrong with Rugby football to-day than most enthusiasts imagine.

Generally a certain amount of intelligence is displayed and without question there is far more open play now than in past decades. This is a very good sign, for the attitude of "We're tough, and we can take it" may be great fun when being worked out on the field, but to watch it is desperately reminiscent of an East End street brawl—and far less exciting—and effectively destroys that science which is so great an asset to Rugby, and which the Association football fan loves to insist does not, in reality, exist.

The other Saturday I watched Richmond play Gloucester. Just prior to the game someone in the Press box said, "Well, are we going to see a great game, or a dog-fight?" It proved to be neither, and was indescribably dull to watch. More brainless play I have seldom seen—wild passing to imaginary players, when a short punt ahead would have brought a try, elementary dribbling, wild kicking, and well nigh every other sort of offence. Providence was kind; the fog settled over the field, and although Richmond changed into white shirts at half-time, it became increasingly difficult to follow the game, and I left before the finish with further words from the same gentleman as before sounding in my ears: "They can thank their stars that the gate comes before the match and not after it, or they would not get much."

Admittedly, it was a terribly unscientific kind of game, but no more. Bad play can be corrected by practice; it is bad temper which causes so much difficulty these days. A contagious disease is temper, and it takes very little time to stir a couple of teams into a ferment, and when this happens the watchers see but little of the game for froth. Most readers who have played Rugby know that "hell for leather" feeling which sometimes results from a purposeful and quite unwarranted hack in the back. They will also know, I think, that for all their scrambling, hacking, running and cursing, they have achieved infinitely less by the end than during the period of comparative sobriety.

Last season there was much criticism of the rough and unsporting play seen at some matches; fortunately there has been little need for rebuke this year, and this is most certainly a cheering sign. Enthusiasm and spirit are essential to the game, but when they outgrow their functions they become a menace. So long as the spirit is right there will be little need to cry that there is something wrong with the game.

We have seen the result of over-exuberance in most games played in this country, of which ice hockey provides a good example. It would not be modern ice hockey if there were not a few stand-up fights and a continual stream of players making their way to the penalty box. I watched such a match some time ago, and when the crowd had booed itself into a moment of comparative silence, I was informed that I must not mind that sort of behaviour, nothing was really meant by it and, anyway, it was good fun to have the opportunity of a hearty boo because someone had hit his opponent on the head when he thought the referee was watching the puck and not the players. That is a disastrous though all too common attitude, and it says a tremendous amount in favour of Rugby that, though it presents more opportunity for foul play than any other team game, on the whole it sets an example in honest-to-goodness sport.

Players are usually the butt of abuse, but perhaps secretaries and other exalted officials are not above reproach, for many of them seem to imagine that their functions quite definitely end with their own club arrangements. Surely this is not so. Much good work might be done, and many good players be brought to the fore, were it not for club parochialism.

Some time ago, the exact date I cannot remember, there appeared some interesting correspondence in this paper on the vexed question of forward play. These letters were reprinted in leaflet form and sent round to about 28 of the leading Rugby clubs, asking for their opinions on the matter. Of them but one replied—Cambridge University, to be precise. Now from that correspondence something really constructive might have arisen had the necessary enthusiasm been present.

This spirit of *laisser faire* seems especially to be present in the smaller clubs, much to their hurt and to the detriment of Rugby in general. I cannot get away from the feeling that there are, somewhere in the British Isles, a team of Rugby footballers capable of giving any one of our four International sides a thorough trouncing. Unfortunately the players are never discovered.

The Selection Committee cannot be blamed, for they are only human, and Rugby football is not their only interest and job in life, and to cover all the teams in England is a sheer impossibility, and thus it is that, with a few notable exceptions, the personnel of our International sides are recruited exclusively from the first-class clubs, such as the 'Quins, Coventry, Blackheath and Leicester; and though county Rugby does something to help the smaller club, it is a small something. Surely there is some Rugby genius to be found in the Muckton-on-Slosh team or that at Muddle-in-the-Mire, and if only local secretaries would do their part in pushing these players into public notice we might yet see the greatest International teams ever. As it is we spend our time talking of the matches of a decade ago, and more's the pity that we should need to do so.

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

II.—The Brassie

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE modern golf ball is blamed, rightly or wrongly, for many alterations in the playing of the game, one being the fewer opportunities when a brassie need be used. In pre-War days wooden-club play through the green was essential even for the leading golfers. Now the first-class professional or scratch amateur under normal conditions has to take a brassie out of his bag only once or twice during a round. But if he hits the present very sympathetic ball so far as not to require this club, the ordinary golfer still finds it very useful.

A brassie shot can be both a valuable and a highly destructive stroke. It may win a vital hole for you or it may cost you the match. It probably causes more trouble than any other club, for it is one of the most difficult clubs to use really well. Most of the leading authorities are agreed that there is little important difference in technique between the correct use of the brassie and the driver.

The chief problem, of course, is getting the ball into the air. How we do top our brassie shots! Why? The primary reason is because we try to do too much, and in attempting the impossible fail to achieve even a moderate result. We see the ball lying on the fairway, the lie perhaps is rather close, and we imagine that we will have to force the ball up into the air. Consequently any rhythm that our swings may usually possess disappears as we scratch at the ball and slog blindly. It cannot be repeated too often that the loft of the club elevates the ball—that is what it is there for—not merely the action of the individual.

For the drive we are allowed to tee up the ball as we wish. For the brassie we have to take the ball as we find it. But the loft of the latter club is adequate compensation. There is no need to alter the actual swing. Some experts say that, in the address, the ball should be nearer the middle of the feet and not played from a point opposite the left foot, but that is a question for the individual to answer for himself, by experiments. I know several good golfers who have found that they obtain better and more consistent results by holding the club nearer the middle of the grip. This shortened grip—two or three inches, not more, of the shaft showing above the hands—certainly gives greater control than if the club is held at the end of the "handle."

W. W. Lowe gives sound advice when he states: "Don't close the face of the club even a little, but hit the ball with an open face in exactly the same way as you would hit a drive." And the follow through is extremely important. So many handicap golfers are inclined to dig at the ball and finish the stroke as the club head meets the ball and sinks into the turf. The shot must not be stopped in this way but completed properly, the club being swung through freely and the feet left in position.

If you have a spell of bad driving use your brassie off the tee for a change. I was told that years ago and the advice has always proved profitable. The extra loft of the club will give you just that extra confidence. As you place the brassie behind the ball you will see that loft instead of the straight face of the driver, and this will help you to swing more easily and will relieve you of a great deal of anxiety. Particularly at the beginning of a round—or when there is a following wind—is the use of a brassie off the tee advantageous.

Most players when they take out a brassie are thinking of length and nothing else. The brassie shot must be placed just as we try to place a mashie near the flag. It is a good idea to have a definite objective in mind, whether we aim at the green or at a point just wide of a hazard or at any other target. It is obviously essential for each player to have a definite knowledge of his capabilities. As Cotton puts it: "The art is in knowing what is a brassie lie and also your own limits."

He suggests a useful method of practice. Begin by playing brassie shots off a wooden peg, lowering the tee by degrees until you are hitting the ball off the ground. Always practice from good lies until you get accustomed to the stroke and the length of the shots. Then in the course of a game you can estimate the distances with some accuracy. All this may sound very elementary, but I have watched scores of experienced players who have not the slightest idea of how far they can hit a brassie shot, simply because they have not taken a little trouble to discover their own limits.

Most golfers find that their brassie shots fade away to the right at the finish. This is nothing to worry about, and is infinitely better than a disastrous hook which can never be controlled. I think it was Abe Mitchell who said if you find yourself slicing aim deliberately to the right this will force a reaction. If you show a tendency to pull, aim to the left of the fairway. Padgham, for one, agrees with this idea. It is sound, but needs courage to put into practice.

As I mentioned last week, the tendency to-day is to use deep-faced wooden clubs. This is both sound and helpful so far as the driver is concerned, but a deep-faced brassie is not suitable for most players. A shallow-faced brassie, because the centre of gravity is lower, picks up the ball more easily. I looked over a stock of new brassies in a large store recently, and discovered only three with reasonably shallow faces. The majority are too difficult to handle. With a deep-faced club the ball is hit more often than not below the middle of the face; then the player wonders why he never hits a good, high brassie shot.

There is a tendency on the manufacturers' part to produce brassies with big heads. These large heads are not suitable for the average player. The length of the face is just as important as the loft. No golfer needs inches of spare hitting surface, although some margin of safety is naturally essential. With a big-headed brassie a shot out of a "cupped" lie is practically impossible, because either or both ends of the head will prevent the club from striking the ball properly. A shallow-faced brassie with a small narrow head, on the other hand, will extricate the ball out of many difficult lies with astonishing ease. Even to-day we rarely find the ball sitting up on a tuft of grass, so that we must be prepared to use a brassie from awkward lies. A careful examination of brassies now in use would be worth while. Even a good golfer cannot play well with indifferent weapons; yet many a handicap man goes on, year after year, using clubs and brassies, in particular, that are totally unsuitable for him, or indeed for anyone else.

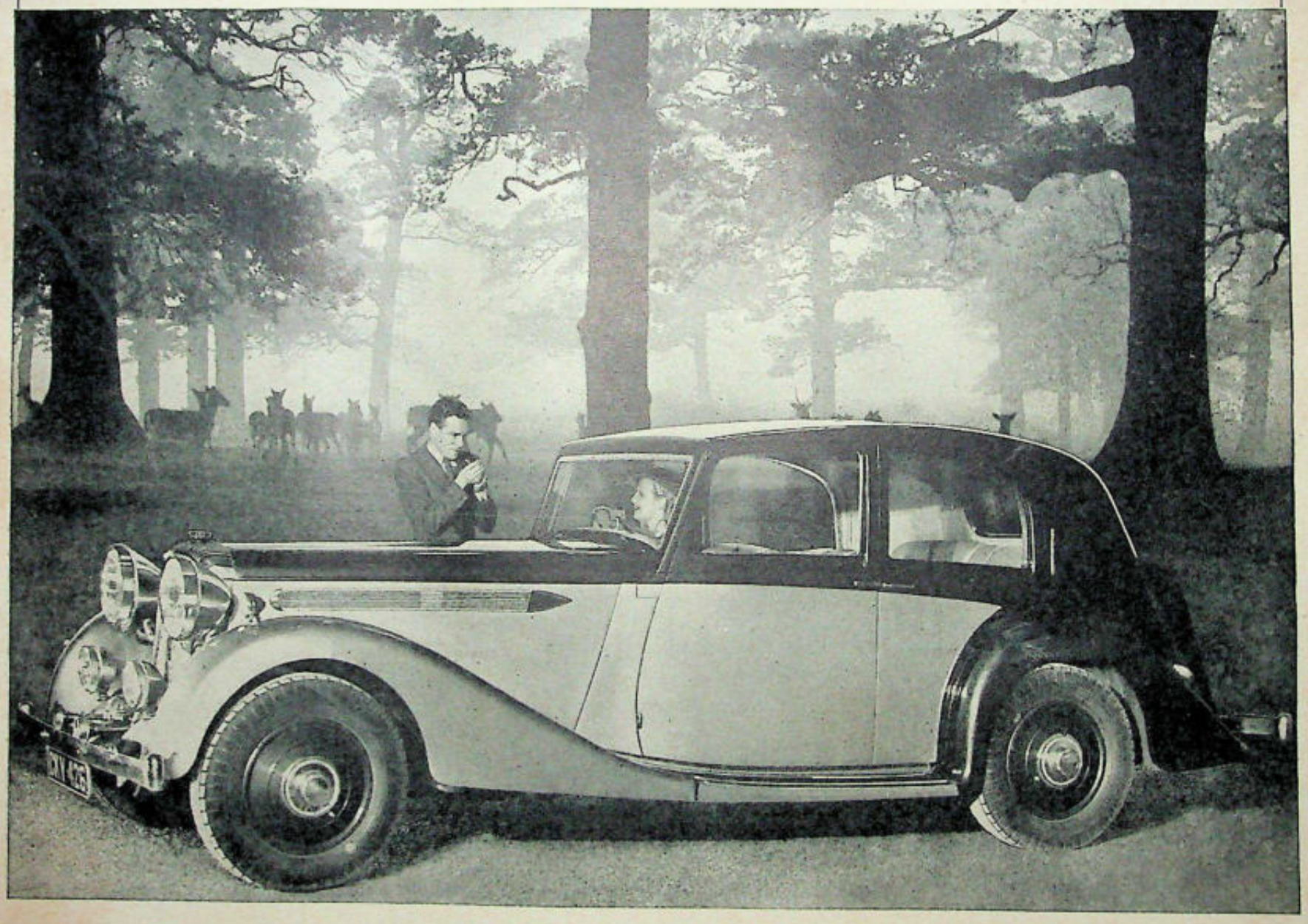
BRANKSOME CHALLENGE CUP MEETING

Once again the annual Branksome Challenge Cup meeting proved a great success. The principal award was won by P. J. Urlwin Smith, of Hindhead, with an aggregate of 146 over the tricky Parkstone course. His scores were 75 and 71. From a record entry of 64 B. Woodburn, also from Hindhead—this club's members seem to have caught the Ross method for success—won the handicap prize with a total of 140 net from a handicap of 15. That will be noted for future action by the handicapping committee! Owing to the death of the organiser, E. M. Cockell, A. F. Carris, hon. secretary and president of the Hazards Golf Society, undertook the difficult task of arranging the details of the tournament, and it is to his credit that this first attempt proved so very enjoyable. The open champion, R. A. Whitcombe, was present at the subsequent dinner at Branksome Tower Hotel, where the many prizes were presented by Miss Jane Duprez, T. V. Haydon, the originator of this competition, being in the chair.

The Daimler Vogue

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE
LATE KING GEORGE V

AS INTERPRETED BY FAMOUS COACHBUILDERS



PILLARLESS SPORTS SALOON

designed and built for

DAIMLER

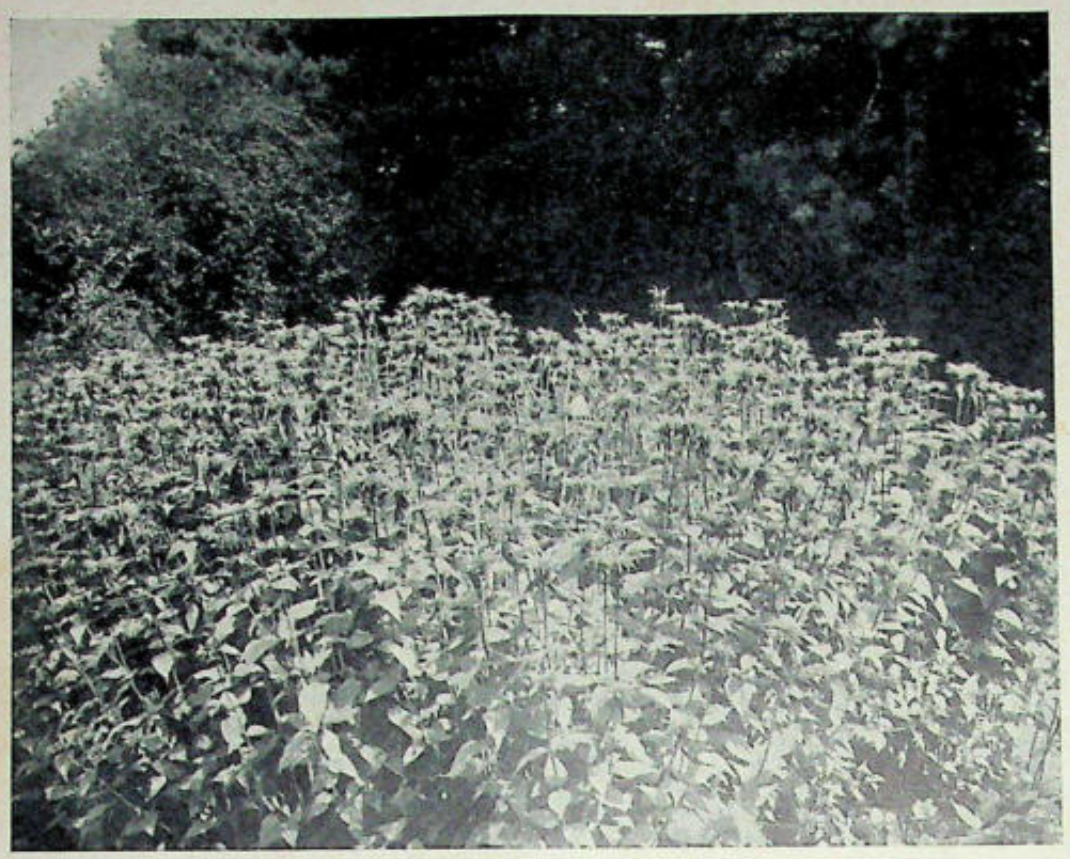
Even the Daimler 4-Litre Straight Eight chassis has never carried a finer example of coachwork than this—a pillarless sports saloon designed and built by a world-famous coach-builder. Modern in line and form and balance: traditional in its meticulous, hand-finished construction. A perfect example of the Daimler vogue.

British Cars Last Longer

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, DAIMLER WORKS, COVENTRY

Daimler

London Distributors—STRAITSTONE 27 PALL MALL & 40 BERKELEY ST.



THE SCARLET BERGAMOT IN MASS IS VERY STRIKING AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF TREES

The Country House

"COTTAGERS' FLOWERS"

The Beauty of Bergamots

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

In spite of the modern demand for gorgeously coloured flowers, Bergamots are far from being commonly grown. To those of us who appreciate them they are amongst the most delightful of old-fashioned flowers. At one time they were regarded as "cottagers' flowers," and it is a surprising fact that they are not even mentioned in such standard eighteenth and nineteenth century books as Abercrombie's *Dictionary* and Loudon's *Encyclopædia of Gardening*.

In Victorian times they were grown in nearly every cottage garden, and in my childhood they were amongst the favourite scented herbs carefully folded in a clean handkerchief and laid inside the prayer-book to take to church on hot Sundays for their refreshing scent. I never look at them without thinking of the passage in *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot* and the Bergamot which Phœbe's mother said was "more refreshing than Old Man (Southernwood) and not so common."

Bergamots are associated with no less than three names famous in the annals of gardening—Nicolas Monardes, John Tradescant the Younger, and Peter Collinson, the great Quaker gardener of the latter half of the eighteenth century, who had a famous garden at Mill Hill. The genus was named Monarda in honour of Nicolas Monardes, the Spanish doctor, who, in 1569, published the first American Herbal. The book, written nineteen years before the defeat of the Armada, is full of the pride of a Spanish subject in what was then the greatest empire in the world. The tallest species, *M. fistulosa*, was introduced by John Tradescant the Younger, son of John Tradescant who was gardener to Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria, and the far showier *M. didyma* (*syn. M. Kalmiana*) was introduced by Peter Collinson.

The popular name Bergamot was bestowed on the plant owing to the similarity of its scent to that of the Bergamot orange, from which oil of Bergamot is made. It was also called Bee Balm, for bees revel in the flowers. There are about half a dozen species and various named hybrids, and their nomenclature is in a confused condition. *M. fistulosa* is very variable. In good soils it grows 5ft. high, and is a first-rate border plant. The flowers, ranging in colour from white to every shade of lavender, violet and purple, are not so numerous as those of *M. didyma* and less commonly produced in tiers. *M. didyma*, sometimes called Oswego Tea because the inhabitants of that part of North America used to make a tea of the leaves, has handsome flower heads borne in tiers and the colours vary from the richest scarlet to purple, lavender and white. Cambridge Scarlet is one of the best forms, and Mrs. Perry is perhaps even more effective. The purple forms figure under different names, *M. d. violacea superba*, *M. d. purpurea*, *Parma*, &c. The white variety is a most attractive plant. The pink variety is an elusive treasure. I have a real rose pink form with no trace of lavender in its colour, and it associates delightfully with mauve kinds. *M. didyma* and its varieties flower earlier than the other Bergamots. *M. magnifica* has rather rich salmon scarlet flowers.

M. citriodora is seldom listed. I noticed a clump of it in the border at Wisley last time I was there. The leaves have a flavour suggestive of lemon and pepper combined, and it makes a pleasant aromatic tea. *M. Russelliana* I have not seen for many years. The flowers are not so large as those of the species mentioned above, and they are tinted and veined with purple. The leaves are larger and unlike any other Monardas, the stems are rounded.

Bergamots are charmingly decorative grown in big masses either in the border or the herb garden. In my herb garden I associate them with clumps of the pink-flowered Hyssop, also with Horehound, which, with its whorls of white flowers and twisted stems flung in all directions, makes a good contrast to the brilliant colouring and upright growth of the Bergamots. The rather rare upright Pennyroyal, which grows about 2ft. high and has dainty whorls of mauve flowers, comes in the same group. The Bergamots also go well with Lavenders and with *Nepeta grandiflora*, which is I think the finest of all the Nepetas. This Nepeta grows nearly 4ft. high when well established, and the clouds of lavender-blue flowers make the perfect foil for any of the Bergamots, especially the scarlet *M. didyma*.

All the Bergamots do best in a rich moist soil, for they are closely related to the Mints. But they are accommodating and do well even in sandy soil, provided it is enriched with a little humus. On dry soils they should not be planted in full sun. Even in moist soil they last longer in flower and produce more tiers of flowers if planted in part shade. On very poor soils they produce miserable stunted growths and small flowers and are apt to die out in a long spell of drought.

The Bergamots are easily increased by division, and the outer parts can be taken off the plants at almost any time. Raising them from seed is not so easy. Possibly this accounts for the fact that seed is not offered in the leading catalogues. The seed is slow in germinating, and, in my experience, often takes two months. It is best to sow in shade, in drills ¼in. deep, and the seedlings should be pricked out in part shade as soon as they are large enough to handle. The following spring they can be put in their permanent positions.

OBEDIENCE CLASSES FOR DOGS

ONE of the greatest attractions to the public at any dog show which is held to-day is sure to be the ring where the Obedience Classes are being judged. Here onlookers will be crowded together, shoulder to shoulder, watching dogs of various breeds doing exercises designed to test their obedience. The watcher who possesses a logical and inquiring mind, together with an interest in canine matters, is bound to ask himself whether these tests are of any real use to the dog or his owner. Like most questions, it has two sides, and needs consideration.

Before summing up and giving judgment it is as well to know something of the history and evolution of these tests. It is to lovers of Alsatians, now becoming better known as shepherd dogs, that we are indebted to for originating a plan whereby the intelligence of the breed could be seen and appreciated by the general public.

A series of graded exercises based on the usual preliminary training of these dogs were arranged and performed by Alsatians at some of the larger shows and gained instant public attention. At that time there was no thought that these exercises were to be the end all of a dog's education; they were only practical adaptations for competitive purposes, of the preliminary training of a dog intended to work in a far larger sphere. Not unnaturally, the owners and admirers of other breeds could not let it be assumed that their favourites were not as clever or sagacious as Alsatians, and before long poodles, Shetland sheepdogs, Corgis, Rottweilers and even Papillons, together with various other breeds, had all joined in, and performed the allotted tasks extremely well, and obedience training, without the wider view that it was only a preliminary step to a wider education, became an accepted side-line amongst the dog-showing enthusiasts.

The interest involved in training dogs for obedience work undoubtedly gave dog breeders and dog lovers a new and valuable interest. It was no longer sufficient to breed entirely for outward beauty; intellectual power became a necessary adjunct to other points that go to make up the prospective prize-winner.

It is admirable that a dog should be obedient, walking at heel both on and off the lead, lying down when he is told, staying in one place on command and able to do a little elementary retrieving and scent discrimination. It is not too much to say that almost every dog should be able to do these things if he is to be a satisfactory companion and if, by watching the tests at shows, members of the general public are going to be awakened to the latent capabilities of their own dogs then the value of the obedience classes is more than half-way to being proved.

So far so good, and these points alone weigh the scales heavily in favour of obedience classes and the encouragement of them in every way, but the constant onlooker may begin to think further and wonder whether the very excellence of the work done in these classes is not defeating its own ends. At show after show the tests done are exactly similar until the routine comes to resemble a drill. Since dogs are not machines one may perform well one day and badly the next, but what is expected and hoped of him is that he will do exactly the same thing in the same way every time he appears in the ring.

The exercises were originally planned to be elementary obedience lessons capable of being put to practical use in ordinary daily life but they have developed a trimming of red tape, and undue importance is attached to, and marks are given for, details of execution that have no bearing on obedience. So far has this gone that when a dog or his handler makes a mistake and the dog, by the use of his intelligence, rectifies the matter for all practical purposes, the judge is apt to knock off marks.

This narrowing of the issue, and the insistence on obedience rather than intelligence, is a very real danger. Surely it would be of far greater benefit to the dogs, and far more interesting and amusing to the spectators, if there were a number of set tests covering a certain number of possibilities likely to arise in the daily life of the dog and his owner. The pair could then enter the ring and deal with the contingencies in the way that seemed best to their combined intelligences. Certain practical conventions should be retained, such as the dog invariably walking on his master's left-hand side so as to leave his right hand free, but insistence on petty conventions such as unnecessary "sitting" on the part of the dog and standing to attention on the part of the handler could well be done away with.

S. M. LAMPSON.

This is the perfect pair

The purest gin blended with the juices of the finest oranges and lemons makes the perfect pair!

You will find Gordon's Orange Gin and Gordon's Lemon Gin exhilarating as a cocktail, refreshing as a long drink.

Gordon's

ORANGE GIN · LEMON GIN

● Have you tried 3 parts Gordon's Orange Gin to 1 part Lime Juice Cordial? It's delicious.

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

The largest gin distillers in the world

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI.

Established 1785

Established for over 150 years, you will find at 21 Old Bond Street the most exclusive designs in shirtings, besides a large selection of ties and other men's requirements, including, of course, our Tailoring Department, where the quality of our material and high standard of workmanship employed has been so largely responsible for the increasing number of customers we have had the pleasure of supplying.

Gieves
LIMITED

21, OLD BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 6411
Telegrams: "MUFTIS, PICCY, LONDON"

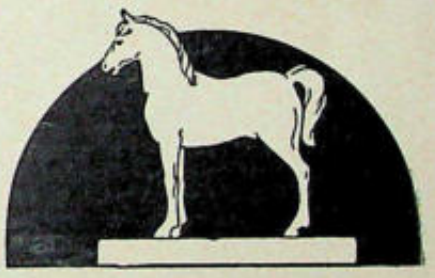
EDINBURGH, WEYMOUTH, CHATHAM, SOUTHSEA, LIVERPOOL, PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, GIBRALTAR, MALTA

Complete home comfort in cold weather is simple to acquire and inexpensive to maintain. Install an ESSE Anthracite Stove and start now to enjoy the health and comfort of *continuous* heating by the most economical method available today. You can heat a room from beginning to end of winter for as little as 3d. for 24 hours, according to the size and style of stove required. Exterior design of the B. J. ESSE No. 3, illustrated here, by Betty Joel. Write today for illustrated catalogues and details of ESSE hire purchase plan to Dept. F.S.4.

ESSE
PATENT STOVES

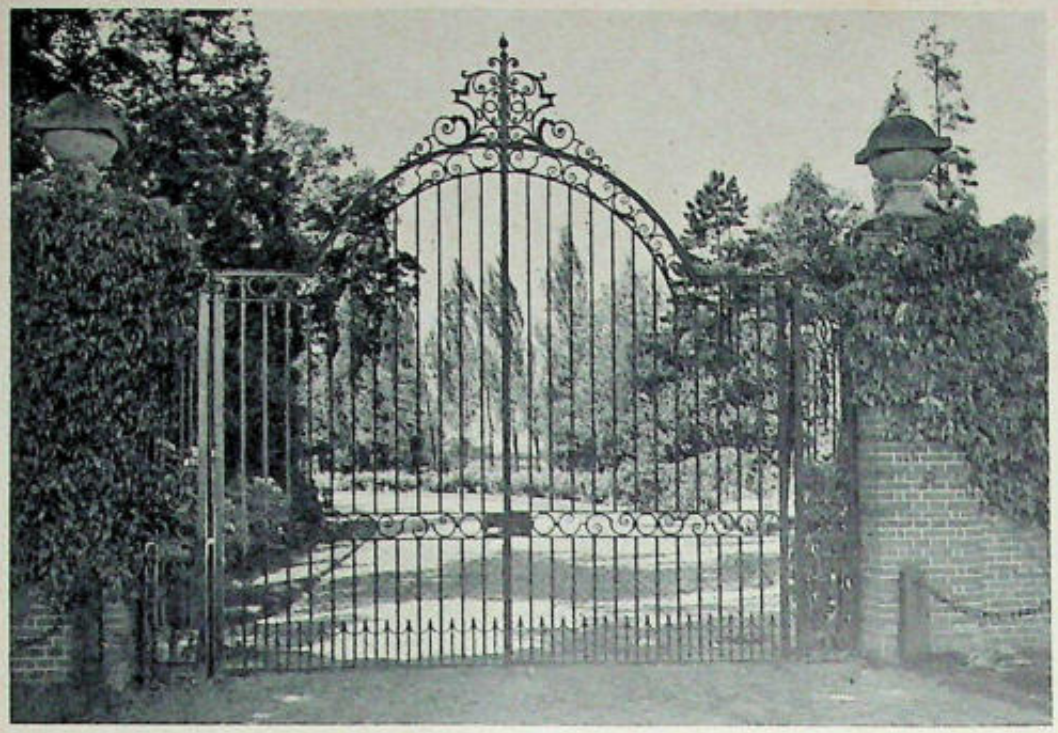
SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
Established 1854

LONDON: 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4 & 63 Conduit Street, W.1
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place GLASGOW: 11 Dixon Street, C.1



Ask for
WHITE HORSE
as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere



ENTRANCE GATES TO A COUNTRY HOUSE IN HERTFORDSHIRE

"Ideal gate pillars are built of brick or stone"

WROUGHT IRON IN THE GARDEN

Some Principles of Gate Design

By RICHARD SUDELL

ALTHOUGH the craft of the smith is one of the most ancient in the world, we do not find any records of the use of wrought iron garden gates and grilles in general use in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century (although great use of this material had been made on the Continent for some time before). It was not until the constructing of the wrought iron gates, &c., at the Hampton Court Palace that the craft became firmly established in this country, and it was from this period up to the end of the eighteenth century that some of the finest examples of English work were carried out.

The style of gate developed in this country was very different from the intricate and, one might almost say, florid work turned out by the Italian and French craftsmen. For instance, the ornament was confined to the top, or pediment, and the side panels, while the centre portion of the gate was filled with vertical square section bars, making the whole rather severe, but giving a great dignity to the arch or pillars in which it was set.

Wrought iron for garden fences has not of recent years received its just recognition, partly no doubt on account of the initial expense involved, but, where finances will allow, it is the best material for this class of work, adding enormously to the appearance and dignity of the house.

In the best periods of English garden design wrought iron work was held to be almost essential to its highest development and should it be decided to utilise this material the soundest advice to offer would be to keep the fence as simple and strong as possible, with the ornamental emphasis seldom occurring, and concentrated at special points to pronounce main lines of the composition. This result is obtained by reserving the ornament for the pilasters and gates.

Writing of the necessity for keeping the design of the fence simple and strong, reminds me of a point which I cannot over-emphasise regarding the construction of the pillars or walls upon which the garden gates are to be hung. Although I have seen many excellent examples of timber pillars used for this purpose, it has always seemed to me that the material is not quite suitable for this class of work, owing to its rather soft, one might almost say, weak, appearance. I think this is mainly due to the difficulty of obtaining large baulks for carrying the heavy gates; I am referring, of course, at the moment to the double swing type of gates generally used at drive entrances.

Ideal gate pillars are built of brick or stone, or a combination of the two; this not only gives solidity, but provides a challenge to the architect to show his skill in design. The pillars should reflect, as far as possible, both the character and period of the house with which they are connected; but one should take care that the balance between the two is well maintained.

In designing a gate of this type, one should remember to repeat, as far as possible, the main lines of the pillars; the repetition will give a pleasing sense of uniformity. For instance, on the pillar generally seen in a house of the Elizabethan period the ornament is usually confined to the base and cap and therefore when choosing a gate suitable for it particular care should be taken. The centre should be free from any distracting curves or scroll work, these being only on the pediment and bottom of the gate, and the central portion should be filled with straight vertical bars in which there could be set the name of the residence, or even, in some cases, the armorial bearings.

More complicated designs of hand-wrought scrolls are seen at their best when combined with brick pillars as this material lacks the severity of mason-wrought stone. I would, however, point out at this juncture, that all scroll work should be carried out in rather lighter material than that previously described, otherwise the whole work tends to look clumsy.

A type of drive entrance which, I am glad to say, now appears to be dying out, is the double swing lodge gates. These were so built because of a mistaken and slavish following of the principles of symmetry and love of grandeur. As far back as the beginning of the nineteenth century a famous landscape architect, Humphrey Repton, was campaigning against their construction, and the objections which he raised then apply with even more force to-day, when the living conditions of the world are more balanced.

Walls are sometimes pierced, not only for gates, but for windows. Such a feature is known as the "clairvoyie," and is covered with a wrought iron grill or similar work. Its purpose is to give the passer-by a glimpse of the garden, or alternatively from within to give a view of what is happening outside. In England it tends to make draughts in what might otherwise be considered a sheltered area and to counteract this, I would suggest that a plain movable wooden shutter be fixed.

There are, of course, an infinite variety of shapes that one can use for these openings, and, as a matter of fact, I am at present constructing an oval gateway in a garden in Sussex, which can be revolved on a central pivot. I have also built, on another occasion, a circular gate of about 6ft. in diameter, filling the opening in a brick-built European version of the Chinese Moon Gate.

The garden gateway and gate really merit a little extravagance that redounds to the credit of the whole enclosure; if any extravagance is to be indulged in, let it be there. Above all things, do see that the gate piers are firmly founded and built, and massive enough to stay plumb and straight, so that the gate will not sag after a few years.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

HOW frequently does misunderstanding arise between a landowner and his tenant which is usually avoidable and which is almost always based on ignorance of one another's point of view. It is the duty of the land agent to smooth out these difficulties, and as far as possible to anticipate them.

Some little discourtesy is resented by the tenant. A keeper is untactful, or maybe the owner is seen in the vicinity and does not call to pass the time of day, or maybe after a successful shoot the present is a brace of rabbits instead of pheasants. Some real or fancied slight, because tenants set a great store upon the little acts of courtesy and kindness of the owner. An agent should be able to set such matters right.

On the other hand, other fancied slights may follow, the tenant now being in the mood to take offence easily, and the goodwill that should exist between landlord and tenant is destroyed. The tenant commences to see in what way he can return the compliment, and the owner receives demands for repairs, or the sanitary inspector mysteriously becomes active in connection with cottages. Other disagreements follow and an ultimate rift becomes inevitable.

Directly it is apparent that a tenant feels aggrieved it is imperative that the owner in his own interest should call and see him, or at least arrange for his agent to do so. And the tenant must receive the impression, the correct impression, that the owner is genuinely interested in his welfare.

An owner whose time is fully occupied should see that dealings with his tenants are conducted by someone with knowledge of the countryside and of the management of estates, and not by his, in many respects, most estimable private secretary.

A small example of misunderstanding arose recently. A tenant rented the home farm. The owner had some hunters, ten of them, and failing to appreciate that when a farm is let to a tenant at a rent he is entitled to possession without interference, turned out his hunters in the nearest paddock without a word to the tenant. In that paddock at the time were some in-calf heifers, which the horses chased about, fortunately without harm. An ugly situation was averted by a tactful agent, but only after the owner had nearly precipitated a breach by stating his intention of doing what he liked with his own land. R. D.

The NEW

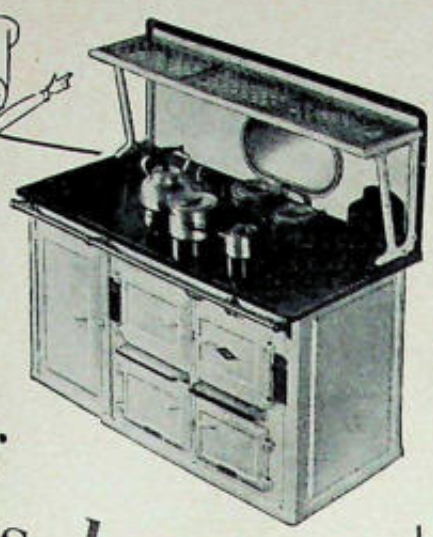
KODAK FILMS

for 35mm. CAMERAS

These new Kodak films supply two of the chief needs of miniature camera owners: more speed, with no loss of fine grain; or finer grain with no loss of speed. Price of each film: 36-exposure cassette, 3/6.

Kodak PLUS-X	About double the speed of Kodak's famous 'Panatomic,' yet the grain is even finer. Panchromatic. Non-halation. Suggests itself as the future all-purpose film for 35mm. cameras.
Kodak PANATOMIC-X	An emulsion of the finest possible grain — considerably finer even than 'Panatomic.' For big enlargements of remarkable brilliance with no appreciable graininess, many times the original negative size. Speed at least equal to 'Panatomic.'
Kodak SUPER-XX	Fastest of all Kodak films — about four times as fast as 'Panatomic.' Has finer grain than any other film of comparable speed. With a high-speed lens, it is unequalled for action shots or indoor pictures in otherwise almost hopeless lighting conditions.

Besides these, there are five other Kodak 35mm. films: 'Panatomic,' Super Sensitive Panchromatic, Super-X, E.F. (fine grain), and 'Kodachrome' for grainless colour. Ask your Kodak Dealer for detailed information on all Kodak 35mm. films, or write to Mr. F. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



An ESSE Cooker provides better cooking at much less cost

ESSE Heat Storage Cookers are noted for the improvement of delicate flavours in food cooked, great fuel economy and continuous service—instantly ready night and day. There is an ESSE for every size of household. Catalogues will be gladly sent on request. Favourable hire purchase terms are available.

ESSE Cooker Company

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd., Est. 1854

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS
BONNYBRIDGE : SCOTLAND

LONDON SHOWROOMS
63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1
& 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

LIVERPOOL : 20, Canning Place
EDINBURGH : 17, Greenside Place
GLASGOW : 11, Dixon Street, C.1

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Regd. Trade Mark

FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR. IT PROMOTES THE GROWTH, GIVES LIFE AND LUSTRE AND LONG DELAYS BALDNESS

3/6, 7/- & 10/6

from Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers

THE LEADING HAIR TONIC FOR OVER 140 YEARS

Send for free Booklet

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd.
22, Laystall St., Rosebery Ave., London, E.C.1

THERE'S NO USE TALKING

Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKY
Established 1820

"The Joys of Man"

by

Sir

HUGH WALPOLE

Here is Sir Hugh Walpole at his best, on a subject in which his insight is matched only by his personal delight.

"I came to cigars rather late in life — that is, for many years I smoked them because I thought that I ought to, rather than because I wanted to. Now I'm old enough to know that there's no obligation. If you smoke a Havana cigar it's because you like to smoke a Havana cigar. All day? No—But at the right hour, slowly, delicately, and with full realisation of the wonderful peace and goodwill that their flavour and richness give me.

One of the reasons that I hope I may live long is that I may enjoy again and again, the peace, the sense of security, the receptiveness that smoking a Havana cigar quietly, selfishly, gives me."

Issued by the Cuban Government to further the smoking of

HAVANA CIGARS

Comisión Nacional de Propaganda del Tabaco Habano.

D.A.138

WHITE-FISH MEAL

A Food of Growing Importance

IN these days of apprehension when great nations resort almost to the point of actual force with all its resultant horrors, it is pleasing to record one of the few bright features which emanated from the Great War. Again necessity became the mother of invention, for export difficulties, allied with a shortage of foodstuffs, transformed what had been just a means of getting rid of 200,000 tons of surplus white-fish waste into the development of the thriving fish meal industry of to-day.

Prior to the years 1912–13 this valuable residue had been mostly exported to Germany, Japan and to the United States for use as a fertiliser, though a little had been sold in the home counties as fish guano. But Germany has a very large pig population, and experiments were carried out in that country and Norway which proved the possibilities of producing a meal eminently satisfactory for pig fattening and bone formation. The traditional conservatism of the British farmer, however, did little to assist the sale of white-fish meal for his cattle, pigs and poultry, and the pioneers of the industry found the corn merchants equally nonchalant. It was not until the real scarcity and heavy cost of foodstuffs became apparent that any headway was made by the manufacturers of this new product which has proved so invaluable to stock-raisers. To-day the home consumption of white-fish meal alone has reached the record figure of 65,000 tons annually, and thanks to lengthy experiments and vastly improved factory methods the industry provides a high-grade flesh- and bone-forming meal suitable for all classes of stock.

The daily landings from our extensive and ever-generous fishing grounds are disposed of by the wholesalers on the dockside inside three hours, though little more than 30 per cent. is despatched the same day to the shops, restaurants and fish friers for human consumption, as the operation of "heading" and filleting accounts for the remainder. Thus fully half of the merchants' purchases on the market is packed into barrels and speedily transported to the fish meal factories, along with any surplus white-fish which has not been disposed of at the morning's auction. For convenience these modern factories are usually located on or near the dockside, for the raw material must be fresh, and then the work of processing into white-fish meal commences, and when supplies are plentiful the factories are kept working day and night to avoid accumulation. Meal bagged and ready for dispatch is often from that day's landings, so ingenious and elaborate is the machinery employed during the process of conversion.

Only those who have watched the speedy transformation of this white-fish surplus could recognise the fine, medium or coarse brown meal available in bags ready for transport two-and-a-half hours later, yet this is a daily routine made possible by the most modern mechanical plant. A brief description of the method of converting white-fish waste into white-fish meal is helpful to gain an insight into the nature of this feeding product.

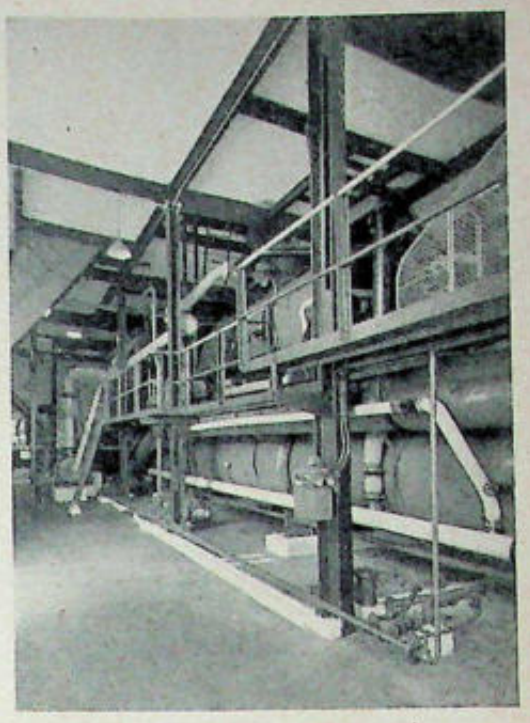
The first operation is to turn the raw material into a pulp. This is done by rotary, steel-toothed rollers resembling a series of circular saws. These fulfil a somewhat similar function to the human teeth, breaking up the fish so that the digestive processes can function uniformly.

The "hacker," as it is called, chops the fish into pieces, pulverises the pieces, and passes the pulp to other machines. The material then goes into the sterilising chamber for a period of 15 or 20 minutes and afterwards drops into conveyers which carry it into the drying cylinders.

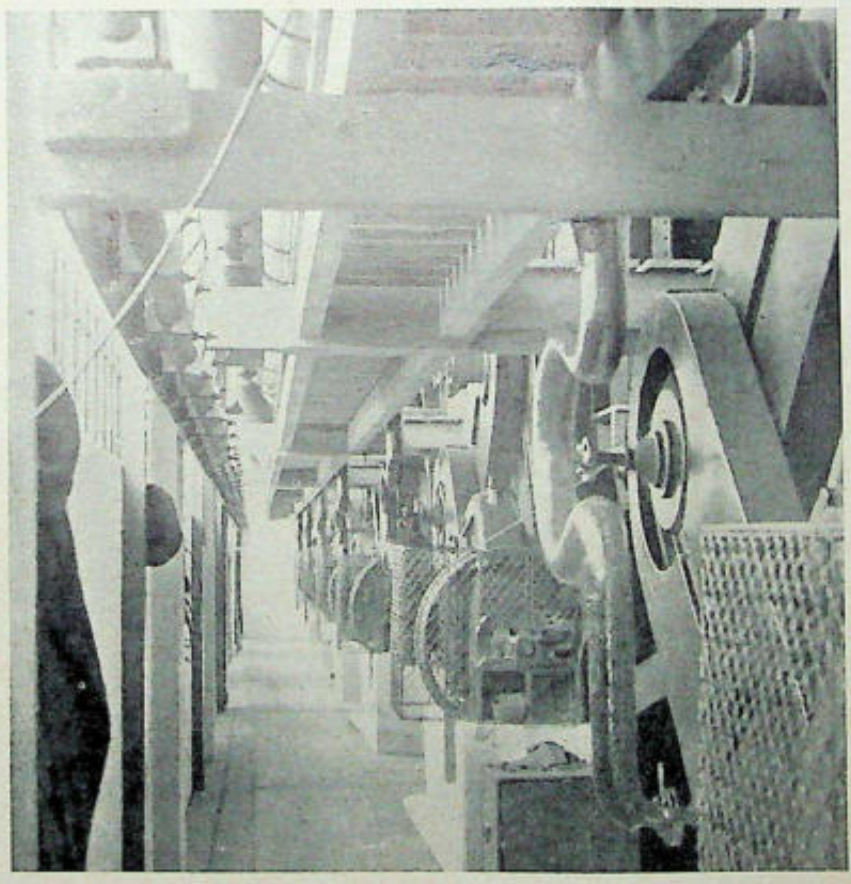
Fish consists of 75 to 80 per cent. of water, and it is necessary to reduce this to about 10 per cent. For this purpose there are huge steam-heated cylinders, placed deck above deck. Carried to the top deck, the material is passed through a succession of cylinders from deck to deck which deprives it of moisture. This journey normally takes two-and-a-half hours, though some machines which incorporate a vacuum principle still further reduce the time, the material finally emerging as an uneven yellowish-brown meal.

After passing over powerful electro-magnets which extract any fish-hooks that may have been embedded in the raw fish, the meal travels into grinding mills and thence to the dressing machines, where it is graded by passing through appropriate wire meshes to suit customers' requirements, *i.e.*, into fine, medium or coarse. From the dressing machines the meal gravitates to the automatic bagging and weighing machines and is ready for despatch to all parts of the British Isles.

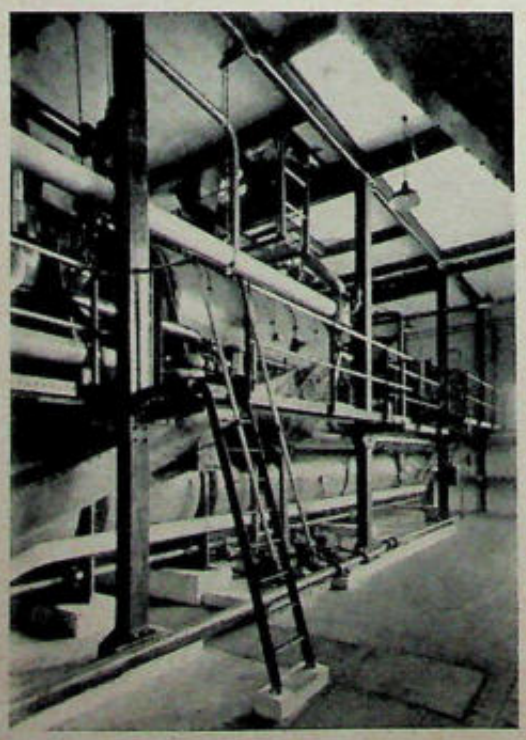
By the latest processes this transformation is achieved by one continuous mechanical operation without the material being once touched by hand.



FISH MEAL DRIERS



"FISH CONSISTS OF 75 TO 80 PER CENT. OF WATER, AND IT IS NECESSARY TO REDUCE THIS TO ABOUT 10 PER CENT."



A VIEW OF A FISH MEAL DRYING PLANT

Prepared by these methods, white-fish meal has a light yellowish-brown colour and a characteristic smell, slightly fishy, but somewhat pleasant and appetising. White-fish meal is now used extensively in balanced rations without any fear of producing fishy taint in the flesh of livestock. If stored in a dry, cool place it will keep indefinitely and for many years has proved most beneficial to cattle, pigs and poultry.

Factories at Aberdeen, Glasgow, North Shields, Hartlepool, Leeds, Hull, Grimsby, Warrington, London, Milford Haven and other towns employ large numbers of workers, and the home consumption is increasing annually. The following figures give some idea of the consistent advancement the industry has made:

	1933–34	1934–35	1935–36	1936–37
Tons ..	41,000	51,000	57,000	64,000

The present year shows a further substantial increase, but it is realised there is a much larger potential market for this valuable product.

The question naturally arises as to whether the use of white-fish meal is economical. To obtain an insight into this matter it may be compared from this standpoint with certain other protein-rich foods. The comparison must be based on a consideration of protein and mineral content, since white-fish meal is used specifically to supply these constituents. It can be shown that 1 ton of white-fish meal contains as much digestible protein and minerals as 2¼ tons of linseed cake supplemented with about 2cwt. of lime phosphate. Obviously, white-fish meal is a somewhat cheaper source than linseed cake of digestible protein (but not, of course, of starch equivalent).

For pig-feeding, however, a fairer comparison would be with extracted soya-bean meal, since the latter, when supplemented with minerals, is probably the best feeding stuff of vegetable origin for use as a substitute for white-fish meal in pig rations. One ton of white-fish meal contains as much protein and minerals as 1⅞ tons of extracted soya-bean meal plus about 2½cwt. of lime phosphate.

It is a tribute to the worth of white-fish meal as a food for livestock that many of the shrewdest and most successful stock-raisers continue, in all circumstances, to use this feeding stuff in the rations of their livestock, and that the standard ration prescribed by the Minister of Agriculture under the Bacon Industry Act for the new pig contract includes 10 per cent. of white-fish meal.

In the current Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture, Mr. S. J. Wright contributes some reflections on the present meaning of the word "mechanisation" in modern farming. He points out that the initial farming prejudice against machines has been dissipated by the increasing spectacle of their worth, and only doubts as to future policy and the immediate lack of capital prevents a more widespread use. Mr. Wright points out some of the facts which have prevented a universal adoption of machines. Among these are holdings which are too small, and those intersected by unnegotiable roads and hedges. We take the view that the adoption of machinery on English farms will be very much accelerated by a wiser view of taxation. Many tractors are taxed although they may simply cross a road occasionally and hardly ever proceed along it. The present state of legislation, too, is hardly encouraging for young boys leaving school to take up tractor driving. There can be no doubt that practical demonstrations and lectures on engineering should become a regular feature.

"I stopped experimenting . . .

"In my younger days I've been offered liqueur brandy in impressive looking bottles, dim with the dust of decades. Alas! Often enough, the only thing 'impressive' turned out to be the price. I stopped experimenting when I found this Hennessy "XO." The bottle may look modest; but believe me the liqueur brandy it contains comes from a very venerable cask. Age alone is *something*; but in Hennessy "XO" age is beautifully balanced with body and bouquet—and that is *everything*."

It's the age in the cask that counts . . . . .

HENNESSY "XO"

Fine Liqueur Cognac Brandy

DORLAND

A message from Britain's leading WHITE-FISH MEAL MANUFACTURERS

Over 20 years of use have proved the value of home-produced White-Fish Meal. It is the finest, most easily digestible concentrate for bone and body building in all farm stock. Its mineral and protein content is uniformly high . . . its oil content uniformly low. Inferior substitutes, which have only low price to commend them, have appeared on the market, and to protect farmers against these, British manufacturers are co-operating to offer assistance and advice to all stock-feeding problems and to make it easy for buyers to identify GENUINE home-produced White-Fish Meal.

There are a dozen good brands . . . your merchant can supply, or write to the Association who will be pleased to assist you in solving your feeding problems.

Issued by the Association of the Fish Meal Manufacturers, 31, St. Andrew's Dock, HULL

INSIST ON

Home Produced **WHITE-FISH MEAL**

Send p.c. for our latest publication, *"FARM RATIONS"*

TRACTORS & TACKLE
for Hire for
Farm & Estate Work

CULTIVATIONS
TIMBER HAULING
LAND CLEARING and RECLAMATION
Also PREPARATION OF PRIVATE LANDING-GROUNDS

Schemes prepared and Estimates given for Jobs in any part of the country.

P. J. EDMONDS
Itchen Abbas, nr. WINCHESTER
Contractor to the Air Ministry

THE "FIELD" HUNTING REGISTER

Handsomely bound in red

Ample space to record details of every run throughout the season.

5/-
(Postage 6d.)

FROM BOOKSELLERS, OR FROM THE "FIELD," BREAM'S BLDGS., E.C.4

LIGHT HORSES

Their Breeding and Management

By SIR M. R. BURRELL

A practical handbook for use on small stud farms, in concise and simple form.

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

3/6
POSTAGE 4d.

Easily carried Adjusted with ease

Length closed 10" Extended 18"

On firing points shows .22 shot holes at 100 yards. Finished in black waterproof material.

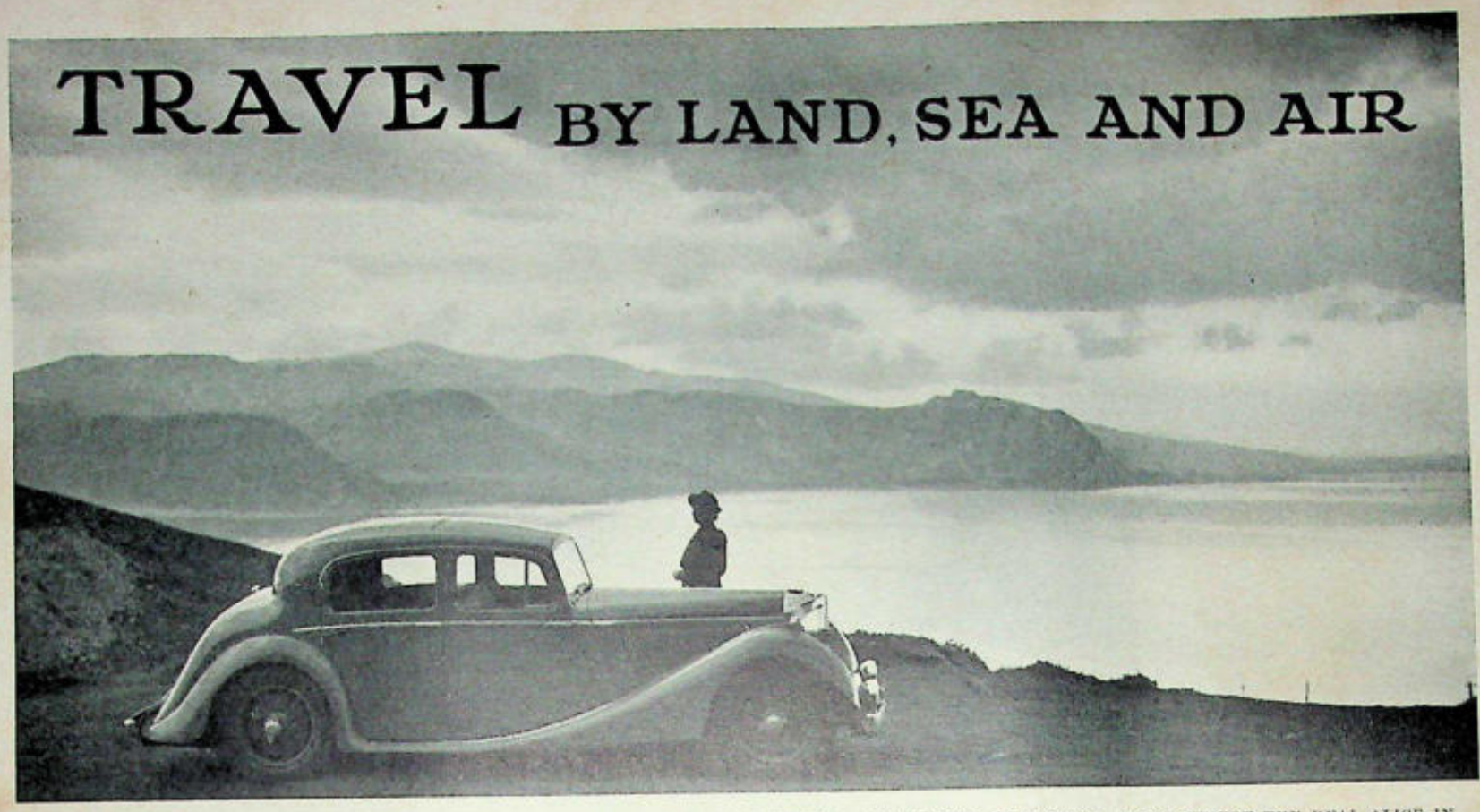
THE BISTEL TELESCOPE

gives powerful magnification with great portability. Invaluable when shooting, yachting, cruising, mountaineering, &c. Single draw-tube fitted with fine adjustment eye-piece for focusing with precision. Sliding dew shade. Light and compact.

PRICE £5
Write for fully descriptive brochure

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

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



EVENING ON CONWAY SANDS VIEWED FROM GREAT ORME'S HEAD, NEAR LLANDUDNO. BELOW THIS IS GOGARTH ABBEY WHERE THE REAL ALICE IN WONDERLAND, ALICE LIDDELL, LIVED. THE CAR IS A 2½ LITRE S.S. JAGUAR

"SABLE-VESTED NIGHT"

Driving Between Sunset and Morning

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

FROM my early motoring days I recall an "old-hand" saying as he left his country retreat in brilliant sunshine: "We must see the lights of London before dusk." In those days of fitful oil lamps and almost non-existent road lighting, this was a wise enough precaution, and even now, with our advanced car equipment and improved street illumination, it serves to illustrate the vast difference between day and night driving.

Despite modern refinements, I still regard driving from sunset onwards as a whole-time job, requiring every atom of a motorist's concentration. According to some American records for 1937 which I have before me, over 60 per cent. of the traffic deaths in that country occurred during the hours of darkness when normally there is less than half as much traffic as in daytime. From such statistics it is not possible to discover to what causes the major proportion of these fatalities are attributable, but the amazingly high incidence of night accidents does point unhesitatingly to the increased danger factor.

There are so many more difficulties to contend with at night-time, especially during wet weather, which should be borne in mind, and which necessitate the adoption of quite a different technique from driving by day.

First of all, the range of visibility is lowered so that the power of observation must become more acute in order to compensate for this loss of vision. In this the headlights of approaching vehicles play a most important part. They reveal twists and sudden bends in the highway, and also serve to silhouette objects on the highway because these interrupt the beams of light shining towards the driver from the opposite direction. Hill crests are revealed, as are narrow bridges and road junctions.

Oncoming headlights should be watched—but only up to a certain distance. Here I must sound a warning. It is a mistake to look into the headlights coming towards your car when they are fairly close. It is imperative when two cars pass at night for both drivers to slacken speed and to watch the nearside kerb or pavement intently. There are two major reasons for this practice, the first being that it reduces the intensity and amount of light which enters the eye, consequently allowing more time for readjustment to the comparative dimness when the cars have passed, and the second that by keeping to the near side all risk of collision is obviated, although the danger of overtaking cyclists is ever present.

Obviously it is not possible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule for the distances at which the entire attention should be focused on the edge of the road, because of the variation of individual requirements and the speed of both vehicles at the time—but experience is the best teacher.

Some drivers believe that unless they watch an oncoming car it will not be possible to avert a collision, because they will not know where the other car is and where to steer in order to avoid it. But in the words of one expert:

"When two drivers are approaching each other, each looking into the other's lights and not watching the edge of the road, it is a matter of the blind leading the blind. Neither knows just where he is going. The only thing that each knows is that he is not striking the other driver."

I believe the phrase "blind leading the blind" meets the case admirably, and endorse it unreservedly, especially when it is remembered that, if and when the passing has been negotiated successfully, each driver will emerge from the brilliant glare into unrelieved darkness in which his own headlights will be temporarily ineffective until vision returns to normal. During that "blind" period—which may only be a matter of split seconds—the worst can happen, danger being more pronounced when speed is high.

Overtaking at night is a hazardous business which demands the exercise of extreme caution. Personally, I always give myself an ample margin of safety before attempting the manœuvre, no matter what car I am driving and how efficient its electrical equipment. I bear in mind that the other fellow is an unknown quantity and may do something inexplicable, while the road ahead is always liable to undergo a rapid and disconcerting change—particularly in this country. The loss of a few seconds for safety's sake is a good investment.

Speed is, of course, a vital consideration, and must be varied according to conditions prevailing. Along one or two of our newer trunk roads lighting systems have been installed which permit sustained high speed, but, unfortunately, such stretches of road are all too rare. Curves call for a degree of deceleration far greater than that which is normal in daytime, as do bends, crossings and bridges.

Built-up areas offer new obstacles at night because they are, in the main, poorly illuminated, and shop signs are apt to be confused with traffic signals. Belisha beacons are rarely visible and pedestrians far more difficult to discern than in the daytime, owing to the decreased surface detail which is visible. Two-thirds of our accidents occur in the built-up areas, so there is every reason to proceed with care, especially late at night, when recourse to the horn is prohibited by law.

Much has already been written concerning dipping and dimming of headlights so that it is hardly necessary for me to dilate on this theme. I cannot, however, too strongly urge courtesy to other road users in the interests of general safety.

During recent years the research conducted by electrical experts has shorn many hazards from night driving. The standard of equipment for lighting is an exceedingly high one, and even the cheapest car has an effective and well-designed system. The best advantage is not always taken of this, for motorists are notoriously careless about correct focusing to give maximum visibility and general efficiency. New alignment and refocusing can be carried out at home, but for the sake of a few shillings I would advise that a good service station should be delegated to do the work, and periodically to check over the wiring and bulbs. A stitch in time in this direction can save all sorts of tiresome delays through minor breakdowns, and save anxiety over lighting failure.

All things considered, motor-car bulbs have a very rough passage, subjected as they are to excessive vibration and the effects of bad weather. As compared with the ordinary domestic lamps, motor-car bulbs seem to enjoy a charmed existence. They must retire from service sooner or later, and I advocate a thorough inspection every few months, particularly during the winter. A nasty situation would arise if, for example, the headlamps both failed when one is travelling at fairly high speed even if the road is reasonably straight and clear.

I notice that there is a marked tendency now to have passlights fitted, and believe the day will come when these are included in the standard equipment of all cars. They are now being produced by the reputable manufacturers and are inexpensive, besides being simple to fit to any existing electrical system. I recommend the passlight most heartily because not only does its adoption simplify night driving, but also makes for increased safety. The special low beam does not inconvenience other road users.

Dazzle still represents a problem sufficient to cause electrical illumination specialists a great deal of difficulty, but I know they do not regard its elimination as an insuperable task. The past five years have seen much improvement, and it is my opinion that patient research will ultimately yield a non-dazzle, penetrating beam with long range. This, allied with kerb-side reflectors, light-coloured road surfaces, and intelligent road illumination, will do much to effect a worthwhile reduction in the number of night accidents and relieve the motorist of excessive strain.

THE MAIA FOAMING ITS WAY ACROSS SOUTHAMPTON WATER PRIOR TO THE TAKE-OFF

THE AIR CONQUEST OF DISTANCE

Mercury's Great Flight and its Significance

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

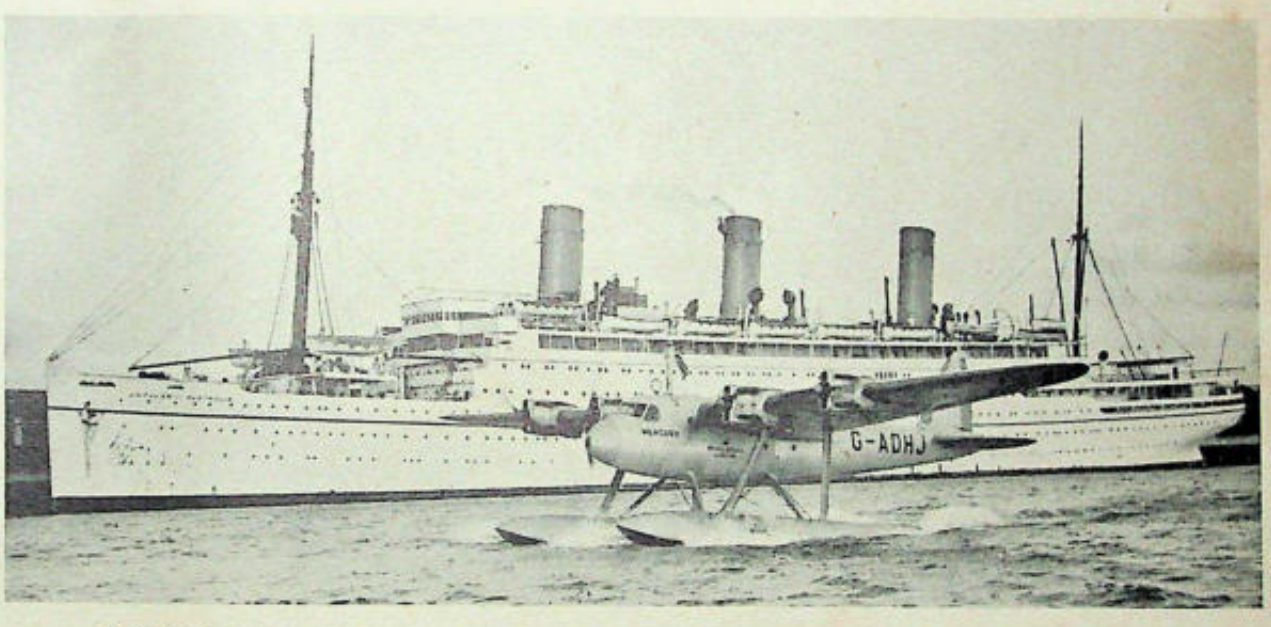
THOUGH Mercury failed to establish a new absolute distance record on her recent flight to South Africa, there can be no doubt that her performance was one of the most outstanding in recent aviation history. The distance covered was 6,045 miles, which falls short of what was the world's record, held by Russia, by only 260 miles, though it surpassed the previous seaplane record standing to the credit of Germany by the handsome margin of 825 miles. With better luck and more favourable conditions, the absolute record seems to be well within her capacity.

The flight has, however, an importance considerably greater than the mere making and breaking of records. It has given a most convincing demonstration of the practicability of the composite system of launching and has shown strikingly how long-range non-stop flight is gradually coming within the realm of everyday commercial aeronautics.

Of this, there could be no more telling demonstration than a comparison between the outward and homeward flights of Mercury. When launched from the lower component Maia, she was able to travel more than 6,000 miles non-stop. Forced to take off under her own power, she had to fly back by short, easy stages. The return journey occupied close on a week, as against 42 hours 6 minutes for the non-stop journey.

The point that this comparison emphasises is that the introduction of ever-increasing non-stop stages is of vital importance to commercial flying, if overall journey times are to be reduced to the periods that contemporary high-speed aircraft make possible. Practically this reduces very largely to the problem of take-off. The ability of modern engines to operate reliably for extended times has been abundantly proved, and the aircraft of to-day has grown large enough to make passenger comfort possible on long journeys. For mails, of course, the range of machines could be increased to the maximum, provided that proper arrangements are afforded for relief crew.

Mercury's flight, then, may be taken as a significant index of the progress towards solving the take-off problem. The launch, at a height of 4,700ft., was made with a greater all-up weight than any previously made under working conditions—the actual all-up weight being 27,500lb., as compared with 20,800lb. on the Atlantic flights. The ease with which the separation was made proves conclusively that the Mayo composite system is an important contribution to getting machines into the air with a considerable overload.



MERCURY LANDING ALONGSIDE THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA, AT SOUTHAMPTON, AT THE END OF HER RETURN FLIGHT FROM THE CAPE

THE COMPONENTS OF THE MAYO LANDING TOGETHER ON THE CALM WATERS OF THE MEDWAY AFTER ONE OF THEIR EARLY FLIGHTS

The present upper component is, of course, a relatively small seaplane, with no passenger accommodation and only limited space for mails when the maximum petrol load is on board. The next step must be to explore the possibility of launching larger types by this method. If it proves possible to adopt the system for extra large machines, non-stop flights of very long duration should become practicable and the aeroplane given a range that, a few years ago, would have seemed possible only to the airship.

It is only natural that this flight should again have brought into prominence the whole problem of assisted take-off, and, though the subject has been discussed here before, it is worth while briefly to touch on the chief points again.

The method of catapult launching, which has proved so useful on the German South Atlantic service, is not truly comparable to the Mayo method. In the former the machine is merely accelerated into the air, and the dangers and difficulties of gaining a safe height with a fully-loaded machine remain. The machine is not so much assisted to safe flying conditions as propelled into the air. Practically the only gain is that the length of take-off run is reduced.

Refuelling in the air is, in fact, the most potential alternative to the Mayo system so far available. In this method, of course, the machine, lightly loaded, ascends to the desired height and there takes on her full load of fuel from another aeroplane. Imperial Airways have been experimenting with this system, though comparatively little has been heard of the results of the tests.

It has been argued that the composite system's chief drawback is that the upper component cannot utilise its long-range capacity unless a properly designed lower component is available, and that this means the provision of a large and expensive fleet of auxiliaries.

This disadvantage is shared with the refuelling method, but it would appear that the composite method scores. The lower components of the Mayo design are, except for the launching gear, normal commercial aircraft, and might be used for normal service work when not employed in separation duties. Thus the provision of these machines at chosen bases on the air routes stands some chance at least of being economic.

On the other hand, the fuelling aircraft—or "flying tanker," as it has been called—is a specialised machine that could hardly be employed on any duties but refuelling in the air and would, therefore, be forced to stand idle when not so engaged. This seems to be a point of some importance, assuming the merits of the two systems, from the launching point of view, to be approximately equal.

Whether this is so can, of course, only be established by practical experience. Data on fuelling in the air, as applied to commercial flying, are so far comparatively scanty. On the face of it, however, a slight advantage would appear to lie with the composite system, not only for the reason just mentioned, but on a time basis. The composite aircraft goes into the air with the upper component ready for her flight; there is no delay when height has been gained. Fuelling must necessarily take some little time during which the two machines must cruise in company. This is an aspect that actual experiment and experience must illumine more fully.

In the meantime, Mercury's flight is a very heartening development, and lends new interest to the construction of the promised landplane version and the further tests in prospect. It brings us one step nearer non-stop long-distance commercial flying by heavier-than-air machines.

VANISHING GAME OF THE CAPE

"Vaal Rhebok—One of the Dreams Accomplished"

I HAD been keeping a weather eye open for news of Vaal rhebok for the last ten years, and had had two or three blank hunts up in the north (O.F.S. and Transvaal), so this year I made them my true objective. Inquiries convinced me that Cape Province was the best locality. They are unknown north of the Vaal River, and in the few places in which they occur outside the Cape they are rightly strictly preserved.

In my own heart I had written down Vaal rhebok as one of the almost extinct survivors of the past, soon to share the fate of quagga and bontebok. I am glad to be able to refute this theory entirely.

We started investigations in the Cape Peninsula in early January, 1938. I had an old acquaintance in the Director of the Cape Town Museum, who, knowing my aspirations to complete a museum collection, was good enough to promise his help. But before I applied for permission to shoot Royal game (as Vaal rhebok are) out of season I meant to know more about them. I am a keen collector, but I will not shoot a farmyard sheep inside a wire fence.

I have several friends among the farmers of the Cape, and invitations to visit their farms and to stalk and photograph their rhebok came in thick and fast. Hospitality to strangers is one of the salient qualities of the Union of South Africa, and, Dutch or English, I found my hosts of the best. But there was no question yet of shooting. On each farm of several thousand morgen I found one or two herds of rhebok, averaging about five beasts in number, very wild and strictly guarded.

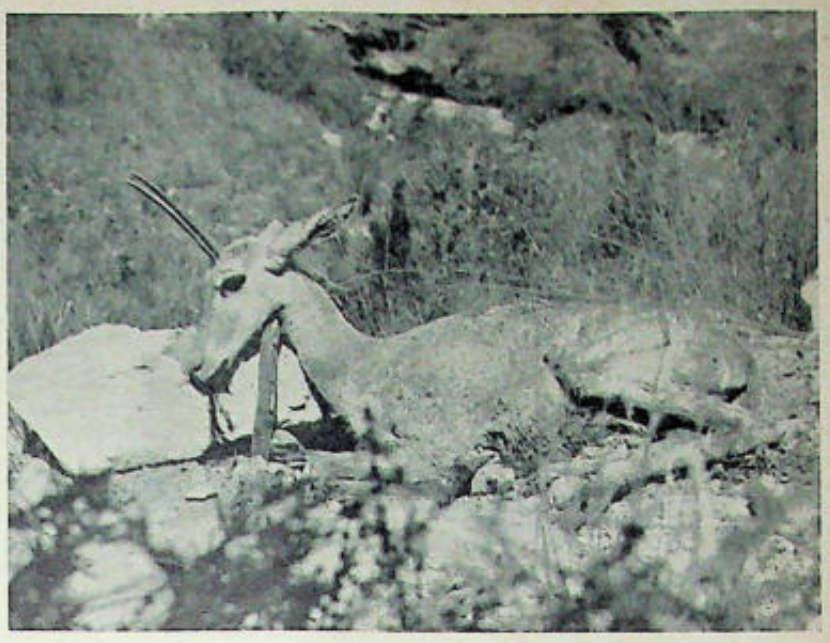
They would have been very difficult to shoot in their dull surroundings—a low kopje or two set in fenced acres of cultivation. At 500yds. I could see no outstanding rams. I got my first photos of a cleverly driven herd at 100yds. Very poor results.

Then I heard rumours of rhebok near Cape Point—the very toe of the Peninsula—and we sighted our first herd of rhebok at our first cast on Smith's farm within sight of Lighthouse Hill. Smith was agreeable, and in a day's jaunt a week later we counted six or seven herds, numbering 27 beasts, scarcely having to leave our car, between Scarborough Settlement and Smith's farm. At a rough and ready estimate I would put the rhebok inhabitants of Cape Point at at least a hundred head. Even the authorities were amazed; they had estimated them at a weak herd of twelve, survivors of thirty.

From a casual seat in a motor car we sighted one herd of Vaal rhebok in the stony hills behind Sir Lowrie's Pass above the Reservoir and another herd of five later by the roadside between Swellendam and Heidelberg. The latter is a fine strip of game country and well worth further investigation.

We reached George—300 miles north-east of Cape Town—in early February. I have no space for rustic eulogy, but George deserves its fame.

Inquiries met dead-end after dead-end; it is amazing how few among the actual inhabitants knew what a rhebok is. The Director of Forests in George proved the god out of the machine. Vaal rhebok? Of course, numbers of them on the Reserve. I could go and look at them and welcome. Strictly preserved, of course, the very apple of his eye, and so likewise of his wardens. But enthusiasm is catching; you would share your last shirt with the man who is really keen. Besides, as I pointed out, I only wanted a really old ram, whose services were no longer of much use to the herd.



"I PICKED AND SHOT THE BEST"

THE VAAL RHEBOK, SHOWING THE COMPARISON OF FAIR LENGTH HORNS TO THE ANIMAL'S PRICKED EARS

ON TREK IN THE BREDASDORP COUNTRY

Surely his head was of more value as a treasure than rotting on the veldt? I could promise him good company; and scoff was cheap, in case I had to sit on the Forest Department doorstep, begging for ever. "Right," said the Director, "one ram, and see to it that he is the patriarch."

We spent one day in the car prospecting 30 miles from George, above the Knysna Road. We counted and stalked six herds that day, between noon and 5 p.m., varying from five to ten beasts, and including one solitary ram, whose horns I was never close enough to judge. My summary was: plenty of rhebok, not too wild but suspicious; at least three days' hunting necessary to bag a good head. I was back two days later, rationed and equipped for four days.

The first day it rained, but the following morning dawned fine and bright. Van der Walt, the local F.O., came along with his mountain pony (in case of a kill), and John, my Cape boy, carried lunch. We were intent on exploring new ground across the sheer ravine of the Diep River, where a circle of low kopjes looked tempting. The crossing was an hour's job of sheer up and down, threading a dense finger of bush in the vale. There was a bite in the air, and we were far enough away from civilisation to feel a thrill. We walked straight on top of a single rhebok ram before we reached the bottom. At 100yds. he looked a fair head, and instead of bolting he merely trickled off in the bush. I refused a shot before I had explored thoroughly. I was already concluding—after many estimates by field glasses—that the test of a good head was by how much his horn tips topped his pricked ears. If they stood out a clear 2in. he was good.

Before we quitted the gorge we had sighted two more herds of five beasts at 500yds. Both held one ram, but nothing exceptional. I stalked one herd and got within 20yds. of them for a photo.

We left the gorge and began to encircle the kopjes group. Shallow, coverless valleys dropped to us one after another, and in almost every valley was a herd of rhebok. They were always 500yds. away, and they always saw us first. To pick up rhebok (27in. at the shoulder) on a stony hillside—before they move—is the hardest job I know. At nearer approach the rhebok did not bolt but just mooched across into the next nullah. We had counted eight herds, all told, before I had picked a head. Even then it was a toss-up, as at 400yds. a ram is hard to distinguish.

We tried a long circular stalk, butted into a herd of fourteen, no good heads, and set the heights into a tumult with rhebok trotting in all directions, and naturally our stalk failed.

We sat down to lunch to rest them. A herd of three rhebok walked on top of us at 50yds., but there was no good head.

At 2.30 we started operations against the low ground, where the nullahs debouched into a tributary of the Diep River. We picked up and disdained one herd of seven a long way off. Van der Walt mounted and did a long scouting chukker. He came back jubilant. A herd of three rhebok in a valley foot a mile away. Let me go down to the river and guard the neks below; John would act as flank stop, and Van der Walt himself would drive down river. The plan, by a fluke, worked right; my stand happened to be perfectly sited and the buck—avoiding sky-lines—walked into the trap.

At 100yds., first one, then two and three rhebok trotted round a corner and halted. I picked and shot the best, 8¼in., but I am almost certain now that it was not our selected herd. Number two was a small ram, number three was a female, while a fourth buck, head unseen, escaped unnoticed far above us. I have a gnawing qualm that we left a 10-incher on those hillsides, too wide awake to wait for the salt for his tail. But it was a good shooting day, and ten hours on the hillsides earned my sleep that night. Besides, were not Vaal rhebok now one of the dreams accomplished?

H. C. MAYDO

SWITZERLAND

If you wish to enjoy a real good holiday go to the

GRAND HOTEL VEREINA
Klosters 4000 FEET
GRISONS

FIRST-CLASS, 200 beds. The homelike atmosphere of the house, the select class of people you meet there, the grand ski-ing grounds in the Parsenn district, will render your stay a most pleasant one. En pension rates from sh. 16/- :: Ask for Booklet W.

Twirl the globe. Send Suez spinning gently clock-wise and your gaze will fasten on one of the world's most romantic fields of travel—India . . . Burma . . . Ceylon . . . Malaya . . . Java . . . Bali.

There's a foreignness, a strangeness about them . . . that fathomless mystery of the East . . . the perfect escape from 'every-day' !

Cities that have come through the whirlpool of history unchanged. Scenes in which nature has run riot in lavish mood. Fairy-story temples, towers and minarets . . . fantastic dances . . . weird rituals. Jungles ablaze with every hue . . . exotic flowers . . . strange luscious fruits.

The colour, the tumult, the pungent perfumes of native bazaars . . . where you meet every race, every creed . . . where you can bargain for anything under the sun—from an 'antique' gramophone to a dancing elephant. Yesterday and to-day marching side by side . . . rickshaw and motor car, bullock-cart and tram-car.

A rich motley of life and experience . . . one that will add so much to your treasure-house of memories !

For those who are thinking of sailing East this Winter, Cooks have planned a series of really comprehensive tours.

Here are two examples:

Select Escorted Tour

INDIA - BURMA - CEYLON

Accompanied by an expert.

14½ Weeks .... £392 'All-in'

Leaving London Dec. 23rd.

Inclusive Independent Tour

JAVA and BALI

66 Days from £150. 10. 0. per person 'All-in'

Minimum of three travelling together.

Frequent departures throughout the season.

For further information about these and other tours; also Round Voyage Tickets and tours by Air, send for the fascinating handbook on World Travel:

"WINTER SUNSHINE OVERSEAS"

THOS. COOK & SON, LTD.,

Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

Offices in Bombay, Calcutta, New Delhi, Karachi, Lahore, Madras, Simla, Rangoon, Colombo, Singapore. Over 350 throughout the World.

GO THERE THIS WINTER!

WHERE TO STAY

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

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY

Near LYNTON, N. DEVON

THE GROUNDS, a natural bird-sanctuary, are now a delight to the eye. The

PRIVATE GOLF COURSE

is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are moderate.

Why not spend this Autumn . . . with us? At any rate, write for an illustrated brochure or

TELEPHONE LYNTON 24.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES

LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244

FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).

SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.

RIDING.

Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.

See page 1110.

BRACKEN BANK

Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.

Tel. 41 and 48.

ARUNDELL ARMS

LIFTON, DEVON.

7,000 acres good Mixed Shooting.

14 MILES OF EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING.

Electric light; h. and c. in bedrooms.

Telephone: Lifton 44 and 45.

If you are keen on **WILD FOWL SHOOTING** write to The Manager,

Chequers Hotel, Holbeach, Lincs.,

for particulars. Moderate Tariff. Exceptional Comfort. H. and C. all rooms. A.A. and R.A.C.

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

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartnoll" Country House Hotel, Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton, Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

NORTH DEVON.—Limited number of GUESTS RECEIVED in charming old COUNTRY MANSION. Shooting over 5,000 acres, well stocked with pheasants and fair number of partridges. Hunting with three packs and hacking available. Terms moderate.—Hudscott House, Chittlehampton.

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; centre of staghunting, riding, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3323, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—CORBEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

IRELAND'S NATURE CURE HYDRO.—Osteopathy, Massage, Hydrotherapy, Colonic Irrigation, Fasting, Treatment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Constipation, Obesity, Hunting Accidents. Guests can enjoy hunting (four packs—Island, Coollattin, Wexford, Bree), shooting, fishing, golf.—Apply SECRETARY, Upton, Kilmuckridge, Gorey, Co. Wexford. City Clinic, 1, Merrion Square, Dublin Tel. 62604.

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

TRUST HOUSES

Full particulars of this chain of comfortable country Hotels from

TRUST HOUSES ENQUIRY OFFICE - 81, Piccadilly, W.1

(Close to Green Park Tube Station.)

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

IN THE RESTAURANT AT HATCHETT'S

LONDON has many famous and delightful restaurants, and there are none more so than Hatchett's White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly. Founded in 1720—the same year, incidentally, as the "South Sea Bubble"—it soon became one of the most fashionable eating-houses in the Metropolis. Ladies vied with each other for the honour of being the "best-dressed" lady in Hatchett's of an evening. It is strange to think how utterly different are the fashions of to-day. How we should laugh if a gentleman came in to dine wearing a square-cut coat of silk stiffened with wire or buckram (to ensure its sticking out at an inconvenient angle), a waistcoat sprigged or otherwise adorned, which reaches to the throat, silk stockings drawn up over the knee, large hanging cuffs or ruffles and square-toed shoes with the flap standing up over the instep (the heels were often coloured red)! Yet when Hatchett's first opened its doors those were the fashions of the day.

The heyday of Hatchett's popularity as a house of call for coaches was undoubtedly during the earlier years of the nineteenth century, when anything pertaining to "the ribbons" or "the road" was looked upon with favourable eyes. How well Hazlitt and De Quincey wrote their impressions of the stage-coach, as did Dickens. Indeed, the latter immortalised Hatchett's in *Pickwick* when he sent Sam Weller to the White Horse Cellars after the famous trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick "to take five places by the half-past seven o'clock coach next morning."

As it turned out the day was unpropitious for such a journey. "The horses in the stages that were going out, and had come through the city, were smoking, so that the outside passengers were invisible; the newspaper-sellers looked moist and smelt mouldy; the wet ran off the hats of the orange vendors as they thrust their heads into the coach windows, and diluted the insides in a refreshing manner."

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary coach incidents connected with the White Horse Cellars occurred on July 13th, 1888. On that date the Brighton Coach—"Old Times"—was driven from Hatchett's to Brighton and back for the wager of £1,000 to £500 against it being accomplished in eight hours. The 104 miles journey was made in the record time of 7 hours 50 minutes, and the veteran "whip" thus won his wager.

The story of how the old coaching-house came by its name is not uninteresting. The first owner, Abraham Hatchett, was arguing with his wife and some friends about the best sign, when a groom in livery appeared.

"Is this the White Horse Hotel?" asked the groom.

"It ain't and yet it might be," was the pert answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this place hasn't got a name yet; but if you'll join the company and suggest such, perhaps my old woman will hearken to you."

Now it so happened that Abraham Hatchett had that afternoon successfully wagered five guineas that he could beat a certain gentleman's horse and the groom had come to deliver the stakes. The only description he had of Hatchett was that he was "an old man with a red waistcoat, who kept a white horse in Piccadilly." While his friends were congratulating him on getting his prize—there were some doubts as to whether he would—Mrs. Hatchett hit upon the idea that the establishment should be called "The White Horse Hotel."

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

WINE AND FOOD

A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY

To all who wish to cultivate the art and enjoyment of good living this official journal of the Wine and Food Society will prove of inestimable value.

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

QUARTERLY *Price 2/6*

JEWELS PURCHASED FOR CASH

VALUATIONS FOR PROBATE INSURANCE

CARTIER LTD.

175 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

PARIS

HOTEL DE FRANCE ET CHOISEUL, 239-241, Rue St. Honore (Place Vendome); first-class; large inside garden; 125 suites and rooms. Rooms from 10/-. RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

HAUS ISLA, AROSA.—Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking; fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs.13.50, during winter from Frs.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

PAYING GUESTS

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN.—Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE. Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations.—TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN, Castle Hyde, Fermoy, Co. Cork. Hunting three packs, rough shooting; every home comfort, electric light, central heating.—Apply MANAGERESS.

HUNTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN for hunting, Ormond and East Galway. Comfortable House; good horses. Also plenty of shooting. Five guineas weekly.—ESMONDE, Dromynagh, Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary.

LINCOLNSHIRE (centre of Blankney and Belvoir countries).—GUESTS RECEIVED in Country House, standing in own park; central heating, electric light, constant hot water; good staff; terms from 3 guineas.—Box 3357, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

OSBERSTOWN HOUSE, NAAS, EIRE.—GUESTS RECEIVED for hunting season; up-to-date Private Hotel centre Kildare hunting country; ten loose boxes, saddle rooms, accommodation for grooms.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

PAYING GUEST DESIRED.—Sympathetic horseman or woman to hunt good horse all or part of season. Devon. 4 guineas.—Box 3355, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

TO SPORTSMEN IN NORTH DEVON.—RESIDENTIAL CLUB, exceptional cuisine, hot and cold water all bedrooms, central heating; cocktail bar. Good rough shooting 900 acres. Inclusive 4 guineas weekly. Westward Ho! Golf Course one mile.—For illustrated particulars, SECRETARY, North Devon Country Club, Northam, North Devon.

FINANCIAL INVESTMENTS, PARTNERSHIPS, ETC.

500 SALMON per season abroad. Also in England, three-and-a-half miles trout, shooting 500 acres, hunting, golf. Sporting estate owner would like to discuss sharing certain expenses.—Box 3318, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4.

WINES AND TOBACCOS

EXCELLENT SCOTCH WHISKY. Specially selected Standard strength. Enquiries invited.—DUNLOP, Wine Merchant, Greenock. Established 1840. Prices 61/- per gall. and 122/- per dozen cases or two-gallon bulk carriage paid.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate

THE Finest Position.

EVERY HOME COMFORT.

Moderate Winter terms. Free g

'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams:

BRIDGE

SAFETY PLAY

Guarding Against Adverse Distribution

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

ALTHOUGH someone said or wrote that "*Safety first is the motto of mediocrity*," this should not deter the Bridge player who seeks to improve his game.

"Safety" play is not cowardly play. When "up against it" you must take risks. The player who never takes risks will not be a winner in the long run. Risks have to be incurred. Real safety play at Bridge is not a sign of mediocrity, but of expert common sense.

The principle is that you should never take unnecessary risks for the sake of extra tricks, and that you should guard against adverse distribution which may be unlikely and mathematically improbable, but which yet may exist. The improbable or apparently impossible may occur. Miracles happen at Bridge!

Numerous plays with which we are all familiar come within the category. The hold-up of the Ace or master card in a No Trump declaration, the refusal to take a finesse when another line of play is available, timing of the play, the deferring of drawing trumps—all these and many more are well-known safety devices for making or trying to make extra tricks. But the form of safety play which is less well known is the deliberate sacrifice of a trick in order to avoid the possibility of losing two tricks.

Take this position:

♠ J, 5

Y

A B

Z

♠ A, K, 9, 7, 4, 3, 2

Spades are trumps and Z can afford to lose one trick in the suit, but not more. How should he play?

It is obvious that if the Spades are divided 2 and 2, Z need not lose a single trick if he plays out his Ace and King. If they are divided 3 and 1 he must by this play lose one trick if A or B has Q, x, x. Z is missing the Q, 10, 8, 6. Should they all be in one hand by the play of the Ace, King he will lose two tricks in the suit.

The "safety" play is to lead a low Spade to Dummy. If A has all four trumps this will hold him to one trick. If he plays the Queen Y's Knave will later draw one of A's trumps and the Ace King the other two. If he "ducks" the Knave wins, and the play of the Ace and King will reduce him to the lone Queen.

Now suppose A is void and B has Q, 10, 8, 6. This play is also successful. The Knave forces out B's Queen and later the finesse against his 10 reduces the loss to one trick. Yet many, if not most players cheerfully lead out the Ace or King from this combination. And, of course, in many cases it proves to be successful play. If, for instance, A or B had only the Queen single it drops, and no tricks need be lost.

But this does not make the play "correct," and if the success of the contract depends upon losing only one trick in trumps you will be well advised to adopt the safety method, even although you may find later that it has cost you a trick.

The following hand from play shows a different position:

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

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

Y / A B / Z

♠ J, 8, 7, 5, 3
♡ 9
◇ K, J, 10, 9, 8, 2
♣ 4

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

Score A B nil; Y Z game. Z the Dealer. The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	One Spade	Four Hearts	Four Spades
No bid	No bid	Five Hearts	No bid
No bid	No bid		

A led the King of Spades, and as B played the 3 and Z the 9, A switched to Diamonds. Z put up Dummy's Queen and B, winning the trick with the King, returned a Spade. Z ruffed, took a round of trumps and then, thinking he had nothing to fear, led the 6 of Clubs, played Dummy's Ace and then the Queen, and had finally to lose a trick in the suit, thus missing his contract, A B winning a trick in Spades, in Diamonds and in Clubs.

Now this was bad play on Z's part. He had contract, game and rubber sitting by two methods of play. He should not have finessed the Diamond. Playing the Ace he should have led a Spade and ruffed, played one round of trumps, and then thrown the lead to A or B with a Diamond. This must succeed, as whoever has the King of Diamonds must then lead a Spade, a Diamond or a Club. Whatever he selects Z will win the rest.

Actually, without knowing the distribution of the cards, the proper safety play is as follows:

After winning with the Ace of Diamonds, Z should trump a Spade, play one round of Hearts and make his Ace of Clubs. Having made it and all following suit he should then lead the Queen of Diamonds, which produces the same result however the cards lie. The mistake was to take it for granted that Clubs would fall. Knowledge of safety tactics would have prevented Z committing this error.

CHESS

LIVELY PLAY

The following very lively game was played in the British Championship Tournament at Brighton last August.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE.	BLACK. P. S.	WHITE.	BLACK. P. S.
H. Golombek.	Milner-Barry.	H. Golombek.	Milner-Barry.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	17. Castles	R takes P
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	18. Kt to B 3 (*i*)	R to K sq
3. P to B 4	P to K 3	19. Kt to Q 4	Kt to R 4 (*j*)
4. Kt to B 3	P to B 4	20. P to K Kt 3	R to K 4
5. B P takes P	B P takes P (*a*)	21. B to R 3, ch	K to B 2 (*k*)
6. Q to R 4, ch (*b*)	B to Q 2	22. K to B 2 (*l*)	R to B 4, ch
7. Q takes Q P	P takes P	23. K to Q 3	B to B 5, ch
8. Kt takes P (*c*)	Q to R 4, ch	24. K to K 3 (*m*)	R to K 4, ch
9. Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3	25. K to B 3 (*n*)	B to Q 4, ch
10. Q to Q sq	Kt to K 5	26. K to B 4	R to K 5, ch (*o*)
11. B to Q 2	Kt takes B	27. K to B 5	R to K sq (*p*)
12. Q takes Kt (*d*)	Castles (*e*)	28. Kt to Kt 5, ch	K to B 3
13. Kt to Q 5	Q takes Kt (*f*)	29. R takes B	P to Kt 3, ch
14. Q takes Q	B to Kt 5, ch	30. K to B 4	R takes P (*q*)
15. Kt to Q 2 (*g*)	B to K 3	31. Kt to Q 4, ch	Resigns
16. Q tks R, ch (*h*)	R takes Q		

(*a*) The usual continuation is 5. . . . Kt takes P; 6. P to K 4, Kt takes Kt; 7. P takes Kt, P takes P; 8. P takes P, B to Kt 5, ch. The text-move leads to a position similar to that which occurs in the Von Hennig-Schara (or Duisburg) Gambit (1. P to Q 4, P to Q 4; 2. P to Q B 4, P to K 3; 3. Kt to Q B 3, P to Q B 4; 4. B P takes P, B P takes P), with, however, the important difference that here each side has developed the King's Knight.

(*b*) If Kt takes P, then Kt takes P; or if, instead, Q takes P, then P takes P. The text-move leads to the gain of a pawn at the cost of a disadvantage in development.

(*c*) The essential difference between this line of play and the Von Hennig-Schara Gambit is now evident. Black having a Knight at his K B 3, White is forced to make this capture with the Knight and allow Black to gain valuable time by Q to R 4, ch.

(*d*) In our opinion Kt takes Kt is better.

(*e*) White has now a very difficult position. With his next move he plays for simplification.

(*f*) 13. . . . Kt to Kt 5 is much stronger, *e.g.*, 14. R to B sq, ch, B to B 3; 15. P to K 4, K to Kt sq; 16. B to B 4, P to Q Kt 4; 17. P to Q R 3 (if B to Kt 3, then Kt to Q 6, ch), B takes Kt (not 17. . . . P takes B; 18. P takes Kt, B takes P because of 19. Kt takes B, R takes Q; 20. Kt takes B, ch and wins); 18. B takes B, Kt to Q 6, ch; 19. K to K 2, Q takes Q, ch, followed by 20. . . . Kt takes R with advantage to Black.

(*g*) Best. If, instead, 15. K to Q sq, then 15. . . . B to K 3; 16. Q takes R, ch, R takes Q, ch; 17. K to B sq, R to Q 4, threatening R to B 4, ch.

(*h*) An alternative here is Q takes B, ch, to be followed by Castles. White is then a pawn ahead, but has little chance of a win. The text-move is better.

(*i*) This move involves White in serious difficulties. He should, instead, play Kt to K 4. Black cannot reply with R to K sq (because of Kt to Q 6, ch) while, if, instead, he plays R takes R, ch or R to B sq, he has no more chances of an attack.

(*j*) 19. . . . R to K 4 is much stronger, *e.g.*, 20. Kt to B 2 (not Kt takes Kt because of R to B 4, mate), R to Q B 4; 21. P to K 3, Kt to R 4 (threatening Kt to Kt 6, mate); 22. P to Q Kt 3, B takes P.

(*k*) It is not until six moves later (see note *p*) that it becomes evident that the King should, instead, have gone to Kt sq. It was, of course, extremely difficult to foresee this at this stage of the game.

(*l*) If, instead, 22. R to Q 3, then 22. . . . R to B 4, ch; 23. K to Q sq, Kt to B 5 (threatening Kt takes P, ch). (If 24. P to K 3, then 24. . . . Kt takes P, ch; 25. K to K 2, B to B 5.)

(*m*) K to K 4 is better, Black having nothing better in reply than B to Q 4, ch, recovering the exchange and giving an even game.

(*n*) Not K to B 4 at once because of B to Q 3.

(*o*) Not good. He should, instead, play 26. . . . Kt to B 5, threatening either (1) 27. . . . B takes R or (2) 27. . . . R to K 5, ch (best); 28. K to B 5, Kt to Q 3, ch; 29. K to Kt 5, P to B 3, ch; 30. K to R 5, B to B 2, mate. If (in reply to 26. . . . Kt to B 5) 27. P to B 3, then 27. . . . P to Kt 4, ch; 28. K to Kt 4, Kt to K 6, ch; 29. K to R 5, P to Kt 5, ch and wins. White's best reply to 26. . . . Kt to B 5 is 27. P to Kt 4 so that he can reply to 27. . . . R to K 5, ch with 28. K to Kt 3.

(*p*) If Black's King were at Kt sq, instead of B 2 (see note *k*) 27. . . . B to K 2 (threatening P to Kt 3, mate) would be decisive. Now, however, it would be refuted by 28. Kt to Kt 5, ch, K to B 3; 29. R takes B, K takes R; 30. Kt to B 3, ch. If (instead of 27. . . . B to K 2) 27. . . . P to Kt 3, ch, then 28. K to B 6, B to K 2, ch; 29. K to Kt 7, R takes Kt; 30. R takes R, B takes R; 31. R to Q 7, ch and wins. The text-move is, however, a mistake made under time-pressure. Black should, instead, play 27. . . . R to K 2. If, in reply, 28. Kt to Kt 5, ch, then 28. . . . K to B 3; 29. Kt takes P, ch, K to B 4, after which White has nothing better than 30. R takes B, ch (if, instead, R to B sq, ch, then Kt to B 5). The game then is even in spite of the fact that White is a pawn ahead.

(*q*) If R to K 2, then K R to Q sq.

END-GAME STUDY

By L. B. SALKIND.*

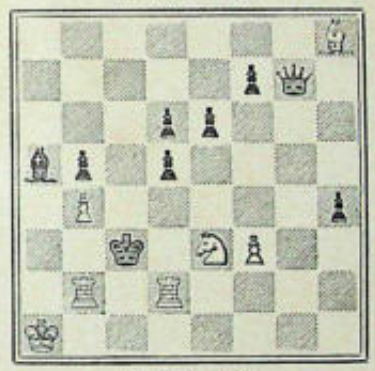
WHITE (3 pieces): King at Q Kt 5, Pawns at K B 3 and Q Kt 7.
BLACK (4 pieces): King at Q 4, Rook at Q R 8, Knight at Q Kt 8, Pawn at K B 5.
White to play and draw.

* Second prize, 28 *Rijen*, 1925.

PROBLEM No. 3987

By G. H. DRESE and DR. M. NIEMEYER.*

BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* First prize, *Limburgsch Dagblad*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3986

1. Q to B 5 (threatening 2. Kt to Kt 6, ch). If 1. . . . B takes Q, then 2. P to Q 4, ch, &c. If 1. . . . B to K 6, ch or 1. . . . K to B 5, then 2. Q takes B, ch, &c.

CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.—The championship tournament of this club has attracted the following very strong entry: E. G. Sergeant (holder), C. H. O'D. Alexander (British Champion), Sir George Thomas, Bart., P. S. Milner-Barry, E. Klein, F. F. L. Alexander, Dr. M. Benger, F. G. T. Collins, E. G. R. Cordingley, J. M. Craddock, D. I. Croker, C. A. S. Damant, H. Fraenkel, C. B. Heath, J. Montgomerie, R. H. Newman, F. Parr, H. Saunders, R. Spitz, Dr. LI. Storr-Best, P. N. Wallis and G. S. A. Wheatcroft.

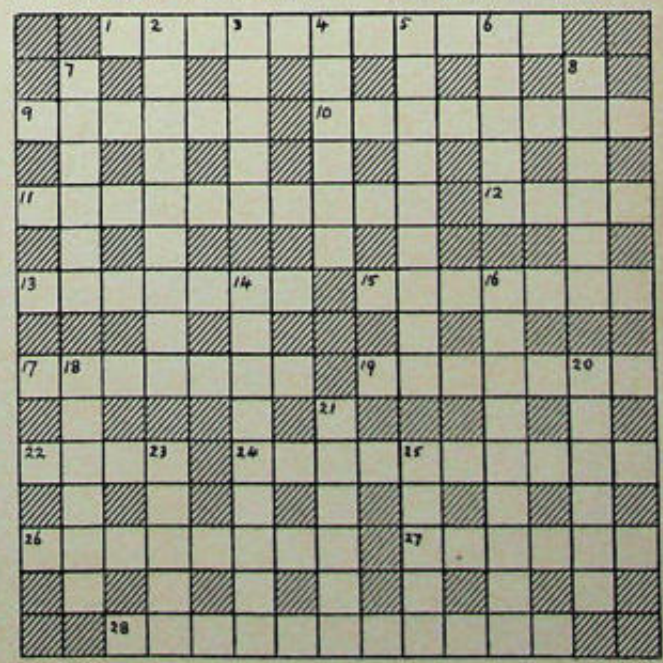
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 490

ACROSS.—1, How to tell a Conservative. 9, It's Susan. 10, Form in the midst of success. 11, This from one's native land may induce 2. 12, This peasant has all the makings of the person in 1. 13, It is suggested that school authorities should do this to holidays. 15, Week-end ice. 17, Strikes his tent? 19, Unwise in France. 22, Hardly the result of a stiff leg. 24, Anger is, as here, so often the centre of pluck. 26, He doesn't approve of the constituted order of things. 27, Parisian hooligan. 28, 3, 5, 7 is an example of one: 2, 6, 18 of another.

DOWN.—2, "The deep, unutterable woe which none save exiles feel." 3, This will be harmonious work. 4, A dotty system. 5, The spider which ran in the middle. 6, The wanderer is finished soon after he began. 7, This clue will be split into halves. 8, That which goes out as quickly as it comes. 14, We are, that you will have some difficulty in solving it. 16, Road speed (anag.). 18, Sovereign remedy. 20, Without ease or grace. 21, Turned upside down into the consonants. 23, Religious poet. 25, Foreigners sometimes seen in our streets.

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. 489

Published November 5th

N	I	N	E	V	E	H		S	U	R	G	E	O	N
E		E		A	S	H		A		L			O	
S	P	I	N	N	E	R		A	U	G	M	E	N	T
T		G		G		B		R		E		C		E
	T	H	E	E		O	P	P	O	S	I	T	E	
A				A		U		E				R		B
C	O	R	O	N	E	R		N	I	T	R	I	T	E
R		E		C						E		F		T
I	M	P	R	E	S	S		K	I	N	T	Y	R	E
D		R				T		E		T				L
	R	E	S	T	R	A	I	N		A	R	M	Y	
F		S		R		G		N		T		O		P
I	C	E	B	E	R	G		E	P	I	C	U	R	E
L		N		N		E	L	L		V		L		A
M	A	T	A	D	O	R		S	L	E	N	D	E	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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Fish Dying of Cold.—Our biologist reports that he could find no sign of disease nor anything wrong which will give a clue as to the cause of death of these fish. He suggests that it looks rather like a case where little fishing is done, and constant inbreeding has gone to weaken the stock, with the result that a fall in temperature very often kills off a certain number. This state of affairs usually continues for about a week or so at the beginning of winter, after which the hardier individuals in the stock live on as before.—*C. W. S., Shropshire.*

Forestry

Forestry Commission.—The Commission is a Government department. It was set up in 1919 for the purpose of assisting private forestry, conducting research and, especially, acquiring land for afforestation. The number of acres now under its care are about 375,000 in England and Wales, and 215,000 in Scotland. 30,000 acres are to be planted annually in future, a number which excludes the laying out of 200,000 acres in and near the special areas. In all there are about 6,000 persons employed.—*B. M., Hastings.*

Garden

Weeds on Fernden Hard Court.—Use Atlacide, which can be obtained from any nurseryman.—*P. V. M., Sherborne.*

To Rid a Lawn of Moss.—Use Toll Lawn Dressing No. 1, obtainable from Toll Lawn Dressings, Ltd., Buxted, Sussex.—*L. C. D., Bristol.*

Kennel

Treatment for Worms.—Small doses of syrup of iodide of iron given daily over a period of ten-fifteen days will often bring away worms which more drastic remedies have failed to dislodge, and a dog of the size mentioned might be given ten drops of the syrup in a little water twice a day.—*K. D., Horrabridge.*

Alsatian's Ears.—It is not usual for the ears to be so late in assuming the erect position, but as the ears to some extent reflect the general condition of health, it should be worth while giving this puppy a course of Parrish's Food to tone him up, and also a daily dose of the best cod liver oil. Massage of the ear muscles by gentle pulling may also be given a trial.—*C. P., Kingsdown.*

Library

Book on Small Garden Lay-out.—A book which deals with the layout of small formal gardens, together with designs for paths, walls and beds, is *The New Garden*, by Richard Sudell, published by The English Universities Press at 5/-.—*G. M., London.*

Naturalist

Larvæ Sent for Identification.—These little larvæ are those of a beetle belonging to the family *Cryptocephalus*. We do not know of any popular name for them, and should very much doubt if they have ever acquired one. Normally they live in caves and cellars and rough cast walls. They protrude their legs to crawl from one place to another, and feed on low growing plants.—*A. G. L. C., Shepperton-on-Thames.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Lead Poisoning of a Bantam.—An in-lay five-and-a-half months old bantam died of lead poisoning; seven partly eroded lead shot were found in its gizzard. We frequently report deaths of various species of birds from metal poisoning. Lead shot, copper shavings and galvanised roofing nails are swallowed by the gallinaceous birds and waterfowl. Aviary birds are attracted by solder or zinc galvanising on the wiring of the aviary or cage. If lead-lined trays for food or grit are used in an aviary great care should be taken that there are no breaks in the surface or jagged edges. Perforated zinc sheeting is sometimes used for the doors of flights; budgerigars especially appear to delight in gnawing at the holes until shreds of the metal are bitten off and eaten. The poisoning as a rule is a relatively slow process, the bird dying some seven to fourteen days after swallowing the metal. Recently one of our correspondents was laying felt on the roof of a poultry pen and left his box of tacks on the ground beside his tools while he went for lunch. He noticed on his return that he had insufficient tacks for the job, and thought nothing more about it until he received our post-mortem report on three of his pullets, which had died about a week later. The missing tacks, fourteen of them, were recovered from the gizzards of his birds. The ostrich is not the only bird with a capricious appetite. Among animals the cow beats all records; hob-nailed boots, beer bottles, fencing wire, umbrellas, felt hats and broken tea cups have been recovered from the bovine paunch.—*D. D., Essex.*

Coccidiosis in Aviary Birds.—The contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis caused deaths among the aviary birds of four readers; the birds comprised waxbills, canaries, cordon-bleus, pigeons and a monal pheasant. The history of one aviary strongly suggested that the disease was introduced by a batch of newly-purchased birds. We continually urge in this column the necessity for quarantining all newly-purchased birds for at least four weeks before liberating them in the aviary. Another source of the disease is wild birds roosting on the flight of the aviary; coccidiosis is one of the most common diseases of wild birds of the garden, particularly of young birds. In a properly constructed outside aviary coccidiosis can be eradicated by thorough and regular cleanliness; but how few aviaries are built on sound sanitary principles? Most of them appear to be constructed for æsthetic reasons; a garden ornament containing flowering shrubs, rockeries and beds of plants. Owners are encouraged by trade catalogues to construct food trays resembling Chinese pagodas complete with swings, tinkling bells and fancy mirrors, baths and other toilet conveniences for the dear little birds. Anyone proposing to build an outdoor aviary should appreciate that every part of the aviary, including all its fittings, should be so constructed that it can be thoroughly scrubbed at regular intervals throughout the year with hot soda water and soft soap, which, with "elbow grease," is the most efficient method of disinfecting an aviary.—*M. H., Somerset; L. H., Elgin; D., Bucks; J. S., Northumberland.*

Fowl Paralysis.—Further cases of fowl paralysis have been received for examination. This disease is inherited from the parents who usually are "carriers" of the taint and do not reveal signs of the disease in life or at post-mortem. Usually the disease is manifested as the birds attain sexual maturity, though in some instances affected chicks between one to two months of age show the paralytic symptoms. The disease is frequently confused with coccidiosis, a contagious germ infection of the bowels, which causes weakness and consequent unsteady gait, but not a true paralysis of the limbs. Stock carrying the blood lines of birds affected with fowl paralysis should not be bred from; they should be destroyed for table purposes.—*R. T., Oxon.; R. B. J., Lancs; G. S., Warwickshire; E. C. P., Warwick.*

Rugby

England v. Scotland.—The first match between the two countries played at Murrayfield was in the 1924-5 season, and we give a list of the subsequent winners as you required:

1924-5	Murrayfield, Scotland	14 pts. to 11
1925-6	Twickenham, Scotland	17 pts. to 9
1926-7	Murrayfield, Scotland	21 pts. to 13
1927-8	Twickenham, England	6 pts. to nil
1928-9	Murrayfield, Scotland	12 pts. to 6
1929-30	Twickenham, Drawn	No score
1930-1	Murrayfield, Scotland	28 pts. to 19
1931-2	Twickenham, England	16 pts. to 3
1932-3	Murrayfield, Scotland	3 pts. to nil
1933-4	Twickenham, England	6 pts. to 3
1934-5	Murrayfield, Scotland	10 pts. to 7
1935-6	Twickenham, England	9 pts. to 8
1936-7	Murrayfield, England	6 pts. to 3
1937-8	Twickenham, Scotland	21 pts. to 16

—*D. C., Denmark Hill.*

France and Rugby.—As you suggest, it was in 1931 that this country ceased to arrange fixtures with France and French clubs. On February 13th of that year, following the breakaway of twelve important clubs from the French Federation, a committee of representatives from each of the four home unions met in London and passed the following resolution, which the Rugby Union duly sent to the Federation in March: "After examination of the documentary evidence furnished by the French Federation and the dissentient clubs, we are compelled to state that, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the game of Rugby Football in France, neither our Union, nor the clubs or unions under its jurisdiction, will be able to arrange or fulfil fixtures with France or French clubs at home or away after the end of this season unless and until we are satisfied that the control and conduct of the game has been placed on a satisfactory basis in all essentials."—*B. F., Belfast.*

Shooting

Cartridges Loaded with No. 1 Shot.—Whereas the continual use of large shot in light-weight sporting guns is certainly not to be recommended, its occasional use should have no prejudicial effect on the barrels. The chance of damage should be no greater from maximum shot cartridges than from cartridges of any standard make employing a similar size of shot.—*I., Cockermouth.*

Travel

Hotels at Buxton.—We think you would like The Old Hall Hotel at Buxton. The Old Hall dates back to the time when the Earls of Shrewsbury were the principal owners of Buxton and the surrounding district. Even in those days people came to the town for the benefit of the baths, and between the years 1570 and 1583 Mary Queen of Scots was taken there at least four times, staying always at the Old Hall in the close custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. In a letter from Buxton dated August 10th, 1570, she refers to the benefits which she derived from the use of the baths. It is to be hoped that at The Old Hall she enjoyed at least a few hours of happiness, for in a troubled life she must have learnt the truth of the saying: "Happiness is not steadfast but transient." There is also the Palace Hotel at Buxton. This is, of course, a much larger place than The Old Hall, but the idea that the hotel is so large that guests come and go without being noticed is quite wrong. Every guest who is at all pleasant and, so to say, "clubbable," is made welcome at The Palace, and becomes for the time part of the organism of the hotel. Perhaps the constant return of many of the guests is the most convincing tribute that memory pays to a very pleasant stay. If you wish to be sociable you will find a gathering ground for those who wish to chat; if you wish for solitude you will find secluded nooks without undue trouble. This is, of course, one of the advantages of a large hotel such as The Palace; it can cater for the varying moods of all kinds of guests.—*M. E. F. R., Dundee.*

Staying near Stevenage.—We would recommend the Cromwell Hotel at Stevenage. During the days of the old-time coaches—the York Highflier, the York Express, the Hertford Mail, the Stamford Regent and the Rockingham, are names which come readily to mind—the central portion of the Cromwell Hotel was a solid looking farmhouse. While being, in a sense, a 20th-century inn, it has yet the hospitality and peacefulness which are so often found in an eighteenth-century establishment. You will find the Cromwell Hotel furnished and appointed in a manner which includes every modern comfort. The public rooms are spacious and include an oak-panelled dining room, a music and dancing room and a luxurious lounge. Even now, however, extensive alterations are being made and additional suites are being added. In the grounds, two acres in extent, are delightful old-world gardens, charmingly laid out with rockery and lily pool, lawns and ornamental pond.—*J. M. S., London.*

Wildfowling in Norfolk.—We think you may be referring to the Buttlands Hotel at Wells. It is unlicensed, but caters especially for shooting parties and wildfowlers. The terms are from 4 to 5 guineas a week according to the season. If, however, you should decide to go to Blakeney, we would strongly advise you to write to Mr. Mat Long, 2, Moreston Road, Blakeney. He is a wildfowling expert in the district, and would be only too glad to assist you.—*L. S. B., St. Albans.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

LEICESTER

A good many horses changed hands at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository, on Saturday last. All but one of the six sent up by Colonel R. L. McCreery were sold, his bay gelding Sparkford making the highest price of the sale, 250gs., whilst three others in the same stud went well over three figures. Lady Helena Hilton-Green's bay gelding Quorn made 200gs., and Mr. C. Hilton-Green accepted 150gs. for his roan gelding Blue Boy. Competition was keen for Mr. P. S. Akroyd's two horses, his brown gelding Bill making 210gs. and chesnut gelding Buster 150gs. Mr. and Mrs. C. Harman Hunt's five-year-old horse Holdenby and bay mare Polly found new owners at 130gs. and 110gs. respectively. The prices of 30gs. and over were as follows: Property of Mr. J. Hunter: Summer Time, b m, 46gs.; Amber Rose, b m, 64gs. Property of Major J. H. Hirsch: Mr. Fisher, b g, 63gs. Property of Captain C. W. Wilson: Golden Corrin, ch g, 36gs.; Nicholas, gr g, 46gs. Property of Mrs. O'Brien: Rufus, ch g, 100gs. Property of the Hon. A. F. Phillimore: Bryony, b m, 31gs. Quorn cubhunters, the property of Sir Harold Nutting, Bart., M.F.H.: Inspector, br g, 56gs.; Buckle, b g, 70gs.; Whitesocks, ch g, 33gs. Property of Lady Helena Hilton-Green: Sportsman, b g, 31gs.; Quorn, b g, 200gs. Property of Mr. C. Hilton-Green: Blue Boy, r g, 150gs. Property of Major E. G. Gillilan, D.S.O.: Gr g, 70gs.; gr g, 30gs. Property of Colonel R. L. McCreery: Triple Crown, b g, 175gs.; Sparkford, b g, 250gs.; Gleam III, ch g, 94gs.; Tambo, b g, 165gs.; Gemma, b m, 170gs. Property of Mr. Hugh Morrison: Jack, b g, 100gs.; Monument, br g, 100gs.; Dunrobin, br g, 65gs.; Ginger, r g, 65gs. Property of Mr. D. H. Machin: B g, 80gs. Property of Mr. P. S. Akroyd: Bill, br g, 210gs.; Buster, ch g, 150gs. Property of Mr. M. S. B. Vernon: Br g, 90gs. Property of Mr. St. George Smith: Cheval D'Or, ch g, 31gs.; Mullingar, gr m, 50gs. Property of Mr. and Mrs. C. Harman Hunt: Holdenby, 130gs.; Polly, b m, 110gs. Property of Major R. C. Matthews: Marigold, ch m, 31gs. Property of Mr. H. Newgass: The Artist, b g, 62gs. Property of Mrs. Hope Barton: Ednas, ch m, 68gs.; Matilda, b m, 32gs. Property of Mr. N. Watney: B g, 40gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	Canada. £ s. d.	Elsewhere abroad. £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1930) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Nov. 12, 1938

THE FIELD

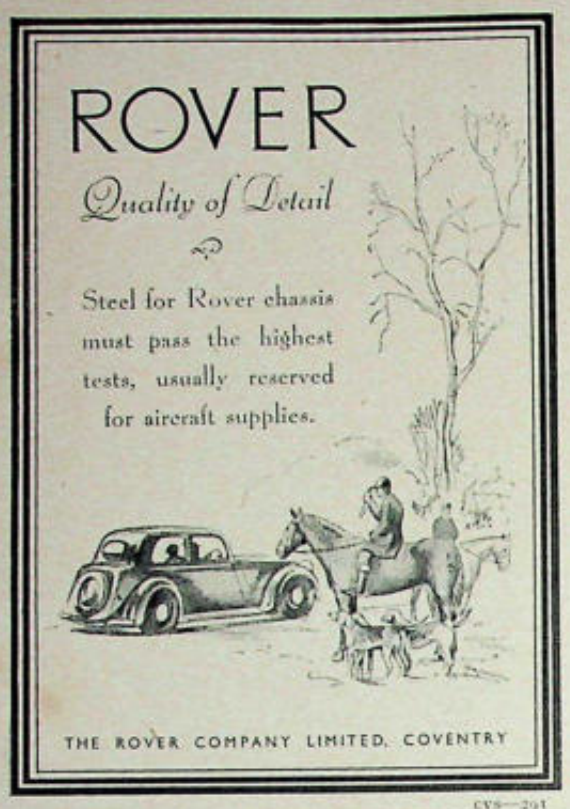
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4482. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 2S. POSTAGE {INLAND 2½D.: CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 5½D.

Yevonde

AUSTRALIA'S ROYAL GOVERNOR-GENERAL

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, will sail this time next year with the Duchess of Kent to take up his appointment as Governor-General of Australia. He will be the first member of the Royal Family to hold such an appointment in the Commonwealth. The year 1939 will also be noteworthy for the unprecedented visit of a reigning sovereign to Canada and the United States, when their Majesties the King and Queen respond to the invitations extended to them by Mr. Mackenzie King and President Roosevelt



THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

"QUICK, THY TABLETS, MEMORY" . . . 1185
THE CHANGING FACE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE 1186
I FEAR THE GREEKS . . . 1188
MISTLETOE: A ROMANCE OF CHRISTMAS NUMBERS 1189
SPORT IN THE PERSIAN GULF . . . 1190
WINTER PICTURES . . . 1191
A DOG OF COURAGE AND ENDURANCE . . . 1192
PEACE ON EARTH . . . 1194
IS "HANDLEY CROSS" LEAMINGTON? . . . 1195
WHITE WATER: THRILLS ON RAPID RIVERS . . . 1196
A CHRISTMAS CREEL . . . 1198
THE WATERLOO PEACE COACH BY R. POLLARD 1199
"SPREE AT MELTON MOWBRAY," BY ALKEN . . . 1200
"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH" . . . 1201
NORTHERN LAKE RUDOLF G.C. . . . 1204
THE "TOWERED" PARTRIDGE . . . 1206
TROUT WHICH ARE FOND OF FROGS . . . 1208
HUNTING PROBLEMS EASILY SOLVED . . . 1210
MUDFLATS AT CHRISTMAS . . . 1212
CAMERA RECORDS OF SPORTING YEAR . . . 1214
PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN FLORIDA . . . 1217
BULLETS AND BRUSHWOOD . . . 1218
AERIAL ATTACK . . . 1220
WINTER FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY . . . 1222
CRISIS IN FRANCE . . . 1227
IN TOUCH . . . 1228
FROM TEE TO GREEN—III. . . . 1228
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING . . . 1230
FIFTY YEARS AGO . . . 1230
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK . . . 1230
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . 1231
IN THE CITY . . . 1236
NEW BOOKS . . . 1237
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS . . . 1240
CHRISTMAS BERRIES . . . 1250
THE VALUE OF SEASONAL BORDERS . . . 1252
"SEA DOGS" . . . 1254
GETTING RID OF TREE STUMPS . . . 1256
CHANGES ON BODMIN MOOR . . . 1258
MOTORISTS AND THE POLICE . . . 1261
THE YEAR'S MOST SIGNIFICANT FLIGHT . . . 1262
ON THE WHITE NILE . . . 1265
CARDS AND CHESS . . . 1267
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS . . . 1268

THE IDLE SPEAR

ALL countrymen are aware of the strange sense of peace which invests the woods and fields on a Saturday evening. It is a peace which was recognised long before the townsman looked forward to the country scene as a respite from a week's labour in the city streets. All nature seems to have come to the end of a period of effort, to have striven and to call for rest. We do not believe that this atmosphere can be ascribed solely to the human habit of resting as much as possible during two arbitrarily fixed days. For does not the hunter, hacking home in the winter cold and darkness, or the wildfowler, pursuing his rigorous path across the flooded marshes, detect an atmosphere which is quite peculiar to the time? The countrymen we meet return our "Good nights" in a tone of voice in which there seems to be a tincture of reverence, for it is impossible to deny that there is cast about a Saturday evening in the country an unescapable mantle of holiness.

When Christmas Eve falls, as it does this year, on a Saturday, it is inevitable that these emotions should take on a wider and a deeper significance, for the origins of the Festival are bound up for ever in the atmosphere of a country story. We cannot believe that the greater part of modern life has a place in the divine purpose: only in the steady and useful revolution of the country cycle is a coherent sanity preserved.

The many aspects of peace are the continuing and customary meaning of Christmas, but this year the minds of English men and women will play and ponder on the possibility of international peace, for the Festival will be celebrated in very different circumstances from those which we dreaded only a few short weeks ago. Mr. Bernard Shaw has remarked that Members of Parliament might conceivably be rendering a more useful service to their country by retiring to bed than by enduring an all-night sitting. However this may be, it is our conviction that international politicians would be far more likely to preserve peace if they were compelled to take an active and regular part in country life and sport. For they would perceive that the ennobling battle is not the conquest of territory for commercial gain but the exploitation of the soil for the greater service of humanity. However much courage and generosity of soul a war may bring forth—and we should be the last to deny that this is so—we maintain that nobler and finer characteristics are necessary for the struggle of agriculture. And when the countryman has won the tussle against the odds which nature sets up against him, he has performed a useful purpose and is a finer man in himself. National virility is not to be bought only at the expense of a hardening of hearts and an abandonment of culture: it can be promoted by means which are in themselves of national service. It is safe to say that the greatest political leaders in England have also been great countrymen.

It would be well to consider this truth at Christmas, when the spear is yet idle and the chariot yet "unstained with hostile blood." In vain we look for peace in the places from which our way of life has led us to expect it to emerge. No institution, no code of behaviour and no political faith is so united that its adherents regard the world with the calm eye of a balanced sanity. Only the ancient pursuits of the country and the ceaseless struggle with the soil, divested of its political trappings, can bring back an international virility of body and mind.

CHRISTMAS CRICKET

MANY a sportsman will be wondering this Christmas how the M.C.C. team have fared in the first day's play of the Test match at Johannesburg; and many a sportsman will doubtless extend to them the customary seasonal greetings. But there will be none, or very little, of the usual celebrations; the first Test match will be "no picnic" in more ways than one. There is a defeat to avenge—the first defeat of England in this country when Wade's men beat us at Lord's. Moreover, the manager has probably heard all about the last time our cricketers celebrated Christmas Day in the midst of a South African Test match. Then, it would seem, celebration produced results of truly seismic proportions. Hammond's promising innings of Christmas Eve was abruptly ended on Boxing Day. And the South Africans, linking Christmas Day with victory, told us quite firmly that they wanted Christmas Day with the first Test again this year. We know that, if not a victorious Christmas, it will be at least a happy one. And we suggest that if all matches were played in the spirit of those in South Africa, there would truly be peace in the cricket world.

OUR COLOURED COVER

The "Inside of a Country Alehouse" is the subject of the painting by George Morland, the central portion of which is shown on the cover of this issue. The engraving, by W. Ward, was published in 1797, and the reproduction is from a particularly fine copy kindly loaned by Messrs. Frank T. Sabin, of 154, New Bond Street, London, W. 1. Additional interest attaches to this picture by Morland, as it is considered that the central figure in the red waistcoat is a portrait of the artist himself.

"THE MAILS MUST GO THROUGH"

British traditions attaching to the phrase "the mails must go through" are to be upheld this Christmas by the assistance of some of the eight new Short flying-boats, modified versions of the four-engined Empire mail and passenger craft, which have inaugurated flat rate postage of 1½d. per half-ounce under the Empire air mail scheme. This will be the first Christmas on which the benefit of fast and safe transit of all first-class mail by air to the Empire is to be undertaken. The new fleet, as everyone knows, has been designed primarily for long range transoceanic flights such as the Atlantic and the Tasman Sea, but in order to give the new craft maximum usefulness and allow the mails to go through to schedule to Australia and intermediately this Christmas certain equipment for long range flying may be omitted. Doubtless our friends "down under" will appreciate our festive wishes all the more now they know we have posted them only a few days before Christmas instead of in the middle of November.

STAMPEDE

Philately is hardly a *Field* subject, but the sale which took place recently of three sets of Port Fuad stamps issued in Egypt on December 21st, 1926, recalls an amusing incident, so reminiscent of an inter-village Rugby scrum in the Rhondda Valley as to serve as excuse for mentioning the occasion. All that was necessary, thought the Levantines, was to buy up the stock at face value and then sell them to the outside world at a large profit. The idea was popular, and, at the appointed hour of opening, the local profiteers bore down upon the post office to buy the said stamps, with such energy that the doorway became a solid jam, while others dived through the windows or removed a portion of the roof in truly Scriptural style. The death roll was four, and many more were injured. A genuine case—if such an expression may be excused—of being stamped to death.

AT THE HAYMARKET

A very pleasant and amusing show, under the title of "A Party for Christmas," is now running at the Haymarket Theatre. It is not brilliant and it is not spectacular, but it hits off the foibles of an ordinary family, gathered together at the "season of good will" (*sic*), with devastating exactitude. Mr. Milton Rosmer's performance, particularly during the dinner scene, is worth going a very long way to see, and Miss Sydney Fairbrother gives a perfectly proportioned performance. Among the younger members of the cast, Mr. Hugh Burden seems to be an actor of real ability. Of all the characters, different people, if they are honest with themselves, will say, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." You can pass a pleasant, chortling evening at the Haymarket.

WINTER FLOOD

In summer when the stream is low
It seems a flock of sheep that passes,
A rippling flock that row by row
Spreads out to snatch the bank-fed grasses.
All silver-fleeced they thread the leas
And wander through the wooded hollows
While after them the summer breeze,
A slow and careful shepherd, follows.

But when the rain has lashed the hills
And every mountain rill runs stronger
A thud of hoofs the valley fills;
We see the silver flock no longer;
For, tossing high their tawny manes,
Spurred by the storm-wind's restless forces,
With reaching stride and loosened reins
Come ramping down the red-brown horses.

O, fair may seem the silver sheep
With buttercups beyond them growing,
But give to me the swirl and sweep
Of squadrons with their trumpets blowing;
The foam-flecks flung, the plunge of pride,
The serried ranks set out for slaughter;
The saddles where the tempests ride,
The thunder-threat of trampling water!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I TRAVELLED far to find out what is happening to the old reed-thatching industry of Dorset, even as far as Burton Bradstock, a place historic in the annals of the earth rather than of man. Like other pivotal areas along that peerless coast, it is a place where various geological strata all meet, as once did Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar in all the glitter of the East to worship One humbler and greater than they. Something of the same kind of thing happens at Burton Bradstock under the eye of the great heavens. The liassic brown stone comes in from the west with a long train from Devon of giddy and turbulent hills; the great chalk and Purbeck ranges sweep in vastly from the east, and the noble oolite limestone ends its long journey from the Humber in the blaze of orange cliffs at the back of the village. This is where they used to "draw the reed."

This kind of thatching is totally different from that of East Anglia, where the genuine reed is used. Dorset reed is not reed at all, but the red wheat, the very same that Justice Shallow once sowed somewhere near Nibley in the South Cotswolds. To see it in the sheaf is to realise at once its superiority over the average wheat-straw. In the first place, it is very much longer: I measured one length and found it no less than 42½in., and that had been cut by the machine which leaves a considerably shorter straw than the scythe once did. Even when the sickle cut off the ears, the straw cut later was longer than that cut by the self-binder. Reed-straw, again, is straighter and slenderer than that of the wheats mainly grown to-day, and it is possible to see at a glance its ideal qualities for thatching purposes. Up to quite recent years it was cut, stripped of its flag and lopped of its ears, all by hand. In some of the barns both at Burton Bradstock and Dottery to the north-west of Bridport, it is still possible to see the curious press by which the crop was deprived of its ears. It is a trestle-like arrangement of wood from about 8ft. to 10ft. long with mortised peg-holes in the uprights at each end by which the loose sheaves were held together with their ears all facing one way to be chopped off by a kind of billhook. Then, the straw was also combed of reed before use by a wooden rake.

A reed-thatched Dorset cottage where, according to the gracious and individual local mannerism, the thatch makes rounded penthouse eyebrows over the dormers or upper windows, can be detected at once. The hazel or withy stretchers are absent from most reed-thatched cottages except along the roof-ridge, possibly because the reed-thatch makes so close and compact a surface that it has no need to be pegged with "spicks" on the outside. The colour, too, is much darker even than the oldest thatch of wheat- or rye-straw, and I am reminded when I look up at a reed-thatched roof of the silky texture and purple glow of the mole's coat. The straw has to be well wetted before being carried up on the roof by (in the old days) a hod-like wooden carrier called a "bowl."

On the way back I had an odd adventure, which will make my journey to one of the last homes of reed-thatching for ever memorable to me. In a very lonely part of the road I stopped to eat a sandwich by the wayside. A white gate led into a wild pasture patched with gorse and swamp. On the gate was written "Labour-in-Vain Farm," while a neat notice board close by had this legend in black and red lettering: "Warning. Vipers and lepus corniculus at large. Beware of the Bull." Never in 30 years' wanderings over the face of England had I seen before so astonishing a notice. I do not care to ask whether it was true or not (I could see no evidence that it was). I love to think that in our brutishly violated England there may still be a fantastic and primeval pasture where lepuses, serpents and *Bos longifrons* (surely it must have been *Bos longifrons*) prowl "at large." A mile or two further on I passed a fungus by the side of the road—the ubiquitous gaudy English roadhouse. Here was the England of fact, but a man may still have his dreams.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Remarks on a hawk shoot from an Irish paper:

"'As we make a point of shooting all hawks about the place, I got out my gun and went down. I was surprised to find that I was able to approach within a distance of about 2yds. from the bird before it flew away.

"'My first impression was that the bird was wounded, but I realised my mistake when it flew off without any signs of distress. After it had flown about 30yds. I shot it, and found that a strong piece of leather was attached to both legs, and a bell to the left leg.

"'This sort of thing certainly does not happen every day.'

"I quite agree. Can any reader suggest why the hawk should have been so burdened?"

"It is as well to remember"

"QUICK, THY TABLETS, MEMORY"

Some Reflections Upon Christmastide

THE Christmas Number. And I must write something about Christmas. That should be easy enough. After all, Christmas comes round every year, and I am quite familiar with the festival by now.

I know that—in things temporal—it means Christmas cards; the posting of cards to friends and relations and the pleasant feeling when the deed is done that no one has been forgotten—and the sudden frantic rush to Woolworths on Christmas Eve in order that Aunt Agatha (who has not sent a card for ten years) shall not realise that I had forgotten I had an Aunt Agatha. I know it means presents, and long painful walks round the shops attempting to find something you think will please someone of whose intimate tastes and desires you know nothing; I know that it means eating an enormous luncheon or dinner. I know that it means sleeping a good deal. I know that in all probability it means indigestion, though M. Simon tells us elsewhere that it need not.

Yes, and more. Christmas is a happy festival. It is a holiday. It provides an excuse for spending more than one can afford and eating more than one can digest; but it also provides an opportunity for something much more important: the opportunity for showing goodwill, which means surely the opportunity for happiness, for being natural. People are more natural at Christmas; much more themselves, much more human, much less irritable, much less mechanised. At Christmas I generally have to go into shops devoted to the sale—at what I consider exorbitant prices—of ladies' clothing and accessories. I have to go into such places at other times of the year also—generally birthdays—and I notice a great difference in atmosphere. Birthday visits are trials. I am pushed by other shoppers—and the female elbow is a dangerous, hurtful weapon—I am regarded with pitying condescension. I buy something I did not mean to buy, and something which does not enhance my reputation in the eye of the ultimate recipient. At Christmas I am helped. I may be pushed, but the elbow is not driven by malice aforethought. I get what I want—and sometimes I am even smiled upon. Truly a great festival, since it can soften the heart of commerce.

And you must notice the same air about people in the streets and tubes and buses. The London bus conductor, whose life must be more than trying, is normally genial; at Christmas he radiates. He helps with parcels; he gives advice; he patters up and down stair whistling. And in the street there are smiles, occasional good-mornings from complete strangers, an air of geniality. Even in my tube; my tube carries business men, grim and bowler-hatted and important and silent, with tight lips and tight waistcoats. They rush in in the morning, very shiny about the cheeks and the shoes, and hide themselves behind important-looking newspapers. I often wonder whether they read them. We travel in silence. We do not smile. But at Christmas we smile, sometimes we bid each other good day. We unbend; one may even see a beetle-browed banker carrying a Donald Duck. Somehow it looks quite natural because it is Christmas.

It is this air of happiness, this sudden softening of the steel, that makes a modern Christmas. No doubt it was so in the past—it must have been. But then, if we may believe the Christmas cards, snow was a commonplace, the holly was always prolific, yule logs blazed—and so forth. Happiness was part of Christmas. To-day the yule log has given place to the electric fire, snow is a rarity, and when it falls is instantly a brown-grey slush; and the holly, so I gather, is no longer what it was. But the happiness is left. Happiness is Christmas.

And Christmas, in myself at least, induces a spirit of contemplative retrospection. I dare not look forward—for that means contemplation of the eternal struggle to wrest a living from a sterile world. I look back. I doze before my fire, as any well-fed cat, and stretch and live again the things that I have enjoyed. Some small intimate things that can concern no one but myself and those near me—the small laughs, the brief excursions, the idle joys and quick sorrows that make life so grand a thing. And some that I have enjoyed with others: a tall forward in dark blue booting the ball far into the December mist and with long stride outstripping a three-quarter in light blue in the race for the try; the great roar as Oxford pass below Barnes Bridge, one rung further up the ladder from decadence to normality; the greater roar as Shaw dives over at the corner and Scotland are three points nearer the Calcutta Cup; the polite clapping as Bartlett smites the Players' bowling everywhere over Lord's, and all the while looks nonchalant; the stunned silence and then the shout as Doyle swings himself out of the ring and leaves Phillips the victor, in what had at least been a fight.

And days of countryside: Leckhampton Hill, and Bibury; and the banks of the Itchen with the trout fat and fearless and myself with no rod to my hand; and the sudden whirring as a cock pheasant gets up beneath my feet at Burley and startles the woodland into life with his clamour. Of the wind whipping off the sea at East Wittering, and the gulls mewing; of hot windless days on down tops with England panoramic below, and the hum of a tractor afar off; of the gentle green of larches in spring and the rich orange of beeches by Harting in autumn; of many things.

Christmas is the time of memories no less than of mottoes. There may be longing, there may be regret, in some of the memories—there should always be peace. And it is fitting that at the end of the year we should consider the year that is passing. We, probably, did many things during the year without due consideration—almost certainly we did—and probably we enjoyed ourselves sometimes because we did not consider; and now looking back?

One should look back, and not only on the pleasant things—though they will predominate—such is the effect of good food and the things that help to make good food good—for that is beneficial. And there is so little time for retrospection in these hurried days; it is so easy in the hustle to forget the past and the lessons it should teach. Time goes more quickly with each passing year. Matthew Arnold knew that

> "Ere the fleeting hour go by,
> Quick, thy tablets, Memory!"

Christmas is fleeting. It is as well to remember.

And before I forget I must get some presents. It is as well to remember.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COTSWOLDS
An unusual sunlight study of one of the most famous beauty spots in England—Arlington Row, in Bibury

THE CHANGING FACE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

By R. H. MOTTRAM

(Author of "The Spanish Farm," &c., and winner of the Hawthornden Prize, 1924)

SUPERFICIALLY this is not a subject on which a bred and born townsman such as I am should have much to say. Yet, like so much else in English life, that conclusion is deceptive. Not only is it partly true that "Lookers-on see most of the game," but, further, there is no real boulevard type in England. The Cockney is not a townsman, he is an exile from the country. I, who was born and grew up within sight and hearing of the biggest agricultural market outside London, have always had a strongly developed interest in the country. I could not help it. My father, although he belonged to a family of which every generation for a century had been born within the city gates, in his capacity as a bank manager was quite as much and perhaps more concerned with farming and land owning than with town industries and conditions. My mother was a country-bred woman. And every Saturday my native place became the scene of the weekly market. There were more country people in the streets than townsmen, great herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and poultry were being conveyed to the acres of open pens that lay only a stone's throw from our windows, and the sound and odour of them filled our house.

The country then, to me, was no mere place to which I went for a holiday. It was that only incidentally. It was my father's business, my mother's background. And from the topmost windows of our tall house I could see clearly where the roofs and chimneys, spires and gardens left off, and the fields began, the ploughland that was golden or chocolate brown, the pasture that was grey-green, yellow-green, emerald green by turns. Nor did the prospect lack the lovely horizon of smoke-blue, steel-blue or blue-green coverts, the sand and heather of Mousehold Heath, the broad shining silver of the River Yare. For the country to me was no mere landscape. It was a place where people worked. Ploughmen and shepherds, teamsters and wherrymen all had their parts, and on the farthest hills the sails of windmills whirled incessantly. That was the townsman's outlook. I have to survey the changes that were and are taking place in it. I can do so easily, for that must have been almost the first serious subject I heard discussed. My father was full of it. Farming was not what it had been. He regarded the subject gravely. My mother was full of it. She welcomed any change. She had never forgiven the narrow limitations and half-animal surroundings of the village in which she had been one of the two educated women. She had made the utmost haste to get away from it. He used to describe the glories of the old Essex homestead of his cousins, in the 'fifties, and only incidentally it transpired that the labourers lived in earthen-floored hovels and were riddled with small-pox, among other things. She lamented the utter lack of privacy of her early home, the way everything she did was common gossip. In her unguarded moments she also lamented the flowery and ferny lanes she had quitted for the town streets, and with tears in her eyes showed us rare plants and birds. Such were two personal contacts with the country in the 'eighties. They were very typical. They were discussing two different chapters of one of the oldest stories in the world, and I can only make my later chapter useful by showing it—a mere incident—in its true relationship to the whole.

The countryside is changing. It always has been. I wonder what was said by the man whose flint arrow head I picked up on Thetford Heath, when he found his neighbours scratching the soil and growing corn instead of hunting mammoths like gentlemen as he had always done. I can imagine quite well the consternation of a later generation of Britons, who saw their fields dotted with the country houses of the Romans, whose ornamental pheasants ate their crops. I sometimes think the Saxon age must have been the golden one of agriculture. No one did anything else to speak of. And we know that the Norman kings had to make savage laws to preserve game. The controversy over this change in the countryside still lingers, perhaps more noticeably than the one that followed it, which arose from the hotly debated question, were the monks good landlords? Military service in respect of land was no good to them. They wanted payment in money or kind. And mixed up with their administration of the countryside (of which they owned in Norfolk one-eighth, and we may be sure it was the best farmed) was the most dramatic change of all—the first enclosures, and the introduction of commercial sheep farming. Nothing that has happened in the twentieth century has effected anything like the drastic displacement of population and alteration of the landscape. Not that the sheep-farming Cistercians and their imitators began it. The drift to the town is older. I find that the names on a Norwich jury list of the year 1288 are half of them country names of men who had come in from the surrounding villages. Why? For precisely the same reason that makes men do it to-day. They think they can get more money for less work.

For, although my father didn't realise it, the prosperous farming of his boyhood was a freak and a brief one. Farming never has "paid" for very long, and the real reply to the question, "Were the monks good landlords?" is "Any landlord is better than none. He has got to keep up the buildings, roads and drains because they are his!" Many a man who bought his farm in 1920 knows that. Anyhow, the monks went. They may not have started the drift to the towns, but we know for certain that before Elizabeth's day it had already assumed formidable size. The Orders for the Poor for Norwich tell their own tale. But the countryside went on changing. Then there came the day of the great landlords, Townsend with his turnips, Coke the model agriculturist. Then came Free Trade and Steam Transport, and it became cheaper to bring wheat from Canada and mutton from New Zealand. It was over this I first remember hearing the lamentation, and once again men said the countryside was changing. Well, it was, and high time. I have heard the older type of landlord

lament the hedger and ditcher who worked better because he was illiterate, but my belief is that in reality the old country type had the virtues that go with extreme poverty and bad conditions, which made him endure a good deal and work because he knew of nothing else to do.

Fortunately, it seems impossible to keep people at that level. Knowledge, hope and ambition will leak out somewhere. I do not believe that the man who drives a reaper and binder is a worse man than the one who used to mow with the scythe and bind with his hands. I do not believe that the man who works a tractor is a worse man than the one who used to walk behind the plough. Every time I see a farm cart with pneumatic tyres a weight that used to drag at the old horses' shoulders is lifted off mine. Every time I see a smart boy delivering clean milk in sealed bottles I do not sigh for the (often imaginary) dairymaid. I do not believe eggs are worse for being carried in proper containers, or that apples suffer from being properly packed.

No, I rejoice in all these things, because I know that the drift to the towns is over and we are most of us going back to live in the country. The glamour of the town is gone. Better cottages, pure water, proper drains, wireless and 'bus are more and more within reach of the cottager. The electric pylon strides across the countryside. More and more people want to move away from the street. Whenever I see that the acreage under cultivation has shrunk I ask myself how much of it is due to houses built for people who used to be herded into mean streets. Does it sound too rosy a picture? I will qualify. The new countryside towards which we are going is not going to be made without effort. The old one was not. Someone mapped out the old common strips of fields. Someone protected the growing crops and stock. Our problem is not quite that. The day is over when drought or flood, foot-and-mouth disease, or sea erosion could bring famine and disaster. The danger is rather that our new countryside will be over-mechanised. The first sign is ribbon development and the bungalow. The electric pylon can be forgiven, and how much do we worry about the railway? No, it isn't that. It is the lack of squire and parson, the lost sense of the village being a family with a common life.

Let me hasten to add that I am fully aware that there were bad squires, indifferent parsons in the old days, and that the old family life was often lived by the very poorest of its members. I am simply reporting what I hear. When a billiard room is provided the villager won't play with his like. He wants someone from a slightly higher social sphere to lead off. We must get over that. Then there is the fact that many of us can never belong to the village as its inhabitants used to, because our job is not there, it is in the nearest town. Again, who shall make the petrol pumps look as the smithy used to look, or the road house take the place of the inn, or the evening off by bus or tandem bind us together as the morning service or church once did? Yet I do not despair. What would Gurth the Saxon have said of the life of Sir Roger de Coverley, what would the builder of Silbury Hill have made of Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the Vale?

DOWN IN DORSET
The gentle curve of the street at Milton Abbas, with its horse-chestnut trees and yellow walled cottages

This seems to me the central problem of the changing countryside. I could easily go into rhapsodies over the Old English village, most picturesque in the world. Experienced travellers tell me there is nothing like it for its immense range and variety and character in so small a country. And, indeed, I know this to be true, even as against Ireland and Scotland. Perhaps the Cotswold or Chiltern stone-built villages are the best, but are they much better than Essex or Midland timber and thatch, East Anglian colour-washed plaster and red tile, the whitewashed purple-slated ones of the West? Where else on earth is there, apparently, so complete a social microcosm, the hall behind its coverts, the church among its stones, the dwellings round the green, the windmill on the heath, or the watermill by the bridge, the alehouse at the cross roads, the market house, the pound, the stocks?

But I have to go deeper and ask myself if the life was always as placid and its rewards as well distributed as its appearance might warrant our supposing. And I have to confess that the village was not always so perfect as it looks. If it had been there would have been no transportation or emigration, no constant urge towards the towns. Now comes the point: Can we make the new village which is arising any better? We shall be hard put to it, to make it look as seemly. But I think we shall succeed if there is someone in the Hall who really takes the lead, and if the church really means something that we want and that all the comfort and sanitation in the world cannot give us. The rest is easier. It isn't difficult to find the men (and women) who will play games on the green, although they may call it the Recreation Ground, or more simply the "Recker." Nor to play darts in the pub.

The countryside has changed, it is still changing. If we can make the future even as good as the past, we shall do well.

THE ENGLISH SCENE
The lovely village of Middle Duntisbourne, in Gloucester

"THE WINDMILL ON THE HEATH"
A view of Finchingfield, in Essex

I FEAR THE GREEKS

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THERE WAS A DEAFENING CRASH, A BLAZE OF FLAME . . .

IT was Christmas Day, not in the workhouse, but in 1918, and I had only just recovered from the War, Spanish 'flu, and the celebration of Armistice Day in Shepheard's Hotel. With all three there had been a considerable risk of losing one's life, but I was never nearer death than during the famous Australian versus Yeomanry pillow, bedding and bedroom utensil fight on the staircase at Shepheard's when a 3ft. pot complete with palm thrown by an Australian V.A.D. hurtled down three storeys and swept away the rank-badges from my shoulder. I had heard that there was to be an even more convivial celebration on Christmas Day, but I had had enough of War, and instead I decided to spend the day peaceably and safely on Lake Mariut after duck.

Lake Mariut, which is an enormous stretch of shallow water on the west of Alexandria, owes its existence to Abercrombie in 1801, when he opened the dykes to cut off the French Army from Cairo. Years ago it had been the most wonderful duck sanctuary in the world and then the vast cosmopolitan population of Alexandria had imitated the Briton by taking up shooting and, when the Egyptian fellahin in the villages round the lake followed suit from mercenary motives, the migrating duck very wisely gave Mariut a wide berth.

Then came the War, martial law, prohibition of firearms and acute shortage of cartridges. After three years of perfect peace on Mariut Lake in the midst of universal war, the duck realised that something must have happened and returned in their thousands. At the western end near my station of Amria one could see any morning at sun-up myriads of skeins of duck of every variety known to Egypt passing from one feeding haunt to another until about ten o'clock in the morning, when they would all settle on the water in the centre of the lake to sleep, forming a dense black mass that extended to the horizon. I feel, therefore, that I have been most restrained in writing of them as coming in thousands; one might almost be excused if one used the word "millions." The trouble about the dense black mass, however, was that it remained in this condition all the hours of daylight, and nothing would break it up or set the birds on the wing again until dusk fell.

Well, the duck were there and so was the boat and its *reis*, a very cross-eyed Arab from the Aulad Ali tribe. My gun I had just retrieved from my heavy kit, where it had been since 1915, and the only difficulty was cartridges. An exhaustive comb-out of all the Alexandrian shops, however, with a British policeman assisting, produced a hundred very doubtful-looking Belgians. They cost £4, and I was given to understand by the Greek who sold them that they were cheap at the price.

When I was at school I used to wonder why old Virgil had let himself go over those lines that run, "*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.*" After that day I felt inclined to agree with him, and in fact was prepared to go a bit farther and say that Greeks are just as much to be feared if they are not giving away things, but are in fact overcharging for them.

On Christmas Eve I had dined at the Royal Air Force mess at Amria, and when discussing the shoot I intended to make, the Squadron Leader had had a sudden brain wave. I had explained that the shoot would be over at 10 a.m. as the duck went to sleep and nothing would shift them.

"Nothing?" he asked. "Supposing I swooped over them in a 'plane and flew up the line of them?"

I admire the Army, I love the Navy, but for initiative give me the R.A.F. No one has ever heard of a Colonel offering to drive a friend's partridge shoot with his battalion, nor of a naval Captain putting his cruiser at one's disposal for tunny fishing at Scarborough, but the Royal Air Force will do anything to oblige.

The next morning—a very chilly one—I set off with Mohammed of the Aulad Ali in his boat. It was not a very good boat, or perhaps the bailer was not up to its work. An ordinary bully-beef tin cannot keep time with a boat that is more seams than planks, but I will say that Mohammed was a very rapid bailer—one of the best I have ever seen—and at no time did the water rise above the tops of my boots. The only thing that puzzled me was his surprise at finding the boat in its leaky condition and his remarks to the effect that he did not know how it had occurred. Judging from what I could see, it had been in that state shortly after Abercrombie had let the water into the lake in 1801, and nothing had been done about it since; but in those days the Arab was more or less new to me.

Owing to the bailing we progressed very slowly over the shallow lake to our hide in the rushes, and this was irritating, for the sky was streaked in every direction with flights of duck, all of whom, of course, kept well out of range of the boat. Eventually, however, we arrived, and Mohammed, having pulled the boat up on to a ridge of mud, thus keeping the water level inside below the Plimsoll mark, we settled down to serious work, and very serious work it was.

Immediately we had hidden ourselves in the depths of the reeds—the same reeds that had once hidden the infant Moses—the duck in flights of tens and twenties came swooping past within easy range. Swinging down to the rather derelict and part-worn wooden decoys that Mohammed had set out would come a great mass of wigeon, and as one fired there would be a whistle of wings from the opposite direction as a huge flock of teal swept by. Then would follow pintail, conspicuous with their white patches and extremely long necks; pochard, looking fat and heavy; mallard, so common in England but so rare in Egypt; shoveller, with their rather top-heavy silhouettes; ferruginous, glorious in their black, white and chestnut, but foul to eat; and all the time teal and more teal in clouds of 30's, 40's and 50's.

The Belgian cartridges spluttered, fizzed, popped and banged, and if one had been shooting grouse at Glendye or pheasants at Abbotsbury there might have been little to show for the expenditure of ammunition, but these duck were easy and plentiful. If a cartridge did hang fire for a second and so missed a passing pack of wigeon, it exploded at just the right moment to rake the ranks of a huge flight of mallard coming up from the opposite direction, and if the next one missed fire altogether one did not notice it in the excitement.

Then suddenly the flight so far as I was concerned ceased completely. The air was still full of thousands of duck, but they kept well away and out of range, and then I realised that there was someone else shooting on the lake. From a patch of rushes some 90yds. from me, and between me and the open stretch of water, I caught the glint of a gun-barrel and saw two puffs of smoke followed by a double report. Then heading straight for me came a fine flight of pintail, which were at least 150yds. from the interloper, and therefore of no interest to him. However, up went the gun-barrel—plop—plop—and the duck swung off to westward hopelessly out of shot.

For some time I watched this display with increasing choler. In the first place I was commandant of the area, and all permits to shoot had to be issued from my office, and nothing arouses the rightful ire of the Government official more than some unlawful infringement of his personal perquisites. Secondly, my neighbour obviously belonged to that very despicable and jealous type who says to himself, "They're out of range for me, but I'm damned if the other fellow's going to get a chance."

For the next quarter of an hour my neighbour, who must have had an enormous store of pre-War cartridges, fired at every duck that came within sight, from those which passed him at 5yds. to others that appeared on the horizon a quarter of a mile away, and I sat doing nothing—smoking my pipe and chewing on the stem.

Then I called Mohammed to me. "Go and tell that man there," I said, "that I wish to shoot also. Tell him to leave those duck that are far from him, and let them come to me."

"*Mafoom*" ("Understood"), said Mohammed, and holding up his skirts in Victorian style he paddled slowly across the open water to the rushes.

In a quarter of an hour he was back again. "He is a bad man—no good. He say you go to hell and damblastbloody. Very bad talk."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"*Huwa wahid Kawagha Greeki*" ("He is a Greek gentleman"), said Mohammed. "I know him well. He has a shop in Alexandria; he sells those dambad cartridges you have."

"You go back and tell him," I said firmly, "that the next lot of duck he fires at that are out of range I'm going to fire at *him*."

Mohammed was on his way back to me after delivering the message when the opportunity occurred. My friend fired wantonly at a large pack of birds that were at least 200yds. from his hide, so I put up my gun and solemnly fired two barrels into the brown of the rushes. One must remember it was only a month or so after a war in which one had been shooting at Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians and Turks indiscriminately, so a couple of barrels at a Greek was hardly worth considering.

The result, however, was electrifying and most satisfactory, for a boat suddenly shot out of the rushes in a cloud of spray and, with both the Greek and his boatman striving to emulate "Goblets" form, disappeared in the haze of the horizon. The Greek must have had far more faith in his cartridges than I had, but perhaps he had been unlucky enough to get one of the overproof ones. Most of them were definitely underproof, but every now and again there turned up one that was a real "bonzer," as the Australians have it, and if one of these had raked the rushes it explained adequately the sudden slump in Greek stock.

After this the sport improved considerably, and I had a very satisfactory time until ten o'clock came with its concomitant cessation of all movement and a dense sleeping mass of duck on the surface of the lake.

Then I heard the distant drone of an aeroplane and saw at a great height heading towards me the outline of a pale yellow machine—the Royal Air Force, sharp on time, had come to the rescue. The 'plane circled twice to obtain an appreciation of the situation, and there was some movement and uneasy splashing among the duck below. Then suddenly the nose of the machine dipped and down she came with a straight dive at the birds.

Some 50ft. from the surface of the lake the machine flattened out and with the engines in a full roar swept up the line of duck. The great black mass of birds broke into a travelling line of white foam like a swiftly-rushing wave. There was a rush of wings and in a moment the air was full of duck—a disordered crowd at first, but then, sorting themselves out into species, they winged outwards in Vs and skeins.

In half a minute my gun was nearly red hot as I fired right and left and overhead at the rushing flights, and then, realising that my very expensive and unreliable cartridges were running low, I steadied up to take only certain shots. At this moment a flight of mallard passed right overhead at a considerable height and I threw up my gun, firing the left-choke barrel in the hope of getting one.

There was a deafening crash, a blaze of flame, a stunning blow on my shoulder and head, and when I came to I was lying in the mud on my back with several long, warped planks floating away from me. After a while it struck me that these planks were all that remained of the boat, and I crawled to my feet to look for Mohammed. He was sitting in the water 10yds. behind me and looking so surprised that his eyes were quite straight for the first time in his life.

"What happened?" I gasped. And then Mohammed handed me from the mud my gun, or what remained of it. The left barrel had gone entirely and so had the middle rib, and the stock was shattered into slivers and splinters.

"The cartridges," spluttered Mohammed, blowing the mud from his mouth. "That Greeki very bad man—damblastbloody."

As the *Field* explained afterwards, the burst must have occurred through a very weak cartridge that had left the full charge in the barrel so that the next shot had exploded in the chamber and blown the gun to bits. Although the Greek had got one of his overproofs for himself, there seemed no doubt about the fact that I had reserved a very special one for myself, and one way and another it seemed that he had won the contest not only on points but on the knock-out also.

MISTLETOE

A Romance of Christmas Numbers

By PATRICK CHALMERS

CHRISTMAS EVE was to-morrow and, at Mulberry Park, the seat of Sir Marrable Daukes, the two younger members of the Daukes family, their cousins, the Quantock girls, and the Quantocks' brother Billy, were regaling themselves with China tea, hot cakes and cress sandwiches. The room they sat in was a cheerful one, known, for no particular reason, as the gun-room. It had a wide hearth and an exuberant fire. Its ceiling was low, its walls panelled, its chairs saddleback. At the moment it provided a pleasant contrast to the wet, grey-and-yellow gloaming without.

The party calls for little description; it was youthful and rather noisy, and Miss Angela Daukes, at the age of 20, was extremely pretty. She was a slim slip of a girl dressed in red. Her face and its clean-cut features varied but slightly from the classic mould. Yet her profile had a character-bestowing hint of goblin liveliness. Her complexion was excellent, her eyes green-grey and her fair hair, the hue of ripe barley, hung in bright coils on each side of her small head. David Daukes was eighteen months younger than his sister, of whom, even to a low-pitched voice, he was a handsome replica. David was a prefect at Clifbury, and while unprominent at games he was proficient in mathematics. He was said also to have some ability as an amateur actor.

"Tell us about him," pleaded Muriel Quantock. She had the bright inquisitive eyes of a starling.

"About who?" pretended Angela. She helped herself to a sandwich.

"About the Milden man, of course."

"Though I have hitherto been spared his acquaintance," said David, "nevertheless *I* can expound to you Mr. Giles Milden. He is arriving on the 4.25, presumably he will be here almost at once. He is a great hulking soldier of the brutal type. He has won something called the middle-weight championship. A boxing contest. He comes here to shoot and, probably a secondary consideration, to woo the girl Angela."

"You little beast," said Miss Daukes impassionately. She offered her sandwich to a plethoric black pug who refused it. But her words she addressed to her brother. She had lately said "No" to an over-sudden offer of marriage on the part of Giles Milden, a denial private to Giles and herself. Now she was aware that she regretted that "No." It would, she supposed, in the circumstances, have shown better taste if Giles had cancelled his acceptance of the Christmas invitation sent to him by Lady Daukes some weeks ago, before, of course, he had made such an idiot of himself. But was it not she, Angela, who had been the idiot? Anyhow, she was angry with herself, irrationally angry with Giles, and found David's character-sketching puerile.

"Did he really win the middle-weights?" Billy Quantock inquired.

"Something muscular of the sort," said David, "it's extraordinary what girls will admire. And mind always triumphs over matter."

"Is that what they teach you at school, dear child?" asked his sister.

"Yes, sweetest, one of the things; it's called an epigram in case you didn't know. Another is that biggest is not always best."

David's green-grey eyes sparkled impishly, and he added, as one who tempts a challenge: "What's more, these big brutish men usually have a yellow streak in them. Tell you what, my pretty one, I'll bet you half-a-crown that within the next twenty-four hours little David will find a reason to pull Goliath's nose or box his ears and that no reprisal will be dared."

"Well, I don't suppose he'd actually *hit* a little squirt like you——"

"We are unhappily alike——"

"But it would be to your benefit if——"

"Will you take me on?"

"No, of course not, I——".

"Cowardly——"

A car hooted in the avenue's bend. "Oh, well, all right, and I hope he——"

"Done."

"Here he is," said Billy Quantock.

David took a cigarette, tapped it in the du Maurier manner, and left the room singing aloud that journeys end in lovers meeting. Angela's eyes followed him balefully. A few minutes later she was shaking hands with Mr. Giles Milden, hopeful that in the kindly firelight no one would notice that she was blushing. Giles was blushing blatantly. He was a big, blue-eyed young man, long limbed and with a tinge of red in his hair. He blushed like a boiled crab. Though a fighting man, his manner was subdued and shy. He sat on the edge of his chair and said: "Oh I say, Miss Quantock," when Muriel asked of his Etonian tie, if it was that of the Old Clifburians. His conversational powers seemed to be those of the jelly-fish. In spite of which Angela once more thought of herself as an idiot. Clearly she would now never marry anyone. She said that she thought she heard her father calling her, and, jumping up, she left Giles to the Quantock girls.

"AS HE STOOPED, SHE SLAPPED HIS FACE WITH A GLOVED HAND"

Sir Marrable Daukes, owner by purchase of Mulberry Park, was a highly successful surgeon. Doing his best to cure on five days in the week, he, during the shooting season, on the sixth day, did his best to kill. But Sir Marrable was a busy man, and so he wisely left the detail of a shooting day to Pingle, his head gamekeeper. To-morrow would be a shooting day and, for a Christmas shoot, the Mulberry Park coverts had still a good stock of pheasants.

Mr. Milden had been asked to shoot them. He was a good shot. And, though a shy young man, he was an optimist who rarely said "No," and never took it for an answer. He had therefore kept to his Christmas date at Mulberry Park and had not abandoned hope of building out of the visit a more permanent engagement. Since his arrival it was true that Angela's treatment of him had been a discouraging mixture of casual friendship and fixed bayonets. But, as he dressed for dinner, he reflected that there were three days to go and that three days gave time for a change of fortune. He looked healthfully forward to an excellent dinner in the society, even the perverse society, of his beloved, and, in the morning, to the shooting of some of the highest and best pheasants in three shires. With agreeable anticipations he tied a neat black bow under his square chin.

As he did so David Daukes, in the rambling back premises of his home, was taking thought with Pingle for the morrow, and the interests of the guest. David had a mathematical mind, and Pingle, perfect in his way, had not. Therefore David felt it incumbent upon him, this time anyhow, to see that the numbering cards were foolproof. To see, in fact, that each card told its recipient what his number would be at each stand of the short winter day. Thus there could be no mistake. For instance, David was desirous that Giles Milden's number should work out with Giles standing No. 7 at the last stand of the afternoon. The covert would be Lower Catfoss. No. 7 would stand in the fringe of the timber at the far end of the wood. No. 7 would find his place under the crab-apple tree whereon grew, white-berried and parasite, a big bunch of mistletoe. He, David, would hand Giles the card himself, and No. 7 was a productive stand, as testified the litter of empty shells among the shrivelled windfalls.

David's calculations had required a little more than common care since he had to allow for an idea, amounting to a certainty, that one of the guns would fall out shortly after luncheon. But this eventuality was now arranged for and, content, the numerator smilingly joined the sherry-drinkers in the drawing-room just as the gong sounded.

Next morning, in the silver of weak sunshine, the Mulberry Park shooting party assembled. Four guns were of the house, four of the locality. The last threw their greatcoats into their cars, rummaged in cartridge bags, and stamped their feet on the damp gravel sweep. Mr. Chapman-Formby's Labrador, with the courtesies of his kind, made acquaintance with Jane and Jess, Sir Marrable's spaniels, who met his advances with a tuck-tailed pretence of the coy. Somebody struck a fusee; it hissed and spluttered and the fragrance of a newly-lit cigar warmed the grey air.

David dealt out the number cards, and the guns, in twos and threes, presently moved off through an iron handgate and across the broad paddock which, on notepaper and elsewhere, lent the dignity of "Park" to the Daukes's address. Among red bracken beds rabbits dodged to shots and shoutings, experienced cock pheasants ran back, less wily ones swung over at immeasurable altitudes and, now and then, a soft creamy-brown woodcock, missed a dozen times, flipped lazily through bare branches and was gone. Lunch was eaten indoors and, after lunch, the ladies of Mulberry Park went out with the men. The wind had shifted to the west and, rising, had brought with it a light drizzle, a dampness sufficient, and no more, to justify Angela in wearing gum-boots and a waterproof, and in pulling her dark-green hat well down over her ears. But her face, kissed with the wind, looked even more lovely than usual, at least so thought Giles Milden.

At luncheon Angela had avoided Giles's attempt to occupy the chair by her side. He had therefore sat opposite to her and been the tongue-tied witness of his lady's apparent delight in the humour of young Mr. Chapman-Formby. The latter was a big, cheerful, plump fellow, and Giles wished that he might have three minutes with him in a twelve-foot ring.

"Stand with me, Angela?" implored Giles as

the procession presently crossed the avenue and went to Pyecrofts.

Angela said, "Not this time, Giles, I must stand with Mr. Chapman-Formby," and, except when she shed a brief patronage on her father or brother (who closely criticised her hat), she fulfilled the obligation to Mr. Formby throughout the afternoon.

At 3.30, in the last of the shooting light, Giles Milden's programme placed him by the crab-apple tree just where David had last evening visualised him. For, as David had foreseen, one of the guns had fallen out. "Who's short?" enquired Sir Marrable. Billy Quantock told his uncle that David had, of a sudden, found his gun going off, disconcertingly, both barrels to one trigger pull. Therefore David had hurried back to the house in search of another and more trustworthy weapon.

So Giles, at the far end of Lower Catfoss, was, as we have seen, posted under the crab-apple tree. The drizzle had taken off, and Angela, whose tweeds were becoming, had followed David's suggestion that he should carry her waterproof home. Giles, since his enchantress was avoiding him, knew nothing of David's chivalry. But now a twig cracked and the small sound caused him to turn his head. He was delighted to see Angela, not more than 3 yds. away, upon her shooting stick. That she should be wearing the waterproof in which he last saw her naturally caused him no surprise. Nor, to his optimistic mind, did her so tardy condescension.

"Giles," she cooed, "why have you been avoiding me? I hardly thought you so cruel, so *unkind*. Won't you be friends?"

Thus attacked, Giles, a simple soul, dithered. "Angela——" he began.

But his companion cut him short. She glanced upwards at the mistletoe: she sat immediately beneath it. "Mistletoe," she said dreamily, "the *mistion* of our Saxon forefathers. '*Mistion*' meant 'a state of being mingled,' did it not, Giles? And you don't seem aware, or perhaps you don't care, that I'm sitting under——."

Giles was not such a simpleton as all that. He made one step of it to the speaker's side and (No. 7 stand at Lower Catfoss is out of view of the remaining stands) he, I have no doubt, would have treated Angela according to custom and invitation only, as he stooped, she slapped his face with a gloved hand, told him he was a cad, and walked off with such dignity as a wearer of gum boots may assume. Giles rubbed his cheek: he said to himself, dolefully, that he would never understand girls, and that he had better catch an evening train to town.

The drive was beginning, sticks tapped in the wood. Round the corner came the sound of shooting, and the occasional crash and thud of a fall among the thorns and hollies.

Upon the hidden ride the wearer of the mackintosh met another figure, its duplicate, but in tweed. "*David*," said the latter, "you motley little fool—what on earth——"

"I want half-a-crown, please, Angela," said David Daukes, "that great bruising lout of yours has been hit without hitting back." He explained briefly.

"You, you little *beast*."

"Well, you can go and kiss the place and make it well," said her brother, rudely. "I'm going home to change your things, my dear (how alike your hats are by the way) and to put Billy's boots back in his room before he comes in."

He retreated into the shadows. Angela, swinging her shooting-stick confusedly, told herself that if she turned back now she'd regret it always. She had been, as a sleep-walker, gravitating towards No. 7. She bit her lip and advanced with the traditional firmness of the culprit who walks to the scaffold.

Once more Giles heard a footstep behind him. Once more he turned. Once more he saw Angela upon her stick beneath the bough. But, somehow, it was a different Angela. It was not the absent waterproof that made the difference, but something in her grey eyes was so clear and so kindly that even Giles, who, a moment ago, had found young women incomprehensible, could read the riddle.

"I didn't mean to hit you," said she. "I didn't mean anything *ever*, it's all been a mistake——"

"Darling, *do* you mean——?"

"Yes, Giles, I mean anything you want me to mean, *anything* you like."

So, as a beginning, Giles, once more, helped this time rather than hindered, put the mistletoe to its time-honoured use while the last flush (four white-collared cock pheasants) streamed, unshot at, over No. 7 stand.

At tea, an hour later, Angela cascaded half-a-crown's worth of copper down the neck of David Daukes.

SPORT IN THE PERSIAN GULF

Varied Bags with Gun and Rod

THE Persian Gulf is notorious for its climate, but few people who have not been there know anything of the opportunities there are for sport. During six months in one of H.M. ships in the Gulf I enjoyed first-class shooting and sea fishing.

For shooting, Basra is a good base, from which the country can be reached by car or motor boat, both of which can be hired cheaply. Though the roads were rough and very soft in wet weather when I was there, there was a prospect of them being improved and no difficulty in transport should be experienced.

In February black partridge, duck and snipe were plentiful, and on three different days the bags were:

48 brace black partridge and 1 hare (3 guns).

150 duck, 2 geese and 1 pig (5 guns).

25 couple of snipe (2 guns in an afternoon).

On October three guns shot 98 brace of sand grouse on one morning.

The locality in which duck are found depends on the amount of flooding in the river basin, and it is advisable to send out a shikari a few days in advance. The Hammar Lakes appear from the map to be the best place, but are apt to be too deep, and our shikari took us further north near Shatra al Amara. This necessitated a drive by road of three hours, and a further hour by motor boat up a narrow irrigation channel, and then a short distance in one of the picturesque native canoes, with high curving prow. This long journey was, however, well worth while, not only for the sport we obtained but for the view of the countryside, taking us as it did through the Garden of Eden, where we were shown the tree from which Eve took the apple. Dawn was breaking when we stopped, and the moon reflected in the river was all the light we had by which to see it.

After unloading guns, rifles, food and cartridges from our canoes we built hides round a vast expanse of reeds into which the duck flight, and soon the sport began. The duck we shot were teal, wigeon, pintail and marble, with a few shovelers.

Rifles were taken as a precaution against attacks by pig, which have several times worried shooting parties, and on this occasion one of our party had to put down his gun in haste to repel an attack from the rear by an old pig. This later provided us with 2 cwt. of rather tasteless boiled pork.

Towards sunset pelicans flying in single line ahead, about 200 strong, made a wonderful sight, with their long thin bodies and enormous wings flapping across the sky. After every ten beats of his wings the leader stopped and glided for a few seconds, each of the remainder doing so in succession, so their line traced an almost perfect wave towards the glowing west.

Black partridge shooting does not require such a long journey from Basra, and in my opinion is better fun, as there is plenty of walking to be done. We went to the neighbourhood of Ezra's tomb, in the fertile corn and date-growing land between the Shatt al Arab river and desert. I do not know the correct name of this variety of partridge—it is about the size of a grouse and coloured like a guinea fowl, but black instead of grey is the predominating colour. They are strong runners, and a spaniel is a great help. Their flight is deceptive, appearing to be slow, but I soon realised that they move every bit as fast as their English relatives.

The country consists of corn and date gardens, in which there is generally long, coarse grass which provides shade in the middle of the day. Further from the river there is a stretch bordering the desert where camel thorn grows in clumps about 2ft. high. Birds were found in any of this cover, and the natives had no objection to our shooting in their date gardens, which are unfenced or in the young corn; nor was there any difficulty in getting boys to carry bags and beat—in fact, rather the opposite happened, and it was hard to persuade them that all were not required. This was overcome, however, by giving round brass discs threaded on string to those we wanted. At the end of an hour or so we paid "backshish" to those wearing the tallies, and the others soon disappeared. Over these matters an interpreter is a great help, and we were lucky in having an Irqi who acted as such, knew all the country, and was, in addition, a first-class shot. It was owing to his help that we were always sure of such good sport.

The snipe shooting was arranged hurriedly and without local knowledge, but proved successful. Two guns, mediocre shots, got 25 couple one afternoon a few miles up river from Basra on the left bank, opposite Ashrafi Creek. Conditions were not ideal—there was too much water—but we had some very pleasant shooting.

In October sand grouse were flighting in large packs to a lake beyond the old fort at Shaibah, about two hours by car from Basra. They come in from 20 miles out in the desert, flying high and chattering loudly till they drop down to the water, giving easy shots. The beginner soon finds that by aiming for the leading bird he will probably kill two or three every time. It is really too easy, and enormous bags have been made. The flighting ends soon after 9 a.m., and anyone who had not seen it would never imagine there was a bird in the desert, so silent and barren is it.

As far as sea fishing goes, I give the result of our efforts, and a few remarks. I was in the Gulf in February, March and April, and July, August and September, so cannot speak for the whole year.

Place.	Date.	Fish.	Weight.
Elphinstone Inlet	March 3rd.	1 caranx	41lb.
		4 barracouta ...	15lb.–22lb.
Khor Fakkan ...	March 29th	2 barracouta ...	4lb. and 22lb.
Duhat Shisa	April 2nd ..	4 barracouta ...	
		3 caranx	Total 120lb.
		1 seer	
Duhat Shisa	Sept. 9th..	1 caranx	29lb.
Khor Kuwan ...	July 21st..	1 caranx	11lb.
	July 22nd .	1 caranx	15lb.
	July 28th .	2 caranx	13lb. and 33lb.
	July 29th .	1 caranx	33lb.
	Aug. 1st ..	1 rock cod	17lb.
		1 dagalla	17lb.
		1 barracouta ...	7lb.
	Sept. 29th.	3 caranx	7lb., 9lb. and 53lb.
		3 dagalla.....,	13lb. and 15lb. (2)
		1 barracouta....	3lb.
	Sept. 30th.	2 caranx	44lb. (2)
		1 dagalla	9lb.
		2 seer	23lb. and 33lb.
		1 golden bream (?)	8lb.
Khor Jarama ...	Sept. 4th..	1 rock cod.....	15lb.
	Sept. 5th..	2 caranx	9lb. and 15lb.
	Sept. 6th..	1 dagalla.....	10lb.

The fish named "Caranx" was similar to those illustrated in the *Field* of April 25th, 1936, which were caught in the Red Sea. Our local name for it was "Prau," which, I think, is the Indian name; rock cod of several varieties were caught, but the commonest and largest were of chocolate colour. The fish described as a golden bream had not been seen before locally and was identified from a coloured cigarette card. I should be interested to know whether golden bream are found in those waters. Dagalla is the Indian name for a silvery fish with five distinctive yellow marks on its side.

The bait used was almost invariably a 6in. Wilson spoon. Fishing never started before 4 p.m., as it was too hot, and stopped not later than half an hour after sunset. Three rods usually went out and fished from a motor boat at slowest possible speed.

At each place fish were caught off a rocky coast, and it was our experience that few are found off sandy shores. Opinion was divided as to whether a strong tide rip was an advantage, but I think generally a moderate rip gave best results. Other conclusions were that the best time was from half an hour before till half an hour after sunset, and that a pink sky was ideal. The hottest months give the poorest sport, and fish jumping and tearing about at small fry on the surface seldom take a spoon.

Other places where fish are plentiful are round the islands Tunb and Bu Musa. I have not fished there, but have often passed and seen large numbers of fish. At Gwadar, not strictly in the Persian Gulf, great sport was had with "Yellow Tails," a form of bream, I think, and we caught a great many on trout rods up to 4lb. in weight.

The places I have mentioned, except Gwadar, are inhabited by natives only, living in mat huts, and no supplies of provisions nor water in large quantities are available, but they could easily be visited by a yacht, supplies being obtained from Muscat, Bunder Abbas or Henjam. The climate is very unpleasant from mid-May to mid-September, but quite comfortable though damp at other times. Imperial Airways machines now call at Bahrein, Basra, Sharjah and Gwadar, and there is a regular mail service from Karachi by sea as well as the overland route by train or bus to Baghdad, so the Persian Gulf is no longer the isolated corner of the world that it was.

ORIENT.

"CAME WINTER CLOATHED ALL IN FRIZE"

Albert Steiner

NATURE'S TABLEAU VIVANT: THE ROE STANDING LIKE A BRONZE IN THE SNOW-COVERED CLEARING OF THE PINE FOREST

E. Goyer

Albert Steiner

BOULDERS OF THE STREAM CUSHIONED WITH SOFT SNOW AND A LACEWORK PATTERN AMONG THE TREES

A DOG OF COURAGE AND ENDURANCE

The Sporting Career of Gay's Vesta, a Labrador

By R. LECKIE-EWING
(Of Ewing's Landing, B.C.)

VESTA AND A VERY PROMISING DAUGHTER

I DO not think the *Field's* canine Hall of Fame would be complete without my giving its readers the story of my Labrador Vesta. My excuse for writing this story may be accepted when I say that for over half a century I have owned, and shot over, every breed of gundog. Many I have owned, chiefly amongst the curly-coats, were splendid gundogs, but amongst them none quite came up in all-round excellence to my Labrador bitch, Gay's Vesta.

Vesta was born ten years ago; her sire and dam were Ch. Beningbrough Tanco and Ch. Vidi of Adderly, and so her blood lines were excellent. She was shipped to me from Scotland when three years old, in whelp to the fine and well-known Ingleston Nith.

Before I got her she had had some six months training in Scotland, and the reports I received of her work were quite satisfactory if somewhat meagre. "Vesta is getting along nicely, she is very fast at all her work." That is all I knew of her until she arrived in British Columbia. She was a dog of medium size, a very lovely specimen of the breed; strongly built all over and with a fine head. I only regret that I never managed to get a really good photograph of her.

It did not take me long to find out what she was made of. She had brains; a superlative nose; was a first-class marker, and extraordinarily fast at everything she did. All her retrieving was done at a gallop, even a big Canada goose could not slow her up. She was also very obedient for a highly-strung dog. But more than all her other qualities I got to love her most for was her unfailing courage and keenness; she was a dog that never tired, and would work just as keenly at the end of a long day of punishing work as she did at dawn. Weather made no difference to her whatever, the more she had to do the more vile the weather, the better she seemed to like it.

When I got her she had been trained for retriever work only, but this type is not suitable for our British Columbia shooting; one must have for our land birds a dog that will hunt and find your game as well.

Labradors of intelligence very soon learn to do spaniel work, and she was no exception and soon became a first-class hand at finding and hunting her birds. The thickest cover or the most trying work in clumps of almost impenetrable blackthorn and snow berry had no terrors for her. If she scented birds in any sort of stuff she would work her way through and push them out. I do not know how she did it, but nothing could stop her. On runners she was perfection, and even now, as I look back on the four short years in which I shot over her, I can count on the fingers of two hands the birds which I think she should have got but failed to retrieve.

Vesta was an absolutely fearless water-dog, and her courage and powers of endurance in the coldest of weather were almost beyond belief. She would spend the whole day practically retrieving duck and geese when the water was at freezing point, howling north winds blowing, snow and ice all around.

I remember on two of our wildfowling shoots in the early winter months she would, after about a week's shooting, be the only dog left doing duty for four guns. She kept on cheerfully retrieving anything and everything we shot. The other retrievers—good as many of them were—had had about enough of it, and what they did keep on doing they carried out with no heart in their work.

One could hardly blame them; the weather was bitterly cold and thin ice had often to be broken before the dogs could reach their birds. On summer days Vesta almost lived in the water. She would stay in for hours paddling slowly about, often submerging completely and swimming under water. If she saw anything white beneath her she would dive and retrieve it.

She took a real delight in taking flying dives off the end of our wharf some 9ft. above the water, and I have had her dive from a height of 20ft. She showed no fear, and had I asked her, would have taken off, I think, from almost any height.

Vesta loved our camping trips, and she loved a boat or a car, for she knew well what it led to.

A SON OF VESTA
Most of her pups turned out splendid gundogs

One long day's shoot stands out in my memory as I write.

It was early winter; the weather was none too promising, but I got my dunnage together, Vesta and the rest of my stuff for a week's camping and wildfowl shooting before our lake froze over. We made the trip all right in my small dinghy and outboard engine.

I got our camp fixed up and everything ready for an early start next morning. Through the night I could hear flocks of duck on the lake, and many geese were on the move. During the night the cold became intense, and on looking out at daylight I saw a dreary landscape—ice on the lake, snow falling, and a howling north wind blowing. I began to wish I had not come.

Vesta, who always slept in my tent and often beside me in my sleeping bag, rolled out, cheerful and eager—as always—for the hunt. Many flocks of duck and geese were around us. A quick breakfast and we were off. In such weather I always find it hard to keep my hands and fingers warm, especially my trigger one, and this does not help one to shoot too straight. However, we were soon amongst the wildfowl. The wind, although bitterly cold, was a big help in bringing the birds within range.

I shot as many as I could to fall on land, so that Vesta should escape, as far as possible, getting too many cold swims. However, through the day she had to take many a long rough swim after a crippled duck or goose. The wind had cracked up the ice, and through this broken stuff she had to force her way. Not for one moment did she hesitate; if there was a bird to retrieve she got it. However, I had about enough of it myself; I could not keep my hands warm enough to shoot.

Dusk was creeping over land and water; we were some five miles from our base, and so I called it a day and turned campwards. I had given away most of my birds to passing Indians. These fellows never shoot, but their families are always glad to get any "easy meat." About half a mile from camp I saw a big flock of Canada geese heading upwind towards me. A heavy fall of snow was now coming down, and it was hard to see.

The big birds were getting closer, and as they passed over me I gave them a right and left. I knocked over my two birds—one fell close at hand, the other some 200yds. out into the icy lake. Vesta soon brought the nearer bird to me, but the other had drifted out and seemed to have stuck in a clump of rushes and mud. I did not want her to go after this bird, so called in my bitch. Very reluctantly she obeyed. She had seen, and marked, the second fallen bird, and was eager as ever to fetch it. Well, we got back to camp, half-frozen both of us, or at any rate I was. Being an old hand at the game I soon had a roaring fire going. It was nearly dark outside.

I looked round for Vesta; she was nowhere to be seen. I could not understand, and became worried about her when she did not come to my whistle. She was away the best part of half an hour. I looked everywhere for her. Suddenly, along the narrow trail I saw an object moving slowly through the snow, and on coming up closer I saw it was my dog.

She had gone back to my last shot and retrieved the goose, a bird only slightly winged. She was rather humble about delivering it to me, thinking that maybe she had done wrong disobeying orders. It was a hard bit of work, dragging a 9lb. wounded goose through deep snow, but that was Vesta all over, a dog of unlimited courage and endurance. I could cite countless instances in her short life with me of a similar nature.

But one other spectacular retrieve—this also with a wounded goose—which will always stand out in my memory demands recording. I was in the middle of a stubble field, when a big flock came sailing overhead, out of range, I thought. I took a chance shot at the leader and was lucky enough to hit him. He turned in his flight and planed slowly down, not badly wounded. Vesta got her eye on the bird and, in her usual manner, was off full gallop.

Slowly the goose moved lower; it was now several hundred yards ahead of me and still in the big flat stubble field. I had a grand view of the chase. As the goose neared the ground, and within a few feet of it Vesta made a leap at the bird, caught it by the wing close to the body and without a moment's rest swung round and galloped back, not so fast, of course, and delivered her bird—a beautiful bit of work.

Many of Vesta's pups have turned out splendid gundogs, and have inherited, to a marked extent, her superlative qualities of brains, drive and pluck, but none, I think, will ever prove her equal.

I lost her one autumn; she was, I think, either run over or stolen by some passing car. I can only guess, but it was a sad day in my life when supper time came and no Vesta there to feed! I shall never get over the loss of this most perfect and most lovable dog.

She crowded into the four short years I had the good fortune to own her as much real hard work as the average dog performs in a life time.

I may be wrong, of course, and possibly somewhat prejudiced in her favour, but I do not think that amongst all the field trial dogs, past or present, she ever had her superior, and certainly this would have been so if awards were given for sheer courage and endurance.

LABRADOR GAME FINDERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

A WILDFOWL BAG IN BRITISH COLUMBIA WHERE LABRADORS ARE TRAINED TO PUT UP GAME AND RETRIEVE

VESTA, AN ABSOLUTELY FEARLESS WATER-DOG

A GROUP AT EWING'S LANDING: VESTA IN THE FOREGROUND

THE END OF THE DAY: A MIXED BAG ON LAND AND WATER

PEACE ON EARTH

Boxing Day—and a Year to Live

"I TOOK A NICE FOWL . . . ."

Under the wide and starry sky
In my earth I go to lie,
And I lay me down with a will.
Geese are birds for the likes o' me ;
Fat they are—or they ought to be.
Killing is fun, and I've slaughtered three.
I'm the hunter home from the hill.

Under the wide and starry sky
In my earth I creep to die,
And I lay me down with a will.
Years have passed and still am I free ;
Hounds have hunted my brush and me ;
But now in my earth beneath this tree
I'm the hunter home from the hill.

THERE is a nice smell in the air to-night, and I am hungry. I've had a grand sleep. My ! how well I feel. I can stretch forward like this . . . and backward like this . . . and not a twinge do I feel. Ha ha ! I am nine (I must be), and I can remember old Uncle Charles James being very stiff and lame when he was nine ; he was caught just after his tenth birthday, and I was not a bit surprised. We had a narrow shave with him the week before, and I really couldn't go on laying trails for him for ever.

Still, to-day's been good, whatever to-morrow may bring. "Get over Boxing Day safe, and you have one more year to live," is my motto. To-day's been a grand day—"Christmas" the "two-foots" call it, and I knew it yesterday. (I'm clever, I am.) I had spent a disturbed morning. I was out—not been home the night before—it wasn't wise. I slept in Dewsbury Spinney ; it's comfortable and it's dry, and there is a fairly good hole on the Canal Bank, though I must say that Billy Badger doesn't make anything like the good holes Bertie does on "Tipup Hill." But I was all right, and got well away when the "two-foots" came on their horses to the spinney. I diddled them—and I was back at Dewsbury by midday—and then I saw what was happening. Oh, cubs, wasn't I pleased ?

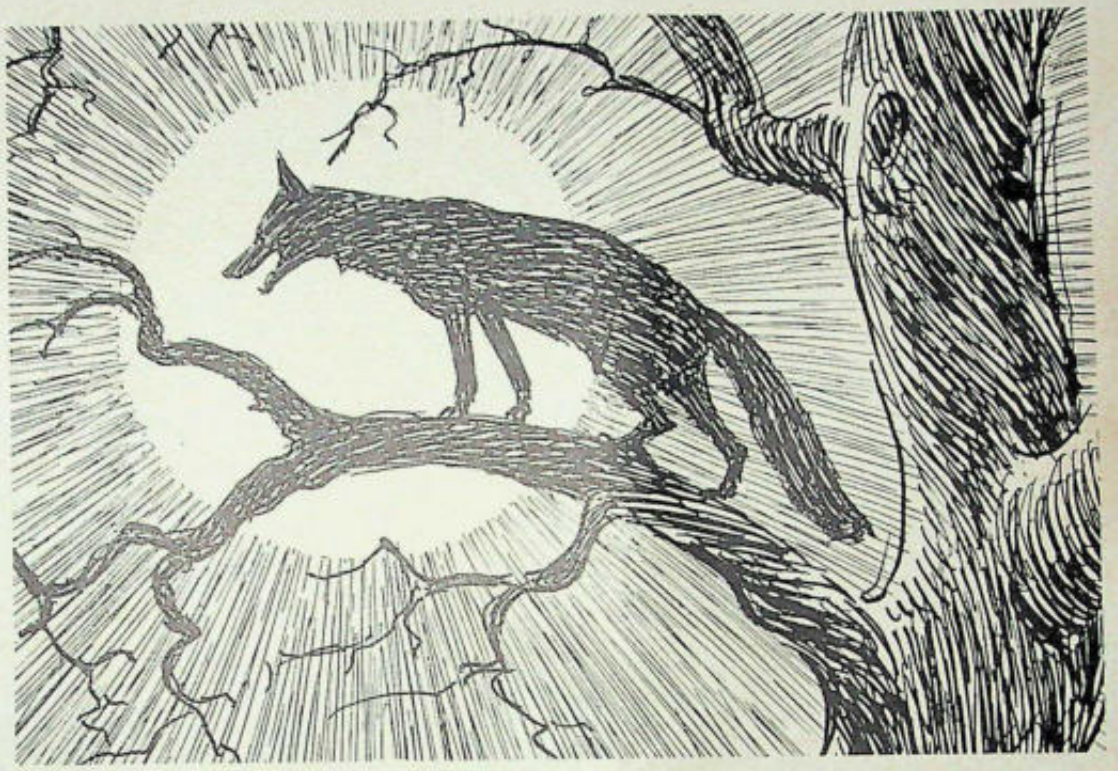
There was the church door wide open (I had gone up to the village to see if the poor silly creatures' van had left the Manor, and it hadn't, so they were still running about somewhere), but there, as I said, was the church door wide open, and in and out ran ladies and children with holly from the lych gate—and the gentleman in black (who once opened a door for me when I was in rather a hurry) carrying a pair of steps.

Ah, I knew ! "I shall go home to-night," I said, "and sleep in my house ; they won't be out to-morrow ; not they ! They will be eating and talking and going to see the holly in the church."

So I went home. I took a nice fowl for Rennie ; she likes 'em, but I didn't wait to kill many (the sillies might be coming back) and there were fewer hens about. That's always a sign of Christmas, and the way the turkeys vanish. I was getting suspicious. Well, I got home, and I ate the fowl, and then I slept—and I slept. Like a summer's night it was and no cubs to bother me either. But I woke up at last. I believe it was those bells, or Rennie (she is such a nuzzler). Anyhow, I got up. I had a lot of business to do. I hadn't been seen around home much lately, and that doesn't do. The rabbits get cheeky, and those birds ! So I climbed a few trees to scare 'em, and how they shrieked ! and I lay down and I sprang and I bounded and I jumped. They were all watching with their eyes popping, and Rennie says I did it very well (it's good for her, too, to see how fine I am). My teeth are sharp and all there, and I can creep and slink as well as ever. Feathers ! I'm all right.

Well, I went down to the village later, and looked around. I like watching the "two-foots." They seemed very happy, all shut up in their stone huts. I went to look in at old Fred first (dirty old cheat). There he was asleep by his fire, with a bottle on the table and a teapot on the hearth. His spade was bright and shiny by the door, and that nasty little dog of his—white, he is, with bitten ears—curled up by the fire, too. "Dreaming," I thought, when he scuffled his legs and grunted.

Then I went to the farm. They were having a rare do. So many of 'em in one room, and such a fug on the window that I could hardly see in, but old Mr. Weathers looked as if he was having a good time. Food all over the place, and floppy bits of paper and frightful bangs ; so I came away and went to have a look at the gentleman in black. He was reading by a fire—very pleased he looked—and nearby were other people doing something with bits of cards on a table and eating things in boxes. There was no one in the kitchen, only that fat ginger cat, just blown out, on a cushion ! (He's pansy, that cat, and what a colour !)



"SO I CLIMBED A FEW TREES TO SCARE 'EM, AND HOW THEY SHRIEKED!"

"SOME DON'T EVEN LOOK COMFORTABLE, NOR THEIR HORSES, EITHER, AND THEY MAKE ME GET SLACK"

I left his Lordship till the last. It was beginning to rain, and I had not much time to spare, but I know the Manor garden, and was soon there. I like his Lordship ; he and I know each other well, but I don't go to see him often—only on Christmas Day, when I know his hounds are in their kennels. His Lordship looked fine ; he is a grand sight on Christmas night—all white down the front (not as nice as mine, of course), and he had glass and silver things all round him. There was some holly on a picture just like his Lordship on the wall behind his chair. Her ladyship was too aglitter to be comfortable to look at, and the young ones aren't the same. No, they are not. (You should have heard Uncle Charles James on them.)

I know a lot about the "two-foots" round that table (the sillies had let their pudding get on fire). I know 'em all ; they look funny on their horses if you look up from the ground. Some don't even look comfortable, nor their horses, either, and they make me get slack. They don't really know much about me, and I don't believe they care. The young men like the rush and the young ladies like the men ("depot," I've heard Sam call them, so that's the word). But I like to see his Lordship, and I like Sam with his silly tail-wagging creatures. I laugh at them, and they laugh, too, and many a race we've had. And I've always won, and I shall win till I get those pains like Uncle Charles James, and then how should I live, old and lame ?

No, I shall run till I can't run, and then one day I shan't laugh for a minute, and that will be that.

Yes, to-day's been grand, but I'm hungry. I must be off to Midway Down to-night to be ready for Boxing Day. They won't catch me this year ; but first I must just see if Mrs. Weather's duck is still loose. Duck is good to run on.

C. N.

IS "HANDLEY CROSS" LEAMINGTON?

A Spa Moved to Suit Requirements

By ALAN FOX-HUTCHINSON

"NOVELISTS," Mr. Denis Mackail has told us, "don't draw portraits, and if they did, they wouldn't be novelists." Other writers have said the same, but, in spite of warnings, to hunt the "originals" of their characters and places is a sport that never loses its fascination. R. S. Surtees's books, like most of his contemporaries', are so well adapted to it that, to quote but one instance, thousands of words are still published every year on the probable locales of Handley Cross.

Gradually the possibilities have been narrowed, and since the appearance of General Cowie's letter in *The Times Literary Supplement* of March 11th, 1926, it is generally accepted that Ashford in Kent supplied Mr. Jorrocks's creator with the original of his "unrivalled spa."

That letter drew attention to the opening instalments of *Handley Cross* as they first appeared, under the title of "The Gin and Water Hunt," during 1838, in the *New Sporting Magazine*. In them it is positively stated that the Vale of Sheepwash lies "in the western part of the county of Kent," and that its southern end gradually opens away upon "the chalky downs that extend to the coast."

On that and later evidence, such as mentions of Deal, Tonbridge, Ashley Downs and the Garden of England, it may be right to declare that the Vale of Sheepwash is the Vale of Ashford, but it clearly is wrong to assume solely on that account that the town of Ashford is therefore Handley Cross. I believe that it is not, and that it is impossible to identify Handley Cross by reference to the Vale of Sheepwash or, for a reason I shall give later, by reference to the chronicles of "The Gin and Water Hunt."

Remember, novelists don't draw portraits. Equally their novels are not guide-books. The spa's creator was free to transport any town he wished into his vale. I think he exercised that right, and the original of Handley Cross is to be found by comparing Chapter 2 of *Handley Cross* with Charles Clarke's *Reminiscences of the Spa*, his account of the rise of Leamington.

That chapter is a later insertion, not to be found among the instalments of "The Gin and Water Hunt" as first published in the *New Sporting Magazine*. Like much else at the beginning of the book, *Handley Cross*, it does not appear in them at all, and that is why I say their help should not be relied on when seeking an original of the town of Handley Cross.

Of Leamington in his *Reminiscences* Clarke says:

"That magnificent lounge the Pump-room—its billiards, its reading-room, its dinners, balls and rubbers—all grew out of one little bubbling well of filthy water; the very nastiest to taste you can well conceive. . . . A few ruined cottages, three slate-covered houses, and the modest abode of a rustic apothecary, were the humble originals of this modern Palmyra."

Compare this with (*Handley Cross*, Chapter 1) "the whitewashed, thatched-roofed cottages . . . round a village green" that with rustic Dr. Dumpling's modest abode and the Fox and Grapes public-house formed Handley Cross until (Chapter 2) Dr. Roger Swizzle's exploitation of its mineral spring led to the erection of "The Grand Esplanade." Then "buildings shot up in all directions. . . . A fortune was expended on a pump-room, opening into spacious promenade and ballrooms, but the speculators never flagged."

During the 40 years Michael Hardey was Master of its hounds Handley Cross grew from a village to a town: just as the population of Leamington increased from 543 in 1811 to 15,692 in 1851. Leamington, moreover, is like Handley Cross in that it possesses two springs—the "old," that is Camden's Well, and the "new."

Continuing his *Reminiscences*, Clarke then asks: "Whose was the harlequin's rod that . . . raised the price of bricks and mortar and frightened the propriety of a sober county by erecting an emporium of fashion in its midst?"

He answers:

"No other than a doctor. He was the Leamington Cimon who threw up terraces; laid out gardens; . . . and squandered the ten thousand pound a year he made by 'a glass of sherry and a mutton chop' on his beloved Athenians. . . . Then Dr. Bonassus becomes the rage: he was a second Abernethy: bullied a marquis out of the gout: crushed incipient paralysis out of a dowager duchess; made a member of Parliament walk into Leamington from the fourth milestone, having carried him out dead-lame in his own carriage and laid him down in the turnpike road."

Compare this with Dr. Roger Swizzle who took a lady a mile or two out of Handley Cross "in a fly when, suddenly pulling up, he told her to get out and walk home, which she at length did, to the great joy of her husband and friends."

There are several other comparisons. The more one studies them the closer they become. They

cannot be fortuitous. The coincidence would be too strong. They convince me that the original of Handley Cross, in so far as it has any original, is Leamington Spa.

Where, having created Handley Cross out of Leamington, Surtees then placed his creation is hard to say. Probably in the Vale of Ashford; certainly to begin with in Kent; but I believe that as the book progressed both Handley Cross and with it the Vale of Sheepwash were moved, to meet their creator's needs, out of Kent into a county much farther from London.

Surely if the spa had been anywhere within reasonable reach of the metropolis Mr. Jorrocks, the business-men who thought nothing of a dash "Beckford in one pocket—order book in the other," by rail into the Midlands, would never have "bought a pig in a poke," either when taking the hounds or when renting Diana Lodge; particularly after he had realised from Doleful's imbecile letters how little chance he had of getting "information by correspondence." He would have gone down for a day by train to inspect the place for himself.

Equally, if living in Kent, he never would have had his business-letters sent from London in weekly batches. He would have travelled up for a non-hunting day each week in his beloved counting-house; just as he would have interviewed his traveller Mr. Buggins there instead of meeting him (and the Cut-em-down Captains) most inconveniently at Loop-line Junction.

It is an important fact, too, that after the early part of the book no more is heard of the sea, except that James Pigg is given a drink of contraband Hollands, and Whisky Tim—though whisky is a British spirit—is described as a "smuggler."

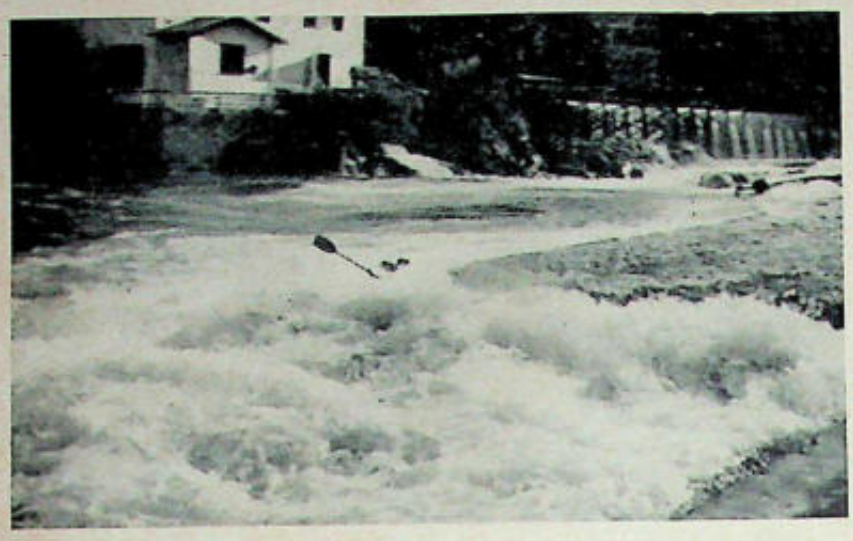
On this evidence, external and internal, I contend that Handley Cross in the main was Leamington, placed probably in the Vale of Ashford and transferred with it to some mythical county that was far from London; but was not in the North, for Mr. Jorrocks remained wholly ignorant of the position of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MR. JORROCKS'S PUBLIC ENTRY INTO HANDLEY CROSS

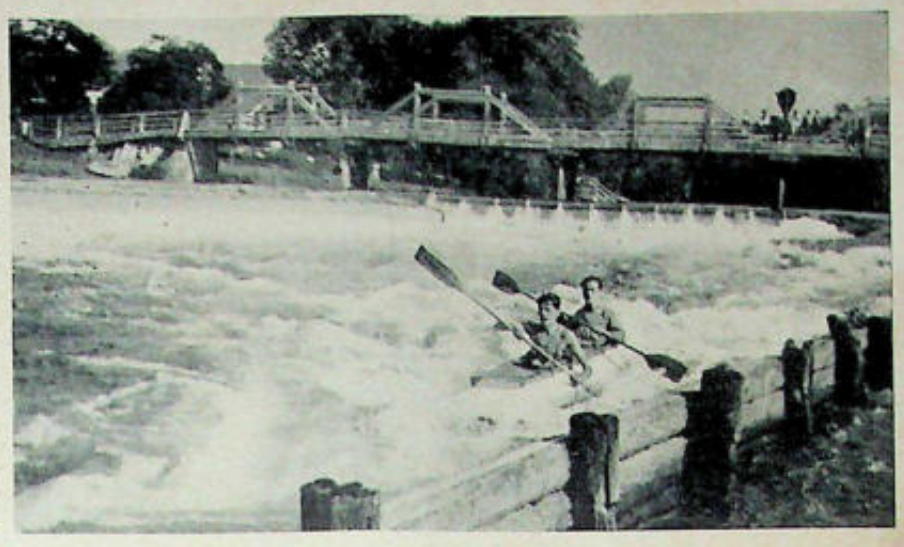
THE LECTURE ON 'UNTING IN THE "SALUBRISOME TOWN"

(The accompanying drawings by John Leech are reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen from their fully illustrated volume of Surtees's work.)

FESTIVITIES AT HANDLEY CROSS



IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE
Two canoeists almost submerged in a South German rapid



SAFE PASSAGE ON THE TRAUN
English paddlers in a German faltboat

WHITE WATER

Thrills and Spills on Rapid Rivers

EASTWARD the clouds were massing themselves in a low reddish bank; below them, to north and south as far as eye could reach, a narrow streak of gold ran out and stretched away, straight along the horizon. Somewhere a huntsman's horn was blowing, clear and thin, while very far off I could hear the roar of a swollen river rushing through the valley on its way to the sea. The masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing the dead leaves down the roadway. Such was the background of my first taste of "white water" on a November morning some years ago.

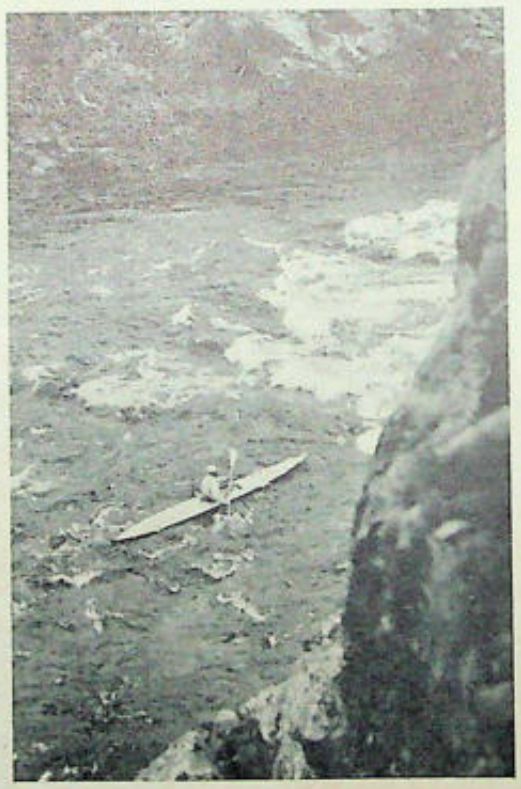
Since that first trip I have grown used to such an environment, but the old thrill remains, and every time I hear the loud chatter of successive rapids on any river the sound magnetises me. I recall many splendid voyages. Sometimes my canoe has been smashed to pieces and I have crawled from the torrent half drowned; on other occasions my arms have ached intolerably with the strain, as when I went through a heavy sea from Dover to Calais, yet every rough water trip I have experienced has always made me look forward to "the next time."

It would be difficult to explain the irresistible appeal of rapid rivers. I only know that when I am near one I travel colt-like to its bank. It may be that white water has a peculiar and direct and special attraction which no one else can entirely share; but whatever it is, I repeat the words of the Mole when on a visit to Toad Hall: "Well, never mind what done it!"

Once get yourself a canoe and "ride the rapids" and you will find the appeal will stick to you stubbornly. It is an unforgettable thrill which is high life to those who understand it. Your canoe may be smashed to pieces; but almost immediately you start saving up to buy another one so that you can try your luck again on that very river which has once already had the better of you. That is the fun of rapids; you become rivals, yet you are friends. Each tries to master the other, neither grudges a victory.

And there are to-day quite a number of canoeing enthusiasts in this country who do not put their canoes into dry dock during the winter months. At the present time they are enjoying to the full the excitement of a sport more often associated with canoeists on Continental rivers such as the Ems, the Traun, the Salzach, the Isar and the upper Rhône.

The first essential in shooting rapids is caution.



IN FINLAND
A kayak approaching rapids in a rocky river valley

It is no use rushing round corners on fast rivers without first having a look to see what is round the bend. It is a nuisance, of course, continually getting in an out of the canoe, but it is the only sensible thing to do. Once in a rapid you can rarely get out of it, and there are some rapids which are not meant for the fragile collapsible canoes so popular in England at the present time.

Recently a friend and I successfully brought a canoe down the River Greta in Cumberland. We were quite proud of the achievement, for no other boat has ever previously made the passage. The rapids on the Greta are complicated, there being no clearly defined passage. It is, therefore, chiefly a question of dodging from one bank to the other in order to avoid the many heavy boulders which lie just beneath the surface. Fortunately a splash of white water behind the boulders proves only too well where they lie, though it is not always such an easy thing to dodge them. If hit a submerged boulder you must, then my advice is to hit it hard; this will at least give you a sporting chance of clearing it. If you go slowly and get your craft grounded, then it is usually a case of saving up for another canoe.

I remember once watching a beginner on the Wye try to make his canoe run clear of an obstacle by merely back-paddling so as to swing the boat round and away from it. What actually happened in his case was that the bow of the canoe cleared the obstacle but the stern fouled it, with awkward and amusing results. My own particular journey down the Wye started from Builth Wells, and the first 20 miles gave me all the excitement I wanted from a spring spate. Once or twice, as with the Greta, I decided a rapid was too risky and waded down it waist deep, lowering my canoe ahead of me by means of a long rope.

Another splendid river in this country for winter canoeists is the Eden. I have heard of paddlers who have gone north expecting a voyage full of heavy rapids only to be disappointed, but that is all in the mood of a mountain river. Her temper changes according to the rains. I can say, however, that no keen canoeist should miss this trip.

Starting from Kirkby Stephen the journey to Carlisle is between 50 and 60 miles, and in this distance the river falls 480ft. You will have to carry round Appleby Weir, just near the castle, after you have gone eight miles. Three miles further on you will encounter some rock-studded water and it is as well to inspect this carefully before going through it, while another danger is Lacy Falls, something like 36 miles from Kirkby Stephen. This is no easy rapid in a certain state of water, and if you feel at all nervous about successfully getting through it is far better to lower your canoe down or carry it round. Four miles after Lacy you can come to the Nunnery rapids,

LEARNING TO MASTER A CANOE IN WHITE WATER
English canoeist practises approaching and turning in Teddington Weir

WHERE HEAD AND HAND MUST WORK IN HARMONY

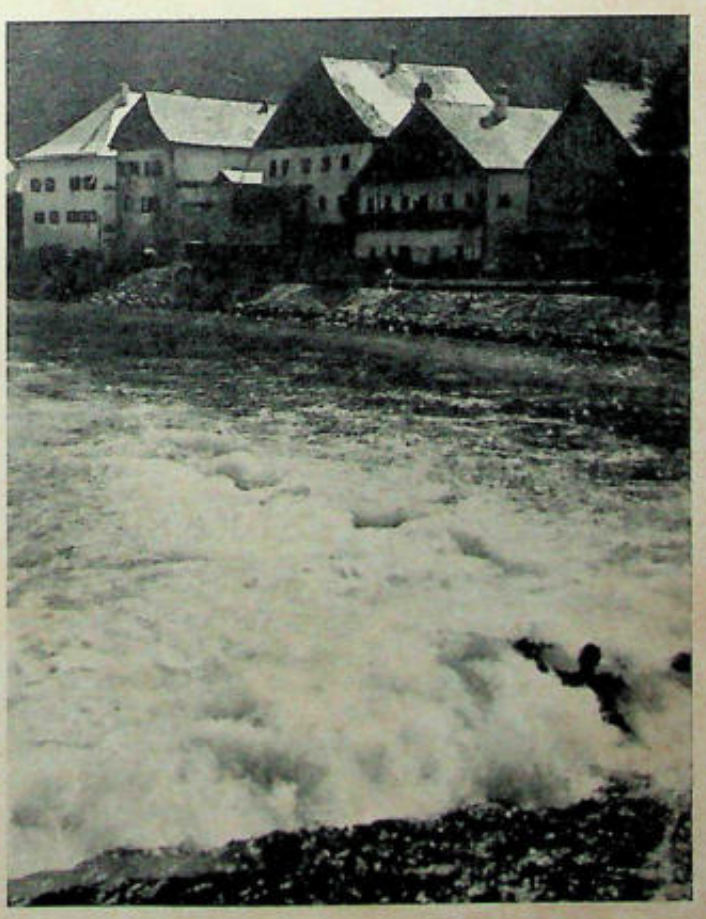
The canoeist is seen raising his paddle clear of the surface when running through white water on a German river

ON THE WYE NEAR BUILTH WELLS

Water can be seen pouring off the spray-cover of the canoe which has just passed through a particularly heavy wave

WELL INTO IT

Ready to swing the canoe away from Teddington Weir



INTO A FOAM BATH

An Austrian canoeist tackles a difficult rapid

which run between steep tree-clad banks lasting for three miles. Novices must needs think twice before starting to ride them. After that all is plain paddling until Corby Castle (near Carlisle), where you will find your last real obstacle.

In Yorkshire you can make an exciting trip from Buckden to Ilkley on the River Wharf. In the first few miles there are several rapids of varying degrees of difficulty to contend with, but the chief danger is "The Strid." It is worth while noting that there is no record of anyone having fallen into this particular rapid getting out alive. The best plan is to carry round, for the river is obviously not canoeable at this point. Another Yorkshire river which provides white water enthusiasts with certain sparkling adventures is the Ure.

To my mind, however, Wales provides the best facilities for those in search of rapids. There is, as already stated, the Wye, but the Usk is even more boisterous. It was following an article I once wrote in the *Field* that an ardent canoeist wrote advising me to try my luck on the Usk. Like all Welsh rivers the Usk will provide plenty of fun for the experienced canoeist. Only 70 miles in length, it makes an admirable "long week-end" trip from Senny Bridge. Your first day will be one of continual struggle with rapids which are to be found practically every three miles. Here again, as with other mountain streams, it must be borne in mind that a flood will make a much smoother passage. There is, by the way, a nice little inn about a mile below Langwerne Bridge which is well worth a visit if you are near there one evening.

Then there is the Dee, which has its source in Bala Lake and falls 530ft. in its course to the sea. The scenery is grand, and the rapids, except for the stretch between the Horseshoe Falls, Llantysilio, and Llangollen, are merely good fun without being dangerous.

In Scotland the Tay provides exciting rapids. The river falls 300ft. in the first 40 miles and 500ft. in 90 miles. A good starting place is Crianlarich, easily reached by bus or train.

Wherever you go, in this country or elsewhere, you will find your white water enthusiast. He will have found, like the writer, that it is the most exciting, most exhilarating sport riding down a rapid. He is ever ready to talk river-shop, which is long shop and talk that is endless, and he has learnt that splendid lesson — achievement ever includes defeat.

WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE.

A CHRISTMAS CREEL

By ROBERT HARTMAN

I HAVE often enough been called "a poor fish." I have been called other things; I have been called a ——! and even a ——!! But when I am alluded to as a fish without means I sometimes wonder whether the exchange would not be all for the better. Consider, for instance, a trout at Christmas time. It is unmolested. Has any human being been able to lay his hand on his heart and say with honesty that he ever enjoyed a similar privilege? The Christmas trout is its own master. Time and tide, the price of War Loan, the quarterly output of pig-iron, Greenwich mean time, the 5.30 p.m. from Waterloo, changing for dinner, the value of the dollar in terms of yen, the rent, gout, sock garters, income tax, how many miles to the gallon, Rupert's school fees—none of these things mean anything to the Christmas trout, poor fish! It is as free as the element in which it lives.

And now consider the Christmas trout fisher, what of him? For one thing he is not allowed to fish for trout, and so, the light of his existence being for the time extinguished, he might just as well induce a state of coma and hibernate in peaceful unconsciousness. But is he allowed to do so? By no means. Organically constructed to respirate fresh air and to look across open spaces he is, 99 times out of 99, condemned to earn his living in a stuffy office with frosted-glass windows. Nor is that all. Fast as he earns his living faster is it taken away from him, until the year ends with the jolly, old-fashioned Yuletide bankruptcy of not being able to call even his soul his own.

The bell rings. It is the postman, but this time he is concerned less with the letter-box than with the Christmas-box. The bell rings again. It is the cornet quartet. They hand in their book, and on the first page the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in singularly ill-formed handwriting, have given the onerous example of subscribing £5 each. Again the bell rings. Who can it be this time? It is the laundry man. He carries no basket; he has come for a box. He is followed by the baker's boy, the greengrocer's boy, the other or ordinary grocer's boy, the butcher's boy, the fishmonger's boy, the—but enough, enough. With a demented scream the harassed, innocent, peace-loving trout fisher rushes upstairs, locks himself into his room, and seizing his fishing diary opens it at random to lose himself in the recollection of days which he spent as himself.

At least that is what I did—for all this time I have been talking about myself.

I opened the book at random, I repeat, and on the remarks page I saw these words, "Blank. The gillie broke my rod." It was a terse entry, and it referred, as it happened, to a day spent not after trout but after salmon. As I looked at those five words I slipped back into the past, present troubles faded away, and there rose before me the form of that monstrous gillie.

To say that he stood 6ft. 6in. in his stockinged feet would be to give but a three-quarter length impression. Besides, he was wearing nailed brogues, huge great things that looked like Thames barges studded with rivets, beneath the tread of which gravel was ground to dust. And if his height was remarkable, his breadth was even more so. I do not doubt that his chest expansion could have been measured in yards. He was covered all over with a tweed that would have rasped the skin off a lesser man.

Silently he touched his cap and took my rod. He examined my gaff. "We'll no be taking that," was his verdict as he replaced it in the porch and tapped his pocket, as though to indicate that it contained a better gaff than any that I should ever be likely to own.

"Where are we going?" I inquired.

"Brecherchn," he replied, and set off down the drive.

I was reminded, as I ran by his side, of a circus where I had seen a little dog run in and out between the forelegs of a horse which walked sedately round the ring. I did not, of course, try any such fancy tricks myself; it was as much as I could do to keep up.

"Brecherchn," it appeared, was a pool distant rather more than three long miles from the lodge. As we approached it I detected a low, flat rock. For the moment I saw nothing else; it beckoned to me with all the allure of a Turkish divan, and my soul cried out to it as must that of the long-distance runner to the tape which marks the end of his toil.

"You'll just starrrrrt at the top," he said, handing me my rod and seating himself on the rock. Obediently I set to work. I fished carefully and, all things considered, I fished with commendable skill. I may not have covered the fish which lay on the far side of the river, but I certainly covered all the water on my own side, water which, had I been on the opposite bank, it would have been my ambition to reach.

Meanwhile I was being watched. The gillie had risen from the flat rock and was following me down the pool. Never before or since have I seen silent contempt expressed with greater mastery. Every line of his massive frame was eloquent of disdain, his cold blue eyes stabbed me with a withering scorn, his shoulders shrugged their derision, and even his brogues assumed a superior and haughty look as though they had suddenly become luxury liners.

I pretended not to have noticed. I pretended that I was enjoying myself, and continued to fish, but with a skill that became less and less commendable.

As so often happens when one is salmon fishing, nothing happened at all. I fished down to the tail of the pool without eliciting any response from a fish, and then, allowing my fly to hang in the rough water, I waited in the hope that perhaps it might be taken by a speculative trout.

"It's wasting yourrrr time fushing where y'are noo," he observed, and extending a hand he took my rod from me with the quiet firmness of a grisly bear. There were 20yds. of line hanging in the stream, and these he switched across the river with a flick of the wrist. "It's a poor thing," he remarked, addressing the distant hills, and apparently referring to my 14ft. three piece (with spare top and waterproof case) greenheart, cork-handled, agate-butt-and-end-ringed salmon rod. And then, adding another 30yds. to the line already in the water, he attempted to throw the entire length into the backward half of the overhead cast. The rod snapped just above the middle joint—as indeed it had every right to do.

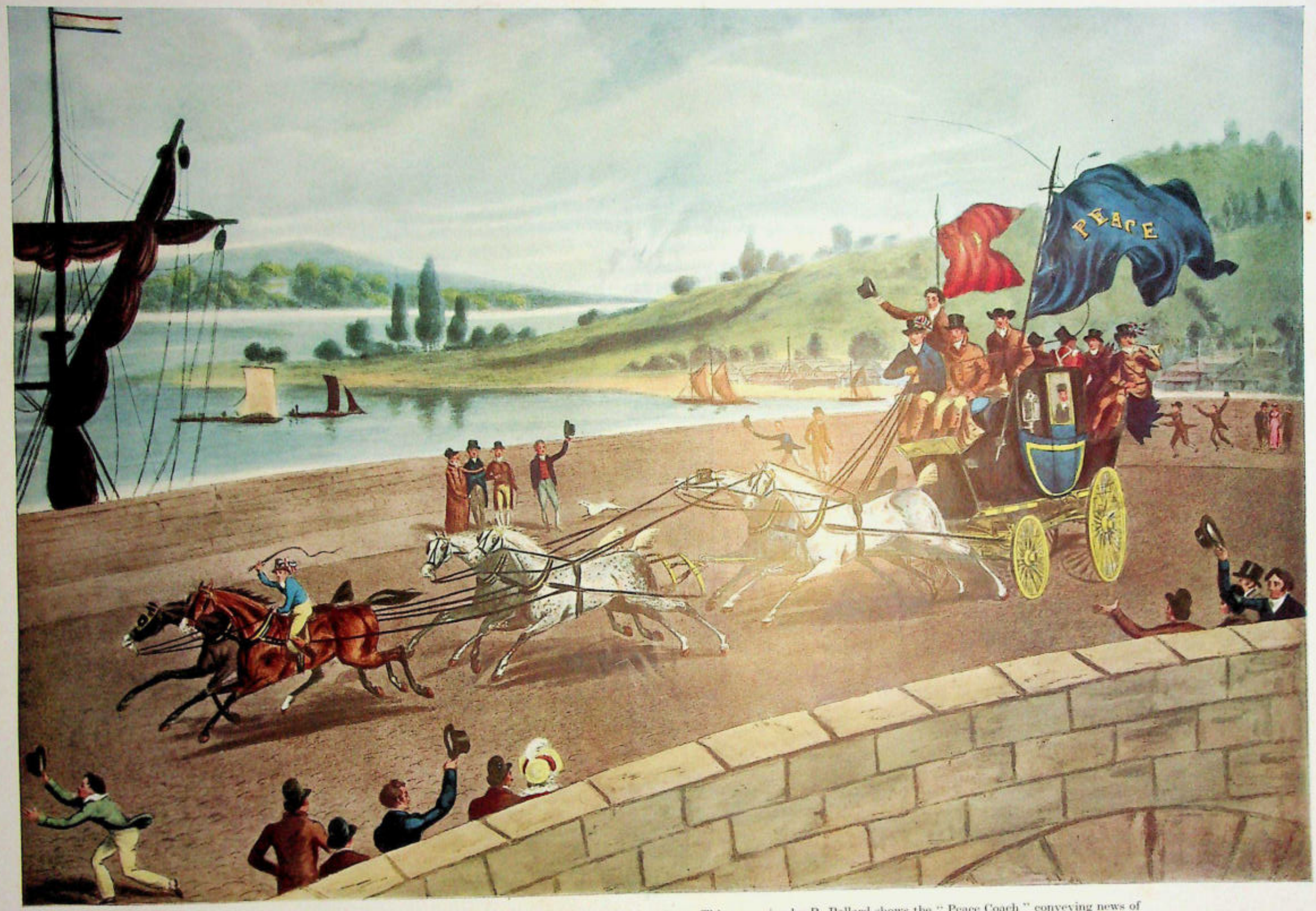
"Bah! It's no' a rod at a'," he cried.

Had he been a smaller man than I, that is to say about one-eighth his actual size, there is no knowing what I might have done. As it was, I turned on my heel and with acid-like dignity (acid is invariably dignified) walked back to the lodge in my own time. On arrival I found the broken pieces of the rod stacked pathetically against the gaff.

Looking back I find it now in my heart to forgive that gillie. I had so much fun ordering myself a nice new rod for Christmas.

"'BAH! IT'S NO' A ROD AT A',' HE CRIED. HAD HE BEEN A SMALLER MAN THAN I, THAT IS TO SAY ABOUT ONE-EIGHTH HIS ACTUAL SIZE, THERE IS NO KNOWING WHAT I MIGHT HAVE DONE"

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN"



A picture with an appropriate note a hundred and twenty-three years after. This engraving by R. Pollard shows the "Peace Coach" conveying news of the Victory of Waterloo crossing Rochester Bridge.

Published by courtesy of Messrs. Forces & Company, 123, New Bond Street, W. 1.

"SPREE AT MELTON MOWBRAY." HUMOURS OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

From Henry Alken's Sporting Anecdotes—"Sketched on the Spot"

QUICK WORK WITHOUT A CONTRACT BY TIP-TOP SAWYERS

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."—Shakespeare.

Coming it strong with a Spree and a spread,
Milling the day-lights, or cracking a head:
Go it, ye cripples! Come tip us your mauleys,
Up with the lanterns, and down with the Charleys:
If bagg'd we should get, we can gammon the Beak,
Tip the slavies a Billy to stifle their squeak,
Come the bounce with the snobs and a ⌣ for their letters,
And prove all the Statutes so many dead letters.

LARKING AT THE GRANTHAM TOLL-GATE, OR COMING IN FOR THE BRUSH

A Society of Distinguished Painters, who Hunt with Foxhounds, Live Splendidly, and only Paint at Night

"They left no man's Sign, Name or Calling,
Untouched by something most appalling."

Prints reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Fores & Company, 123, New Bond Street, London, W. 1

"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

By ALEC ASHMOLE

WHEN old Tom Manners was found dead on the moor he had been Master of the Dartridge for 43 years.

Hounds had killed after 35 minutes of the best, and we went to draw a fir copse just under Saddle Tor. Trumper, the first and only whip, went ahead, and Tom trotted slowly through a gap into the covert after his hounds.

We heard him for some time, and then his voice died away, for the covert, although small, was long and narrow, and sound plays queer tricks up on those moors.

We were all "coffee housing," and the time passed quickly until someone said: "Where's Tom? Has he slipped us?" And then, in one of those panics which sometimes take a field out hunting, we all galloped hard for the other end of the wood.

Trumper met us near the far end. "Master's dead," he said. "I was sitting up there waiting for him to break, and presently hounds came out and wandered round. So I went in to see what was up. I found the Master down by the stream, and Jess was nosing him. I tied her up and came to find Dr. Barnes."

"Heart," said Barnes. "Well, it was the sort of death he would have liked. How he loved it all."

He had the funeral he wanted, too. He had always grudged a day's hunting lost through a funeral, so he had provided for it in his will. The funeral was to be at 10.30 in the morning, and Trumper was to hunt hounds afterwards.

It was a glorious morning as I rode down the hill into Hazard Village. The high banks were yellow with primroses and the birds were busy on their lawful occasions. It was one of those days we get in Devon after a week of rain on a south-west wind. The wind had veered in the night, and although the air was cooler, the sun was bright and warm.

All the world seemed to be in Hazard that day. The news had been in the papers, and there were many who had come from curiosity, as well as members of the Hunt and personal friends of Tom. Of course, all the villagers were there, friends as well as tenants of the old man.

I gave my horse to a man I knew, and went into the church. Such colour had rarely been seen there before. They buried Tom that morning with the honour he deserved. The coffin came, borne on a farm waggon drawn by two of his magnificent Shires, and behind came Jess, saddled and bridled, with horn on saddle, and led by old George, his man for 50 years.

The earth fell on the coffin lid, and it seemed the end of an epoch, so long had he been with the Hunt. It was everything to him, and he ran it autocratically, swearing hard and often, but entirely without malice.

We left the churchyard, and I took my horse from Bill Stone. "Us'll never see the likes of him again, sur," he said. "He was a proper gentleman, 'tho' he did cuss me something terrible sometimes."

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and along the road from the kennels came Trumper with the hounds, and with him as whip his kennel helper.

Trumper was only eight years younger than Tom, and his eyes were moist as he looked over the churchyard to where the sexton was filling in the grave of the Master he loved. He had to ride Tom's misfits, yet he went over the moor like a scalded cat and fear had no place in his make-up.

Eleven struck from the church tower, and with a note on his horn Trumper gathered the hounds and threaded his way through the crowd. The draw was a furze-covert lying behind Tom's old home, about a mile to the westward.

Behind came the field, strangely silent, at least 150 on horseback. A large field for the Dartridge—50 is our usual mark, and none too well turned out either—but that day they would have been a credit to any Hunt. And behind the field, on their way back to Hazard Hall, came the waggon, empty now, and George leading Jess—Jess, that marvellous hunter that Tom had ridden for the past five years. Quite small she was, only 15 hands, but clever as a cat, never putting a foot wrong on all that trappy moor, and carrying Tom's 10st. like a feather through all the length of a long hunt.

And with Jess the crowd of other followers, in cars, on bicycles, and on foot, going with hounds hoping to see a hunt.

They never saw a hunt that day. No sooner had hounds gone into Calefornia Brake, and before the whip could get forward, they gave tongue, and in a screeching swirl they broke the far end where the fox left as they entered.

It began to look like trouble at the gate at the far end of the field, where already a group had bunched.

I was riding Jan Stewer that day, by Uncle Tom Cobley out of an Irish mare, Teapot. He was rising five, and I hoped to Point-to-Point him in the spring. Jan was as mad as the rest, but I managed to draw out to the right over an open drain to firmer ground, and by the time we had got to the far end he was well in hand.

I jumped the bank well away from the gate. Our "in-country" is so ruined by rabbits and the consequent wire, that we usually look first and leap afterwards, but here on Tom's ground it was perfectly safe. In all his land was not one inch of wire, and the banks were broad and big, and jumpable.

As I went over I glanced towards the gate. I could see there had been a smash, someone was down, and the press was so great it was some time before they could get the gate open. Luckily no one was hurt, I found out afterwards.

Some half-dozen had jumped before me, and I could hear the thud of hooves coming up behind, but the pace was too hot to look back. Hounds were a quarter of a mile ahead, just disappearing over the brow of the hill, with Trumper a field behind them.

Through a gate we cantered, I grazing a post with my knee, then left up a sunken lane and right through another gate on to the grass, with a flock of sheep bunching and staring in a corner. I was lying flat on Jan's neck, my head well down, and the mud shot up from the horse in front was singing past me and pattering on my hat like hail.

On the grass I drew out and let Jan go his own pace up a long stretch to a low granite wall at the top. Hounds were well away and going hard on the strong scent which comes with a north-east wind after a week of warm rain.

"IT BEGAN TO LOOK LIKE TROUBLE AT THE GATE AT THE FAR END OF THE FIELD"

We flew the stone wall and galloped on to the top of the rise. The furze grew here in golden splendour. Jan threaded his way through the clumps, jumping the smaller bushes and finding his own way as a good horse should on the moor. On ahead were two garrison officers on hirelings from Paynter, a girl looking uncomfortable on a raking great chestnut, two farmers from the edge of the moor, and a stranger from the Mid-Devon country.

Behind, as I looked back, were the rest, pink and black and drab, coming up like a cavalry charge, and away over Calefornia the chimneys of Hazard Hall, and away again the tower of Hazard Church, where Tom lay midst all the shining network of red and green fields. This I saw at a glance without checking my horse, for hounds were driving on. "Poor old Tom," I thought, "how he would have loved this hunt.

The ground fell steeply here, one of those slopes which would scare Meltonians stiff. Half-way down was a small wood through which they had run, and Jan took this in three strides—he slid the rest of the way. At the bottom was a stream and a boundary fence crossable at only two points, and here my knowledge of the country came in useful. Away on my left one of the garrison blokes was fairly stogged and the other was coming towards me hell for leather.

Up another hill almost as steep, and then across three large fields down the Fowlescombe Valley. I could see hounds in full cry going past the old mansion, now a blackened shell with ivy and ash saplings completing its destruction. Hounds were once kept there, and one night the huntsman went down to quell a fight, stopping only to put on his boots. Only the boots were found in the morning.

Over the bridge I rode, with the fishponds, now empty, on either side, through the deserted courtyard still ringing with the cry of the pack, and out on to the grass once again. They had gone straight on past the old kennels, now covered with brambles, towards Brent Hill, and as I topped the next rise I could see them three fields on going hell bent for election. Trumper was with them, Bill Salter and Henry Luscombe some little way behind. The Mid-Devon stranger had turned the wrong way at Fowlescombe; I shouted to him as I went past.

Scent was as good as ever, but as they crossed the Huish road they swung right towards Corsewell. Past Witchcoombe they drove, and here I gained some ground and was now riding parallel to Luscombe and Salter. Behind was a solitary rider—the boundary fence at Brownston Wood had stopped most of them.

We passed the ancient camp at Stanborough and the large bury they had opened years ago. It was the tomb of a chief and inside he had sat with his weapons round him, and on his head a circlet of soft gold. He still sat there watching the hunt go by, though his regalia had long since gone. Such sport as this was not known in his day.

Here the fox had jinked sideways under a bank, and such was their drive that they overran him by half a field, but by the time we were there they had circled and picked up the line again.

A trapper stood on the road and waved his hat, but there was no need, hounds raced on. Trumper was swearing to himself: "Damn the feller, hope he's set his traps in."

"Gone to Bloody Pool earths," yelled the trapper as we swept past, and from over the next bank, where the ground sank in a gentle slope and then rose again to the foothills of the moor, I saw far away sheep bunching in a corner and a brown speck moving up towards the heather.

The fields were small and the banks narrow. Salter's youngster turned a somersault over one of them, but both landed on the right side. I saw him pick himself up, knock out the crown of his bowler, and get on again looking none the worse for wear. Jan was banking perfectly, on, a kick, and off. The pack poured over in a living stream of black and white and tan.

Over two fields of plough, riding up the furrow where the going was best. A thresher was working in one corner but had stopped when we passed. A man waved and pointed, and a sheepdog ran at Trumper, who swung his whip at him. Rooks were circling over the field ahead.

Hounds came to Bloody Pool earths but never wavered, straight past they went. "Old dog fox," said Trumper. "He's going right home." We splashed down a narrow lane, more like a bog than a lane, and on to Yelland. Sparks flew as we crossed the cobbles, scattering a flock of ducks and seriously impairing the dignity of an old cock turkey.

Past Yelland they checked for a moment, a terrier slinking back was obviously the culprit. I pulled Jan up and wiped the tears from my eyes. Trumper sat still and watched his hounds.

Beyond was the open moor, yellow with furze and the deep red of the dead fern, rising steeply to the broken height of Shipley Tor. A few ponies and sheep grazed the scanty grass, and across the skyline a loose stone wall staggered drunkenly. The wind, blowing strongly here, whipped the light clouds across the deep blue of the sky, driving them in wraith-like patches of mist along the higher slopes of Riders Hill.

Four miles it was to that check, and we were glad when it came, but it didn't last long. Luscombe was wiping the mud from his face. "Monstrous fine run. Monstrous fine run," he kept on repeating. Suddenly old Comet, a great old hound, rather dark for a moorland pack, gave tongue by the farmyard wall. Horses were coming down the field behind, but the pack didn't wait.

To the left they ran, over the bog greener than the moor, with pools of water, blue and silver, lying here and there. Trumper went for the crossing and I followed. Jan had got his second wind and was going great guns. Up that boulder-covered hill they ran, nearly mute now. Up and on through that bad patch near Shipley Tor, where the rocks are so thick there is scarcely room for a horse's hoof. Trumper had gone by the track, but I kept straight on, up through the hunting gate in the lichen-covered granite wall.

Hounds had got well ahead up the hill, but when I reached the top I could see them, nearly half a mile on and no one between us. I could hear a horse coming up behind, and I wondered who could be pushing so hard up the steep slope.

The mist was touching the moor here, swirling in fantastic shapes with the sun gleaming through. A magpie swore as it fluttered away, and far overhead two buzzards soared effortlessly above the crags. As the mist came down I heard a horse passing on my right, and mentally cursed the rider for showing no consideration to his nag. And then, as the mist rose again, I saw there was no rider to curse, for it was Jess, saddled and bridled, trying to catch her beloved hounds.

George told me afterwards: "As soon as she heard the hounds, sur, up she goes in the air and wrenched the bridle from me hand. I was proper scared with all they cars round, but she took and goes through the lot of 'em, and left me standing like a great gawk."

I looked round and saw only Trumper. The rest of the field had been left below Shipley Tor. They had seen a fox go away down the valley and had waited in vain for hounds. Trumper shouted and pointed and I guessed it was about Jess, but didn't hear his words. They were running on level moorland now, covered with a short growth of heather which had been swaled two years before. And still they ran. Such a scent I had never known, and I blessed the stout dog fox who was giving us such a wonderful run.

The ground dipped suddenly, in a narrow gorge, and then rose to the mile long slope of Riders Hill. Trumper caught me just past the gorge. "Look, sur," he yelled, "look." "Yes," I said, "it's Jess; she's got away." "My God, sur," he said, "don't you see?"

I looked at Jess again, and my scalp rose under my hat and my knees suddenly felt weak against the saddle. Jess was going over some broken ground and pitching like a boat in a rough sea, but her stirrup leathers were taut as bars of iron, and her snaffle rein was tight and holding her head, and there was no one in the saddle. . . .

Trumper was as white as a sheet and I must have looked the same. There was nothing to say. It came to me that we were alone on that broken haunted moor, the same since the dawn of history, and the thought gave me cold comfort.

Up the hill our horses could hardly raise a canter, and the pack, going like smoke down wind, were drawing rapidly away. On the crest of Riders Hill I saw the fox and the pack saw him, too. They streamed up the ridge with Jess just behind them and poured over the summit. "He'll never make his point," I said. "No," said Trumper, "the rocks are a good mile further on."

We reached the top in a trot, and as we got there we heard the bay of hounds that have made their kill. Then we saw them by that ancient trackway which runs across the roof of the moor, and we saw a dead fox in the air, and the pack leaping to the worry. And across the heather came the voice of Tom Manners and the note of a hunting horn echoed away.

THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES

A FABLE

Before the pack for many a mile
A Fox had sped in gallant style;
But gasping with fatigue at last
The clamorous hounds approach'd him fast;
Though painful now the toilsome race,
With draggled brush and stealthy pace
Still onward for his life he flies—
He nears the wood—before him lies
A tangled mass of thorn and bramble;
In vain beneath he tries to scramble,
So springing heedless of his skin,
With desperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him closes;
To him it seems a bed of roses,
As there he lay and heard around,
The baying of the baffled hound.
Within that bush, his fears allay'd,
He many a sage reflection made;
"'Tis true whene'er I stir," he cried,
"The brambles wound my bleeding side,
But he who seeks may seek in vain
For perfect bliss; then why complain?"

R. E. Egerton Warburton.

CELEBRATING THE RETURN FROM THE DRAW

THE BURBERRY

is the sportsman's favourite

AT point-to-point meetings, hunts, and other sports in the "wide, open spaces," The Burberry reigns supreme. No other topcoat gives such a feeling of dependability under every weather extreme, no weatherproof has such a reputation of lasting worth, economic investment and all-purpose wear.

A topcoat that is serviceable in any sort of weather is a boon indeed. The virtues of The Burberry are so many, so reliable and so consistent that as a covering against the elements it attracts — and has attracted — the attention of men whose life out in the open calls for a natural observance of the common regards to healthful comfort and weather security.

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a registered Trade Mark protected all over the world.

N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

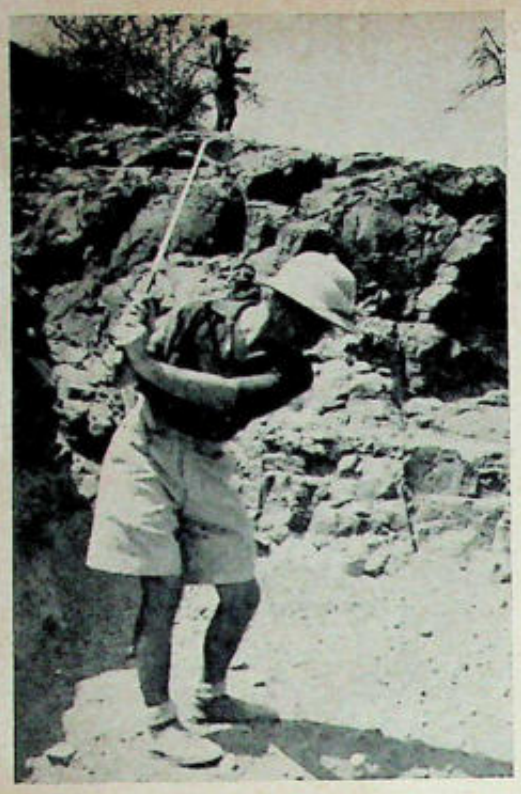
Dry on wet days, cool when the weather is mild, airylight, airfree, warm in the coldest wind; these are the attributes of The Burberry, the topcoat of complete and satisfying utility.

Patterns and full particulars sent on mention of the "Field"

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1

NORTHERN LAKE RUDOLF G.C.

A Hole in 3,923



"THE FIRST WATERFALL PROVED TROUBLESOME AT FIRST, BUT AFTER ONE OR TWO ATTEMPTS BOTH PLAYERS CLEARED THE TOP"

THE golf course for which the north end of Lake Rudolf has long been waiting—the Royal Lodwar supplies the south end—has at last been opened.

"CAMELS, GOATS AND ALL OTHER SPECIES OF LIVESTOCK MAY BE TREATED AS CASUAL HAZARDS AND MAY BE REMOVED BEFORE PLAYING THE BALL"

It is, we venture to think, unique amongst golf courses. It has only two holes. There is the long first, from the Abyssinian frontier to the Lokitaung boma, a distance of 27 miles, and the short second, a distance of a mere eight miles or so along the gorge through which the Lokitaung River runs, on the rare occasions when it does run. The first hole, by the way, has never yet been played.

The rules of the Royal and Ancient Game of Golf apply, but, as with most other courses, we have some additional ones to suit purely local conditions. The most important of these are :

(*a*) That if a leopard is seen approaching the game may be held up indefinitely.

(*b*) That if a goat, whose tastes are catholic during the dry weather, should eat the ball, another may be dropped without penalty.

(*c*) That camels, goats and all other species of livestock may be treated as casual hazards and may be removed before playing the ball.

Before playing a game, a certain amount of organisation is needed. In the first place, there is the question of followers. Two caddies are not sufficient on our course. You have to have an orderly with a rifle (see bye-law (*a*)). You have to have a cook, and a boy to assist at table (for, owing to the necessarily early start, it is essential to make a halt for breakfast). Then you need a caddy to carry one or two extra clubs, for you are certain to break or bend at least one, according to whether you are using wooden or steel shafts. And, finally, a boy with exceptional mathematical capabilities has to be found who can write down the scores.

The short hole is what might be described as natural and decidedly sporting. The greater part of the eight miles consists of the river-bed, which is strewn with boulders. At times, the country allows one to use sandy foot tracks. Here, though, one must be careful to go straight, as the rough on either side is quite impenetrable, consisting as it does of wait-a-bit thorn and cactus.

In two places one has the unusual experience of playing up a dried-out waterfall. This calls for skill, determination and a considerable amount of accuracy. The home straight lies up a long and steep hill at the end of which is the finely constructed club house. This is made of mud, and has a grass roof. As the members of the club are noted students of nature, they share it with several colonies of white ants and a family of snakes. These snakes, of course, are real, and not purely imaginary, as is the case in some other club houses.

The first round was played on a 1st of April. The joint-captains, and the only playing members, tossed for the honour, and the first ball was driven off at 7 a.m., a fine rasping drive of some 7ft. The match proceeded very evenly for some time, and at the breakfast interval the score was 1,128 to 1,110. After breakfast, though, troubles began. Following a rash and careless shot of quite 15yds., a ball struck a boulder and disappeared beneath a thorn bush. By dint of some fine left-handed play it was at last extricated after 25 shots. The next trouble was caused by a small hole belonging to a rat or snake. A short spell of sapping and mining solved this difficulty.

The first waterfall proved troublesome at first, but after one or two attempts, at each of which the ball hit the rock face and rebounded past them, both players, using mashie-niblicks, cleared the top. At this time the score was 2,158 to 2,175, and the excitement was running high. Shortly after one of the players, Captain X, forged ahead for a short while after discovering that, using the principles of a tramway, the ball could be played along the tracks made by a lorry. This stratagem was soon followed by Lieutenant Y, the other player, who used the other wheel track.

A mile from home the competitors were met by the district officer, who had previously been elected a non-playing member, a reward for having assisted to stock the club house cellar.

At fever heat the last hill was played. Lieutenant Y, with some fine forcing play, set the pace up the slope, neatly avoiding a hazard of barbed wire, and ran out the winner by 3,923 strokes to 3,950, after 5½ hours play.

The district officer, by the way, is now no longer a member. He has been expelled. He suggested that the match was not yet finished, as the first hole still remained to be played. J. K.

"OWING TO THE NECESSARILY EARLY START IT IS ESSENTIAL TO MAKE A HALT FOR BREAKFAST"

"THE SHORT HOLE IS WHAT MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS NATURAL AND DECIDEDLY SPORTING"

SPANIELS AT LLANGERNIEW

THE Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society held its spaniel trials on November 3rd at Hafodunos, Llangerniew, by kind permission of Mr. E. Lynton Vicars. The judges were Messrs. J. L. Marriott and D. Johnson.

The All-Aged Stake for any variety of spaniels was taken first, and produced some really good spaniel work. First prize was given to Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Spur O'Vara, for putting up a first-class show. This dog ran consistently well under both judges, and never left the issue in doubt. He was working hard all the time and brought off a fine retrieve in a ravine. Captain O. P. Traherne's Bryngarw Fireside was second, after running a very good trial ; hunted fast and well and retrieved game smartly ; a fine performance. Third prize was shared by Mr. W. D. Edwards's Hillhampton Spark and Major H. Beaumont's Butter of Strouds. Hillhampton Spark ran very well, especially first time down, found rabbits quickly, and gathered and brought them to hand in convincing style. Second time down towards the end he was a little exerted, but ran very well. Butter of Strouds was very consistent and hunted her ground in a most workmanlike manner ; she was unlucky in having a lean patch second time down.

The work of the majority of the remaining competitors in this stake was of a high order. Certificates of merit were awarded to Cadet D. J. Calvert's F.T. Ch. Bobble, Miss S. Beaumont's Newburle Chips, Major Beaumont's Braga of Strouds and Saxpence of Skerries, Mr. Selwyn Jones's Squib O'Vara and Mr. R. MacDonald's Rockstead Footspur.

Mr. M. D. Withers's Beauchief Bahram was granted a qualifying certificate after putting up quite a good performance.

The Novice Stake, taken after lunch, was reduced to seven competitors. Mr. T. Radcliffe, the hon. secretary, very sportingly withdrew his entry in order to shoot, because one of the guns had to be absent. Captain Traherne's Noranby Pelican meant business right from the start and ran an excellent trial. She soon found rabbits and hunted quickly and with method. Could just do with holding on to her rabbits longer on delivery. Major Beaumont's Biretta of Strouds won second prize, through sound hard hunting, was most consistent and should do well in the future ; she had rather a bare patch of ground first time down. Mrs. W. R. Calvert's Staindrop Stopbright, third, hunted very well in bracken during his first run and finished off with nice retrieves. Altogether a good trial.

Mrs. Calvert's Eromtew Tod was placed reserve with certificate. He carried out a clever performance amongst bushes of gorse on a hillside and found plenty of rabbits, although earlier was not running up to the form of the dogs placed in front.

Mr. W. D. Edwards's Pierpoint Painter thoroughly deserved his certificate. Others to be awarded certificates were Major Beaumont's Bairam of Strouds and Miss Fetherstonhaugh's Rockstead Footflash.

It's a gift!

Johnnie Walker has the gift of making finely-balanced whisky by skilful blending—so Johnnie Walker makes the perfect Christmas gift. Your wine-merchant or licensed dealer stocks special Christmas cases, containing 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles of Johnnie Walker, ready for sending off to your friends.

Johnnie Walker walks away with it!

Born 1820—still going strong

THE "TOWERED" PARTRIDGE

The Case for Cerebral Anæmia

IN view of the lengthy controversy which has prevailed among shooting men for so many years as to what causes a partridge to "tower" after it has been shot, the following information will, I am sure, attract the special attention of those whose interest takes them not only into the shooting field but also into the field on physiology and pathology.

My father, during the last and many shooting seasons prior to his death in March, 1935, collected and examined, first by X-ray and subsequently by dissection, a number of shot partridges, each of which was observed, by an experienced party of guns, to "tower" in the true sense before final collapse. Each, too, was found lying on its back, and a few were bleeding at the beak.

From the notes my father made on his investigations and the conclusions he finally arrived at as the result of them, I will endeavour to set out, as briefly as possible, the views he established for himself.

I propose to record here the results, in order, of the first six birds he examined, as they can be taken as typical of the remainder of the series which merely tended to confirm his earlier conclusions.

They were as follows:

1. *X-ray Examination.*—One flattened pellet seen lying just inside the pelvis, which is fractured on the right side.
   P.M. Dissection.—A large hæmorrhage occupied the pelvis and lower parts of the abdomen.
2. *X-ray Examination.*—No pellet seen.
   P.M. Dissection.—Left side of head bruised and torn. Fracture of the skull with hæmorrhage inside causing pressure upon and partial destruction of the brain.
3. *X-ray Examination.*—One pellet seen in the upper part of the chest.
   P.M. Dissection.—Lung torn and profuse hæmorrhage within the chest.
4. *X-ray Examination.*—Three pellets seen in the picture. Two are within the abdomen at its upper and lower parts respectively. The third pellet lies in the tail feathers.
   P.M. Dissection.—Extensive hæmorrhage within the abdomen.
5. *X-ray Examination.*—One flattened pellet lies within the upper part of the abdomen.
   P.M. Dissection.—Large hæmorrhage in the abdomen.
6. *X-ray Examination.*—One pellet seen in the left thigh. The right thigh bone is broken.
   P.M. Dissection.—Extensive hæmorrhage both inside the abdomen and in the right thigh. The pellet seen in the picture appears to have traversed the right thigh and pelvis, finally lodging in the left thigh.

The examination of this series of cases does not tend to confirm the sometimes accepted view that birds which are seen to "tower" before finally falling have been shot through the lung. On the contrary, the examination tends to show that the lung is not necessarily the seat or even the commonest seat of damage; for, as has been seen, in only one instance (No. 3) of this series was there evidence that the lung had been penetrated.

The outstanding feature in all these cases was the presence of extensive hæmorrhage in one region or another—most commonly in the abdominal region. Now it is a matter of common knowledge that whenever profuse hæmorrhage, from whatever cause, occurs in *any* being, not only the lungs but *all* the organs are deprived of a supply of blood and, consequently, of oxygen, adequate for their normal activities. Temporarily, each vital organ (brain, heart and lungs) in its own peculiar way, takes an increased or even disordered activity in its attempt to grasp that which it is losing. Of all these activities "air-hunger" or "fighting for breath" is the most easily observable to the naked eye. But this "fighting for breath" is not, as may be readily supposed, merely the expression of lung failure. It is something of far greater importance—it is the outward evidence of "cerebral anæmia" or loss of blood to the brain; or, to be more precise, of that part of the cerebral nervous system called "the medulla," in which is situated the "centre" or controlling station for the movements of breathing.

Increasing cerebral anæmia is the invariable accompaniment of continuing hæmorrhage. Unchecked, it culminates in unconsciousness, and it is at this moment the bird falls like a stone. In the phase of oncoming unconsciousness the bird doubtless opens wide its beak, throws back its head, and soars upward in its instinctive search for more air.

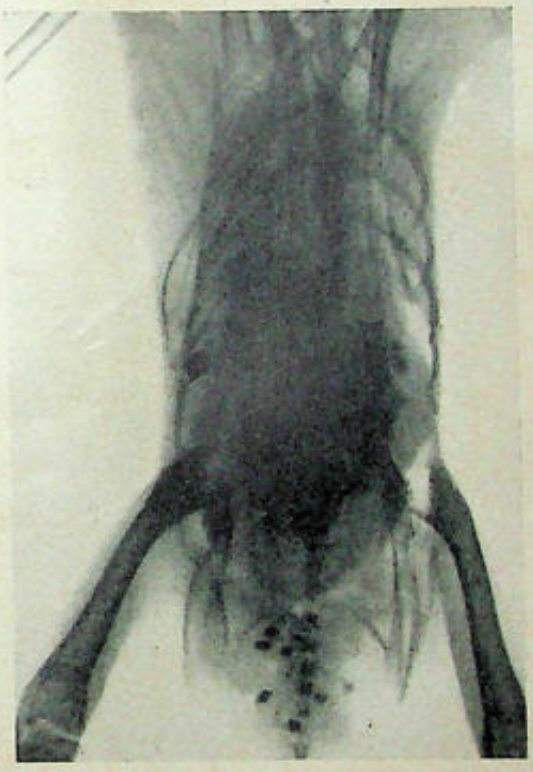
Many years ago, before the discovery of X-rays, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier established the view that a bird "towers" because it has been shot in the lung. This view, I venture to suggest, is not now acceptable to all observers.

IAN O. FULLER.

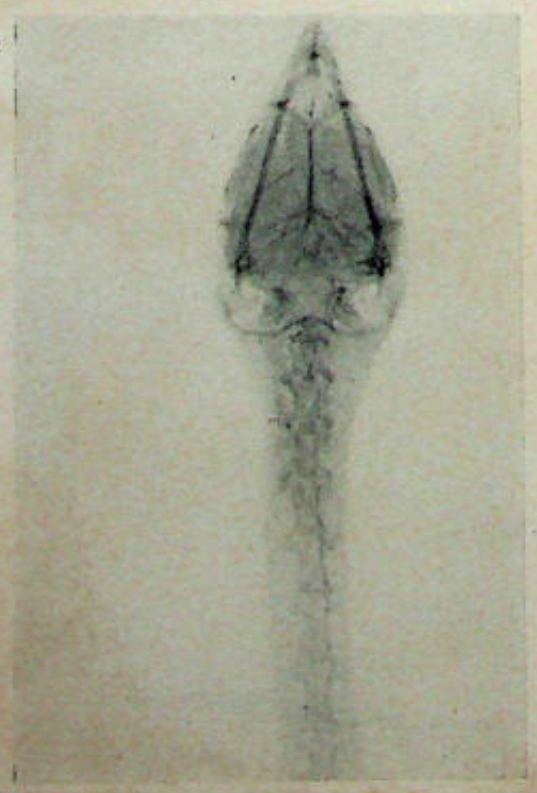
1

3

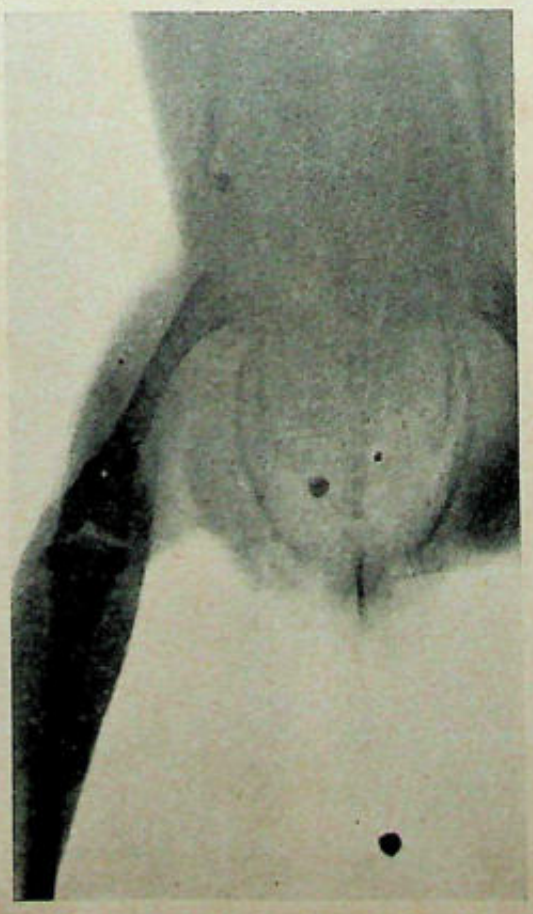
5



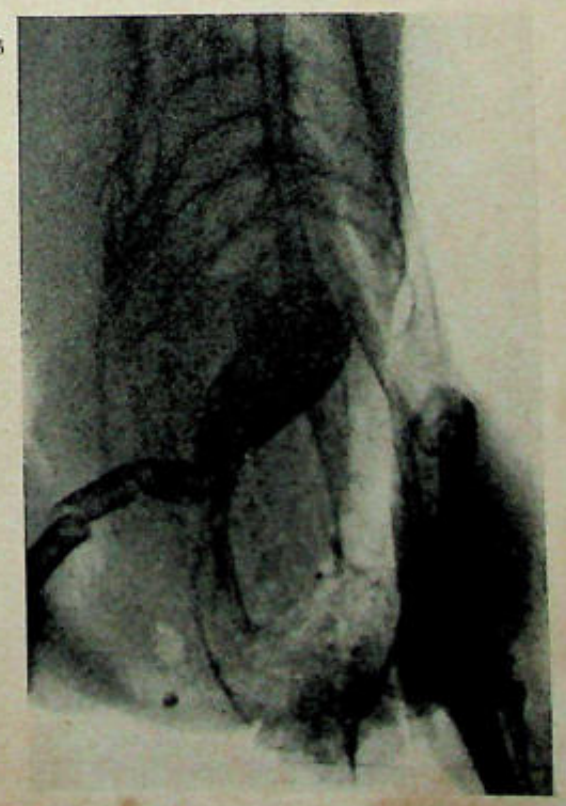
2



4



6



HAIG in every HOME

Specially Packed in Decorated Cases of 2.3.6 & 12 Bottles

Obtainable also in Small Sizes

Don't be Vague ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

TROUT WHICH ARE FOND OF FROGS

The Success of Dry Fly Imitations on Kashmir Streams

By MAJOR R. T. CAMERON

BESIDES the snails, shrimps, larvæ, and so forth, which form the diet of Kashmir trout, there are of course the indigenous fish, the loach and the young of the choosh and chirroo. And do not let us forget the frog—by no means forget the frog—for it is of that which I now write. The frog is found in most profusion where there

ONE OF THE THREE-POUNDERS THE AUTHOR SECURED WITH HIS METHOD, WHICH HE DOES NOT PRETEND WILL CATCH THE BIGGEST PRIZES

are rice fields adjacent to the river. They seem to breed in great numbers in the heated, shallow waters which lie in these fields. Many find their way into the main stream—they either tumble in, may be swept in by one of the frequent spates, or may be silly enough to take to the river in play. But, however they get there, they do not remain long, for the trout simply love them. I have seen trout in home waters gorged with mayfly; but I have never seen excelled the extent to which Kashmir trout will cram themselves with frogs.

This frog feed is not wholly common to every stretch of water. The head stretches of nearly all the rivers start in narrow gullies, much too steep and broken to allow man to terrace them into rice fields. It is only lower down, when the rivers reach more open ground, that the rice fields start. So that, high up amongst the pines, or where the cultivation is of the dry sort—mostly maki or Indian corn—the frog is comparatively scarce, and my method of imitating it not nearly so effective.

Some five or six years ago, then, a brother officer and myself were struck with the possibilities of presenting the bi-visible bulk of a frog to the fish, in the shape of a large dry fly which would have to be capable of floating on and through very heavy water, for the majority of rivers are much broken up by boulders and are fast flowing. The idea came through seeing the American salmon dry flies. It was with these that we started the theory, and we at once had startling success with the Palmers—black, grey and red, although it is a long time since we discarded everything but ginger cock hackles in the make up of the fly. Many experiments have been made until now I think that one cannot do better than use the Hardy series of Loch Ordie flies. Of these the No. 1 is used for three-quarters of the time, but occasionally, when the fish are afraid of it, the No. 2 comes into its own. Which to use is all a matter of the light on the water, and what the trout is seeing from its own side. It was the No. 1, "the big one"—as my orderly called it—which did the damage on Koka Nag.

These flies will float through the roughest of water for a very long time. I use a liberal dose of cerolene to help matters, and grease the whole of my 3x cast as well. There are many attractions in this novel way of fishing. To begin with, one always sees the rise, which is by no means the case when using the better-known wet lures and large salmon flies. You have to be able to keep the fly afloat. The more buoyant the fly, the better the light plays on the hackles, and the better the fish will

THE ASOKA POOL, ERIN NULLAH, KASHMIR, WHERE THE LOCH ORDIE FLY DID EXECUTION. NOTE THE TERRACED RICE FIELDS ON THE LEFT

what is, after all, a poor representation of Master Frog.

There is the art of fishing the far edge of the current without drag; but perhaps the greatest skill is to know where to find the fish on the look-out for frog. It is possible, by careful wading and stalking, to search those very likely little shallow junctions of side stream or mill stream—sometimes literally an inch or two of water only—or the boulder behind which the prize may be—places practically impossible to cover properly with the wet fly, used either upstream or down.

But being by nature extremely lazy, my chief joy is just this: The average fisherman and shikari will insist that you must make your basket either before the sun is on the water, or after it is off it for the day. If before, I detest the rise at break of day—it savours too much of morning parades in the hot weather! I abominate still more the necessity of having to fish with the dandy lure, the silver doctor, the coachman or the white moth at twilight and after, when the fishing is "blind," with never the gleam and flash of the turning fish to delight the eye. With my theory there is the leisurely start after breakfast at a Christian hour.

As a rule, the best time for frog theory is when the sun is on the stream, and the water temperature is rising. Perhaps an hour after tea, but long before you lose sight of the rise, you will have to put the brake on if you are not to finish the weekly limit in the first or second day. (Most beats in Kashmir are for one week, and the present limit is 36 trout for the week.)

There is, however, this word of warning. I do not pretend that this method of fishing will catch the biggest prizes which Kashmir streams offer. It will not. I may as well confess that I have not exceeded a fish of 3lb., and have had only two of that weight. Larger fish have been on, and departed, and I was once smashed by a great thing. Offers from the larger fish have been quite rare. But I will get one yet, and on my little 8½ft. rod and the 3x or 4x cast this will put the finishing touches to the delights I have had with this method.

There are two little tips: Instead of the usual white-throat hackle of the Loch Ordies, I sometimes substitute a red one for streams with a great amount of white foam, such as the Mantar tributary of the Densoo. The red shows up well against the white, and does not put the trout off. May I repeat, the fly is representing bulk—and not colour. I do not have the flying treble as dressed on the original pattern. It is not necessary, and tends to detract from the desired buoyancy of the fly.

It is as well to remember that the theory works only where there are frogs. But it is worth trying when things are otherwise dull, even on the Madmatti and the high reaches of Densoo and Nooboorg, where frogs are very scarce.

Just one word more about method. I have fished Kashmir mostly from mid-July to the end of the season on September 30th. The dry fly succeeds very well throughout this period. Indeed, it has often saved the day, when ordinary wet fly is doing nothing. I have only fished earlier—in May and June—once. Whether I stuck more to the lures in the hopes of a big one during their unsophisticated hunger at the beginning of the season, I am not quite certain. All I can say is that I formed a clear conviction that the trout were not feeding on frog to any great extent, and I did not persevere with the dry fly then.

I have often wondered if fisheries at home could not be greatly improved by introducing this frog feed? Unfortunately, the exact species of frog which the Kashmir trout love so dearly is not known by name, nor whether the high temperatures of the rice-field waters is necessary for their breeding and well being. I rather doubt it, as I have met the frog as high as 7,500ft., at Gurais on the Gilgit Road, and had great fun with the Loch Ordie there.

Experiments in this country might lead to quite startling increase in weight of fish. I can think of nothing against introducing them; and nobody will gainsay that the frog-feeding Kashmir "brownie" is a bonny fish, small of head, deep, red-speckled and a magnificent fighter. It leaves nothing to be desired on the table.

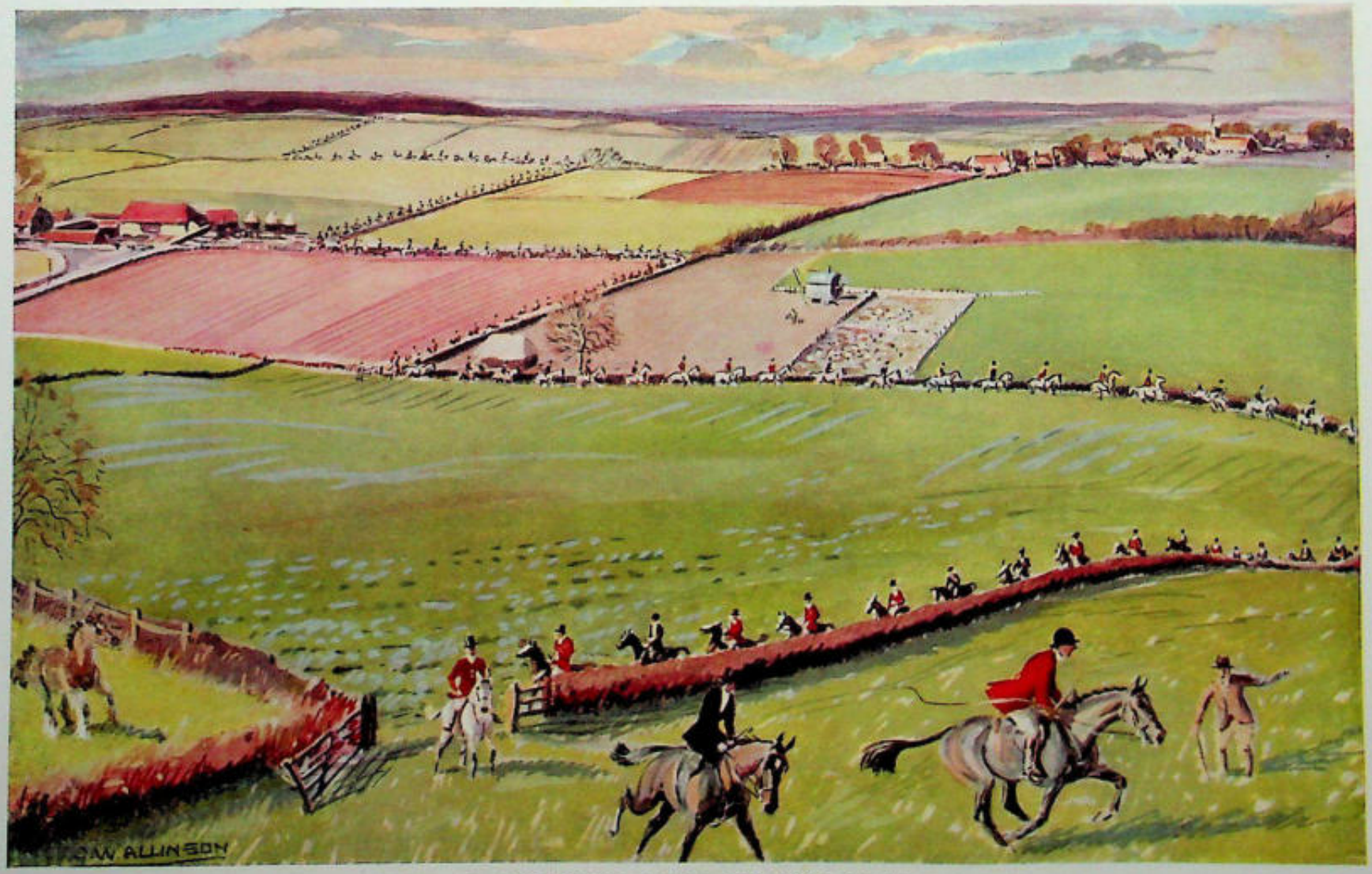
1938 DUNLOP

The dependability of DUNLOP Tyres—and the safety they ensure—are accepted universally. So now is the supreme excellence of DUNLOP Weather-wear and Sports-wear in which, again, the protective factor is inseparable from style, distinction and inherent quality. In fact the name .DUNLOP is synonymous with safety and protection.

C.F.H.

HUNTING PROBLEMS EASILY SOLVED

COMBINING OUR PLEASURES, OR LANGLAUF IN LEICESTERSHIRE



DISCIPLINE IN THE HUNTING FIELD—THE FIELD MASTER'S DREAM

This charming print happily illustrates the traditional spirit of an old English Christmas. For this reason it has been chosen to decorate the "Gift Box" of 'Passing Clouds' Cigarettes.

WILLS'S

PASSING CLOUDS

CIGARETTES

This ¼ lb. box of the famous 'Passing Clouds' Cigarettes makes an ideal present for those who appreciate Virginia cigarettes at their best. The oval shape of the cigarettes adds that touch of originality which characterizes the happier Christmas gift.

5/-

There's a greeting card printed on the back with a space for your name.

MUDFLATS AT CHRISTMAS

By DR. E. A. R. ENNION

"WHAT! —— at Christmas? Honestly? Heavens, man, I had to spend a day there in July once. Enough for me—couldn't bathe, sea had gone clean out of sight, no pier, no shops, no nothing. And you're going down there for Christmas! Doctors ought to know better. What was that mental state you were telling us about last night—claustro something?"

"Claustrophobia? Call it that if you like. At the worst I'm harmless to others and hardly certifiable yet, and anyway—I'm going."

And certainly when I left the village asleep behind me and set off in the lee of the sea wall it all looked rather grim: one of those reluctant dawns when the gods try stingy winds and showers and quiet intervals by turn as if uncertain which to order for the day. Then ahead of me rang 'coorlie, 'coorlie, and five curlew crossed the wall, scudding like wraiths before a gust of wind. Had there been any doubt before I knew now I would sooner listen to the magic of their music than to all the bells of Christendom. For there *is* magic in the whistle of the waders, from the clean pipe of the greenshank to the little dunlin's trill: an elusive quality which haunts long afterwards and makes you wonder when you lie abed whether stray notes come trickling through the wind or from actual waders calling through the darkness overhead—the enchantment lies not only in their loud call notes and whistles of alarm, but even more in the small talk and inward murmurings which reward the listener after a successful stalk. We are only on the threshold of understanding this intimate vocabulary of birds. We know a little of the backchat of the tits and linnets of our gardens, but these waders who travel across half the world on their migrations, what tales they seem to tell when, once in a while, we elude their wariness.

I reached the turn of the sea wall, where samphire beds mark the limit of the saltings and the mudflats begin. The sky was clearing and already a promise of sunshine strayed through thinning clouds. I chose a gap to look through between two tussocks in a sag of the wall. Never choose a high place—the sea wall's rim is the skyline for a myriad wary birds' eyes on the flats and a head poked over it must do so in as inconspicuous a place as possible, or be seen at once. The mud was half covered by a creeping tide. A creek at the salting's edge filled lazily, and on its banks curlew and a few whimbrel whiled away the hours until their feeding grounds should lie uncovered once again. They preened and rested, scratched themselves and moved in a desultory way—just "dinnicking about" in fact. The creek was too deep for them to wade in and pull worms out of the mud. They hunted for small crabs instead; and often found them difficult to manage, too. Despite vigorous jerkings on the curlew's part, crabs refuse to travel smoothly up between the long curbed mandibles—they *will* keep slithering back or slipping out sideways. I have known curlews give the task up in disgust and mouch away after something else. The whimbrels looked much smaller than the curlews as they mingled on the banks. Even alone and too far off for the split buff crown to be seen, the short bill and legs and neater form distinguished a whimbrel at once. It was not so easy to decide between single birds in flight unless they called; the whimbrel calls more softly and its notes fall in a descending scale.

Redshanks, for ever restless, were flying round. One, wheeling above the wall, caught sight of me and fled shrieking away. When redshank or oystercatcher sound the tocsin it is wise to lower your face and lie still. Both cry wolf so often that other fowl heed them much as the jungle did the bandarlog—no cause for panic, but as well to proceed with caution for a little while. When curlew, heron or godwit cry danger, exodus from the danger zone soon begins.

Heron and curlew are the first to go with godwits, shanks and whimbrels a good second. Grey and golden plovers and the big gulls follow close upon their heels. The little waders (although the larger the flock the sooner they depart), oystercatchers, smaller gulls and terns generally remain until the threatened danger manifests itself and then a wide area of mud lies empty. An odd dunlin, turnstone or ringed plover stays on as caretaker and sometimes these singletons are so tame that you may have them run alongside for a 100yds. before they fly.

Already the flowing tide had shepherded knots and dunlins to the higher sweeps of mud. As each crest drowned in turn there rose a cloud of birds to twinkle against the sky until it joined the ever-deepening stipple of their fellows on the next highest mound. Always a greenshank or a few godwits would be left behind to feed on feverishly for the extra ten minutes longer legs allowed. Three godwits flew across the flats towards me and settled by the creek. Each sipped, and straightway slipped its beak among its scapulars and slept, head to wind and pivoting on one leg as a moored boat sways when it stems the running tide. These were bar-tails, outsize snipe in silhouette, though they had upturned beaks and longer, thinner legs. The black-tailed godwit never seems to find the time to rest; tide or no tide it is always guzzling in a vain attempt to plump out its scragginess—both kinds wade belly-high to feed, and thrust their heads beneath the surface with no more scruple than a tip-tilt duck. Once in a while when preening they vouchsafe a fleeting glimpse of barred or black-banded tail as the case may be. You never happen to be looking at the moment, and so it is less tedious to judge by size and shape—the bar-tailed is a Mutt—the black a Jeff.

Whilst I lay watching godwits a great cloud of waders, driven from their last stronghold by the tide, lit close to the wall on a sandspit a little to my right. They were a mixed company: knots, all in grey livery, short of leg and bill, but round of belly as the alderman who prized them above all else at their feasts of old; ringed plover; thirty odd sanderlings, so pale in white plumage that they shone like flecks of foam against the drab; and dunlin, in their hundreds. More careful scrutiny found several curlew-sandpipers amongst these dunlin: the tell-tale wedge of white above the tail was hidden unless they stretched or raised their wings above their heads and the bill (so dutifully curved in bookplates but often, in practice, no more so than some dunlin's) was not so good a distinction as the dark streak which runs from it through the eye. This line gives them an intelligent expression in contrast to the dunlin's, whose fat cheeks and beady eyes suggest the sleek but small mentality of mice. I found little stints among the dunlins too, miniature knots whose light collars

ruffed round their faces every time they puffed their feathers up. And turnstones with still shorter bills and smoky cheeks; I could just discern their dull orange feet.

Time passes swiftly on the tideway. How many hours had I lain there on the wall—six? seven? It is absurd to take a watch on these occasions. We are slaves to time from mothers' milk-four-hourly until a funeral rids us of all clocks. Cramped limbs and empty feelings are swift enough reminders. I slipped my sketch-book in my pocket and went on behind the wall. Presently sandhills crowned with blue-grey marram grass peeped over the top, and this suggested cover to approach another point. Rabbits sat back on their scuts to watch me as I passed. What do these sandhill rabbits live on? No vegetation looks less nibblesome than the harsh stems of marram; samphire and sueda bushes are apparently untouched. I found a hollow in the sandhills where I could sit and watch out over sand and shingle ridges piled above high-water mark. This was the waiting place for oystercatchers. There must have been 200 of them standing round a pool (they won't stay long where they cannot get a sip). I had my lunch, and with it more amusement than I should ever have found at any Christmas pantomime—the oystercatcher may be the most striking of our shore birds—it is certainly a born buffoon. I saw a comedy played over many times that afternoon: the actors were two oystercatchers, a turnstone and a black-headed gull. One oystercatcher (always the same bird) came running up the beach with a crab it had caught in a runnel that led from the pool. The second followed it with the gull in close attendance, and the turnstone pattered behind, short legs a blur in its efforts to keep pace. Oystercatchers eviscerate a crab by jabbing viciously with their vermilion bills at the underside until a breach is made through which to pick out piecemeal the content of the shell; they savour each morsel leisurely as gourmets should. After a few helpings the first bird stepped aside to let the other take a portion and presently returned to the waterside to sip this meal down and meditate on the next. No sooner had the second oystercatcher finished than the gull minced up and fed, delicately, lest the meat should soil its spotless napery. And finally came the turnstone's turn to pick the carcase clean—its agility had already won a few snatched fragments on account. As each finished it went back to the water, oystercatchers prancing, gull gliding, turnstone scurrying, to await the capture of another crab. This happened a dozen times.

There was a whine of wings and a soft whistling: six grey plover raced across the sand and alighted by the oystercatchers' pool. Each tiptoed a yard or two with wings uplifted before coming to rest, and the dark wedges of their armpits showed plainly against the white. A grey smudge on the cheek was all that lingered of the black underparts they flaunt in Spring—the Prince of Plovers in his black and silver livery is then worth running a mile to see.

The tide had turned before I got back to the wall. When I left it a few hours ago nine out of every ten birds seen stood asleep on one leg apiece with their bills tucked away. Now the air was vibrant with the whickering of wings and excited cries. Along the coast waders of all kinds whistled and wheeled. I wondered if there was a peregrine about, but could not see one anywhere; perhaps it was only the outcome of that restlessness which besets all waders the moment the tide turns. In half-an-hour the flats would be uncovered once again, and nothing but black-headed gulls within range of the wall. I struck inland to walk home over the fresh marshes. There would be sandpipers by the ditches and snipe round the shallow pools. One rough meadow was alive with peewits and golden plover—they, too, had sensed the turning of the tide and were unsettled and called incessantly—the hard wailing of the peewits tempered by the mellow pipe of the golden plover. I flushed jacks from the withered rushes; they rose listlessly with none of your full snipe's slashing getaway, and pitched after a short flight. I never yet knew a jacksnipe zig-zag properly and go swinging aloft on a tour of the clouds before coming to earth again. They drop without that silvery shudder of the wings, and if they speak at all on rising it is but a squeak any half-grown rat could better. I fancy they look for the greater part of their food in the drier tangles of the marshes—rail-fashion—although sometimes they certainly paddle about and probe the mud.

It was almost dusk when an incident closed the day. Over my head passed a single greenshank, calling, and out of a ditch at my feet sprang its pocket edition, a green sandpiper, whistling too. I followed the easy winnowing flight of the one and the errant course of the other by the white gleam of their saddles until both were lost in the gloom. And for minutes more I could hear them calling. They seemed to echo each other and their music still rings in my mind.

LITTLE WADERS ARE BUSY

AND OYSTERCATCHERS ARE HUMORISTS

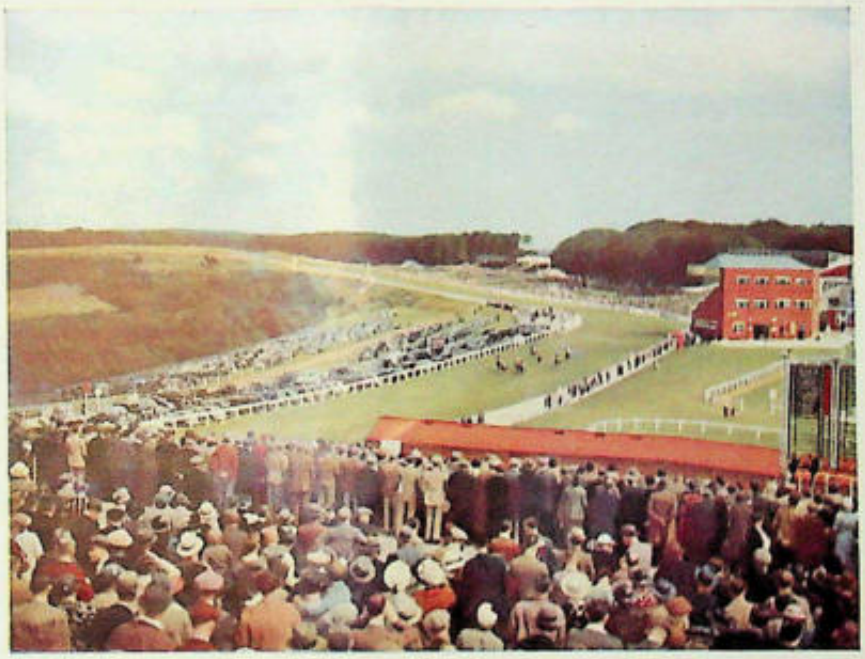
BIG WADERS ARE STATELY

COLOURFUL CAMERA RECORDS OF THE SPORTING YEAR

Violet blue of the water, white clouds, light blue skies and dark green rushes. A record of a summer day's shooting on the Fens

White sails against a pale blue sea with mist on the horizon. Looking across the Solent off the Royal Yacht Squadron during Cowes Week

Grey Church Tower against the sky, dark green foliage and rich grass of the pastures contrast with the chestnut and browns of horses and riders at this West Country meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds

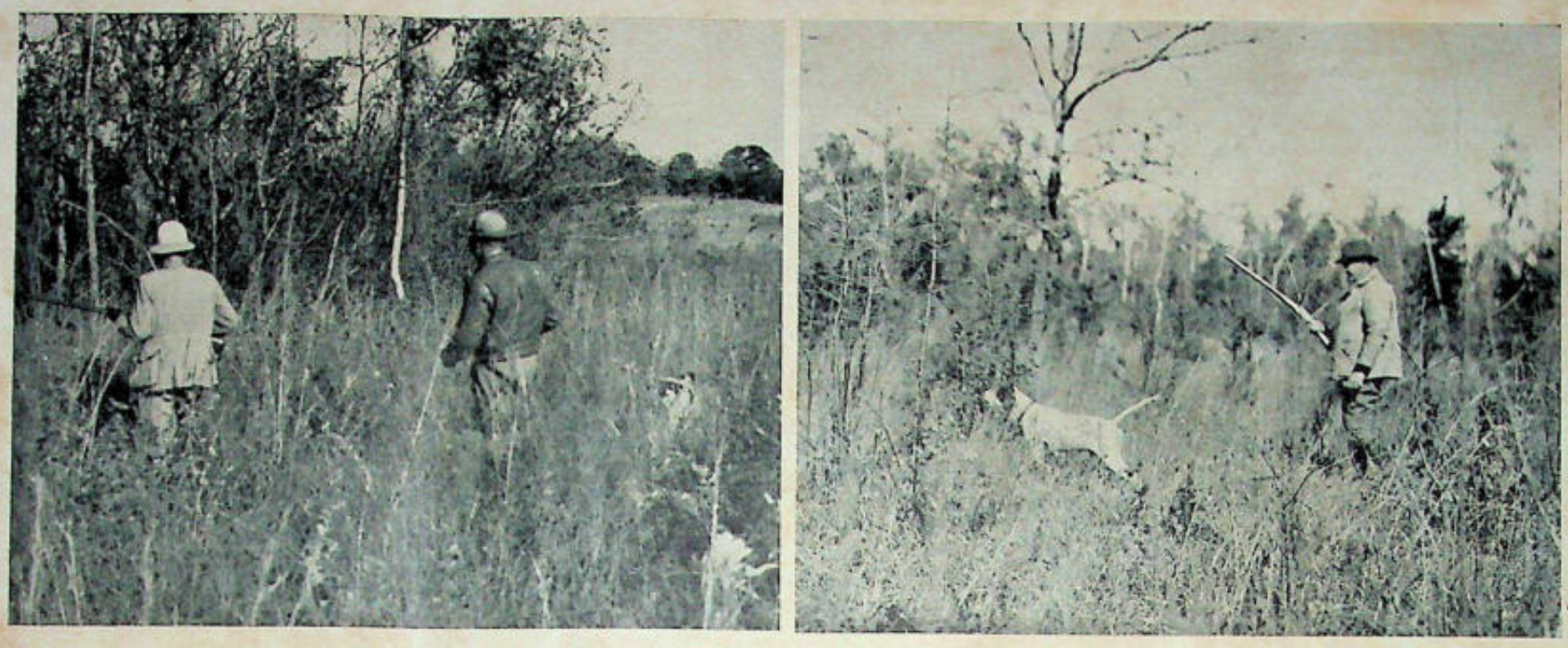


A gay scene at Goodwood looking from Trundle Hill as the horses race to the finish. Even the Tote building's red roof of corrugated iron does not spoil the natural colourings of the picture

Sunlit clouds, dark masses of trees, and the play of light and shadow over green, fairway, and bunkers on Sunningdale Golf Course

And last, the finest sight of all—the purple heather of the moor and the blue mountains of Scotland viewed from the butts at Clune, Inverness-shire

The rapid progress which has been made in colour photography enables any amateur photographer to-day to secure faithful records of subjects which were previously confined to the brush of an artist. In the old days colour photography was limited in its scope as time exposures were necessary, but now the snapshot camera can be loaded with films and quite brief exposures given up to about a 25th of a second, a speed which is quite sufficient to arrest any but the most rapidly moving objects. At present only transparencies can be obtained in the ordinary way, but experiments are constantly being made, and the day may not be far distant when we will have pictures to show on paper equal to those seen by transmitted light



(LEFT) ONE OF THE GUNS IN THICKISH COVER AND (RIGHT) ONE OF THE POINTERS AT WORK

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN FLORIDA

A Day with the "Bob White"

HAVING recently returned from several weeks' Bob White quail shooting in the States of Florida and Georgia, it occurs to me that a short description of this bird and the story of a typical day at this sport may well be of interest to British sportsmen.

The Bob White quail (*Colinus Virginianus*) or "Bird," as he is called in the South, is a partridge and not a quail. There are no quail proper in the United States. His distribution is from New England and Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and west to South Dakota, Kansas and Texas. As civilisation has moved westward the quail has followed, for he thrives on carelessly cultivated lands—though essentially a wild feeder. In size he is intermediate between the quail and the partridge of the old world. In appearance trim and handsome; colour in general, brown marked with black; throat and stripe over the eye white; top of head and neck dark brown; also back, rump and upper tail coverts; breast and under parts white with black markings; bill black; legs and feet grey. Female similar, but throat and stripe over eye are buff, instead of white. He is conceded to be the best game bird in America. He lies exceedingly well to the dog, and is a fast and cunning flyer. He leads a covey life, each covey consisting of from twelve to sixteen birds. The covey roosts on the ground, and feeds and travels as a unit. Normally each covey will inhabit or "use" a given small favourable area year after year.

This area will usually not exceed a quarter-mile square, and will include woodland and open fields and as many hedges and hedge-rows as possible. The characteristically untidy negro tenant cultivation of South Carolina, Georgia and South-Western Florida, which in turn made it possible to establish large preserves, is here responsible for his abundance. The act of preserving in this part of the world usually means that, for cover, there must be kept a balance between woods, broomstraw fields, and cultivated areas; that woods must be sufficiently thinned out to allow an undergrowth of seed-bearing plants; that broomstraw fields must not be too unbrokenly large, and cultivation must include crops which favour the birds; that each year, in February, practically the whole preserve must be burnt over, at night or on still days. This is necessary to control too matted and rank a growth, to help germinate the seed of certain valuable legumes, and to discourage an enemy called the cotton rat. Previous to burning, fire lanes should be ploughed to protect plum thickets, berry patches and seedling trees.

It is late January: a cold, clear morning with a slight frost showing in the low spots and a skim of ice on all sheltered water. Later in the day it will be warm, and there is a promise of a southern breeze from late morning to sunset. At the door by 9.30 in the morning is the personnel and equipment for the day's shoot. Two saddle horses for the host and myself. From each saddle is slung a scabbard for our 20-gauge guns. The white-jacketed dog handler mounted on a fast walking horse. The shooting wagon, drawn by two fine mules, and driven by an old darky, also in a white jacket. A young darky, who acts as horse holder and general utility boy, mounted on an able pony. The dog handler on the larger preserves, be he white or black, usually the former, is mainly responsible for the conduct of the shoot, the training and handling of the dogs and, in many cases, the game management of the preserve. He occupies the equivalent position and performs almost the same function as any Scotch or English gamekeeper.

A SHOOTING WAGON AND ITS ATTENDANT

The shooting wagon deserves a few words owing to some of its unique features. This wagon is of long box-body type, well sprung, and sufficiently rugged to be driven across country over logs, ditches, &c.; in fact, wherever a horse is capable of travelling. It has a strong hand brake. A wooden box about a foot in width by 18in. in height, with a hinged top, is in place of the usual dashboard. In this box is installed a metal water tank with an outboard spigot at one end. This water is for the dogs on hot and arid days. The driver's seat and the shooters' seat behind it, both heavily stuffed, cross the wagon body and extend a few inches over the sides. The shooters' seat can be used by the guns, who at times may prefer to be driven. Attached to the rear of the driver's seat is an upright gun rack lined with woolly sheepskin; also two racks for hanging quail. Immediately behind the shooters' seat is a solid top, wooden frame, wire mesh dog crate, capacity about eight dogs, in two compartments with gates to the rear. Below the gates is a hanging hop-up step for the dogs that divides the distance to and from the ground. The roof of this crate, surrounded by a 6-in. railing, provides a space for coats, cartridge cases and other gear needed in the day's sport. An overall waterproof canvas cover snaps tightly over the railing, protecting the contents from the weather.

In the wagon are eight pointers, fined down to a condition of hardness that is seldom seen except in this country. The American top pointers and setters are required to run three-hour heats in field trials, and the best shooting dogs are bred from this stock. Usually one of the eight is a single-bird dog, chosen because he is adept at working close to the guns on birds that have been flushed, scattered and marked down after the covey rise. He should be absolutely steady to shot, besides being an expert trailer and retriever.

The preserve is divided into courses, or "beats"; each course of about 1,200 acres, the area covered during a normal day's shoot.

Arriving at the starting point the handler calls for two dogs to be put down—Dot and Dash—and moves forward on his course, closely followed by my host and myself. The wagon and the pony follow after, wherever we may go. Dot and Dash range ahead some 200yds., and cover a front of about the same width. We have been riding at a comfortable walk for a varying time when Dash, far forward on our right, in skirting a point of open wood that projects into a cornfield, suddenly whips to a point; a moment later Dot, in her traverse to the right, freezes into a back.

The handler raises his hand, signifying a point, and the cavalcade comes to a halt some 30yds. in the rear of Dash. We all dismount and the black

boy takes over the horses. A few steadying words from the handler to the dog and we close on him; the handler is in the centre, I am 3yds. to his left, my host an equal distance on his right. The dog is standing at the very edge of the open cornfield, apparently pointing an object 5ft. in front of his nose, in a fringe of broomstraw some 20yds. wide, that forms the boundary between the field and an open stand of pine. The wind is blowing, not too hard, towards the left front of the dog. I surmise, owing to the wind, that the birds are probably nearer to me than to my host and even may be somewhat to my left. I, therefore, attempt to walk slightly slower than he, so that, if I am correct, he will not be baulked by my position. When we are a few yards beyond the dog, the covey explodes into the air, leaving the ground not a yard from my feet. The rise, so close, is actually a blur of speed—the twelve or more birds lace and twist, frantically reaching for the wood. I pick an outside bird, feel rather than see him crumple, and swing to the next one to his right, by this time among the trees; he jinxes to avoid a limb as I fire and I score a miss. I have heard two shots from my companion—we reload at once and move forward. One step—a delayed bird jumps and flies down my side of the wood and, unfortunately for him, offers an easy mark. We have three sure birds and another one, a runner, from my host's long second shot in the wood.

The dogs retrieve the three dead, are then crated and Bob, the single-dog, is loosed to find the cripple. It is cleverly trailed and run down in a couple of hectic minutes. Though not marked, the majority of the covey has probably flown to a known small area of broomstraw and small pine saplings, and we move to this spot on the off chance. As we approach the broomstraw, Bob is 20yds. in front, working cautiously. He disappears in the straw and we follow his course by the movement of the tops. The movement stops—point—we pass the dog—out comes a bird and I damage a sapling, but not a feather. At the shot another bird jumps and is gathered by my host. We now have five birds. We could surely get more, but this covey may be shot again during the season. No covey should be reduced to less than five birds, and seldom is on a good preserve. The dog handler gives a call, the horses and wagon come up, Bob is crated, Dot and Dash put down, and we ride on our course. Ten minutes later Dash appears to be making game in a stretch of thin broomstraw far ahead; he suddenly drops as a large covey takes wing, flushing wild 30yds. before him. The wagon driver, owing to his position, has been able to mark some of them near a plum thicket, a live oak and a briar patch 300yds. away. The dogs are taken up and Bob is put down. As we approach the spot, Bob points a single—we gather it; then two more points, two more birds, and we move on to find another covey.

Thus, with varying fortune, the morning passes; each covey is found in an entirely different setting, each bird a different type of shot. The target is small, very fast, and very able in taking care of itself. The dogs, working in pairs, show their different personalities and abilities. One rabbit, one litter of pig have been pointed, as well as many quail. No one's record is perfect. A short successful stalk of a feeding redtail hawk reveals the fact that his prey is a female Cooper's hawk—a fairly surprising discovery. We also jump two deer and a firm hand is needed to prevent the dogs chasing.

At 12.30 we arrive at a flat pond surrounded deeply by live oaks, cypress and maple, each draped with Spanish moss. We have found eight coveys and taken eighteen birds, have had a fair share of good shots to be quietly remembered and a share of misses to be laughed at. The horses are unsaddled and picketed in the shade. The dogs are taken from the wagon and tied to separate trees. A station wagon from the big house is waiting at the pond, and a hot luncheon of soup, omelette, quail, salad, cheese and coffee is soon on the table. This is made more enjoyable by the constant active natural life on the pond. Several white heron stand at attention among the lily pads, a few ringneck duck are moving in an open spot, swallows are skimming over the surface and, to complete the picture, two red cows and a white horse are standing hock deep near the shore with a background of age-old live oaks. Innumerable birds of many varieties are singing and calling from every tree and thicket.

By two o'clock luncheon is cleared and my host suggests that we do a walk-up of the pond for jack snipe. We walk down wind, he one side of the pond and I the other. The handler, mounted, with Bob at heel, comes along to retrieve. After 20 minutes of brisk and amusing shooting at all angles, we stop, having bagged fifteen fat birds—enough fun and enough birds, and plenty left for another day.

At three we continue on our quail course. It is one of those fortunate days when the scent remains good and the dogs find a covey approximately every 20 minutes. During the late afternoon our course takes us to a country which borders a swamp famous for wild turkey. I place a few cartridges of larger pellets in a convenient pocket for the eventuality of a shot. Dot begins to make game in the heavy broomstraw. All her movements suggest that it is not quail; before I can dismount, a large gobbler breaks from the straw and, with slow motion but amazing speed, sails away for the swamp. I am off my horse and tramp the straw, hoping to flush one within range. Two hundred yards off another turkey which had been running under cover of the broomstraw, jumps and scales to safety. No turkey!

At 5.30 our course has brought us back within striking distance of home. We have found sixteen coveys, have watched the dogs perform their always amazing feats of instinct, training and endurance, have taken our limit of 30 quail, have bagged fifteen snipe, have seen two fine turkey and two deer, and have had an altogether gorgeous day. We leave the wagon to its slow progress and canter in to that pleasant moment that should follow all such delightful experiences.

R. G. McKay.

BULLETS AND BRUSHWOOD

The Power of Light Bullets

(*Continued from last week's issue*)

BUT irrespective of whether we are considering the small-game or the big-game rifle, there is another thing to be gleaned from this experiment—that the difference in dispersion is not sufficient with the worst of them to account for a miss if the aim is true. Even the .401 would strike in the shoulder area of a deer. Whether the dispersion of all of them would have been greater if the brush were thickly scattered over the entire course of the bullet one cannot say. It is obvious that such a test would have entailed strings of hundreds of shots, taking the mean of the lot for each cartridge under trial before we could have reached any definite conclusions, as each bullet would not have contended with uniform conditions. But the fact remains that the thing we were after was proven—*light bullets at high velocity are not more easily deflected than heavy ones at low speed.*

"Ah, but there is more to it than that!" I hear someone argue. "The light bullet lacks the knock-down power at short range."

With that, too, I disagree. I started shooting, in my youth, with the .45-70, .45-90 and similar loads, all of them good "woods" cartridges in their day, but they never remotely demonstrated the shocking power of the .30-06 even at short range. Time after time I have knocked a big moose off its feet, too paralysed to kick, with a single 180-grain bullet at short range, and stopped a grizzly in its tracks at 15ft. from the muzzle. The old slugs would put them down, but did not so utterly demoralise them. While they had a heavy punch they did not have the surgical shock, they did not disrupt tissue and bone with the same explosive force that a bullet has when driven at around 3,000ft.

I have had the .30-06 and the .300 do the same thing on caribou, moose and bear, to say nothing of sheep and goats at 200yds. and 300yds. This being so, why should they not do so better at short range where the energy is higher, if they are as accurate or, as we proved, even more so in cover? I think the answer is obvious.

I hope my readers will remember that I am not arguing with the jungle shooter in the Orient, who adheres to his double Express for thick-skinned game and dangerous carnivora at the shortest quarters—as bullets are to-day, I would myself. These remarks are applied to the shooting of North and Central America and the Continent of Europe, where most of the big-game shooting is in the woods, though, of course, it applies to the average run of buck and antelope shooting in Africa and Asia as well.

One of the principal factors in promoting the popularity of the small-bore magnums is the fact that a lot of ultra high velocity cartridges, designed for long-range shooting on woodchucks (a species of marmot), prairie wolves and similar forms of vermin, are being used more and more for heavier game. In their present form such cartridges should not be so used on heavy or medium-size game, as the bullets are unreliable. I refer to the .220 Swift, driving a 56-grain bullet at 3,760ft. velocity, and the .257 Roberts, with its 87-grain bullet at 3,350ft., but there are always some chaps who know better and insist on trying them on sheep and similar game. The claim is frequently made that even when paunched—or lung shot—they go down as if pole-axed. The lungs or intestines are literally blown up and the victim succumbs to shock. Why? Because there is more fluid in these parts of their anatomy and water, being non-compressible, the bullet demonstrates its greatest efficiency as a result of a poorly-placed shot, the fluid actually acting as part of the explosive force.

Unfortunately, the users of such loads do not write home about it when the bullet strikes heavy bone first, and the miserable victim wobbles off to die with a ghastly surface wound because the bullet exploded, so to speak, on the surface without sufficient penetration to kill quickly. Nice sportsmanship, that!

But the trouble is not with the velocity. It is in the bullet; the load is not properly balanced. To attain these super-velocities the bullet weight must be sacrificed to keep the breech pressure within safe bounds. As there is a limit to the reduction in calibre it therefore has to be shortened. The result is that when the expansion of the point starts on impact the bullet breaks back until the base is split, and, of course, the small particles lack the penetrative power of the whole. That is what we mean by "explosive effect." It is just as ineffective as an aerial bomb exploding against an emplacement as compared with a shell. It has a wide, superficial dispersion, but does not blow things up when it meets solid resistance; it simply blows itself up. That is exactly what happens when it strikes a small animal, or the fleshy parts of a large one—the area around the point of ingress is pulped by pressure and minced by the small particles of the broken bullet. But it does not necessarily kill when it hits in the tough shoulder of a big stag, moose or grizzly.

Nevertheless, we cannot afford to overlook the fact that they do upon occasions demonstrate a shocking power that is lacking in all of the large bores, for even a .577 will not lay out a moose as quickly if hit too high in the chest cavity or too far back. That is, we cannot afford to overlook it if we intend to progress as we always do. That demonstration of the superior killing power of velocity as compared with bullet weight, poorly assisted, is too apparent. Either we have got to design steel cases that will restrain the pressure when harnessed to heavier bullets, or we have got to design light bullets of tougher construction.

Experiments have already been made with the pressure cases and as far back as 1921 I assisted the late Colonel John Caswell in some experiments with a special bullet of his own design, which had a solid boat-tail base of special metal that remained intact under the drive of the highest velocity we could give it with safety in the .30-06. With one I killed one of the largest moose I ever saw at over 200yds., the bullet smashing both shoulders, and when recovered it still weighed 90 of its original 150 grains. None of the loading companies would produce it at the time because it was expensive to make. Perhaps we should look into it again.

At any rate, the demonstration of high velocity in several rifles, from the Highlands to Central America, and in every province of Canada, has convinced me that velocity is superior to bullet weight within normal limits even now.

Where anything but thick-skinned game and bison or buffalo are concerned, the .30-06, with its 180-grain bullet delivering 2,915lb. energy, and the 150-grain at over 3,000lb., the .275 Holland and Holland Magnum 160-grain, developing 2,780lb. and the .300 Magnum with its 3,743lb., defeat anything at any range, long or short, driving heavier bullets at velocities under 2,500ft. per second, as they do not deliver the same surgical shock.

Paul Curtis.

FROM MOOR AND FOREST

SCOTLAND

Isle of Jura (Ardlussa) (owner Mrs. A. Innes).—Total stags, 43. Average weight, clean, without heart and liver, 15st. 5lb. Heaviest two stags, 18st. 2lb., 18st. Best head, one 10-pointer. Season early; weather fine early, later stormy. Winter very mild, stags in good condition.

Perthshire, Dalnacardoch.—Major W. E. Mann and Mr. F. T. Mann and party, six guns in all, walking in line, have bagged 911 brace of grouse in 21 days, making an average of 43 brace a day. This bag is 240 brace in advance of last year, which was also a good season.

Perthshire, Innerwick and Roro, Glenlyon.—Captain R. A. Oldham and party. Chief items in the season's bag: 580 brace grouse (675 young, 485 old), 64 brace ptarmigan, 8 salmon, 22 stags. Incessant gales and rain for the past month ruined what should have been an excellent grouse season. Birds plentiful and strong; no disease or heather beetle. Of the salmon, six were killed in one day between 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. by Mr. R. D. Oldham, fishing "greased line" on a Blue Charm; heaviest fish 25lb. Stags killed averaged about 13st. 3lb. clean. Two good heads, 9 and 10-pointers were killed, the remainder included four of five switches and others "better off the hill." Heaviest beast, 15st. 2lb.

IRELAND

Co. Wicklow, Luggala, Roundwood (owned by Lady Granmore and Browne).—Ten stags killed, average weight 19st. Two heaviest, 21st. 7lb. and 21st. 12lb.

This England . . .

Hawnby Hill—North Yorkshire.

NOW is the work of storage at an end, and summer's riches have been laid away. The hay is in rick and the roots are in clamp, the hams are hung up and the wood in the shed, that man and beast may be warmed and fed against the winter harshness. Nor must we forget another great storage of the summer's wealth—our Worthington, rich compound of the barley and the hop. Hold it to the light and see the sunshine gleam again—taste it and feel the vigour of those open days return. Remember, too, that it was devised by our fathers to protect and comfort when the day dies at four and the wind's in the east. A Worthington, then, to your winter health!

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

EAGLES FLYING ROUND THE 'PLANE AND (BELOW) ONE STRUCK BY THE WING AND KILLED

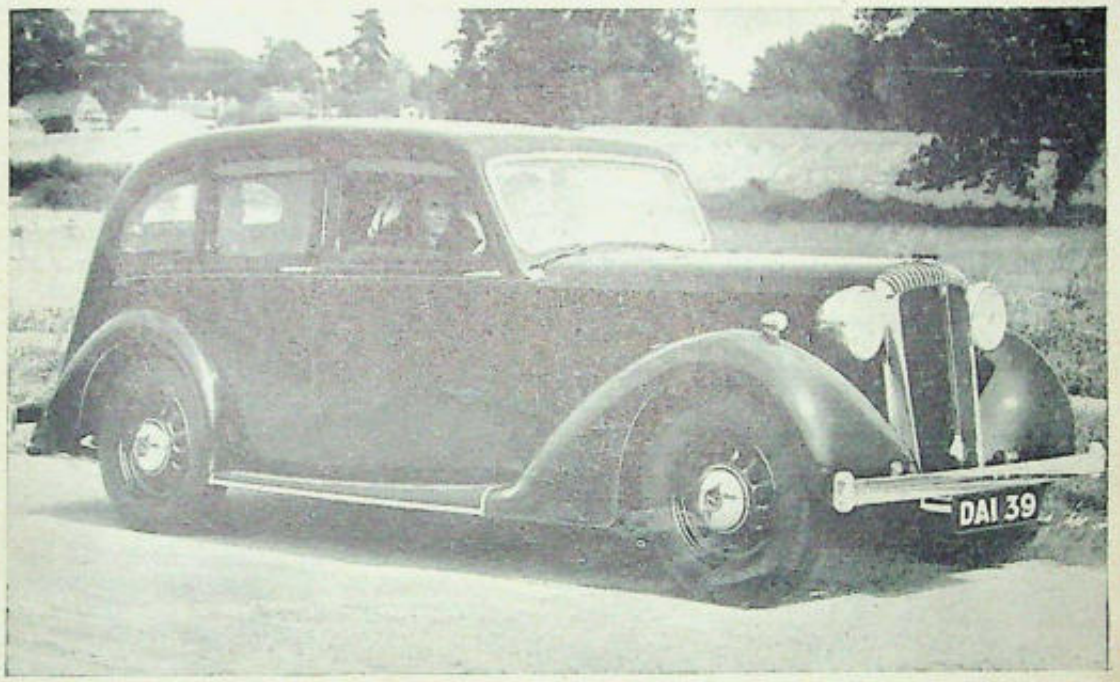
AERIAL ATTACK

Ruskin it was who wrote, "In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes"—a statement which does not, it would seem, apply only to the human race, for the photographs on this page show that in the world of birds also pride goeth before a fall. These pictures, taken in the air between Luxor and Assuan during a German flight from Cairo to the Cape, show the death of an eagle which with others attacked the invading "monster." These desert eagles flew directly at the 'plane and over it, until the pilot became fearful lest one should shatter the propeller, and so crash the machine. This avian attitude of "we were in the air before you came" is somewhat reminiscent of the cyclist's opinion of the motor problem, and unfortunately the results are often similar "There is nothing new under the sun."

EXAMINING THE DAMAGE: TORN FABRIC COVERED WITH BLOOD AND FEATHERS

NEW HIGH PERFORMANCE ENGINE FOR THE DAIMLER 'FIFTEEN'

Delightful liveliness through whole speed range



Again the most interesting car of the year

THE DIFFERENCE OF DRIVING A DAIMLER

Stop and restart on Hill

ORDINARY CAR CONTROL. Car climbing in second gear. Driver declutches, puts on hand brake. Car stops. Driver moves gear lever into neutral, lets up clutch. Declutches, moves lever into first; then accelerates engine, eases up clutch and eases off hand brake all simultaneously. Has to balance all three movements skilfully to make clean start.

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL. Daimler climbing in second. Driver brakes. Car stops with engine running in second gear—*and holding car stationary through Fluid Flywheel.* Driver accelerates engine. Daimler moves forward. Hand brake untouched throughout. No judgment needed. Two things to do instead of nine.

LAST YEAR they spoke of the Daimler 'Fifteen' as the year's most interesting car. This year it earns that title afresh — with a new, more powerful engine.

With its new 2½-litre engine, this is a car of amazing versatility. As silent as ever, as tractable — but possessing a new reserve of power for instant acceleration. A car that offers the comfort and ease of Daimler coachwork and steering and suspension—but adds the zest of spirited performance. An interesting car, indeed! A car you must try.

THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN'

- *Independent front wheel springing*
- *Anti-roll control bar*
- *Inter-axle seating. Positive steering*
- *Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox*

(Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents)

2½ LITRE

SPORTS SALOON or SIX-LIGHT SALOON **£485**

British Cars Last Longer

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY . *London Distributors:* STRATSTONE, 27 PALL MALL AND 40 BERKELEY STREET

WINTER FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY

Foxbrough II and Next Year's Classics

A SPLENDID SPRINTER

Portobello, who is a gelding and thus barred from next season's classic races, likes a race over five furlongs

AFTER many years as a regular follower of racing I have come to the conclusion that no one can tell with any hope of being correct how a yearling will develop. However, we do know rather more about this year's two-year-olds than we knew about them as yearlings a year ago. Even then it is not easy to forecast their future lives. It is not many years since I went to a famous stud and saw a yearling, and then later I saw him as a two-year-old being most carefully kept so that he should be at his best as a three-year-old. He could not be faulted, but what happened? He grew the wrong way, along and not up, and never won a race until, as a somewhat aged gelding, he won a selling hurdle at some minor meeting whose name I will not give as I am a member of it.

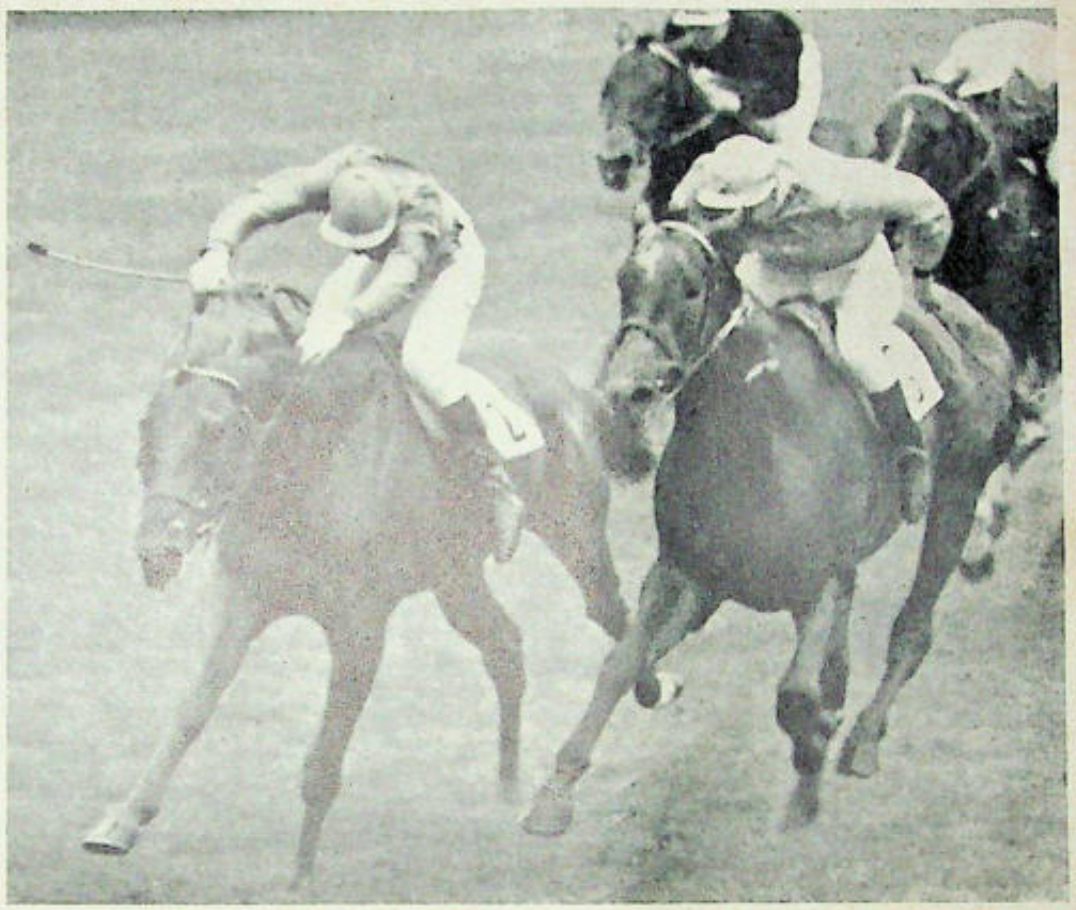
In any case, we can divide the two-year-olds of any season into two classes—those who will not stay and therefore will not make classic horses, and those who are at their best as "children" and will improve with age. They may win sprint races, but, after all, such races should not concern those of us who are thinking of the only real reason why racing is allowed, the improvement of the blood-stock of this country.

Like many other writers on racing, and indeed like all other people interested in racing, I always believe in using other people's brains as well as any that I may have myself. I have therefore been looking through Captain Sam Long's final edition of his two-year-old handicap. He is, in my opinion, the best handicapper that I know of a two-year-old, and he has been at his best this season. He considers that the best of the season's two-year-olds is Foxbrough II, a colt by Sir Galahad III out of Marguerite.

This colt did not make his first appearance until the autumn, when he won the Hopeful Stakes with ease and elegance. He ran then as if he knew all about racing, for he galloped straight on all the way. He next appeared in the Middle Park Stakes of six furlongs, one of the most important two-year-old races of the year. Again he won, but this time in much better company, while meeting his rivals on level terms. He won by a length-and-a-half from Blue Peter, who was also having his second race of the season.

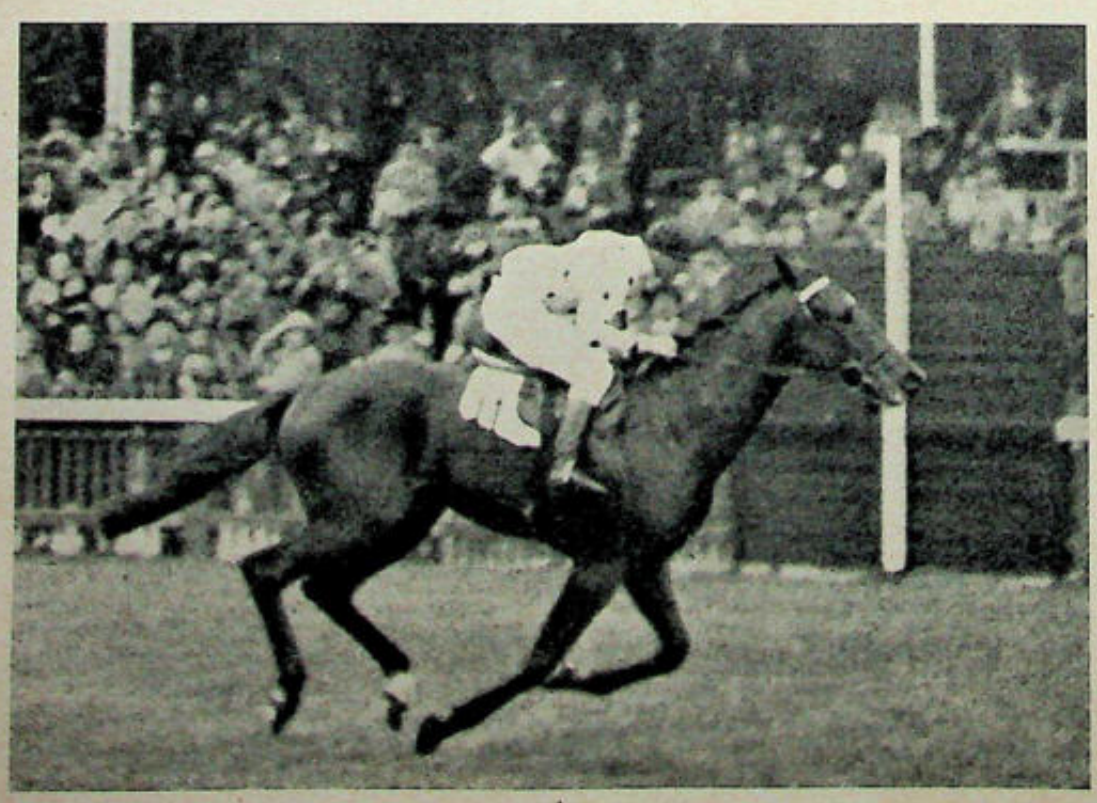
Blue Peter is by Fairway out of Fancy Free. He had run very well in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, but had then started slowly, had run into the lead and had then dropped back. Rogerstone Castle was third in the Middle Park Stakes, and here was a horse on whom anyone could make a handicap. It was stated after the race at Newmarket that Rogerstone Castle was not at his best as he had been coughing, but it is my opinion that if they ever meet again Foxbrough II will beat Rogerstone Castle and that Blue Peter will also finish in front of him.

I cannot quite make up my mind about Blue Peter. It cannot be denied that there is evidence that some Fairways have their own ideas about racing as he himself had. It may well be that Blue Peter is one of them. After all, he has run twice and each time he has not run as honestly from gate to winning-post as one could have wished. The first time I put it down to greenness, but that cannot really be the excuse the second time. I must therefore come to the conclusion that he is a doubtful colt and that his temperament may beat him.



FIGHTING OUT THE FINISH OF THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES

Panorama, another brilliant sprinter, wins from Apple Ring and Titan



FIRST PAST THE POST

Foxbrough II, the most likely two-year-old of the season, winning the Middle Park Stakes

I suppose that one is justified in agreeing with Sam Long that the two other best two-year-olds are Panorama and Portobello. They are quite possibly the best of the year if the distance is kept to five furlongs, but neither of them is in the least likely to play any part in next year's great races for three-year-olds. In the first place, Portobello is a gelding, and so barred from the classics. He is also by Portlaw, who has always been regarded as the sire of sprinters rather than stayers, although in this connection it is to be noted that Portefeuille is by that sire, and she has now shown that she can stay. More than one St. Leger winner was also by The Tetrarch. Still, for physical reasons we can leave out Portobello.

Panorama has been financially the most successful two-year-old for many seasons. He has never been beaten. He has been racing since early in the season, and has won each of the seven races for which he has been started. If his trainer, Captain Boyd Rochfort, needed an advertisement (which he does not) he could use this panorama. It is a wonderful feat of training to keep a two-year-old all the year at his very best and win race after race with him, most of them gained with the greatest of ease. Panorama may be one of the great sprinters of next season, together with Portlaw. Of the two I have come to the conclusion that Portlaw, being a gelding, may be the better of the two.

And when I have written of Foxbrough II and Blue Peter I am going to confess, sadly it is true, that I do not know whence on form I am going to find any other classic hopes of next season on the breeding

(Continued on page 1224)

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING
GEORGE V

Say

"BOOTH'S DRY GIN"

and solve your 'what to give' problem

A gift that is practical and in the best taste

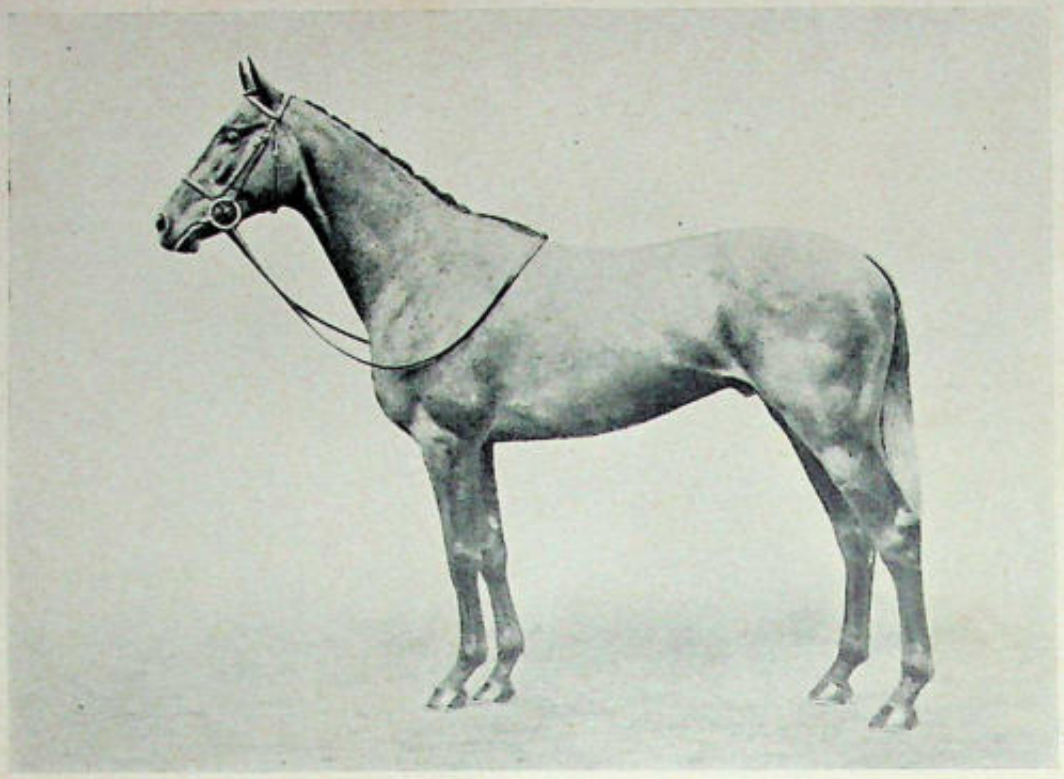
GIVE BOOTH'S

THE *Matured* GIN

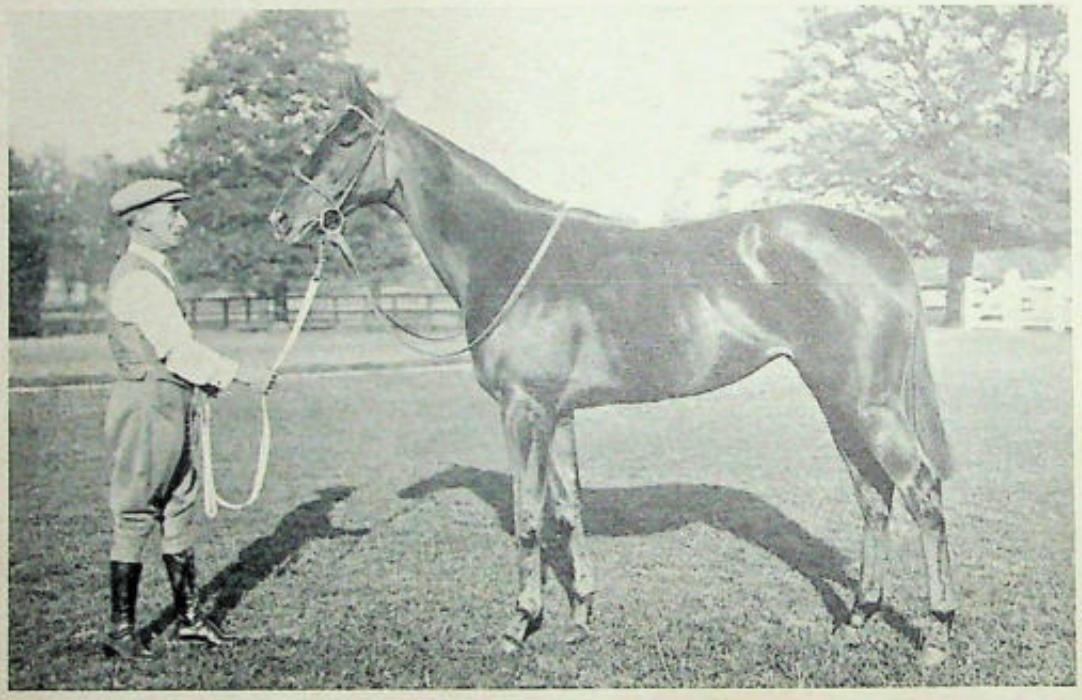
Cases for Christmas
(specially packed)

2-bottle 3-bottle
6-bottle 12-bottle

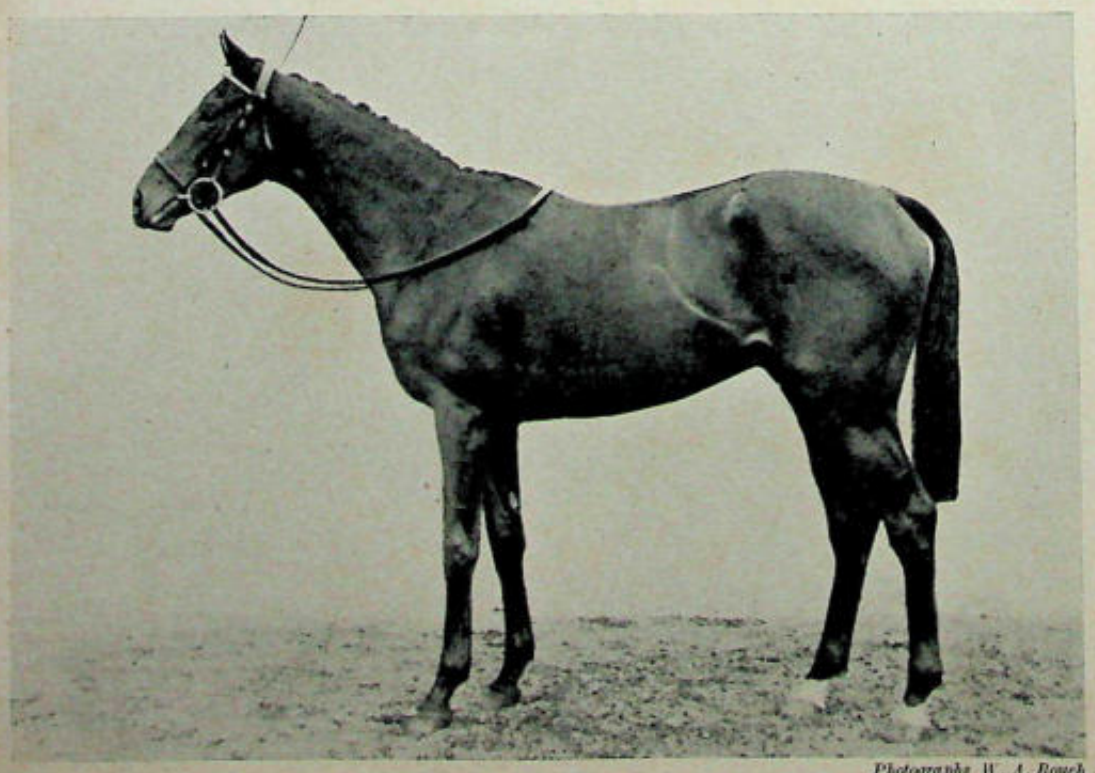
C.F.H.



A COLT WITH GREAT POSSIBILITIES
Rogerstone Castle, who should do well next season, though he is not bred to stay



EXPECTED TO WIN GOOD RACES IN 1939
Gold Vista, sired by the famous Gold Bridge, should run prominently next season



Photographs W. A. Rouch

WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S IMPERIAL PRODUCE STAKES
Heliopolis, by that great sire Hyperion, out of a mare who could stay

WINTER FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY *(continued)*

and the running of this year. Let us hope that hidden somewhere at Manton or at Newmarket are two-year-olds bred to win classic races who, on account of the hard early part of the season, have not been trained.

How good, I wonder, is Meadow? He won two races and then he finished third at Sandown Park in a very rich and important two-year-old race won by Rogerstone Castle, then known as the Apple Ring colt. Since then, and that is a long time ago, Meadow has not run. He is by Fairway, and after he had won the New Stakes at Ascot I thought that he must be a very high-class colt. He was then drawn on the far side of the course, and yet won like a good colt. It is, however, in this connection to be noted that the horses who finished behind him then have not done much good since. I have yet to hear that there is anything wrong with him, and it may well be that the Master of Manton, Joe Lawson, decided that a long rest and time to grow to himself was the best thing that could be done for him. There are great possibilities about this colt.

There are no doubt great possibilities about Rogerstone Castle, but in my opinion not in a classical way, for this colt, owned by Mrs. Thomas, is by Mr. Jinks out of Apple Ring. Mr. Jinks is a very good sire, but not of stayers, though certainly of short distance horses, and this colt is not bred to stay on the dam's side. I have already stated that excuses were made when he was beaten in the Middle Park Plate, it being stated on the best of authority that he had been coughing. I have no doubt that he had been coughing, but even if he had not been doing so he would not have won, as in that company six furlongs is too far for a colt bred as he is. Still, like everyone else who knows his owner, I hope that I will be wrong and that the colt will be a better three-year-old than I think that he will be. If he were mine I would concentrate on the Guineas with him, but if I found early in the year that he did not stay, back to sprinting he would go and the Fern Hill at Ascot would be my objective.

Gold Vista surely never will stay, and no one will expect that she would, but she will win good races, and not in any way disgrace her famous sire, Gold Bridge. Heliopolis is a colt of great possibilities, for he is by Hyperion, a little horse who is going to be a great sire, out of a mare who could stay, named Drift. Heliopolis won the Imperial Produce Stakes, at Kempton Park, from Casanova, who had seemed once to have the race won.

Since then Casanova has suggested that he is either not genuine or not a stayer. I am inclined to think that all that he is suffering from is ignorance of racing. He has had very little racing. He is by Hyperion out of Double Life, the winner of the Duke of York Stakes, and the Cambridgeshire in the same year. It may be that he is aptly named, for Casanova was a very naughty gentleman. At the same time I am going to give his godson a chance, and it will not surprise me in the least if by the end of next season he has not made a name for himself, and indeed may have won the St. Leger, and as I am writing more than a year in front of the date of the race that is something which may seem strange. Still, this, in my opinion, is a very high-class colt in the making.

Easy Going seems to me to be the best of the season's two-year-old fillies, but it is to be doubted at the moment whether she is too genuine. Still, being by Felsted, it may be that her time will come. Seaway, a filly by Fairway, was bought recently at Newmarket by Lord Glanely for a very large sum of money. She won at Newmarket on the July course, and then failed at Goodwood. Later, she won on the Rous course, at Newmarket, in the autumn in the style of a filly who would stay. Her owner and breeder, Major Courtauld, who is giving up racing, sent her up for sale, and she was sold to Lord Glanely. It was thought that his Lordship bought her on the advice of his new trainer, Basil Jarvis, but such was not the case. He bought her as he wanted her for her blood for the paddocks. I shall be doubtful if the buy, apart from that, was a good one, and I do not think that she will improve with age.

I cannot see any other two-year-old that needs to be written about, although many of them will win races. Still, they will not win classic races, and that really is all that matters. However, as I have stated earlier in these random notes on the first-season horses, there may well be some that have not yet run, or have not been seriously trained, who may beat all those who have been mentioned by me.

Who would have thought at this time last year that Rockfel would be the best three-year-old that we have seen for years? Who had ever heard of Bois Roussel, or had thought that Scottish Union would stay well enough to win a St. Leger? I am quite certain that his owner never thought so. And so let us sleep on the glorious uncertainty of it all, and wake up one day to find that we have been right.

GNOSTIC.

CRISIS IN FRANCE

An Interrupted Rest Cure

"VIENS ici Marquis, mon brave—hein! Pas de chien comme toi?—hein! N'sommes heureux. D'vrais amis, Marquis?—hein!"

Marquis was a small black dog with pointed ears and a long tail which curved over his back in an arc. M. Alfred, his master, had a voice which would have done credit to a drill sergeant, or, had it been trained, would have made Alfred's fortune in opera, for it was resonant and of magnificent timbre. Far into the night the voice continued.

My wife and I were not annoyed. We had set out to cross the Channel (only just) and to find, off the beaten track, a village which would offer us quiet and country scenery. M. Alfred suggested we had found local colour, if not exactly quiet, and we bore with him accordingly.

The method of selection had been somewhat unconventional. One of the old War-time maps of the Pas de Calais had been consulted. Quite close to the coast and the dunes there was a spot which augured well. A small stream ran down to the sea. On each side were woodlands, and a lake stood close to a small village which ran well back from the route nationale.

This was our place, and we set out for it. Suitcases were parked at the railway station. The waiter at the restaurant where we lunched produced a confrère who knew the village, and said that it was paradise on earth. A bargain was struck with a taxi-driver, who collected our luggage, found us a hotel "avec bonne cuisine," arranged everything with Madame, and installed us in the Villa Rose, where we were billeted.

This holiday promised us the perfect peace we desired. The country was beautiful, the hotel cuisine was all that had been promised. From our bedroom window the view extended across meadows and hedgerows to the lake. Beyond the lake was the forest crowned by a hill which was covered by a blue haze.

Opposite the hotel was the Abbaye, approached through an avenue of trees. The brook ran beside the village street and then followed a chalk path bordered by thick hedges, skirted the woods of an estate and came to an abrupt end at the entrance to a pinewood by the ruins of two brick pillars.

Here there was a barbed wire fence and a notice which read "Propriété Privée." Apparently no one paid much attention to it, but either made their way, on horse or on foot, over the sandy embankment at the side, or else pulled up a strand of the barbed wire and passed on to a rough cart road which led through the pinewoods. From this road several tracks branched off.

One of the sandy tracks leading to the sea was full of surprises. It skirted the beautiful thirteenth green of the golf course at one place. It went uphill and down until the waters of the brook, now a stream running in small cascades, were reached again, and then led to fresh scenery, where the pines were replaced by larch and silver birch. There the sun shone through the trees upon masses of wild flowers alive with butterflies. Then came the dunes and sands which stretched for miles on either hand.

If you go off the beaten track in France, or elsewhere for that matter, you must be prepared for some inconveniences. We had not the staff of the Grand Hotel to wait on us. Jugs of hot water had to serve for our morning ablutions. There was a real bath at the villa, but this we saw being prepared for another resident, the major, and it was a lengthy process. I would like to describe this bath, but the major's wife has claimed copyright in it for her article of "Baths I Have Known."

So this brings us to the major and also the troubles in Europe. The major was interested in the news of Czechoslovakia. He had a professional interest for he was on the reserve of officers. He would come into the bar parlour and manipulate the wireless receiver in order to get the English news bulletins; and those bulletins became very ominous. The Sudeten affair threatened to spread beyond the activities of Herr Henlein.

"Looks pretty serious," said the major. The French residents thought so, too. One of them seemed to know a tremendous amount about the Rhineland. He also was an officer on the reserve.

We went out the next day feeling subdued. The sun still shone, the trees and the fields were as beautiful as ever, but the spirit of peace had departed. We halted by the local memorial to those who had died that this might not happen. We visited the church and noted an inscription on a tombstone, that of M. Ferdinand Beaucourt, who had died on May the 8th, 1888, aged 75 years. It was recorded in English that Charles Dickens had said of him: "I never did see such a gentle kind heart."

We returned to the wireless to learn that there had been disturbances at a place called Marisch Ostrau. The Sudetens had suspended talks with Prague. France had manned the Maginot Line.

The major was in difficulty. He had paid a deposit on a car, a French car he wanted to drive to the Riviera. Apparently he could drive a car anywhere in the world except in France, and to do this he had to get documents from the Prefecture and pass a test. To get anything from a Prefecture is an exceedingly painstaking performance at the best of times; also the man who undertook the tests was away on his holidays. The major was not pleased.

M. Alfred came along to give us a light interlude. He arrived for some vin rouge and brought the Marquis with him. The Marquis was of a most friendly disposition. He was pleased with the assembled company and darted round like one possessed. He jumped up at the ladies, who did not share his enthusiasm.

Somewhat damped, the Marquis raced into the dining-room. There were sounds of anger and Madame made her appearance with the light of battle in her eye. M. le Marquis had consumed half a pound of cheese in less time than it takes to say it. Madame told Alfred to go, and take his dog with him.

It was some time before Alfred realised the force of her remarks. The affront robbed him of speech, and it took a lot to do that. But the pair departed. Madame must have mentioned gendarmes. That night Alfred spoke to the Marquis long and earnestly upon the subject.

"Hein!—Gendarmes, Marquis—hein! Tu les morderas mon brave—hein! Ou ne vent pas de nous—hein! On se moque de ça—hein!"

We had not visited the Abbaye, so asked permission of one of the nuns to do so. She not only gave leave, but graciously escorted us round. Three houses during past centuries had stood on that spot, all built upon the massive foundations of a castle constructed by Charlemagne. There were dungeons below the towers, and now in these dungeons were row upon row of neat iron bedsteads and excellently fitted bathrooms for the use of poor children from the towns. For these the once grim castle had been turned into a holiday camp. Dungeons may not seem the best place for dormitories, but the nuns had made them dry and warm, and had had the massive masonry broken through to provide light and air.

Others had slept their last sleep in these dormitories, for skeletons had been found in making the alterations, where walls had been built round the living. And so the old castle remained to carry on a great work of humanity in an age of bombs and devastation.

Britain stands by France. Meetings in Downing Street. Speeches in Germany. Britain takes precautionary naval measures. The wireless messages were becoming more and more alarming. A speech by Herr Hitler was awaited.

Meanwhile the major was to pass his car test. And the car when he got it was likely to prove an embarrassment to him. He had paid a deposit of 3,000 francs and had promised the balance of 30,000 francs on delivery. It became a question of whether he would be obliged to pay for a car he could never own. A minor worry in the affairs of Europe, but quite a big one for the major.

That Sunday we took the crowded little motor bus to the big town, and visited its cathedral. I had spent a week there during the great crisis of 1918, and had often sat on a bench on the old fortifications wondering when I would rejoin my battalion and if there would be a battalion to rejoin. I sat on the bench again to reflect on another great crisis impending just 20 years after the war to end war.

An old lady came up anxious to converse. She had known the war of 1870. She reminded me of a conversation I had with another old lady on the Somme in 1917. She also had known the war of 1870. We sat in a room filled with furniture of a past age. There were pictures on the walls of herself and her sister carrying absurd little parasols. In that room the Prussians had dined after they had ridden through the streets one frosty morning. Did I think the Germans would ever return to the village again? I replied, "No" and then believed it!

"C'est malheureux, c'est malheureux," exclaimed my old lady of the ramparts, and went on her way.

The major returned. He had passed his test. Herr Hitler had made his speech. Everybody said it was reassuring. The door was left open for negotiation. The French officer of reserve left suddenly to attend "an important business conference in Paris."

But the situation seemed easier. The major would be able to use his car after all. We looked forward to the village atmosphere brightening up. There had been a double funeral that day which seemed to have provided the inhabitants with some excitement. We were also intrigued by a rumour, brought by the major's wife, that the Pope intended to leave Rome and instal himself in a château near Boulogne.

In glorious sunshine we did a ten-mile walk the next day along deserted roads through the forest. We got back in time for the wireless depression. There had been riots at Eger. Crowds had been fired on. A State of Emergency had been proclaimed in Czechoslovakia. It was definitely time to go. We little realised, although so short a distance from home, that people in England had not had their crisis and would ask us what all the excitement was about! The major had paid for the car, was prepared to jettison it, and had asked the Consul to ring him up to announce any news.

How peaceful and still the countryside. A horse and cart came along, with a woman driving. She stopped to talk to a friend, and broke down, sobbing. Her man had been called up.

That night the major went to his room to do some packing, saying he would let me know if he got a ring. We remained in the bar parlour. I talked to a Frenchman. He came from Alsace, was not a friend of Germany, and said so.

Then came a dramatic moment. As we stood in a circle gloomily discussing things the Italian chef put a muffler round his neck and went down to the cellar. He came back with a bottle of champagne. Glasses were brought in on a tray and filled. We ceremoniously clinked glasses—Madame, the Frenchman from Alsace and his wife, the chef, the bright little Italian waiter, his fiancée (the young girl who attended to our room), the elderly lady who always worked behind the scenes in the kitchen, my wife and myself. What were the toasts we drank I must not say, in the light of after events.

As I stood there and looked around at our strange gathering there was only one scene I could visualise—the last act of "Idiot's Delight." Only we were not actors.

As we prepared for our departure and the finish of our "quiet, restful holiday," the voice of Alfred broke the silence of the night.

"Eh bien, Marquis—hein! En avant—hein! Nous allons faire la guerre. Nous allons aux trenchées. Tu porteras mon sac—hein! Vivo la France!"

R. N. Rose.

IN TOUCH

Rugby Diet, or a Christmas Interlude

OUT OF TOUCH

OWING to the *Field's* Saturday publication, a Rugby correspondent's lot is not a happy one. The match he visited one week is out of date by the next, from a news point of view at least, and he is reduced to using it as illustration for some point of policy, instead of waxing eloquent upon the thrills of the game itself.

I explained this difficulty to a friend some weeks ago in the hope that he might produce from a fertile imagination a subject to stir the Rugby pulse.

His suggestion was that I should write upon the perfect winter's day. He was vague as to how the morning might be spent, though I suspect much of it was in bed, but the afternoon, I well remember, was to consist of a visit to a Rugby match of such excellence that it dwelt in his imagination alone, and was to be followed by hot buttered scones and watercress eaten in bedroom slippers round a large fire. Liquid refreshment, the nature of which I cannot call to mind save that it was not tea, was also a feature, though just where it fitted into the scheme of things is a little beyond me. It is doubtful if watercress and intoxicants would have a very settling effect upon hot buttered scones.

Quite rightly, I pointed out that it was hardly excusable to fill a column or more of much valued space in describing events so personal and utterly divorced from the stress and strain of the football field. However, someone has said that the best sermon you hear on a Sunday is the one you preach to yourself while the other man is speaking, and so it came about in this case, though in more temporal matters than spiritual, for remembering the Christmas number, I then and there laid plans—if such an Eastertide simile may be used—with the hope that they might hatch out in that issue.

Now I have great admiration for the man who takes his Rugby football really seriously. He has to train on his free evenings, he has to deny himself various foods, and he has to go to bed early the night before a match. When Christmas comes round my admiration knows no bounds, indeed, it is not unmixed with pity, for while I sit exhausted in my chair like one of Bob Cratchit's children, "steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows," and fiddle with the debris of a multitude of nuts, my Rugby enthusiast sits in his place modestly nibbling I know not what, but undoubtedly something other than that which causes me such a feeling of infinite well-being.

To-morrow is to be his triumph, as he tears down some field, ball under arm, amid the cheers of an exuberant Boxing Day crowd. He will return that night, maybe, battered but triumphant, and who is to say that his outlook is not of greater sanity than mine. He is still young and can gambol in the mud, still finding pleasure therein, while a meagre pasturage is more fitting to his stomach's needs than a succulent diet. Time enough when he himself is sage to fill himself by stuffing, so once more he feeds in all humility on I know not what, while I return unashamedly to my sage and onions.

Now I, too, play Boxing Day Rugby, but not with any seriousness, for I am a Rugby correspondent and as such my job is to take, not my own, but other people's football seriously—not infrequently an exceedingly difficult task.

This match is an event forming quite a feature of Christmas celebrations. It is played by 30 people, in appearance not a little reminiscent of Falstaff's army, ranging in age from about 14 to 40. The battle is joined on the ground of a well-known London Old Boys Club, and the gallery consists of wives, sweethearts, parents, and any others who know nothing of Rugby rules or technique but who feel the need of air on a Boxing Day morning.

The game begins. Every dog has its day, they say, and mine was yesterday and, maybe, will be again to-morrow, but in the present I feel as sick as man's best friend. As I run my legs are heavier than even the pudding of yesterday's feasting. I am far behind the pack, now running with the ball, and like Hotspur I cry, "This sickness doth infect the very life-blood of our enterprise," and stagger forward once more into the heaving mêlée.

Somewhere a whistle blows for a scrummage. I dare not bend yet must do that very thing that most I dare not do. Thus I battle on, while before my glassy gaze Christmas puddings, the currants of which fall in never-ceasing cascades before my vision, float football-like at the feet of a great flock of turkey-cocks which flutter round my head. Undoubtedly, I tread in the footsteps of those who run before, but like the page of the carol, I can go no longer.

Everything ends at last, and with the final whistle the turkeys slowly recede dribbling their puddings before them, and once more the air is peopled by birds of a more natural size and shape.

Never is a bath more welcome. The warm water wraps round the body like a cloak, enveloping bruises and all other bodily ailments for a happy quarter of an hour. Then home again to nurse the bruises by the fire—with scones and watercress, if you will.

Did I enjoy the game? they enquire. Why, most certainly. Did I not feel ill after a Christmas Day's roistering? But why should I? Provided you are fit, a little food does no harm to anyone. Hotspur it was upon the field, but Falstaff now it is who holds his rightful place upon the stage, for "What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? What is that honour? air. . . . Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism."

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

III.—The Spoon and the Wooden Cleek

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE spoon is probably the most useful club in the whole bag. Because it is more lofted than the brassie it is much easier to handle. In order to play a good spoon shot it is not essential for the ball to be perched up: indeed, the club will extricate the ball from really bad lies. Adequate distance combined with accuracy can be obtained with comparative ease by all types of golfers—no wonder it is so popular!

The players in the '90's included in their sets a graduated series of spoons. As the late H. G. Hutchinson wrote in the Badminton book: "There was the long spoon, the mid-spoon and the short spoon, with their various modifications shading off into each other and into each extreme . . . the 'baffy,' with which the golfer of old used to approach the hole is now replaced by the lofting iron. The practised iron player is always ready with the retort that the reason that men ever use the baffy now is because they cannot play the iron."

That remark is still very familiar among the players of to-day. Those who prefer to use their wooden clubs, and play controlled shots with them, instead of taking the powerful irons, are criticised by the golfers who can play an iron as it is meant to be played. But they need not, and, I think, do not worry. It seems to me that each of us, in our own individual way, should make the game as easy as we can for ourselves, and if we prefer to use wood when our opponent takes a No. 2 iron, what does it matter? Results count.

Many players would do better if they used a spoon instead of a No. 1 or a No. 2 iron for the long short holes—holes measuring 180yds and over. For the average golfer a hole of, say, 180yds. calls for a really perfectly struck iron shot, and that sort of shot is obtained only too rarely. With the spoon, however, he has more margin of safety: he does not need to hit hard, and therefore can concentrate on accuracy.

The club itself should not have a large head. A short, narrow head, with a shallow face is ideal. As I have pointed out before, deep-faced clubs threaten to smother the ball, and are difficult to use through the fairway, so the actual depth of a spoon should be not more than 1⅛in. That is Abe Mitchell's opinion, with which most experts agree. Mitchell advocates "slightly less whip as the shaft is shorter" than the brassie or driver, "but it is a mistake to use stiff shafts for all these clubs." Regarding the choice of a shaft for the spoon—or any other wooden club, he says quite rightly that "the first point to see that there is enough 'give' in the shaft to make the club-head feel much heavier than it is, and, further, that the 'give' is near the grip."

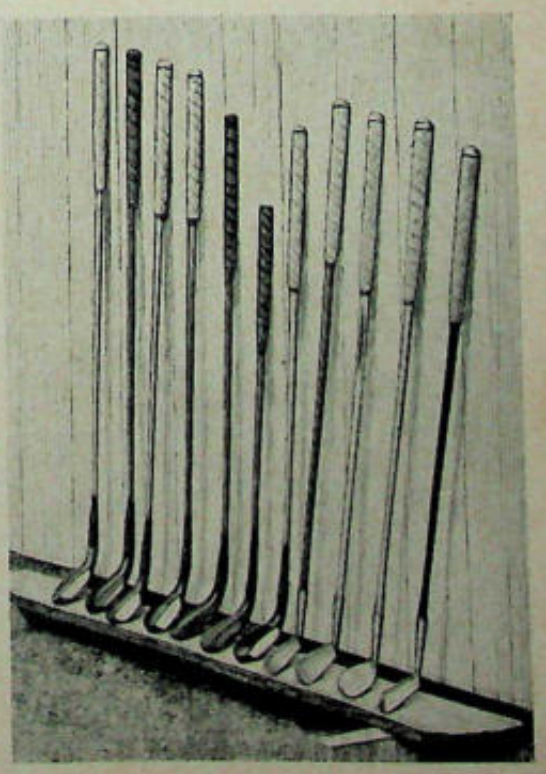
The question of whip in the shaft depends on the age and physical make up of the individual. The limber shaft suits most ladies and middle-aged men. Ray and Sandy Herd have found that it has rejuvenated their game. A whippy-shafted club certainly helps weak swingers. But to get the best results with it you must swing slowly, otherwise you will find yourself hitting the ball before you are ready for it.

The spoon is a useful ally when the ball is in a bad lie. It can often produce reasonable results when an iron would fail. Especially is this the case in short rough grass. The iron club is apt to get caught by the grass; then the club turns in your hands and the stroke is ruined. But the spoon with its broader face will force its way through such obstructions. When using this club an open stance is the best, and the player should stand fairly close to the ball. The cut-up shot is the natural stroke to play and the easiest. If the ball is lying badly or on a downward slope, we should stand a little more in front of the ball than usual—the ball nearer the right foot. On the other hand, if the ball is on an upward slope, the player should be farther behind the ball; then he will be able to maintain his balance. But for all shots from any kind of lie the open stance should be adopted.

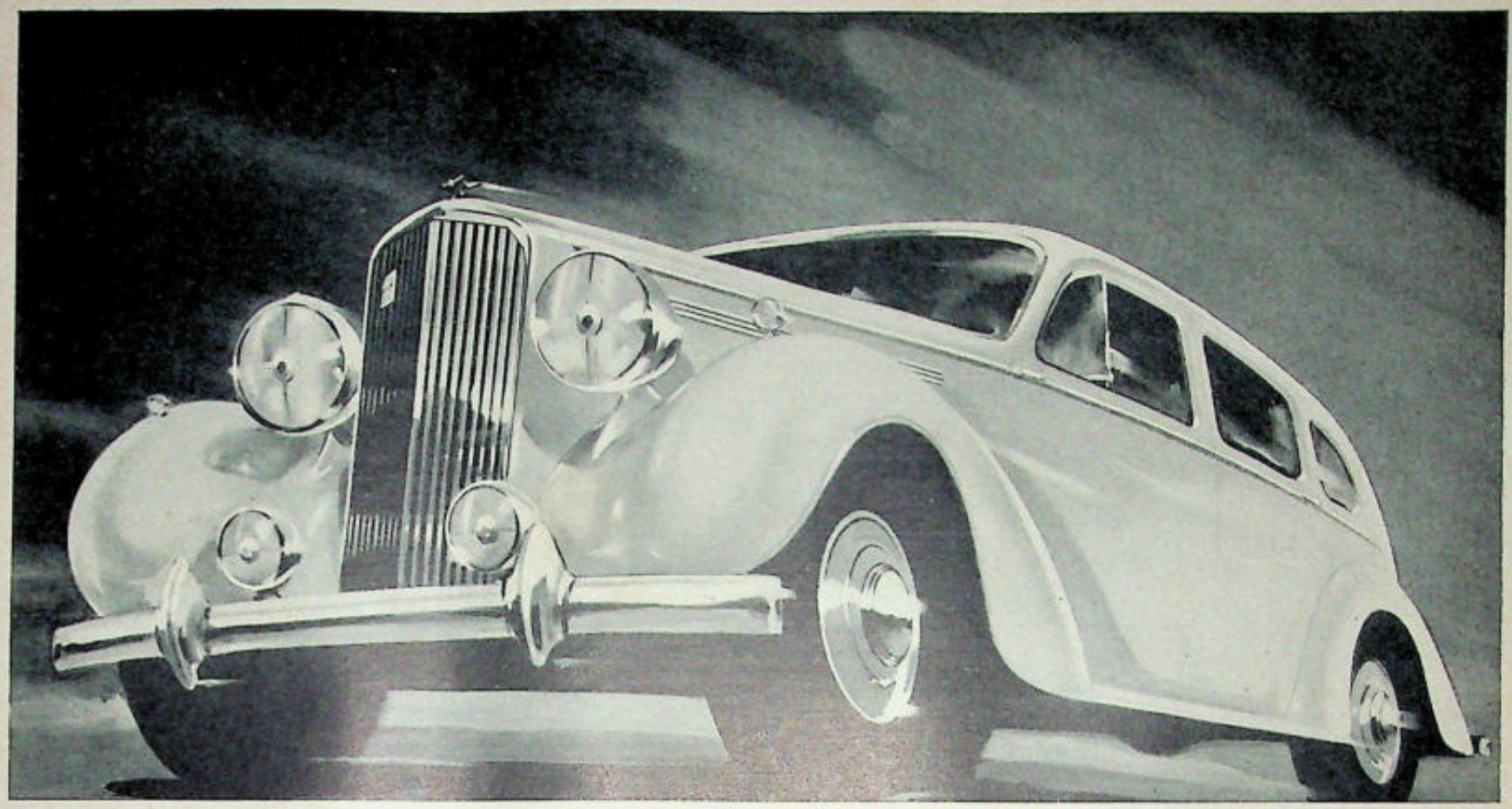
Cotton believes that golfers should pay more attention to how they place their feet; "get yourself so placed that you are gripping with the toes and pressing from the insides of the feet. If you have a very free body movement, then play with the left foot out a little and keep the heels down, both in the back swing and on coming through. If you are inclined to play with your feet flat on the ground, that means that you play too much with your arms and shoulders, and you should get more life into your footwork by standing less on the heels at the address and by leaning forward a little; to turn both toes in slightly when learning the movement of the knees will also help you." I am convinced myself that most golfers pay too little attention to this all-important question of footwork.

Usually only one spoon is to be found in a player's bag. There should be two. Like the experts, I have a second spoon, a wooden cleek, or what is called in this numerical age a No. 4 wood. This is a stroke-saving club. Smaller than the ordinary spoon it can be used when the ball is in a particularly bad lie. It gets maximum length with the minimum of effort—that is what we lazy folk want! The head of the club is rather like the old-fashioned pear-shaped head very popular twenty years ago. The depth of the face is just over 1in., the width of the head only 2in., and the length from socket to nose 3in.

Even if you are faced with a cupped lie, this small head will pick up the ball cleanly, whereas an ordinary wooden club would be obstructed by the ground. An additional advantage is to have the weight of the head at the bottom of the club. Most wooden cleeks I have seen possess a heavy brass plate at the bottom, and no lead in the back of the head itself. The weight of the club for the average player should be about 13½oz. Anything heavier will be too difficult to handle. Particularly for feminine golfers will such a club prove a boon, for few women are proficient with the irons.



"MODERN" GOLF CLUBS OF ABOUT 1890 AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE BADMINTON LIBRARY



The New

HUMBER

SUPER SNIPE

THE CAR HITHERTO LACKING IN UNITED KINGDOM MANUFACTURE

Superb appearance, docile but sports-car performance, amazing flexibility on top gear, 10 to 30 m.p.h. in 6¼ seconds. Comfortable speed 85 m.p.h. Independent front wheel suspension. Anti-roll stabiliser, hydraulic brakes. Only a trial run can fully demonstrate these outstanding features of the new SUPER SNIPE.

SALOON

£385

SPORTS SALOON £430

Safe, Fast and Comfortable

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY. *London Showrooms and Export Division:* ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

C.F.H.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

THERE are people whose first reaction upon any festive occasion is to burst into song. There are others, there are many more, in fact, whose first thought is to celebrate a red-letter day with wine and food, something good to eat and drink—a really fine dinner, cost what it may.

Every year, when Christmas approaches, all good Christians and many more who have no title to be called either good or even Christians, must have a turkey to roast and a bottle of wine to celebrate the greatest of all birthdays. It so happens that Christmas, in England, offers more and better gastronomic delights than almost any other season of the year, with the exception of fresh, home grown fruit. Beef is in its prime and so is pork; oysters, pheasants, capons, geese and turkeys are also at their best; whilst, even more important than actual supplies, the first really cold and dismal winter days make generous wines all the more welcome and a homely or friendly fireside a greater delight, and to be enjoyed at greater leisure than during the finer months of the year.

Plato, who never heard of Christmas but anticipated its spirit, recommended an occasional surfeit to break the monotony of habitual moderation. And everybody knows that Plato was a wise man. Far be it from me to recommend a Platonic Christmas dinner. On the contrary, the Christmas dinner is inseparable from the satisfaction of our appetites and our appetites seldom pay any attention to our inward limitations. It is the one day in the whole year when it is permissible to eat and drink more than is good for us, that is to say, more than it would be good for us to eat and drink every day. It is one of the deepest rooted instincts, a religious instinct shared by the most civilised and the worst savages among the races of the world. Of course, among civilised people, reason never loses its controlling influence and excess does not mean gorging nor bestial drunkenness.

The classical Christmas dinner consisting of a plate of soup, some boiled turbot, some roast turkey with its attendant sausages and stuffing, vegetables and gravy, then the Christmas plum pudding, mince pies and fruit is wonderful fare, nourishing and tasty, wholly admirable but obviously too much to eat day after day. Whether it is going to make us happy or ill depends very much upon the liquid accompaniment to the feast.

If, with so much nourishing food we drink sweet "minerals," we shall be sick, and after being sick probably none the worse for a very unpleasant experience. If we drink cold tap water, we shall have indigestion and be thoroughly miserable. If we settle the soup with a glass of sherry, the turbot with a glass of champagne, the turkey with a couple of glasses of claret and the dessert with a glass or two of port, we shall be all curves and smiles, at peace with ourselves and the world, full of the Christmas spirit of goodwill towards men, sleep the sleep of the just and wake up the next morning as fresh as a daisy, fit for the coming year's battles which we must win before Christmas comes round again. At least, that is my opinion.

All Our Yesterdays

"Good party last night, wasn't it?"

"Er—yes—I suppose so. Somehow I don't seem to remember things very clearly. I've got a vague recollection of somebody wearing a fez."

"Yes. That was you."

"Oh, I see. Tell me, Philip — do you remember me being dropped head downwards from a great height on to a concrete floor, by any chance?"

"Slight headache, eh?"

"Philip — I wish I had your flair for understatement. I feel as though I had lived on an exclusive diet of iron filings and broken glass for the last five years. What amazes me is that you seem to be so disgustingly cheerful and bright this morning."

"I know. It must be very exasperating. A gypsy warned me to stick to gin and lime at parties. So I always take the precaution of bringing my own bottle of Rose's Lime Juice. You may cock a sceptical eyebrow, Edwin — but it works."

"How?"

"Rose's Lime Juice is the latest thing in therapeutic agents. It restores the metabolic balance. In simple non-scientific parlance — suitable for a mind such as yours, Edwin — it prevents hangovers."

"Why in the name of Santa Claus didn't you tell me this last night?"

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.
LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of November 17th, 1888.

ESTATES in the Market. "It is melancholy to read the lists of substantial country seats, with sporting estates attached, which are for disposal, and to observe the prices now asked, as compared to what the same would have fetched in 1870 or later. It is said that at this moment, for instance—or, anyhow, a month ago—there was for sale, for the trifle of £50,000, an estate of 1,500 acres, in a home country, with a first-class historical mansion, deer park, half-a-dozen park lodges, elaborate pleasure grounds, ten minutes' drive from a railway station, and 30 miles from town. Fifteen years ago we question whether double the price now asked would even have been looked at by the vendor."

Racing in "100-Tonners." "We on this side of the Atlantic have had many years' experience of the excitement of racing '100-tonners,' and we always refer to it as the grandest of all sailing; but we are afraid American yacht owners come and go too frequently to get well into the sport. We have hitherto had enough men on this side of the Atlantic to stick to the sport to keep it alive, and if occasionally a man had only a transient but, perhaps, brilliant career with a racing yacht, his coming and going had very little effect on the sport generally. Whether we shall continue to preserve the old stock is perhaps open to doubt, but, at any rate, we think next season will show that we shall not have to put up with '40-footers' just yet."

Presentation to the King of Denmark. "Thursday last, the 15th, was the Jubilee of the King of Denmark, the father of the Princess of Wales. . . . The best-known horsemen in Copenhagen have banded together and presented His Majesty, who, in spite of the weight of 70 years, is still an accomplished equestrian, with two of the best horses procurable. The chief riding master was dispatched to England in the spring charged with the duty of making a selection, and he applied to Mr. Michael Young of Cockermouth, Cumberland, from whom were purchased a hunter and a charger, both Irish bred."

IN THE SALEROOM

THE very important collection of Japanese prints and drawings formed by the late Sir R. Leicester Harmsworth, Bart., is being offered for sale at Sotheby's on November 21st and 22nd. One of the largest that has come into the market for some time, it covers a wide field, and includes examples of all the best known artists from the sixteenth century to the present century. Lot 1 is a Kuge's visit to a group of seven court ladies, sixteenth century; then there is a Samurai and a young lady standing in conversation, of the Miyagawa School, signed Nihon Eshi Tōsandō Rifū, late seventeenth century; a woman coming from the bath, signed Tanjōdō Ishikawa Shūha, with seal, Toyonobu, 1711–1785; Komokato Aki no Tsuki, "Autumn Moon at Komokata," a Geisha landing from a boat, one of a set "Fūryū Yedo Hakkei," signed Harunobu; a scene in Kingyo-ya, the Gold Fish House, very beautiful; Hashirakake; an Oiran standing by the corner of a screen looking down at a man lying on a bed, signed Koryū; a scene in a bath house, one of the set Hakone Shichitō Meisho, "The Seven Hot Springs of Hakone," signed Kiyonaga; and Sawamura Sōjūrō III as Sadakurō, the murderer of Yoichibei, in the Chūsingura play, in a straw raincoat and holding a gun, hoso-e, signed Sharaku—this is not mentioned in Kurth's "Sharaku."

The works by Utamaro are numerous, and merit special attention, particularly Lot 92, "Benten visits the City," which is signed as practically all are. There are two by Utamaro II, the dates of which, however, are unknown, but are believed to be about 1807–1810. It seems a great pity that such a wonderful collection, which must have been made with great discrimination, has to be dispersed, but it gives an opportunity to lovers of Japanese colour prints and drawings to obtain delightful, authentic examples.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

NATURE in England hardly knows winter. Our spells of cold, hard weather are brief and may come at any time between October and May. Neither the birds nor the plants of our countryside acknowledge any absolute gulf between autumn and spring. There is no month of the year in which you may not hear an English bird singing, and there is no month of the year in which some plant is not flowering.

* * *

But if neither birds nor plants acknowledge any gulf between autumn and spring, the whole earth acknowledges ten of the shortest days of the year: the ten days by Christmas.

* * *

At no season of the year is there such utter quiet as in these ten days. So quiet is the earth that the notes of a singing throstle travel far across the fields, and the robin's brisk challenge in a wood stresses the space among the boles. The stillness is not broken by such sounds, rather it is emphasised. The throstle's notes are but a thin shadow of the full song of spring; they recall that omnipresent music, and in doing so they make us the more conscious of the calm.

* * *

In these brief days the life of the wood and the field and the hedgerow seems only half to awaken between one long night and the next. Their aspect is one of peace and the days are quiet. The life of both animals and birds flows on, but seemingly with diminished volume. The forces of decay and growth are stilled, at an equipoise. There is silence. The voice of a singing bird rings in the silence as if under an empty dome. There is peace and the days are quiet. But it is the quiet, not of life running low, but of expectancy.

* * *

Five days or so before Christmas a truce is called in Nature's ceaseless war. There is a lull in life. And five days or so after Christmas, when life is taken up again—though it be full winter as we see it—it is not the force of decay that is in the ascendant but the force of growth. There is lengthening light in the evening, a new timbre to the voices of birds, a bustle in the tree tops, life in the roots of small plants, sap mounting in the trees. There may be snow on the ground, there may be frost hard and black, and the water may be still, and the earth cold. But everywhere there is hope. The great battle has been won. A new year, a new life begins.

* * *

And the sky of these ten days. The variances of light and cloud-effect, contrary to the general belief, tend in the main not towards turbulence and gloom, but towards harmony and serenity. Calm days around Christmas—and it is usually calm weather around Christmas—almost always pass into nights of star-jewelled or moonlight calm, nights of pure tranquillity. Even a boisterous day, a day of resounding wind and racing strife-born cloud, will end calmly with no breath of wind and just a formless radiance. A typical day in these ten begins diffidently, the morning light coming late and tentatively. All day there will be great masses of cloud in the sky, scarcely shifting from hour to hour, now dimming, now brightening the fields. But with sunset all the dubiety will vanish.

* * *

There is purpose now, one set purpose—to weave wonder. In the eastern sky the clouds divide into endless ribbons and festoons and trailing garlands, all of them delicately carved as out of alabaster, and laid out upon a cloth of diaphanous blue, shading down towards the earth into a pure soft green. And every cloud, every fleck of cloud, from horizon to zenith, is shot through and through with gold, almost intolerable in its glory; and each golden plume is clear cut against the living emerald or amethyst or sapphire of uttermost space.

* * *

There is no shadow to sully, no dim colour to cool the magnificence, no one colour merging in another. It is all clear cut—burning gold upon burning blue or molten emerald, and, beneath, the coal-black line of earth. Heaven looking down on earth. The earth is hushed. But there is just that murmur of sound, of expectancy—the murmur of a great congregation expectant in God's own cathedral.

* * *

For these ten days by Christmas there is peace. All the little birds that have weathered the great storms that shook our houses and tore branches from the trees, the trees themselves, the winds, hunter and hunted, are still and at rest. If there is good will round human hearths, there is no less surely peace and good will in all Nature, because 2,000 years ago a Child was born. B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE LITTLE OWL REPORT

SIR,—The following letter on the subject was written in March. I find that I cannot entirely agree with the findings of the report. In the first place, very few people interested in sport took part in the enquiry, as acknowledged. In the second place, no assistance was asked of the British Field Sports Society. Thirdly, there is very little evidence on what the parents fed their nestlings. This seems to me the most important of all, for my contention is that that is the very time they do the most damage amongst birds both old and young. Examination of stomach contents is not always infallible, as the following shows. Dr. Collinge, in connection with C.L. partridge disease (England, 1932), found 40.5 per cent. of animal matter in the stomach contents, of which 30 per cent. was insects. Mr. A. D. Middleton and Miss Helen Chitty (*Journal of Animal Ecology*) dissected 424 crops taken at all times of the year, and found only 2.5 per cent. of insect food. Comment is needless.

The laying out of dead birds as beetle-traps is dismissed as merely an invention of the Press. I have the evidence of two independent gamekeepers to show that they have actually witnessed the little owls turning over the putrid chicks and eating the beetles underneath. The letter of one signing himself "Norfolk" was published in the *Shooting Times*, July, 1936.

Letters from gamekeepers and others appear in all the shooting journals showing by eye-witness that it is as guilty as a bird possibly can be. Surely, sir, gamekeepers are the men who are more likely to be right than workers in laboratories, as far as field work is concerned? The weak point in the enquiry is that it set out to prove the innocence of the little owl, and such being the case, was biased from the start.

Yours faithfully,

Lancaster. H. W. ROBINSON.

"RARE" BIRDS

SIR,—It is pleasant to be able to record the usual crop of "rare" visitors to the British Isles—at first hand, two spotted redshanks; at reliable secondhand, two spoonbills and a whiskered tern. The significance of such "rare" visitors is often overlooked. The "blown out of its normal passage route by gales" is a vastly overworked epithet. Any "rare" bird, particularly of the wader kind, appearing in the British Isles usually has an excellent reason for doing so. I, personally, know three places where one might consider oneself unfortunate if a year's prolonged observation did not include a spoonbill. No doubt there are several other places in the British Isles equally favoured. Many such records of "rare" birds apply to birds that once nested in the British Isles: spoonbill, avocet, black-tailed godwit. The latter, of course, is not a "rare" bird. It may be seen in most suitable places about the British Isles in spring and especially autumn; in two places I know, it is abundant for a prolonged period in the autumn, and in one may be seen in any month of the year.

The conservative nature of a bird's hereditary instincts is intense. The urge to return to ancestral nesting haunts, or, more likely, to follow ancestral migratory routes, is deep-rooted in every species of bird. The point is that those observers of bird life able to be in the right place at the right hour can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. How many ornithologists in this country are aware that two spoonbills were present in a certain place in the British Isles from mid-June to mid-August, or that two spotted redshanks were in another place from the end of August onwards? And, incidentally, if the news was broadcast, how long would it be before they were "collected"? In this present year alone there must be scores of such "rare" records unharvested—and how many more unseen or unidentified? The whole system of classifying "rare" birds requires overhauling. I cannot doubt that their passage over the British Isles is perennially constant, whether they be once-nesting species, such as spoonbills, avocets, black-tailed godwits, or migrants whose passage between Africa and their Continental nesting territories takes them over the British Isles: Wood sandpipers, little buntings, red-breasted flycatchers.

Their observation depends upon someone being in the right place when unfavourable weather conditions have forced passage migrants to alight on British coasts, or when once-nesting species visit their former haunts. I think that the great point to keep in mind concerning the majority of "rare" visitors to the British Isles is that they nest on the western edge of Europe, and that a normal migration from Africa will carry a greater or lesser percentage of them over the British Isles. To consider a "rare" visitor solely from the point of view of personal rarity is not helpful. The first questions one should ask oneself are: "Did this bird once breed in this or any other district of the British Isles?" "What are now its winter quarters and its nesting territories?" Approached from that angle we might learn a lot, and, not least, to refrain from describing commonly observed birds, such as ruffs and Ortolan buntings, as "rare."

Yours faithfully,

North Devon. RICHARD PERRY.

THAMES FISHING

SIR,—After dark days and anxious moments, during which many of us must have wondered when, if ever again, we should be able to take down our rods and go fishing, the clouds have passed, and once again we are able to go out and breathe the pure air of the waterside.

Those who live around London are not all aware of the dark clouds which weekly overhang thousands of ordinary folk, who are glad to get away from it all and go fishing at week-ends in the Thames, whose broad streams, fair banks and whispering weirs have brought solace to many. The "many" have increased twentyfold since the Great War, and they rely for the most part on the Lower Thames for their recreation.

Father Thames stands up to the added strain nobly, but even Nature has a limit and has to be assisted at times, and it would have been an impossibility for the excellent standard of sport which has been and is being maintained on the Lower Thames had not the Thames Angling Preservation Society, in many cases with the kind co-operation of the Metropolitan Water Board, kept on netting and netting, and turning the fish into the Thames. In actual fact, over 2,100,000 fish have been put in since 1919.

The society is a band of voluntary workers relying on donations alone to carry on this public-spirited work, but there are times when even a well runs dry.

For one hundred years the society have continued their work, and now find it necessary to appeal for help, and so long as *Field* readers angle, or are interested in the sport of others, they are asked to help the society.

Yours faithfully,

M. A. KAUSMAN (Secretary).

49, Essendine Road,
London, W. 9.

SCOTTISH GROUSE DECLINE

SIR,—From careful observation over a number of years I have become convinced that since the War there has been a steady and very appreciable decline in the head of grouse on Scottish grouse moors in general, and I am inclined to think that the modern system of drainage may be responsible to a large extent for the present state of affairs.

On a number of moors one now sees trenches as much as 3ft. deep with steep sides which constitute a death-trap to young grouse. But I go further, and believe that this deep draining is having a bad effect on the heather.

No doubt there are many places where careful draining is a benefit when properly done, but the best moor I know is not drained.

It would be interesting to know if the views and experiences of your readers coincide with mine, as if there is a real decline I feel that nothing but good can come from a full discussion of the subject.

Yours faithfully,

Alresford Place. PERCY LAMING.
Alresford, Hants.

A FLY THROUGH THE GILLS

SIR,—Reference your valuable paper of September 17th, 1938, which is eagerly read by all here, I, in particular, read with interest D. J. Reid's letter, "A Fly through the Gills," as I have had two similar experiences during 25 years of practical fishing. One in England and one in India.

During September, 1916, I was fishing for pike in a small private lake in Hampshire with a single No. 2 hook and live bait when I had a short "run"—thinking the fish had left it I decided to wait a few minutes "just in case"; my wait was only a few seconds, as off went my float and continued to move in a circular manner. On striking I found enough resistance to warrant a fairly good fish, but instead of the usual "run" and "play" I felt only a "see-saw" movement. Minutes went by and I eventually landed *two* pike on *one* hook and line. What obviously happened was that the first pike (3lb. 14oz.) took my bait, did not like it and ejected it through its gills; the second pike (4lb. 5oz.) seized and gorged it, as it was found that the hook was firmly embedded in the base of the tongue.

My second experience was while fishing the Ganges Canal, near Meerut, India. Bottom fishing for mahseer, and using boiled "atta" I received a run of about 20yds., and was about to strike when I saw a slack line and I thought my mahseer had seen my movement. However, winding in my line I found a little resistance, and then again another long run of about 30yds. Feeling my fish, I was surprised to find more movement than usual, and that the movement was confined to one particular spot. After over half an hour of pulling and walking towards the spot downstream, where my fish was, I succeeded in causing it to move to my landing-place. Imagine my surprise, when, in the clear pool, I saw two fish.

My next cause for anxiety was how to land them. However, I decided to gaff the one at the end of the line (by this time there was a yard of line between the fishes), and issued instructions to my shikari accordingly. I was delighted once again to have succeeded in taking two fish with one hook. Both fish were in tip-top condition and weighed 8lb. 2oz. and 6lb. 14oz. respectively. No doubt by the time you receive this little experience you will have had many more, but I should like to add it is my belief that fish *do* eject food (which for some reason or other they do not like) through their gills. Probably this is (and explains) the case of D. J. Reid's "A Fly through the Gills."

Yours faithfully,

W. J. C. NOAKES.

The Green Howards,
Razmak, N.W.F.

SIR,—"West Country," in your issue of October 1st, suggests that Mr. D. J. Reid was fishing "a very loose line," or that "the salmon may have taken the fly fished deep without moving from its lie." There are, however, two other alternatives: (1) A fly with which the angler was in touch; (2) a very fast-moving fly, but a faster fish!

My first experience of hooking a salmon through the gills happened with a fly with which I was in touch, and like Mr. Reid, was puzzled how the trick had been performed. On the second occasion I had risen a fish twice, then, casting a shorter line, I dropped the fly just in front of it and pulled it away quickly; it came like a speed-boat along the top of the water towards it, and without feeling anything I lifted the rod sharply and the fun began.

I gaffed the fish, with which I had been in touch throughout the fight, without leaving the river, and wading ashore suddenly stopped in my tracks on seeing the fly securely fixed under the root of the fin just below the right gill cover. The fish on the gaff was foul-hooked in about the worst possible place to kill a salmon on a trout-rod, while I had obviously played it from the mouth! On reaching the bank the mystery was solved as the fly and gut had passed through the gills.

That fish, one of the fastest travelling ones I have ever hooked, had taken the fly and instantly ejected it through the gills in its single rush. This makes one wonder how many of these summer fish sample our offerings and reject them in the normal manner without our knowledge.

In both the cases mentioned I was fishing from the *left* bank of the river while the fly had passed through the *right* gills on the side nearest me. Mr. Reid's drawing shows the gut under the right gill cover. Am I right in assuming that he also was fishing from the left bank? The illustration depicts a rather heavily dressed fly. Is this correct?

Both my experiences occurred when using a lightly-dressed hackle fly, and I consider a heavily dressed one would experience great difficulty in navigating the gills!

Yours faithfully,

The Kerne Lodge, ROBERT PASHLEY.
Ross, Herefordshire.

THE CHAIN OF AN OTTER

SIR,—The very interesting article in the *Field* of October 29th, under the above heading contains, I think, a fallacy in the statement: "Water in which any gas is absorbed . . . will, when suddenly compressed, tend to liberate the gas it contains in solution."

In fact, water or any liquid will tend to liberate such gas only when the pressure on it is reduced. For example, soda water only bubbles on its release from the syphon, or when the pressure inside the syphon is reduced by drawing off some of the soda water in it. If the movements of the otter under water were so violent as to produce a partial vacuum in its vicinity, then I think a small amount of air or gas might be liberated from the water.

Referring to the chain made by birds swimming under water, I have observed a common guillemot to make one. The guillemot's feathers were partly clogged by oil, and I was trying to catch it from a boat in order to give it a petrol bath. It swam strongly under water at first, but the more exhausted it became the more marked was the chain it made. This seemed to indicate that the bubbles came from its lungs; it was in fact getting out of breath. It had to breathe out all the time it was submerged and to come to the surface frequently to breath in.

I have also seen a chain of bubbles to come from the beak of a winged duck, which was hiding among reed stems under water and not swimming at all.

Yours faithfully,

E. R. J. ODDIE.

H.M.S. Undine,
c/o G.P.O., London.

"IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTICE THE DELIGHTFUL DETAILING OF THE GABLES
(See letter "Two Cottages—5/-")

U.S. CRICKET

SIR,—Readers of the *Field* may be interested to hear that cricket has been regularly played for several years in the capital of the United States. The Washington Cricket Club plays on a private estate just two miles outside the borders of the district of Columbia, in Maryland. Altogether some 25 games are played in the course of the season, and we pride ourselves that we are one of the few clubs still playing on grass instead of matting, as is usually the custom here. Members of our Embassy here frequently don their flannels and several of our opponents are of coloured race originating from the B.W.I.

Yours faithfully,
Langley Park, L. McCORMICK-GOODHART.
Silver Spring, Maryland.

Critical pipe smokers

are those most appreciative of Chairman, for they realise how rare it is to find a tobacco combining so many virtues.

Without a vicious trait, Chairman daily helps to make the rough smooth, to soften the judgment and lend a rosy tint to life's spectacles.

It is not commercially possible to produce a finer pipe mixture. Greater cost could not improve it nor lesser price provide it.

Chairman

In 3 strengths: **Chairman**, medium; **Boardman's**, mild; **Recorder**, full. 1/2 per ounce. In 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. vacuum tins. Sold by tobacconists everywhere.

Made by the successors to R. J. Lea Ltd.

Ⓟ 304

TWO COTTAGES—5/-

SIR,—While staying at Overhaddon, Derbyshire, this summer I came across two very interesting deeds showing the sale of two cottages for 5/-; this sum included all out-buildings and quite a quantity of land.

One of the cottages is still standing and occupied, and the owner very kindly gave me permission to photograph both the cottage and the deeds. The roof and chimney of the cottage are, of course, new, but it is interesting to notice the delightful detailing of the gables, so typical of even the meanest cowshed in that district.

The deeds are engrossed on parchment, and the cost of preparation together with the 1/6 stamp must have been far above the value of the property in those days.

It can be seen from the deeds that the "Over" Haddon of the present day was then (1778) "Upper" Haddon. I have not been able to find out when the change took place or the reason for the alteration.

Yours faithfully,
Saddlegate, R. BARRAUD.
Wollaton, Nottingham.

THE FENNY POPPERS

SIR,—A curious, though noisy custom, is observed at Fenny Stratford, Bucks, on St. Martin's Day (November 11th). At the little town on the London—Birmingham highway, Armistice Day is not only "Poppy Day" but "Popper Day," and has been for the last 208 years. The "Fenny Poppers" are six little cannon or mortars, not unlike mugs in appearance. The only occasion on which they are used is St. Martin's Day, when they are brought from the church belfry, where they are kept during the rest of the year, and fired off in a field. The first salvo is at 8 a.m., and this is repeated every four hours, the last discharge being at 8 p.m. The custom has been regularly

MORTARS, NOT MUGS
(See letter "The Fenny Poppers")

observed since St. Martin's Day, 1730, when it formed part of the celebration of the consecration of the parish church—dedicated to St. Martin—built by the antiquary Browne Willis, who was born on St. Martin's Day in St. Martin's Lane, London.

The poppers are of gun-metal—forged, not cast, and then bored—and each weighs about 19lb., and is 7in. in height. The charge is 4oz. of "shilling powder," fired by applying a red-hot rod to the touch-hole.

Yours faithfully,
Norbury, JOHN B. TWYCROSS.

LOCUSTS IN THE LAND

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a swarm of locusts over our garden at Meru. They arrived at 1.15 p.m., and, in spite of seven or eight people trying to beat them off, there was not a blade of grass left when they departed at 5 p.m. During the whole of that time the sky was dark with them, and their wings made a noise like wind rushing through dry leaves. Since then we have driven through two tremendous swarms in the car. One swarm extended for a distance of six miles.

Yours faithfully,
Meru, Kenya. PHYLLYS BARKAS.

CATCHING EELS

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of September 17th, "Catching Eels," an effective and amusing way of ridding the streams of these pests in Devon, known as "clotting for eels," has given our family many happy days on the banks of the Exe. The method is as follows: Acquire a vast quantity of lob worms by watering a section of lawn and sallying forth at night with a lantern, gathering them as they lie on the surface or by the more laborious method of applying weak mustard and water to the worm casts along the path edges; in a few moments the worm emerges at high speed, considerably irritated. If this method is adopted the worms should be washed, as eels dislike mustard with their meat.

Next, thread 3ft. of plain grey worsted on a packing needle and, putting a knot at the end, thread each worm on to the worsted till a long string of worms is formed. Tie the ends after removing the needle and make into a series of small loops, tying the whole with another piece of worsted. This is the clot. Place several of these in a box of damp grass sprinkled with a little milk, to harden the worms, and keep for two days.

The method of fishing is primitive: a length of salmon line 5ft.–8ft. is enough, tied round the clot; if necessary, a piece of lead foil to weight it. A strong withy stick for a rod. Throw your clot in the stream and soon eels will appear from all quarters. Wait till the eel starts off downstream with the clot in its mouth and its belly showing white, tighten your line and hoist with all your might. If the eel is free of rocks, it will fly high in the air into the meadow as its teeth are freed from the worsted. Then rush to get it before it gets back to the stream. I have taken ten to fifteen eels on one clot before it got too ragged for further use. As children we were much encouraged in this form of sport by our elders and betters, who preferred the more gentlemanly sport of luring the wily trout, *not* with a worm.

Yours faithfully,
Kobe Club, C. H. OWEN.
Kobe, Japan.

PHEASANT AND FLY

SIR,—When fishing Mr. Laurence Field's water at Honiton, East Devon, on September 14th, on the river Otter, I had just stepped over some low barbed-wire fencing and had commenced my cast, when at my feet two hen pheasants rose, one of which flew into my cast and hooked itself in the wing. She struggled across the river and flopped down into thick brambles; the predicament was an awkward one—how to release her without damage? In the end I had to hand-jerk the line, and the result was the loss of 2ft. of my cast and blue upright fly. Later I crossed over and examined the spot, but she had evidently gone off, and I feel sure none the worse for her experience. West Country sportsmen please note, as the finding of this gear would be interesting, but unlikely.

Yours faithfully,
Rochampton Lane, COLIN C. AYLMER.
S.W. 15.

BRIGHTER CRICKET

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. Powell's letter on the subject of the present-day slowness of cricket. Could not most matches be "speeded up" by the suggestion of a friend of mine, to this effect:

"For every maiden over a bonus of, say, ten runs would be added to the bowler's side. The other cricket rules to be unaltered, except, of course, the bowler would not be expected to bowl 'wides' deliberately."

Yours faithfully,
Dacca Club, JOHN D. A. PHEASANT.
Ramna, P.O., Bengal.

SIX MILES OF LOCUSTS
(See letter "Locusts in the Land")

DUNANS CASTLE BRIDGE

SIR,—The Gothic bridge, leading to Dunans Castle, situated in Glendaruel, Argyllshire, the seat of the Fletcher family, of Dunans, which claims descent from Kenneth MacAlpine, King of Scotland, was built in 1815. This unique structure, spanning the deep gorge through which winds the River Ruel down to the head of Loch Ridden, is the only one of its kind in Scotland, and for this reason I thought that a photograph might interest your readers.

Yours faithfully,
Hants. A. T. L.

WHITHER WEEDON?

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "Amazed," writing in your issue of October 22nd, I should like to point out that there is now a fortnight's course at Weedon every summer for serving subalterns of all Yeomanry Regiments and Scouts.

"Amazed" cannot have read Mr. Hore-Belisha's masterly reconstruction scheme for the Territorial Army, announced some weeks back, or he would not be so insistent upon our lack of cavalry. The War Minister then stated definitely that he would keep all existing yeomanry regiments (of which there are fourteen), and all scouts regiments (of which there are two), to act as a reserve of horsed cavalry for the British Army. Surely this arrangement should prove adequate to meet the country's needs in this line, as there are Indian cavalry and the two Household regiments (in addition to the Greys and Royals) still mounted.

Or does "Amazed" think the yeomanry are too inefficient to be worth considering?

Yours faithfully,
Cheshire. TAX-PAYER.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BEES?

SIR,—I think the enclosed may interest your readers who keep bees.

During the time the hives were on heather in the Crown Lands, near Whittingham, Northumberland, a swarm emerged and was lost in the surrounding trees.

When preparing the hives for return to the apiary recently, the enclosed festoons of comb were discovered hanging among the branches of a small spruce tree some 20ft. or 30ft. from the site occupied by the hives.

Apparently the swarm had failed to find a suitable homing site and had returned to the vicinity of the hives, there to again cluster on a branch and commence setting up a colony.

When found, there was no trace of bees or larvæ in the comb, which had evidently been picked clean by birds and washed with recent rains. The question raised is, what has become of the original insects? Have they taken shares in an already occupied hive, or have they all died off? The latter is most unlikely, as no dead bees were found in or about the comb.

The photograph shows a view of the two distinct layers of comb, the larger festoon being some 18in. in length, and from 10in. to 12in. wide.

Yours faithfully,
19, Lindisfarne Road, J. A. MILES.
Alnwick, Northumberland.

TWO DISTINCT LAYERS OF COMB
(See letter "What Happened to the Bees?")

TREE PARASITISM

SIR,—Is Mr. Dundas quite satisfied that the fig tree he mentions was really parasitic on the shea butter tree? It seems to me that the case might very well have been a parallel to the case of our own ivy growing on so many trees. The ivy is not a parasite, but uses the tree it grows on merely as "a stepping-stone to higher things." It certainly throws out adventitious roots with which to cling to the bark, but it is not considered to derive any nourishment from the tree, which, if allowed to, it will eventually smother by depriving it of air and light, or by its weight causing it to crash. Honeysuckle also may kill its support by strangulation, but it is not a parasite. Mistletoe, on the other hand, is a partial parasite, because it derives its salts from its host (which it may kill), and its carbon from the air. It seems to me that the fig in question may live at first on dead leaves in the partly hollow trunk of the shea butter tree, and eventually kill it by a combined process of smothering and strangulation as it grows larger.

Cornwall. BOTANIST.

THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN SCOTLAND
(See letter "Dunans Castle Bridge")

GRASS DRYING

SIR,—As you often touch on grass drying I enclose an account of my experience in September, in the hope that others will be able to give an explanation of what surprised me a great deal.

Part of a ten-acre field was carried with a Cutlift to my drier between September 2nd and 20th, with an analysis:

Carotene, 300; fibre, 17.9; protein, 12.6 per cent.

I was then stopped drying for over a week by a mechanical breakdown, and since the grass was getting too long I cut it on the 20th and 21st, intending to make hay, but since it rained on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th, I thought hay was rather hopeless, so dried it, for super-hay, on the 26th–28th. I had expected a protein content of about 7 per cent., but the analysis showed 14 per cent. This was so unexpected that I sent two other samples. They showed both grasses to be 13 per cent. This grass has lain out for six days in the rain, and yet was equal to the shorter grass

This was my first attempt to make super-hay, although I had been drying grass for three seasons. The costing of half of the field which I cut with Cutlift worked out at £3 10s. per ton for *all* labour, while the super-hay cost £2. But the chief advantage was that the super-hay only occupied one-third of the time.

In this wet district one's chief difficulty is to deal with grass fast enough to prevent it getting too long, and therefore I am anxious to learn if others using a drier have had at all similar experiences.

The Grass Drier's Association did the analyses, and by their price scale both came into the same category.

Yours faithfully,
Buckland Filleigh, A. S. BROWNE.
Beaworthy,
N. Devon.

BULLFINCHES TALKING

SIR,—You have recently published several letters on bullfinches. Many years ago I knew a man who kept one of these birds in a cage, which could talk. This bird, on the cage being opened, would come out, perch on the man's finger and say such words as "Kiss me" and "Pretty dear" quite distinctly. Have any of your readers any recollections of hearing a bullfinch talk?

Yours faithfully,
Forest Row, GEO. SIMPSON.
Sussex.

A STALKING CURIOSITY

SIR,—I thought the following incident might be of sufficient interest to you and your readers to warrant publication.

Whilst stalking on October 12th with the second keeper, R. Garrogie, I saw three very small stags, one of which was still in velvet. It appeared to be in perfect condition, and I wondered if there was any reason for its not having shed the velvet by that date.

Yours faithfully,
Inverness. THEWLIS C. JOHNSON.

CANINE HYSTERIA

SIR,—I read Mr. Fenwick's letter on a cure for canine hysteria with interest, as I have had experience with a similar cure. Some years ago I received from a well-known gundog breeder and trainer a prescription which he told me had cured about 24 retrievers of his own. This contained—I cannot give the proportions—Lysol, naphthol, ether and olive oil, and the application was the same as given in Mr. Fenwick's letter, viz., in the ears. I tried this on a puppy whom I considered quite incurable. She never had another fit. I sent the same prescription to a man in Yorkshire who had a number of dogs. I still have his delighted letter saying it cured them completely. I was so impressed by these few examples that in an article I wrote for the *Dog World* some time ago, I suggested that ear-mites might be a contributory cause to canine hysteria. (To anyone who is prepared to cast the inevitable sack-of-biscuits-theory at my head, please note the word *contributory*.)

Yours faithfully,

Yarcombe, Devon. HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

"OWD BOB"

SIR,—Apropos the recent correspondence in the *Field* by "Canis" regarding the film "Owd Bob," I thought you might like to reproduce this photograph I took of "Owd Bob" (Bagshaw's Glynn) at work at the recent International Sheepdog Trials at Southport, where the famous collie gained third place.

As one who owns and works the collie sheepdog, I cannot but think the film has illustrated an accurate, if not too common an episode of sheep-rearing country, for although the well-bred and well-trained Alsatian is certainly not a sheep-killer, there have been odd cases of sheep-killing stray dogs that have necessitated organised hunting of them before they are destroyed on the hills. No doubt these would be ill-trained or mongrel dogs, bred by cheap-jack dealers to meet the demand of the popular fancy for the Alsatian in the post-War years when the production of pedigree dogs was taxed to its limits.

Nevertheless, the sheep-killing dog on the hills is just as much a fact as is the poaching stray in the pheasant coverts, and shepherd and keeper alike know how such dogs end their days. Fortunately, the damage is rare enough to give an author the approach to the unusual, but I must admit in fairness to the collie that I have never yet known a working collie sheepdog become a "killer," although reports of stray Alsatians and others have not been unknown from Press accounts of such damage.

A FILM STAR IN HIS OWN RIGHT
(See letter "Owd Bob")

However, the film "Owd Bob," as shown here in Liverpool and elsewhere, has at least put a British dog's abilities on show, and no one can deny that the sheepdog trial is a utility trial and an asset to agriculture and of national advantage, whereas so many Alsatian obedience and other trials, carrying flat-irons and climbing ladders, are fast becoming circus stunts of no use to police or army work, as the Germans originally trained their wonderful dogs. Moreover, the collie is a dog trained to work sheep; the Alsatian a fighting dog bred to drive off wolves attacking the flocks, like most of the Continental sheepdogs introduced to this country. Hence the latter's instinct as a "killer."

Yours faithfully,

Wavertree, Liverpool, 15. ERIC HARDY.

LATE HOUSE-MARTINS

SIR,—On Saturday, October 22nd, there were young house-martins in a nest in this house. The old birds were about, feeding them, &c. On Sunday, October 23rd, by 10 a.m. the nest was empty, and there were no house-martins anywhere about.

Is it possible that the young martins migrate immediately on leaving the nest? Also is not it a very late date for migration? This was certainly the second brood reared in the same nest, and possibly the third, but of that I cannot be sure.

Earlier in the summer a house-martin's nest fell from the house wall in another position before it was finished, presumably owing to the drought prevailing at that time. Possibly it was the same pair of birds who were thus delayed in nesting who had the late brood.

Yours faithfully,

Daneway, Leiston, Suffolk. J. MARJORIE GIMSON.

TITS IN DISTRESS

SIR,—It is not a rare occurrence for birds in difficulties to seek human aid, as in the interesting instance described by Lady Gleichen. I have read of a number of cases from time to time, but the only one I can quote at present is that related in the issue of the *Western Morning News* for December 28th, 1934, by an anonymous correspondent, substantially in these words: A wild duck hid her nest amid the rushes and other plants of an East Cornwall river, and there hatched her family of ten. One day the ducklings ventured into a nearby mill-leat, and were carried into an offshoot which was some inches below the level of the leat, so that they could neither go on nor return. Only human aid could come to the rescue, and the poor duck fluttered frantically overhead, quacking frenziedly. Fortunately a passer-by was able to help her, and as soon as he had rescued her treasures her agitation ceased.

I have just remembered another instance, in which a small bird pursued by a sparrowhawk flew literally into the arms of a passer-by, and the hawk sheered off and disappeared.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—We ask your practical sympathy for a very pathetic household of gentlefolk. An old mother of 80, a son-in-law in failing health, and his wife, who for years past has pluckily struggled to earn a living for them all. Now they have literally nothing but the old lady's Old Age Pension, and were it not for the fact that the little villa in Cornwall in which they live is rent free for life, they would be forced to enter an institution. Will some generous reader send us £19 10s. so that we may send them 7/6 weekly and save these gentlepeople, who, through no fault of their own, are now faced with starvation?

10 for 8D

WILLS's

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

15 for 1/-
20 for 1/4D
50 for 3/3D
100 for 6/4D
Handmade:—20 for 1/6

T.T.159E

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

IN THE CITY

BY THE CITY EDITOR

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, during his distinguished term of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister, has, on many occasions, stimulated flagging spirits in the City. Once he slipped and slipped badly.

That was when he introduced, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the original N. D. C., subsequently substituted by another which, though better than the first, still left a nasty taste. That fall from grace has been amply retrieved. He now champions an upward swing in British trade. That suits the business community.

It may be argued, however, that already signs of activity are returning to several branches of industry. I hear, for instance, of a tremendous volume of activity in the Midlands as a result of widespread demand for machine tools and other engineering equipment. Companies in that branch of industry, as I mentioned a few weeks ago, are doing really well.

There has been an influx of buyers for stocks and shares in such companies. Prices have risen but, in my opinion, there is room for further improvement in many instances. I must, however, impress upon a possible buyer that the work on hand is largely a reflection of re-armaments. Present prosperity must not be expected to continue indefinitely. That certainly places the shares in a speculative category.

Aircraft construction is speeding up. This industry is highly specialised. New companies have been formed but have yet to establish a standard. Unless they can produce machines which answer the requirements of the Air Ministry they must be dependent upon sub-contracts. That may prove profitable in times of hectic activity, but when more normal conditions return, the contracts available can be executed without outside assistance.

Here is a sound reason why shares in the smaller and lesser-known aircraft concerns must be regarded as highly speculative. The story is somewhat different in the case of companies producing component parts for aircraft and the motor trades. They, too, must be prepared for varying degrees of fortune, but they can at all times depend upon replacements.

I have in mind a company such as Clifford Motor Components. It specialises in the manufacture of valves and piston rings, for internal combustion engines. It is known that a subsidiary company has secured an important contract for valves from one of the best known aero-engine manufacturers. This contract alone will keep the works going for some two years.

The company is perfectly sound. It distributed 20 per cent. on a capital of £170,000 for the year to May 31st last. The dividend took only £24,863 out of the year's net profits of £47,617. It is reasonably safe to look for an increased distribution for the current year.

The 2/- shares of the company have a market price around 5/9 to yield practically 7 per cent. on the 20 per cent. dividend basis for last year. I consider that this share will make quite a good lock-up investment over a moderate period. Price fluctuations will doubtless take place, but I believe that a buyer around the present price will see a profit.

Another somewhat similar concern is Aircraft Components with a capital of £200,000 all in 5/- shares. In this instance, however, the market price of the shares is discounting past dividends. Distribution for the year to March 31st last was 7½ per cent. With the shares standing around 11/9 the yield on the previous dividend basis is small.

This undertaking specialises in the manufacture of aircraft landing equipment, shock absorbers, and retractable undercarriages for aircraft. I am told that the company is very successful. That is not at all surprising in view of such activity in aircraft construction, but the company can look forward to steady employment even when the aircraft construction drive comes to an end.

This share is regarded as one giving distinct prospects of substantial income and price appreciation. I find in certain quarters exceptionally optimistic views concerning its prospects. There is a distinct speculative element in the shares. It is necessary to watch the market carefully and to consolidate a reasonable profit when one accrues. Such a policy, however, should be adopted in the case of all securities which experience violent degrees of business fortune.

New Books

TROUBLES NOT WITHOUT HUMOUR

A Parade of Egyptian Memories

Desert and Delta. By Major C. S. Jarvis. (John Murray; 10/6.)

MAJOR JARVIS has the great gift of investing any subject he touches with so much humour that no book he pens comes under the heading of "something to read in moments of leisure." Leisure or no leisure, once started you have to go through with it to the end. And that sense of humour must have stood him in good stead during those thirteen years he served as Governor of Sinai; when he had to hear with patience the results of actions of Egyptian officials and those at home, who could chant in chorus: "We don't care a jot for the man on the spot, the stuff that he spouts is all tommy-rot."

Though Major Jarvis writes of Egyptian affairs and of his own particular quarter of the Arab world in light vein, there is sound instruction in his text. Many of us are inclined to dogmatise on Oriental matters of which we know absolutely nothing, and a book like this is an excellent corrective for distorted views. A course of literature on similar lines would work a vast amount of good in Whitehall.

Policy and lack of policy in Egypt, government and misgovernment, are dispassionately dealt with by a man who knows not only the characters of the governed and their reactions to certain lines of conduct, but who can also appraise the governors. High Commissioners and notables are reviewed, and there are words of appreciation for the late King Fuad. Of disruption, corruption, foolish but serious student riots, incompetence and the rising of the Wafd party there is an instructive survey. The sketch of the Wafd Parliament that sat after the elections of 1923 is pathetic, if funny:

"Its keynote was lack of discipline and at any debate half the House were on their feet at the same time shouting their views, while the other half yelled to them to sit down. The President at the opening of Parliament was provided with one of those small bells that one strikes with one's forefinger; this he broke at the first sitting by hitting it with his fist; and small blame to him. At the next sitting he was presented with a more efficient Mark I bell that also proved useless, and, having tried a railway station-master's variety, he was finally equipped with an electric fire-alarm buzzer the noise of which was so terrific that the whole House, including the President, had to rush into the lobbies to save their ear-drums."

Among the confusions of Egyptian administration which may be instanced was the position which arose when Mr. Brown, of the horticultural section of the Ministry of Agriculture, resigned, and services and posts in his department were filled by Egyptian officials who had deserved well of their country as politicians but were not a conspicuous success as horticulturalists.

"When an Egyptian takes over a post from a Englishman he at once proceeds to prove to the world how much more he knows of the work than his predecessor, and to do this everything has to be changed. In this particular branch it took the form of changing the labels on the trees." The results of this procedure may be imagined. They led the Egyptian Government to conclude it was time Mr. Brown returned to the country and took up his post again.

Major Jarvis is at his best when picturing the Arabs of his own district, the fishermen, the prisoners, the men of the desert, Bedouins, Bardawals and boisterous Bayyadins. He thoroughly debunks the film version and the travel writer's conception of the Arabs. They have their good points, very good indeed, but there is "a lot of bad in the best of us," and the Arabs have their share, especially of wiliness, and are far from romantic sheikhs.

Nearly every page in the book contains a good story, and two at least must be extracted. Major Jarvis describes a tarantula-scorpion duel (a War pastime), when he dined at G.H.Q. mess at Kelab in Palestine and came into contact with Lord Allenby.

"Lord Allenby's entry, a magnificent heavy-weight tarantula, presented by one of the divisions in the command, was put into the ring. As luck would have it he met my scorpion, who was only a middle-weight and had no reputation whatever. Whether the representative of the Commander-in-Chief took matters too easily, despising his opponent, or whether he was off colour that night, the fact remains that my scorpion dashed in in the first round, planted his sting in some vital spot and the Palestine champion at catch weights rolled over dead. It was all very lamentable—there was no question of foul play, of course, and the fight was a perfectly fair one, but it was definitely regrettable that a scorpion owned by a junior major should publicly defeat the tarantula of the Commander-in-Chief."

There are tales of administrative work, of turning the desert into a garden, with great opposition from Arabs; of road building to link up Egypt and Palestine, with opposition from vested interests; and of fighting malaria, with much difficulty from everyone, including the Health *Sol*, or equivalent of military sanitary inspector.

The Health *Sol*, by digging little drains that refused to run, had created more breeding haunts for mosquitoes than had been the case when a marsh was in its virgin state. "The *Sol* when this was pointed out to him first refused to see the mosquitoes, but when I ladled 50 or so into the palm of his hand he had to admit he noticed something.

"'Oh,' he said delightedly, 'but they are not anopheles, but only culex, and I was draining the marsh to free it from anopheles only.'

"Of course it is the anopheles variety that causes malaria, the culex only being capable of infecting one with elephantiasis, but my friend had quite ignored the fact that a breeding ground for one species will do equally well for all others."

And so *Desert and Delta*, with some fresh reflections on Jewish endeavour, goes into the treasure rack of the bookshelf. R. N. R.

* * * *

Vegetable Cultivation and Cookery. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. Illustrated by Helen Kapp. (The Medici Society; 7/6 net.)

Whatever aspect of the garden Miss Rohde chooses to write upon she never fails to impress the reader with her own enthusiasm and love for her subject, which is combined with a most unusual and comprehensive knowledge of every detail. It might not be imagined that what is, after all, a technical treatise on vegetables could also be a fascinating armchair book. Any doubts on this point are agreeably dispelled after the first paragraph.

Before coming to an examination of vegetables individually, Miss Rohde provides an extremely valuable introduction. She points out the importance of vegetables in the balanced diet, and their power to counteract undue acidity. The ill-treatment which vegetables undergo when they are being cooked is well calculated to destroy their health-giving powers, and there is a useful section explaining how the maximum good may be retained—largely in the form of raw salads. The virtues of the different kinds of soil are explained, and the various methods of digging are discussed. Miss Rohde is rightly against all forms of artificial manures, and she explains how much that is usually collected under the name of useless rubbish may be used with great advantage in the soil. Two essentials of success are the correct use of lime and the right rotation of crops.

After this introduction comes a most detailed and interesting account of the correct cultivation of vegetables, the diseases and pests which afflict them, and hundreds of recipes to make them delectable to the most fastidious. Miss Rohde can scarcely fail to have caused a revolution in cookery, and to have reinstated the vegetable garden to its proper, but recently neglected, position. R. C.

* * * *

Europe at Play. By E. H. Tattersall. (Heinemann; 12/6.)

Not only is Mr. E. H. Tattersall well versed in the art of good living at home and abroad, he understands how to convey his information readably and entertainingly to others. Even for the reader who had no intention of leaving his native land, this would be a worth-while book. The colourful little stories, the vivid pen pictures of personalities in the news—and of many others equally worth hearing about but less familiar to the average journalist—provide page after page of fascinating reading which can be picked up at any point with the certainty that it will only be put down again with regret. But in some ways one hesitates to recommend the volume to anyone who is not himself proposing to travel to at least some of the resorts described. To read of so many rare and delicious dishes, of so many fine wines, to be obtained in many cases at a price which one would scarcely have thought possible, would be too near to the torments of Tantalus to be altogether pleasurable to any but the most strong-minded reader.

For the man or woman with a holiday to look forward to the book can be recommended without reserve. Written by a distinguished cricketer and all-round sportsman, it is only to be expected that sport occupies a deservedly high place in these pages, but in addition to the wild duck, the trout and the ski-runs, the reader will find opera, pictures, food, wine, and casinos, and although many of the places discussed are well known and much visited, Mr. Tattersall's introduction to them shows new and unexpected aspects. The book combines, indeed, the qualities of a practical guide with the æsthetic and discursive characteristics of letters of travel. Charles Dickens, writing of his own *Pictures from Italy*, spoke of his book as "a series of faint reflections—mere shadows on the water—of places to which the imaginations of most people are attracted in a greater or less degree, on which mine had dwelt for years, and which have some interest for all." Much the same might be said of *Europe at Play*. To read it is akin to receiving letters from a friend spending his or her holidays on the Continent, but from a friend with both the time and inclination for letter-writing and the rare ability to write them well. G. W.

* * * *

A Natural Golfer: Hand Action in Games. By J. Forrest, M.B. (Published by Thomas Murby & Co., 1, Fleet Lane, London, E.C. 4; price 10/–.)

Great golfers have emphasised over and over again that the hands play a vital part in the swing. Vardon advised players to concentrate on the hands rather than on the countless other matters which handicap players think of and so become confused. Sarazen has said that "the great golfer plays with his hands, the average player tries to play with his head." In the majority of instructional books the action of the hands is dismissed very quickly, chief attention being given to the stance, arms and actual swing. J. Forrest, M.B., who has made a careful study of the game for years, has written a new book setting out in minute detail the action of the hands in golf and other games. *A Natural Golfer*—that is his aim for all players.

He maintains that the chief difference between the scratch and handicap golfer is in the use of the hands. Because of the speed of the swing this important difference is difficult to discern. One's aim should be "to deliver the whole of the power through a twist of the hands which is the action of wringing a towel and whose chief merit is its superiority of control." This "wringing action," says the author, can now be acquired quickly and with ease. "At cricket a flick of the hands sends the slow ball to the boundary;" in tennis and hockey the same principle applies. The natural games player obtains power by apparent effortless ease. Forrest maintains that this is not an "uncanny gift," but "arises from an action we all possess, but have not been taught to use."

He believes that the golf stroke is "a wringing action. Beginning on the inner side of the left wrist the wringing seems to take place under that wrist. . . . In two-handed games the same principles apply . . . in one-

how time flies

It is nearly twelve years ago since George that incomparable barman introduced Lillet into the Guards' Club adding just a dash of orange bitters to two-thirds Lillet—one-third Gin.

* * *

Since that time the glad news has gone round Piccadilly . . . through Mayfair and out into the wide open spaces where men hunt foxes and hostesses hunt lions. 'Try a Gin and Lillet' has become 'the usual, please' and Lillet now wears laurels round its neck BECAUSE it carries all before it in cocktail competitions.

LILLET

5/6 a bottle

Agents:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.,
16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3

BLACKIE BOOKS

Heath Robinson's My Line of Life

Autobiography of the one and only Heath Robinson, inimitably illustrated by the author. The perfect gift. "A lovely book" —H. G. Wells. 15/- *net*

Messing About in Boats

First-rate yarns of his own sea adventures by Surgeon Rear-Admiral John R. Muir. Grand reading. 7/6 *net illus.*

Tyrant Brotherhood

Fine sea novel by Captain Frank H. Shaw, who has skippered a Cunarder, a Q-Ship and a windjammer. "Crammed with action and adventure."—Nottingham Guardian. 7/6 *net*

Atlantic Circle

Brilliant travel book by Lord Moyne. Eighty remarkable photographs by Lady Broughton (Coming shortly) 18/- *net*

Saga of the "Discovery"

L. C. Bernacchi, who sailed with Scott and is the biographer of Captain Oates, tells the epic story of a gallant ship. Notably illustrated, 10/6 *net*

Two Lives Converge

This book will make literary history; the dual autobiography of husband and wife—Sybil and Glorney Bolton. Both are much travelled and are authors of distinction. 12/6 *net with portraits*

Palestine Unveiled

Douglas V. Duff's record of a pilgrimage in the Holy Land. Past and present linked in a narrative of current significance. 8/6 *net illus.*

"O. M. Series"

Notable biographies: First six titles, Barrie, Hardy, Elgar, Jellicoe, Kelvin and Roberts. Each 5/- *net illus.*

For the Children

"Looking round London," Helen Carstairs, 5/- *net; "Banjo the Puppy," Vernon Stokes and Cynthia Harnett,* 5/- *net; "A Day in Animal Town," Freda Derrick,* 3/6 *net. All a delight.*

Three "Open Air" Books

I Know an Island

R. M. LOCKLEY.

With 49 photos and 15 maps. 10/6 *net*

Tells of the author's own island of Skokholm, off South Wales, and of his visits to other islands round our coasts in search of rare birds and interesting people. A fascinating book for all who would like to be Robinson Crusoes.

The Dog in Sport

J. WENTWORTH DAY. *Illus.* 8/6 *net*

The author of *Sporting Adventure* gives us 5,000 years of dog history, together with anecdote and reminiscence of actual sporting dogs and the recognised breed points of to-day. "There is Jimmy Day, who is bright and up to date, and there is 'Squire Wentworth' who belongs definitely to the 18th century. These characteristics in one writer result in books which are readable and inspired by a deep knowledge of the country."—H. V. MORTON

Farmer's Creed

CRICHTON PORTEOUS. 8/6 *net*

Second Printing

The country autobiography that is winning commendation all over Britain, telling how the author threw away the certainty of prosperity in Manchester in order to become a farm worker. "Makes fascinating reading."—A. G. STREET (*Sunday Times*).

HARRAP

INSURE WITH

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

For Prospectuses, and full information on all classes of Insurance, write to:—

Chief Administration:

7, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

HEATH CRANTON LTD.

Give illustrated Travel books for Christmas gifts.

Make your selection from this list.

A GIPSY OF THE HORN—A Narrative of a Voyage Round the World in a Windjammer. REX CLEMENTS. **10/6** net.

THE GLAMOUR OF EGYPT. B. M. W. JESSON. **7/6** net.

JOSEPH WOLFF—His Romantic Life and Travels. H. P. PALMER. **7/6** net.

DAYS OF ENDEAVOUR — A First-hand Account of a Voyage Round the World in a Sailing Ship in the 'Nineties. Captain JAMES W. HARRIS, R.N.R. **7/6** net.

BLITHE WATERS—Sheaves out of Suffolk. B. GRANVILLE BAKER. **7/6** net.

ROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT WORRIES. D. THORNTON CLARKE, F.R.G.S. **7/6** net.

WORLD-WIDE WANDERINGS. RACHEL HUMPHREYS, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.A. **7/6** net.

THE MAGIC OF CORNWALL. FREDERICK I. COWLES, F.S.A. **7/6** net.

SPINSTERS IN SPAIN. N. FORD-INMAN and M. L. NUTTING. **7/6** net.

SHETLAND, ISLES OF NIGHTLESS SUMMER. WILLIAM MOFFATT, F.Z.S. **7/6** net.

VOYAGING TO CHINA. PAUL KING. **6/-** net.

ANCHOR'S AWEIGH. JOAN GRIGSBY. **6/-** net.

THE CARAVAN PILGRIM. PETER F. ANSON. **6/-** net.

THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS OF SHROPSHIRE ON HORSEBACK. M. M. WEALE. **6/-** net.

SEA LURE. ARTHUR LAMSLEY (" Spithead "). **6/-** net.

LONG-SHORE AND DOWN CHANNEL. JOAN GRIGSBY. **5/-** net.

THROUGH NORTH WALES ON HORSEBACK. HOPE HEWETT. **5/-** net.

ON A TROOPSHIP TO INDIA. Rev. HENRY C. DAY, S.J. **3/6** net.

SHANGHAIED OUT OF 'FRISCO IN THE 'NINETIES. HIRAM P. BAILEY, F.R.G.S. **3/6** net.

THE BROWN CARAVAN—A Yorkshire Tyke's Wanderings in the South. ANTHONY ROWE. **3/6** net.

Three good Fishing Books

TROUT FLIES. " KINGFISHER." 30 Illustrations. **10/6** net.

FLY FISHING FOR TROUT. R. D'OYLY HEMINGWAY (" Hafren "). 40 Illustrations. **6/-** net.

MEMORIES FRESH AND SALT—For Other Quiet People and Fishermen. R. D'OYLY HEMINGWAY. **6/-** net.

BIRDS OF MARSH AND MERE AND HOW TO SHOOT THEM. J. C. M. NICHOLS. Illustrated. **7/6** net.

THE A B C OF SHOOTING. RICHARD CLAPHAM. Illustrated. **7/6** net.

ROUGH SHOOTING. RICHARD CLAPHAM. Illustrated. **3/6** net.

6, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

handed games power and control are delivered through a turn of the hand, in football through a turn of the foot." *A Natural Golfer* is a technical book that demands careful study. To some it may prove revolutionary, but to many it will provide the answer to problems that have so far been unsolved. And to assist the reader the author has included 146 photographs, many of which are action studies. E. R. T.

* * * *

Mirror of Angling. By E. MARSHALL-HARDY. Vol. II. (Herbert Jenkins; 2/- net.)

Mr. Marshall Hardy has published a second volume of his series called *Mirror of Angling* in which he is gathering all kinds of tips and dodges from angling correspondents. The idea is a good one, for there are occasions when, through some accident, a piece of tackle which should be in the creel is reposing on a table an hour or more away, and a makeshift may mean all the difference between a day's fishing and a weary journey home. Mr. S. L. Matthews, for example, found himself by the Thames, and separated by many miles from the hempseed he had intended to use as bait; whereupon he inserted a wisp of white wool from his sweater into a split shot, pinched it on his hook, and with this impressionist imitation of boiled hempseed was enabled to make a creel of roach. Needless to say, he stationed himself a short way downstream of an angler who was ground baiting with the real article.

Another suggestion for artificial hempseed on the hook is a small piece of the insulating rubber tube one finds on electric cables, and which has a white cotton lining. This introduction of artificial baits is interesting for if they can be successfully developed coarse fishing will be freed of one of its principal objections: the necessity for carrying large quantities of bait.

The "tip," which was first discovered only a few years ago, that an eel will lie still if placed on a sheet of newspaper, is here repeated. No one yet has been able to explain it, though comments have, of course, been made on the paralyzing effect of certain newsheets. Possibly paper absorbs the mucus which covers a fish, and warns it not to lose more by wriggling about on it.

There are a number of dodges described, some of them of use to others besides coarse fishermen, such as a method of drying the inside of rubber boots. Altogether a good two-shillingsworth. H. D. T.

* * * *

Peaks and Valleys. By F. S. SMYTHE. (Black; 12/6.)

The literature of hills has progressed more rapidly than the art. In all but a few instances the beauty and power of this scenery has defied the artist's mediums.

But there is one form of artistic expression which has recently explored this subject and produced startling results—it is the camera.

Mr. Smythe upholds the opinion that simplicity is the keynote of success in the reproduction of mountain and hill pictures; on this point the artist with a pen or brush appears to have an advantage as being able to eliminate unnecessary details, but Mr. Smythe himself has proved how the film can be the perfect presentation of this fact.

The photographs which Mr. Smythe has chosen for this collection are exquisite; each one calls forth admiration, and it is impossible to choose any one picture for special merit.

The sweeps of white snow unfolding to display the delicate tracery of a peak; a solitary pine or weather-beaten clump of trees; the foliage of the Himalayas, or the effect of mists and clouds. Here is beauty concentrated in one volume, a wealth of loveliness such as is seldom found in one exhibition of art.

This is a book to have and to hold, thereby experiencing that everlasting joy "of lifting up one's eyes unto the hills." G. N.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CHRISTOPHER WHITFIELD'S *A World of One's Own* (Country Life; 8/6) is a collection of very pleasant essays about the countryside of Warwickshire and the North Cotswolds. It is a quiet book; one to be kept and read at leisure. It is written with that intimacy that is born of deep knowledge. The wood engravings by Geoffrey Miller are good.

If you like boxing you will like JIMMY WILDE'S autobiography *Fighting was My Business* (Michael Joseph; 15/-). You will like it anyway, for Jimmy Wilde has had an interesting life. The book is modestly and amusingly written, and giving a vivid picture of the heyday of boxing, when money was big and boxers boxed.

"FISH-HAWK" is a very good bird artist, and a keen and observant naturalist as well (the two do not always go together). His new book, *Birds Through the Year* (Duckworth; 10/6) contains some really excellent illustrations. The letterpress is not so good, largely, I think, because the author has tried to be too simple. But do not miss the illustrations.

PATRICK TURNBULL'S *Black Barbary* (Hurst and Blackett; 15/-) is no ordinary traveller's account of Morocco. He journeyed off the beaten tracks and visited towns and villages of which we hear little elsewhere. In doing so he became well acquainted with the Berbers, a race whom the author likes and describes well. He also has had first-hand experience of the Foreign Legion. These wanderings are intermixed with history told in a style which interests and informs. There is more in this book than descriptions, and it is well worth studying.

Journey of Tapiola. By ROBERT NATHAN. (Constable and Co.; 2/6.) This is the story of a Yorkshire terrier and a canary who decide to seek adventure together. They are joined by an ancient rat, whose speech is richly embellished with Biblical allusions, and they meet with more adventure than they bargained for. An unusual and amusing little tale.

The history of American influence upon South Africa is contained in *Stars and Stripes in Africa*, ERIC ROSENTHAL (Routledge; 15/-) The survey is an extraordinarily thorough one from the days of Christopher Columbus—not merely a chronicle of dates and events, but a tale of adventure and courage and far-reaching progress. This is a history of the "white man's" vision, and advancement of his culture, which we as a colonising nation will do well to observe.

There is romance in the history of insurance, and the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society in a booklet it has issued tells many an interesting story of the town of Norwich and of early insurance. Through its merger with the Amicable Society it can claim to be the oldest life office in the world. John Hartley, who was responsible for the formation of the Amicable, conceived the idea of forming a society of 2,000 members who, irrespective of age, should pay a fixed contribution of £6 4s. each year, these contributions, less expenses, being mostly divided at the end of the year among the representatives of those members who had died during the year. One reads of moidores and caroluses "Lockt in the Chest."

There may be some readers to-day who like to know a few facts and details of outstanding men taking part in the present European critical political drama. If so, they will enjoy reading *Goring*, by H. W. BLOOD-RYAN (John Long; 15/-). This is an account of Hermann Goring's career to date. It is, needless to say, a life of colour, vigour and even romance—one which in its way explains the spirit of Germany to-day. A well-written and unbiased book.

The chief centre of interest in *Tin Can Island*, by CHARLES STUART RAMSAY and CHARLES P. PLUMB (Hurst & Blackett; 15/-), is the island of Niva Fo'ou, one of the Tonga group. Mr. Ramsay has spent twenty-five years as a copia trader, and has many adventures to relate. He was the man who acquired fame by swimming out to meet the ships in order to obtain the mail which was flung overboard in a tin can. The tone of the book is highly coloured, and does not entirely escape from the romantic legendry with which the islands are viewed by many "whites."

To describe Miss PERSIS KIRMSE'S drawing is impossible; but her talent can be appreciated to the full in her new book, *Shakespeare and the Birds* (Methuen; 6/-). Miss Kirmse has already shown us her animal pictures in this series, but the birds are new. The medium is pencil—sketches which are soft and delicious, with a movement and life which is irresistible.

She Ran a 'Hunt' at 10!

A CHILDHOOD'S ANIMALS

By HULDINE BEAMISH

who has bred, loved and lost everything from pigeons to foxes. Her recollections, delicately illustrated, are an irresistible Christmas book. 7/6 net.

Going to Twickenham?

RUGGER PRACTICE AND TACTICS

By H. F. MACDONALD and IDWAL REES

will double your pleasure. Its discussion of the finer points is illustrated with many action photos. 3/6 net.

Descriptive Folders from 41 Maddox St., W.1

EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

THE CHRISTMAS LOG

WILL SOON BE BURNING.

YOUR LOG-BOOK

of notes for Christmas Remembrances is easy to fill, if you just write in

A BOOK FOR EVERYONE

Two Suggestions

Keith, E. C. A Countryman's Creed. With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations by the late Archibald Thorburn - - 10/6 post 6d.
Also a large paper edition with nine colour plates £3-3-0

B.B. Wild Lone: The Life of a Pytchley Fox. Illus. in black and white by D. Watkins-Pitchford. 7/6 post 6d.

Write for our Christmas List of new books and gift ideas from the Stationery Department:

TRUSLOVE & HANSON

14a, CLIFFORD STREET,

(REG. 6493) LONDON, W.1 (New Bond St.)

GRASSLAND MANAGEMENT FOR THE PRACTICAL FARMER.

W. R. Peel, D.S.O., M.A. With a foreword by Prof. R. G. Stapledon, O.B.E., M.A.

Illustrated 7s. 6d. net.

A practical and up-to-date book on grassland, written by a practical man in language devoid of scientific jargon and with a crispness and simplicity that will make a direct appeal to the practitioner.

SILAGE & CROP PRESERVATION

S. J. Watson, D.Sc., F.I.C.

Illustrated 7s. 6d. net.

Written for the farmer and the general reader interested in agriculture. The work on which it is based has been carried out during the last ten years at Jealott's Hill Research Station, and has covered the whole range of conservation, hay, silage and artificial drying.

MACMILLAN & Co. Ltd., London

In Search of Rugby Football

By

J. M. KILBURN

Author of *In Search of Cricket*

Illustrated 5/- net

"J. M. K." is a signature that has been well known to the Yorkshire sporting public for some time. A collection of his cricket writings was published last year under the title of *In Search of Cricket* and the author introduced to a wider public all over the country. Both public and critics found him in the tradition of great sporting writers, and this little book will act as a companion to *In Search of Cricket*. It tells of Rugger played all over the country; International Rugger, 'Varsity Rugger and ordinary Saturday afternoon football as it appears to the kindly if shrewdly critical mind of "J. M. K."

ARTHUR BARKER

ETHICS OF EGG-COLLECTING

By

ERIC PARKER

Preface by Lord Desborough

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

5/-

(POSTAGE 6d.)

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

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Excellent Sport with the Duke of Beaufort's

ON Monday hounds met at Leighterton at 10 a.m. for the benefit of the many keen Etonians on "long leave"—and with happy results, for they enjoyed excellent sport. The first hunt was the best, finding without delay close at hand in Leighterton Spinney, hounds ran at racing pace to Bowl Down, which they circled twice, running with a grand cry and a wonderful scent. Within a few minutes they forced their fox away from Colonel Menzie's good covert on its north side, and they continued very fast over a delightful line of stone walls and grass pastures now owned by Mr. Kenneth Harper, member of the hunt committee, and farmed by his tenant, Mr. Comley, who, with his daughter, also hunts. Fairly flying, hounds ran thus for 20 minutes, bearing left from the Beverstone Road, by the aerodrome, and killed their fox near the Stroud Road at Boxwell Lodge. Later there was a nice hunt by Lasborough and Kingscote to the hills to finish a most enjoyable day with the mixed pack.

Wednesday, from West Kington, was an unlucky day. There was a brace of foxes in Shirehill Bottom, but one was headed by cyclists, &c., and the other by second horsemen. It was after 1 o'clock before there was another chance of a hunt. Finding in Warren Gorse, hounds forced their fox away upwind towards Lowndes covert, but he was headed back by the gorse, and then crossed the line of another fox which had come from Tormarton, resulting in two lines.

The Duke unerringly selected the line of the first fox, and hounds ran very nicely past the village and over the road into Dodington Park. Here they continued to hunt on rather indifferent scent for some half-hour, during which time many of the field stood about on the top of the hill or changed horses, so that they got left when hounds went away at the bottom. The few away with them enjoyed a sporting hunt over the hairier part of The Vale and Kingrove Common. The fox crossed the railway and went on by Chipping Sodbury to be marked to ground near Stanshawes Court, a six-mile point from Warren Gorse. Unfortunately, on this day, Mrs. Violet Kingscote got badly kicked by someone else's fresh horse—kicking horses are becoming a menace in the hunting field, considerably worse than wire or even slippery roads in this country.

The weather has remained unseasonably warm, and with a constantly falling glass, wind and rain, scent has been disappointing. FIELDFARE.

THE PYTCHLEY CONTINUE GOOD SPORT

DESPITE poor scent and going on the firm side, hounds continue to show such sport as is better than can be expected. On Monday the 7th, on the day of the opening meet at Brixworth, a leash of foxes were killed, a brace marked to ground. Besides these satisfactory episodes in a busy day, two amusing gallops were included. The first was from Keedles Gorse, when hounds ran well and fast to near Hannington, where they killed. Another fifteen minutes at top pace from the Scaldwell Oak Spinney to ground at Clint Hill. On Wednesday the 9th, from Newnham Hall, a fox was killed almost at once, and the day ended with a sparkling 50 minutes from Hogstaff Spinney to Fawsley Dingle, where this hard-run fox was lost on doubly-foiled ground, after many miles of country traversed.

On Friday, after meeting at Marston Trussell Hall, a good hunting run which began at Twantry Gorse, and which included some really fine woodland hunting, ended at Sulby Hall, where the fox was marked to ground, after 45 minutes. Then came a gallop of 25 minutes from Longhold, in a circle, it is true, but over a delightful country. The fox was headed near Mill Hill Farm, but touch was regained, and, being forced away from Naseby Covert, was killed short of Paisnell Spinney, a good performance of 60 minutes inclusive. Saturday the 12th, from Spratton, was productive of good sport, and at 2.30 p.m. the Pytchley field started homewards in that contented frame of mind which only those who have participated in a really good run can attain.

The first fox from kale near the place of meeting was given up when a further drift into the Monday country was deemed unwise. The fox had obviously joined some others in a kale field near Pitsford. Another from Spratton Sands was raced over the large enclosures which lie beneath Spratton, across the brook, past Merry Tom to ground at Chapel Brampton. He was lucky to find a refuge. From some kale near Holdenby Mill began a fine hunt. A full itinerary would be out of place, perhaps. Suffice to say that hounds arrived at East Haddon with the field well strung out. After a turn towards Buckby Folly, and after a pause, hounds ran on fast, swinging towards West Haddon.

This occupied 35 minutes over a big, wild and most attractive country. The fox began to run short now, and hounds required frequent help, as they ran in snatches over a line which had to be jumped, arriving eventually at the top end of Guilsborough Gorse. Ten minutes with only a whimper now and then ensued, till suddenly the chorus broke out anew, and hounds ran into their hunted fox in front of Guilsborough Grange—75 minutes, which contained almost every phase of foxhunting at its best. EMERITUS.

THE QUORN'S EARLY DAYS

IF with the passing of the hack, postillion phaeton, dogcart and buggy, a certain amount of the old pomp and glory of the opening meet of these hounds has gone, there still remains the splendour of the Quorn hounds in that traditional and beautiful setting at Kirby Gate. The field at the meet was meagre in the extreme compared with bygone days. There were motor buses, cars, pony traps and bicycles, with at least 500 foot-people waiting on the top of Gartree Hill. More riders joined hounds on their way to this famous little covert, and the usual contingent waiting by the covertside can perhaps be excused on account of the motor traffic.

A strong wind from the south-west was again helping to dry the already firm going. I noticed last season that "steplings" in rides and gateways had never gone down from the previous winter rains, and those same steplings are still in evidence to-day. And now to the sport. Although there were a brace and a half of foxes in Gartree Hill, none for some considerable time could be persuaded to run the gauntlet of the huge crowd. However, on things getting a bit too warm in covert the first fox of the 1938–39 season made for the open over the Little Dalby Lane and went on down to the Lake Spinney.

It was at once evident that scenting conditions were going to restrain that beautiful mass of driving, swerving, feathering bone and muscle from settling down to run, and it was not surprising the hunt came to an end on the Pickwell side of Little Dalby.

It must have come as a great disappointment to the cluster of foot-people standing on Borough Hill when the wood was drawn blank and hounds went on to Adam's Gorse. Then the fun began in earnest, no less than seven foxes being afoot. Time was not wasted in breaking a fox up that hounds killed almost immediately on entering the covert, and George got them nicely settled down to a fox that had gone on under the hill and Thorpe Satchville. Pointing for Ashby Folville, possibly feeling the wind, he bore right-handed by the Trussels, over the railway and Great Dalby Road, nearly to Gunn's Hill, and from there to Great Dalby, where he was confronted with a yapping terrier. Hounds, being now close at him, drove on to pull him down in Mr. Bonser's paddock.

Going back to Thorpe Trussels, hounds soon roused a fox and pushing him away over the Thorpe-Ashby Road, hunted him over part of the Twyford Valley and then left-handed to Thorpe Village, where they lost him. Adam's Gorse was then called upon for the second time, and with the dim mists of a late autumn afternoon falling, hounds screamed away with a fox over the Bakers Lane. Pointing for Great Dalby Village, running beautifully, they swept along right-handed and racing up to their fox pulled him down at Little Dalby after a topping hunt of 40 minutes. And so the day ended with a leash of foxes to hounds credit.

A good-sized field met on Tuesday on the forest side at Woodhouse Eaves, and although sport was not good, another perfect day went a long way in compensation. After hounds had found a fox at the foot of the Beacon, they hunted him quite nicely down to the Nanpanton Road, where he was headed and, turning back right-handed, he made his way into the Rhododendrons. There, owing to the usual brainless motor followers surrounding the place, he was unfortunately killed, and possibly a good hunt was spoilt. Finding again in a small nearby covert, a slow hunt resulted in the fox getting to ground in the New Covert just short of Nanpanton. In Whittle Hill hounds momentarily spoke to a fox, but could do nothing further with him. Nanpanton Wood, the Privetts, British Piece and Ive's Head were then drawn and hounds went home.

Invariably when there is a blue mist hanging about scent is catchy, and this I think goes for the Friday, when Beeby was the scene of a large meet. When hounds moved off to draw Scraptoft Gorse it was difficult for followers who had arrived a bit late to get to them owing to the narrow road being filled with cars. Fernie's had run through or very close to the Gorse on Thursday, and this might have been the reason for the covert being blank. The Oaks Spinney, however, produced a brace, one of which was hunted right-handed down to Old Ingarsby, where rather a strange thing happened, and I venture to hold the opinion that a change of foxes took place. Hounds had never burst their fox which seemed a strong, healthy sort, and I feel sure would have stood up in the ordinary way for some time, but, on reaching the post and rail field, a big old fox, very stiff, was seen to leave a hedgerow and slowly and as best he could to make his way on to Ingarsby Station platform, where three hounds got up to him. Standing his ground and freeing himself, he continued on to the embankment and the bushes, where the end came.

Now what may have happened was this. Fernie's after a good hunt from Thurnby had lost their fox hard by Loseby, and it is just possible that this poor old unfortunate beggar had been during the night making his way in a direct line back to Thurnby and had at daybreak laid himself down to rest. I may, of course, be wrong.

A host of foxes were then found in Botany Bay, and hounds, getting away quickly to a holloa on the Houghton side, hunted one to the Houghton big field. Here he was headed right-handed for Ingarsby and, still bearing round to the right, brought hounds back to the Coplow and away again over the Bellesdon and Ingarsby Road as far as Sludge, where the hunt ended. Going back to Quenby Spinneys hounds wound up the day by killing a fox after about fifteen minutes on the railway embankment. SCARLET RUNNER.

GOOD HUNTING WITH THE BELVOIR

ALTHOUGH November still masquerades as spring, and the absence of appreciable rain helps foxes rather than the hounds, this pack have had a most useful week. As much of their domain is low-lying, the going on the grass held out against the balmy days longer than in most countries, but if the winds come, as prophesied, and rain still keeps away, there will soon be a rattle in the ground. However, there is no real cause for complaint yet, and we have much reason to be grateful for the fare provided. Mrs. Henderson's hospitality was all-pervading on Tuesday, at Rauceby Hall. Not only did she supply encouragement for the field, but her foxes were numerous and enterprising. The light ploughs and unexpectedly frequent pastures rode well, and there is a scope about this part of the country which allows an uninterrupted view of the hounds even if one is not too fortunately placed. The rolling ground, unspoilt except for a few alarming tarmac high roads, is split up by small thorn fences and bijou stone walls which, though solid enough, give one an adventurous feeling without too much danger; and, what is more, they are calculated to make the idlest horse jump the most important half of the obstacle. The "clou" of the day was a hunt over the Blankney Border, measuring about four miles, with a victorious finish at Ruskington.

Scalford is apt to be frowned on as a rendezvous, compared with other Wednesday meets. Marshall's Spinney (pre-War readers will recall this as Melton Spinney to their mind's ear and eye) is not a popular draw, hemmed about as it is with brook and railway, and the environs of Scalford are all too well protected by entanglements. Nevertheless, it provided a capital pipe-opener, hounds going away in the finest style at a roaring pace. It was only too sad that the fox found a hole under the railway and so brought this heartening burst to a premature conclusion. Then came a lull, and as Harby Hills came nearer and nearer, longer and longer grew the approaching faces.

This foxy stronghold had a lot of cubbing time spent on the education of its inhabitants. That this policy pays hand over fist was again obvious; instead of the inevitable difficulty of getting an uninitiated fox to leave so large a harbourage, the lesson previously learnt was enough to set him off at once.

Running fast along the side of the hill towards Clawson Thorns, skimming the edge of the Point-to-Point course, hounds clearly meant business, and the memory of a similar excellent hunt last Christmas-time warned their pursuers that there was no time to poke and peer. Actually, it did not turn out so enjoyable from a riding aspect, as the line went through a corner of Holwell Mouth and on along the hill at Little Belvoir to Old Dalby, in the Quorn country. Climbing along the cat-walks of this steep bank is always a test of fitness, and after so brisk a 20 minutes there were many signs of distress, and the little gates along the route came in handy. Just before reaching Old Dalby Wood the pack turned left, ran through Grimston Gorse almost to Saxelbye. Hunting slower now, they returned to Grimston, and had to own defeat after

(Continued on page 1242)

Performance and Comfort

High-efficiency engine based on aero engine experience

Economical petrol consumption 23-25 m.p.g. Tax £12

Automatic centrifugal clutch, a joy in traffic

Preselective self-changing gear, the easiest control in the world

Balanced Drive transmission

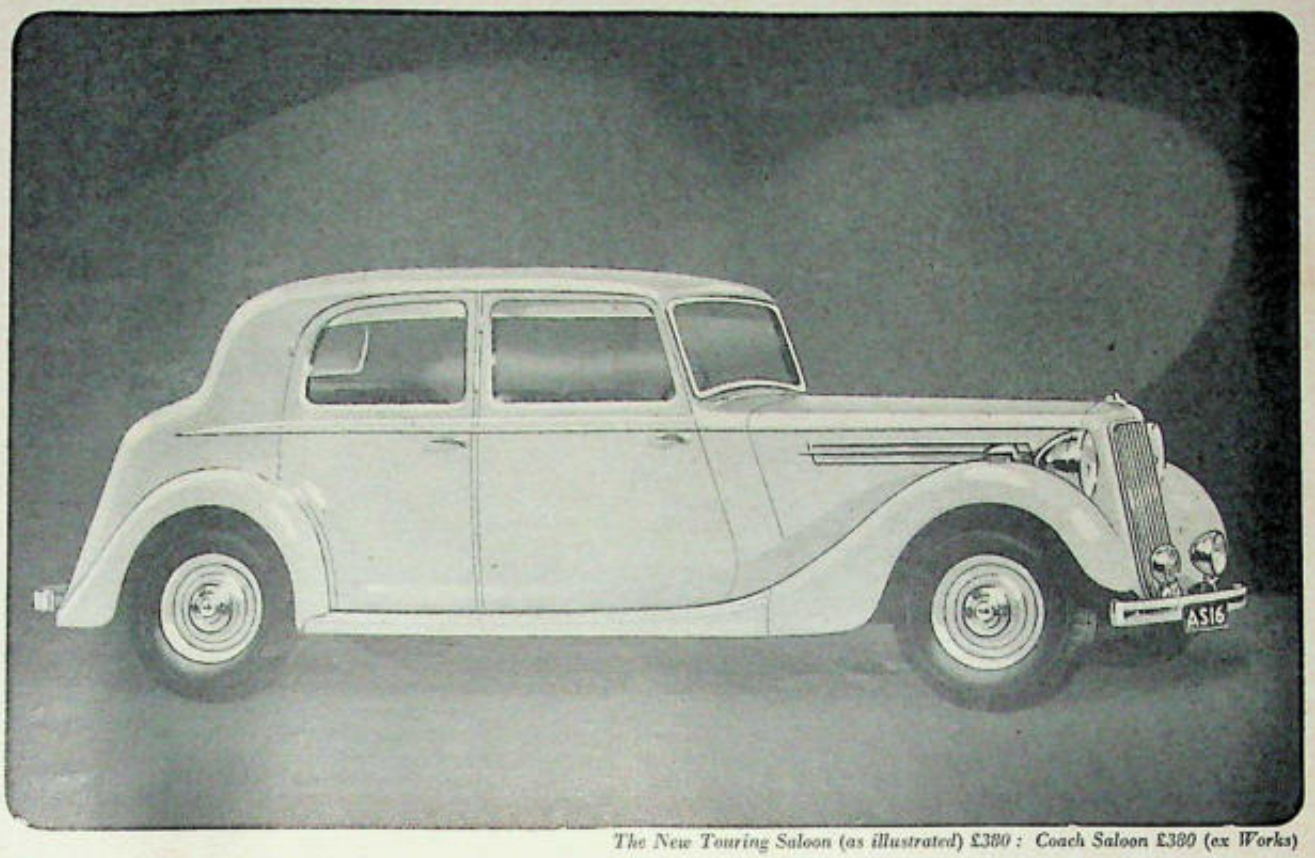
Rigid box frame chassis with flexible yet stable suspension

Deep, luxurious armchair seating

Unusual roominess and visibility

Good enclosed luggage accommodation

Minimum 'valeting' and service



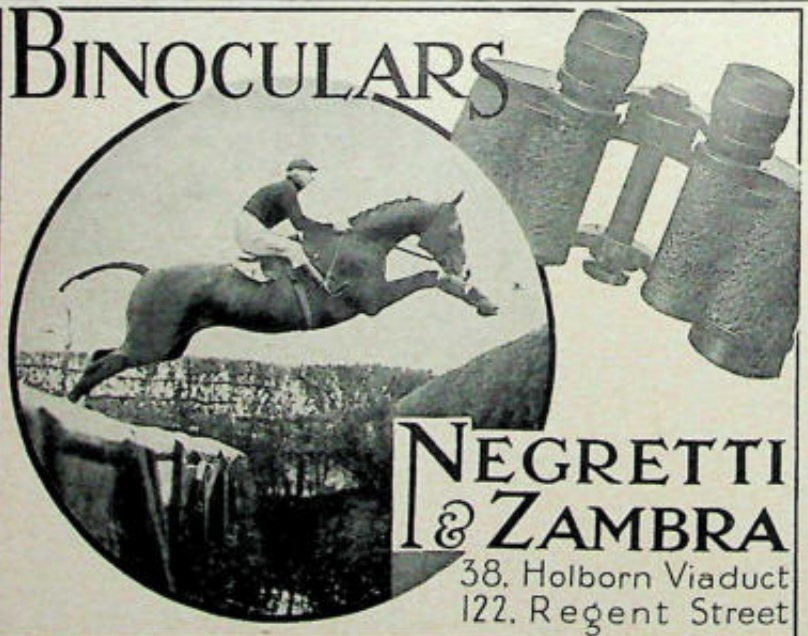
The New Touring Saloon (as illustrated) £380 : Coach Saloon £380 (ex Works)

The New ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY '16'

You are invited to write for our illustrated catalogue and our new booklet, "How Balanced Ride is achieved." Please mention 'The Field'

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1. *Agents in all Centres*
BRITISH CARS ARE BEST — in the long run

BINOCULARS



NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA
38, Holborn Viaduct
122, Regent Street

By Appointment to the late King George V

Wines for Christmas

SHERRY per dozen.
"ALBION" Golden Oloroso . 60/-
"REX FINO" Club Amontillado . . 84/-

CHAMPAGNE
"MELNOTTE" 1928 Vintage 126/- per dozen

★ Single bottles at per dozen rate. A case containing 3 or more bottles forwarded carriage paid.

SCOTCH WHISKY
per bottle.
"ROYAL VAT" . . . 12/6
"COMMEMORATION VAT 250" (Pre-war strength) 16/6

BRANDY
per bottle.
Very Old Champagne*** . 17/-
Fine Liqueur Cognac, 1858 . 26/-

LIST OF WINES, SPIRITS AND CIGARS ON APPLICATION

HEDGES & BUTLER LTD.
153 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1. Brighton, Bournemouth & Branches
Telephone: REGent 4444

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Mary

"Herring hunting"

"Hunting Masterpieces" on "OPEN STOCK" SERVICES

Scenes from the Hunting Field from the original sketches by J. F. Herring, Senior, 1831-1854, reproduced in colour faithfully depicting the beauty of Rural England. One of the Spode famous "Open Stock" patterns. Every piece can be replaced at once—at standard prices. Write for full details and coloured illustrations.

Tea Services from £1 17 6
Dinner Services from £6 10 0
Coffee Services from £1 11 0
Early Morning Services from £1 1 6
Dessert Services from £1 19 0
Beer Mug as illustrated 8/-
Cigarette Box 10/-
Ash Tray 3/-
Joke Cup & Saucer 7/2

Visitors are always welcome at our London Showrooms, 14/18, Holborn, E.C.1, where a wide range of articles suitable for presents can be seen.

Spode

W. T. COPELAND & SONS, LTD., SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS (*Continued from page 1240*)

a fine hound hunt of an hour-and-a-half with a seven-mile point.

On Saturday the bitches were again in form after meeting at Normanton-by-Bottesford, that delightful corner of Leicestershire which is tucked away out of sight of the fashionable "vale" meets, but which is far from being out of mind with those who have once sampled the possibilities. Normanton Little Covert was, as usual, the first draw. A blustery wind and much conversation made it hard to hear what was going on, but there was no doubt about a fox being within. The trouble was, he took a long time deciding to leave. After several false alarms he most kindly went off the way we should have chosen for ourselves; that is, towards Staunton and then over a most attractive line to Moss and Plumbs. Here he was very close to being caught, but was again holloaed away in the direction of Allington. So much exercise in covert at the start had told on him, and hounds rolled him over in a stack-yard five fields on.

Hardly had the company recovered their breath, or changed their horses, than another fox was found in Allington Low Covert. With a tremendous cry hounds hurried up the slope to the Debdale Lane, pressed on past Keeper's Plantation, left Sedgebrook on the right and went on over rather a Non-Man's-Landy bit of country as if for Barrowby Thorns. This is very seldom crossed, and the wire therefore may be understood, particularly as there is still an immense amount of keep in fields and ditches. If only the wire could be dealt with, there is no more sporting region. Short of the railway a left-handed turn took the pack over the Allington—Gonerby Road almost to Foston turn-pike. The Foston Beck is always a serious consideration, but luckily did not impede progress as the fox obligingly crossed near the ford on returning towards Allington. He was marked in a stick-heap, whence, surprisingly enough, he elected to emerge again after a short pause. One more turn towards Barrowby Thorns was enough for most people, who, if they were not more than satisfied with an excellent's day's foxhunting, must be hard to please.

UNBRIDLED.

COTTESMORE'S BRILLIANT GALLOP

ON Monday, November 7th, we opened our regular season, as usual, at Greetham Inn, an inn no longer but now a commodious farmhouse. In old days the London coach changed horses here, and travellers partook of whatever refreshment they fancied. Despite the hard ground and summerlike weather a very large field assembled to greet Mr. Hilton-Green, Master and huntsman, and a capital day's sport was enjoyed.

Beginning with Greetham Far Wood, hounds were soon away on excellent terms with a good fox, and passing Woolfox hounds ran very fast straight through Athwood and through the middle of every field, to the edge of Pickworth Wood. Not entering here, we ran past the Stone Quarry and up to Clipsham, where the dog pack, with the help of a couple of bitches, ran into their fox in the open after a most brilliant gallop of 20 minutes, done at top pace all the way. Calling on Osbonall next, we duly found, and ran very nicely to Exeter's Gorse. Pushing our fox out of here, we ran on to Pickworth and finally lost our fox just short of Woodhead Wood after a very good hunt of 47 minutes. To wind up the day, Greetham Near Wood and a root field were drawn blank.

From Tilton, on Tuesday, with the ground really too hard for jumping in this undulating country, Mr. Hilton Green very wisely confined his efforts to giving the local coverts a good dusting. A most enjoyable morning was spent, mostly in the open, hounds finally killing a well-hunted fox between Tilton Wood and Tilton Village.

Launde Big Wood, drawn in the afternoon, held several foxes. The selected one gave a small ring in the open before taking us over the Lovers' Walk to Witheote, where we bore right-handed, finally losing our fox short of Prior's Coppice. Scent was moderate all day, especially so in the afternoon.

From Sewstern, on Thursday, scent was again poor. We began the day by killing two foxes in a kale field near the village. Those had been doing a lot of fowl killing, and were well out of the way. Marriott's Spinney, so jealously guarded by Tom Marriott and his son, who were both out, held several foxes, and we hunted one at a good pace to the back of Wymondham, where it vanished suddenly and, I am told, ran the railway line.

Another fox meantime had left Marriotts, and the pack being laid on ran through the Belvoir Covert, Coston, and on to Sewstern, and turning here came back to Coston, where he was left, Mr. Hilton-Green not wishing to disturb the covert any more with the Belvoir having an adjacent meet soon. As usual, Woodwell Head held several foxes. One was hunted well past Market Overton before turning back to Woodwell Head. Going out again from here, we ran almost to Marriotts, where hounds were stopped. Scent was very moderate all day.

Saturday, November 12th.—A little rain fell during the previous night, but not enough to do any good. Before meeting a very pleasant ceremony took place, viz.: the christening of Mr. and Lady Helena Hilton-Green's little daughter, the Rev. Jack Gibbs officiating. A large number of friends attended in full hunting dress, and I have no doubt the little lady will, in years to come, ride over Leicestershire in the same courageous way her father and mother do. Commencing with several blank draws, foxes mostly lying out this abnormal November weather, we did not find till we got to Laxtons. From here our fox soon found sanctuary in a drain under a gateway. Leaving this, he ran up towards Whissendine before turning left and again getting below ground. Bolting again, we ran him up to Laxtons and through here to the Deroy, where we lost him. From Wymondham Roughs it looked like a good hunt, hounds running well towards Edmonthorpe, but, alas! he also popped into a drain. It was late when we got to Cottage Plantation, and, of course, finding, we ran towards Saxby Station and almost to Long Spinney, where hounds were stopped in the dusk at 4.20 p.m.

FOXY.

THE GOOD CROOME SATURDAYS

WHEN the thermometer registers 60 degrees in the shade on a hunting morning in November one cannot help feeling that something has gone distinctly wrong with the seasons. We should have been otter hunting, or bathing, or playing lawn tennis on Saturday, November 5th, but for a trifling discrepancy in dates. And yet in spite of the extraordinary heat, hounds contrived to hunt remarkably well and killed their fox after a good morning hunt of nearly two hours.

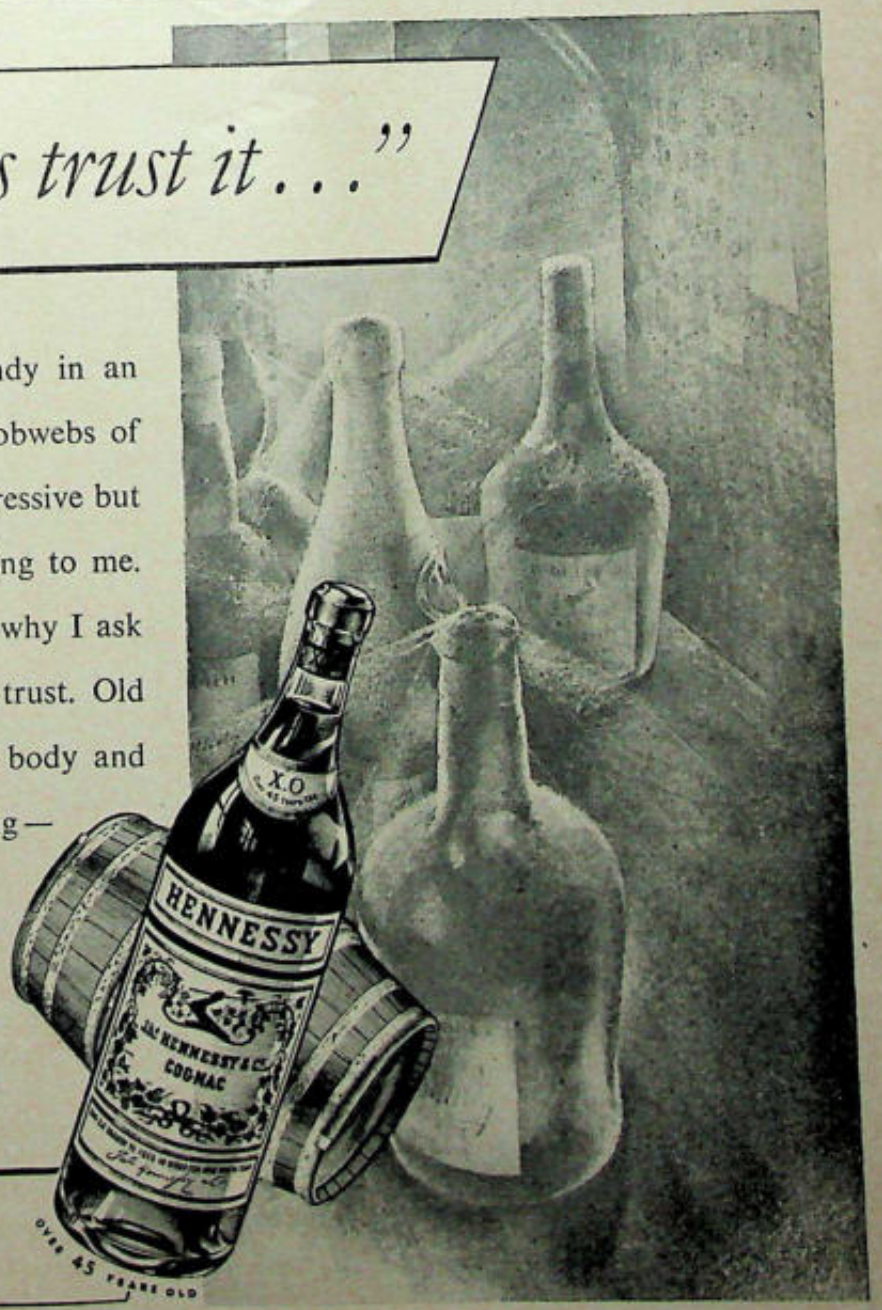
Strensham is a pleasant little village, and its old stone cottages made a picturesque background for the scarlet coats of the Hunt staff as hounds came trotting through to the meet there. It was the turn of the mixed pack.

A brace of foxes awaited them in Church Covert, which lies on the slope north-east of the village overlooking the River Avon, and hounds had not been in covert more than a few minutes before Sam holloa'd one away over the Moat Farm, going in the direction we had hoped for, towards the

(*Continued on page 1244*)

"One can always trust it . . ."

"When they produce liqueur brandy in an old, old bottle covered with the cobwebs of centuries . . . well, it may look impressive but cobwebs on the bottle mean nothing to me. Their place is on the cask. That is why I ask for this Hennessy 'XO'—it's a liqueur brandy one can always trust. Old enough to be smooth as silk; but with age nicely balancing body and bouquet. And in that you have a rare and very beautiful thing—*a perfect liqueur brandy.*"



HENNESSY "XO"

Fine Liqueur Cognac Brandy

It's the age in the cask that counts . . .

SCOTT ADIE LTD.

The Royal Scotch Warehouse

38, Conduit St., Bond St., London, W.1

EST. 1854

By Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Mary

Practical Christmas Gifts

for

LADIES and GENTLEMEN

RUGS
SHAWLS
SCARVES

❖

SLIP-ONS
PULLOVERS
CARDIGANS

❖

STOCKINGS
SOCKS
TIES

❖

SUIT LENGTHS OF SCOTTISH HOMESPUNS AND TWEEDS

❖

HIGHLAND DRESS SPECIALISTS

❖

SASHES
CREST BROOCHES
SHOULDER BROOCHES

❖

SKEAN DHUS
DIRKS
SPORRANS

❖

BAG RUGS
SHETLAND HANDKNIT SHAWLS

❖

MOST CLAN OR FAMILY TARTANS IN STOCK

ANNUAL SALE COMMENCES JANUARY 2nd

TELEGRAMS: "SCOTT ADIE, PICCY" TELEPHONE: REGENT 4502

Dress Shirts

There is an art in the making of a shirt. It is an art not readily acquired. To practise it is not always profitable. For there is only a comparatively small public for the shirt that, perfectly tailored, incorporates all the little refinements which reveal the master hand. From that public are drawn the clients of T. M. Lewin & Sons Ltd.—masters of the craft of making shirts.

The Best Make Longcloths, with "four" fold Linen fronts and cuffs . . . from **15/6**

With "GOSSAMATEX" bodies, Linen fronts and cuffs . . . . . from **31/6**

Or with Pique or Marcella fronts . . . . from **32/6**

T.M.Lewin & Sons Ltd.

Established 1898 *Only Address*

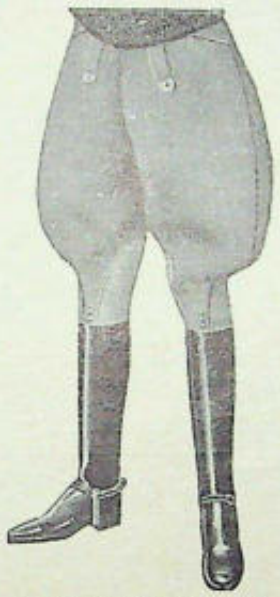
39 PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.1

By appointment to the late King George V

HAMMOND & CO. LTD.

Est. 1776

BREECHES MAKERS
SPORTING, MILITARY & MUFTI TAILORS



HAMMOND'S BREECHES IN LEATHER & "BUCK-CLOTH"

HUNTING, SHOOTING *and*

Polo Breeches

JODHPORES

Racing Colours

LADIES' RIDE ASTRIDE COATS AND BREECHES

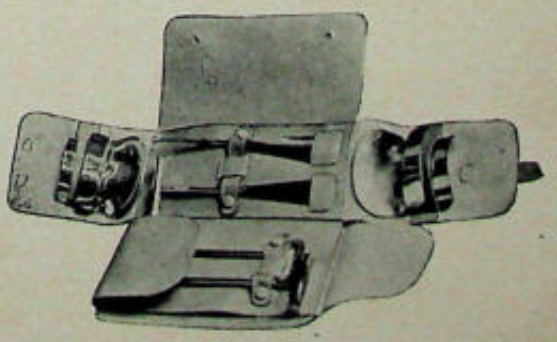
465 OXFORD STREET LONDON, W.1

Branch: PARIS 11 Rue Royale

Tel.
Add. "BREECHES" LONDON PARIS *and* BRUSSELS

USEFUL GIFTS

HUNTING CROPS *from* **17/6**
CHILDREN'S CROPS *from* **7/6**
SPORTING SEATS *from* **12/6**
S.N. SPURS - - 15/6
RACING SPURS - 10/6
CAPE GLOVES - - 10/6
STRING GLOVES - 4/6
HILL'S NON-SLIP HUNT GLOVES 15/6
RIDING STICKS and WHIPS *from* **7/6**
HILL'S WATERPROOF RIDING COATS - 75/-
JACKETS - - 70/-



PIGSKIN FITTED CASES *from* **42/6**

A Large Stock Children's Leggings & Riding Boots at Reasonable Prices

Brochure of Boots, Leggings, Gloves, Hunting Crops, Waterproof Coats, etc., on application.

TOM HILL (Knightsbridge) LTD. 26 BROMPTON ROAD LONDON, S.W.1 *(Only address)*

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS (*Continued from page 1242*)

Rhidings. This is a nice line of country, with some good fences and ditches "not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door: but enough." The sun was beating down with almost midsummer heat, but hounds fairly flew, and in little more than five minutes had crossed Marsh Common and entered the Rhidings, usually the home of half the foxes in the world. Hounds did well, therefore, to stick to their hunted fox and force him away, after a spell of covert hunting, into the open again for Woodmancote Rough. There he turned right-handed and went behind Bourne Bank as if he meant to return to his original covert, but he doubled back short of Lower Strensham, pointing for the Rhidings again.

Children headed him here, and he had to change his mind at the last moment, and, running the Rough Banks to Manor Farm, made for Strensham after all. Hounds came to a check at the road, but Pavitt cast them forward, and they hit off the line again below the church. But, curiously enough, though he was now home again, he did not enter the covert, continuing instead over the lane and through the orchard which runs down to the river. Hounds put him out of the osiers at the bottom, and he leapt into a fisherman's punt, as a last bid for safety. Alas! for his hopes. Piscator ejected him speedily and without ceremony, and the pack closed in on him at the mill pool, thus terminating nearly two hours' hunt.

The next Saturday, November 12th, the bitches were out, and this too was a good day and great fun. It was still incredibly mild, but the dry weather had broken at last and there were frequent storms of rain, accompanied by a strong southerly wind. We all know what a southerly wind and cloudy sky proclaims, and though we did not scorn our downy bed before the sun rose we had quite an early start to reach Stonebow by eleven. Mackintoshes were in evidence, and a smaller field than usual at this meet had turned out, probably owing to the weather.

Peopleton Rough lies only a few hundred yards from the meet, and a quick find in this covert was presently followed by a holloa on the far side as their fox was viewed away. Then followed a glorious fast burst to Shutwell Bushes and Naunton Beauchamp, over some good country where there was jumping for all and the devil take the hindermost. So we went, from leap to leap, and from field to field, rejoicing, until hounds were pulled up short by a succession of plough lands, behind Naunton Beauchamp, where scent became very catchy. Inch by inch they puzzled out the line until they reached grass fields again, and drove on once more. But there was further plough beyond, and their fox must have gained a considerable lead, besides which he was running down-wind. Presently we found ourselves at the village of Bishampton where hounds swung right-handed towards Tilesford. And there scent finally petered out altogether and the hunt came to an end after exactly one hour.

At 2.30 in the afternoon, following a succession of blank draws, we came to Low Hill. There hounds soon informed us that a fox was at home—in fact, there proved to be a brace—and in a few moments we viewed a grizzled-looking customer going away at the north end. Through the Oaks, over the main road to Worcester country and hounds were threading their way through Churchill Wood and making for Crowle Thrift. This covert stands at the top of a steep hill above the point-to-point course. The field had thinned out considerably by now and very few were left with hounds as they climbed the bank where, unfortunately, a sheep dog had elected to join in the chase, coursing their fox, with the inevitable result that scent disappeared. And the "Good night" horn sounded for home.

D. M. M.

CATTISTOCK'S GOOD WEEK

ALTHOUGH the wind and the rain played havoc with scenting conditions on the Friday morning, when hounds met at Upwey (they were robbed of what looked like a good hunt at the start by a violent storm, which eradicated every vestige of scent,) very similar conditions on the following day apparently had not the slightest effect, hounds running as if tied to their foxes. It only goes to show that, as Shaw says, "you never can tell"—what is in store for one. On the Friday afternoon, when the storm had cleared off and the wind abated, hounds, finding in Buckland Wood, ran hard for 35 minutes behind an old dog fox, who was holloaed away from the covert almost before hounds had begun to draw it. The bitches came flying to the holloa, and settling to the line, they were away up the valley towards Nottington at a rattling pace. Those of us who came through the covert had to ride hard to get on terms with them, though more than half the field coming up on the outside saved a bit of time. Just short of Nottington Village the fox must have been headed, for hounds swung left-handed at an acute angle, and crossing the Upwey Road, they ran past "Armistice," and leaving Paynes and Hewish on their left, they drove on over the hill that overlooks the Waddon Valley near its head.

At a farmstead they checked, but a welcome holloa from one of the whippers-in who had galloped on to get a view, sent them over the railway and, hitting off the line, away they streamed across the vale, running well together, with the hunt staff all close up, and the field coming on behind as best they could. Hounds ran very fast across the vale and up the opposite hill, and by the time we had struggled up the steep slope we could hear them running hard in the covert below, driving on towards Upwey House Gardens. Here their fox was viewed with hounds close at him, but he jumped the high wall, crossed the Wishing Well Road outside, and made a last bid for liberty up the steep side of Ridgeway Hill, only to be killed not far from the Roman road near its top, after a capital 35 minutes.

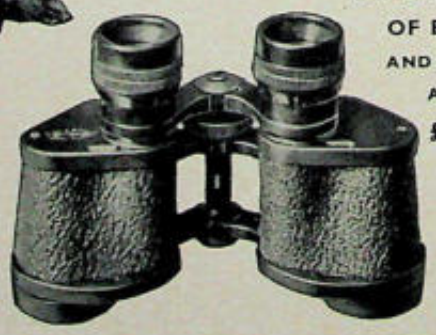
This was probably the best day of the week. Tuesday had seen a capital 40 minutes from Breakheart across the Sydling Valley, hounds killing their fox near Grimstone, and Wednesday, though a busy day, was hardly up to the others. But on Saturday the biggest field of the week had a most enjoyable if somewhat wet day from that ever-popular meet, North Perrott. I have already mentioned the fact that the weather was anything but promising, but those who braved the elements were fortunate, for hounds found a fox in the first covert they drew—Crundle Hill—and ran fast through the Holts, to mark him to ground on Crook Hill, at the end of a fast 30 minutes. Coming back to Horse Hill to draw, they soon had another fox afoot, and this one chose the opposite direction from his predecessor and ran past Matravers' Gorse and through East Leaze Plantation, to be marked to ground in Wetham's Bushes, below Hardington Village. Deciding not to disturb this good fox after his sanctuary had been gained, hounds were being taken to draw Coker Wood when an outlier—evidently an East Coker fox who had been visiting friends at Hardington—was spied stealing down the valley.

To lay hounds on his line was but the work of an instant, and away we all went again. This time our pilot must have wanted to give the Cattistock field a gallop, for he could not have chosen a better line. Good clean fences, perfect going, and the pace a cracker—there were not a few empty

(*Continued on page 1247*)

Barr & Stroud

BINOCULARS FOR Christmas Presents



NINETEEN MODELS OF BINOCULARS AND MONOCULARS AT PRICES FROM £3-5-0 to £24

TYPE C.F. 30 ADOPTED FOR GENERAL USE IN THE BRITISH NAVY
Also made with Central Wheel Focusing Type C.F. 31

Most outdoor amusements can be made more enjoyable by the use of Binoculars. For racing, cruising, cricket, bird watching, on holiday or on tramp at home or abroad a Barr & Stroud Binocular will add interest and knowledge to enjoyment.

None Better—and they're British

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING RETAILERS.

Send for list F and booklet "CHOOSING A BINOCULAR"

BARR & STROUD, LTD., Anniesland, Glasgow — and 15, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

Many Years' Test Proves it the Best.

● For over 100 years "BENBOW'S" has been, and still is, the leading canine medicine for most doggy ailments, including:—

WORMS,
MANGE,
ECZEMA
DISTEMPER, &c.

For Dogs of all ages, sizes and breeds.
From Chemists and Corn Merchants

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE Co. Ltd., 2, Bartholomew Close, London

Novel and Practical

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Send your friends a gift that may save their Home or Car from destruction by fire

FOR THEIR HOME—
Send a
MERRYWEATHER "KONUS KEMIK" FIRE EXTINGUISHER
Supp'ied in Three Sizes and in any colour. Price 50/- to 81/-

FOR THEIR CAR—
Send a
MERRYWEATHER "C.T.C." FIRE EXTINGUISHER
Supplied in Three Sizes. Price 35/- to 70/-

MERRYWEATHER & SONS, LTD.
Greenwich Road, S.E.10 and 63, Long Acre, W.C.2, LONDON

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS (*Continued from page 1244*)

saddles as hounds swung left through East Coker Village, after running down the Hardington Vale, and crossing the Point-to-Point course, marked to ground near Red House, Key, after the best hunt of the day. It was a good ending to our second week at Cattistock, and if sport is to be of this order week after week, there will be need for some new horses before the old year is out.

LINCOLN.

THE SILVERTON FOXHOUNDS

THESE hounds, who started cubbing on August 23rd, have been out on 23 mornings. They have killed seven brace of foxes and marked four brace to ground. Scent on the whole has been poor. Everywhere hounds have found large and strong litters of cubs.

The opening meet, at Thoverton, on the 4th, was attended by a record field of some 120 besides a huge crowd in cars and afoot. The weather was ideal, being warm and sunny. Moving off to Lynch, eighteen-and-a-half couple soon had a brace afoot, one of which immediately sought refuge in the badger earth. The other went away almost towards Chapel Corner, but swung right-handed: he climbed up over Raddon Tops and down through Armour Wood, where he bore left-handed to Wolland Brake. Leaving this, he was headed by motors on the Tiverton—Crediton Road. He swung back left-handed, and leaving East Coombe on the right, ran on to Mr. Tucker's Brake, where he was killed.

Another fox having gone on into Strong's Brake, hounds were quickly taken there, and found a leash of foxes. Forcing one away, they left Tuckers on their left to climb Raddon Tops, but being headed here by the large crowd of spectators he turned back left-handed through Armour Wood, and leaving Wolland Brake on the left this one managed to cross the Tiverton Road and on through Grew and past Fox's Cross and Wolland Farm. He left Farleigh Farm on his right, crossed the Cadeleigh Road to Coombe Wood and ran on past Well-Town Farm, through Coombelands. He managed to get to ground in Down Brake. From the time we left Farleigh we were in the Tiverton territory, and as we were then some four miles from our nearest draw, besides most of the horses having had enough, home was the order. The line was six miles, a six-and-a-half mile point, and over nine as hounds ran. Scent was very good all day.

D.

A BUSY DAY FOR THE BROCKLESBY

WHEN the Brocklesby met at Bradley Wood on November 9th hounds found their first fox in Scartho Wood, and, going away at a great pace, pointed for Scartho. Swinging right, they hunted him into Bradley Gears, and, forcing him away from this covert, they again ran fast to Scartho Wood, and hunting him through this covert continued at a great pace to Tenninson's Holt. Going away they ran nearly to Scartho, and, swinging right, with the Isolation Hospital on their left, ran into Bradley Gears. They gave their fox no peace here, but drove him through the covert and raced him on to Scartho Wood, then through it and over Mr. Belton's farm, and killed in the open short of Tenninson's Holt. The time was 74 minutes.

Hounds found their next fox in Mr. Osmond's kale. Going away over the Bradley Vale, they pointed for Bradley Wood, and, swinging left, ran fast, leaving Laceby Hospital on their right, crossing the Teme Gate drain. Swinging right, they nearly reached the Barton Street at Welbeck Hill, where their fox was headed. Swinging left again, hounds ran on to Barnoldby-le-Beck, and, leaving the village on the right, hunted on to Mr. Osmond's farm, where they were beaten.

Hounds found their next fox in Cartwright's Osiers and hunted him through the Blowwells Covert to Aylesby Mill. Swinging left, they ran on to the golf links at Little Coates, and, continuing through the Blowwells, nearly reached the Aylesby Great Coates Road. But going left they ran over the Laceby Beck to Laceby Village and on over the breeding earths at Laceby. They crossed the beck and went on, with Shannon Grove on their right, continued on with Aylesby Mill on their left, and were stopped short of Cartwright's Osiers. Home was then the order.

A. L.

EIGHTY MINUTES WITH LADY CURRE'S

LADY CURRE'S hounds opened their season on October 31st by meeting at Itton Court. After drawing Itton Common and the Coedcae blank, a fox was found in Wern-y-cum, and after some delay in covert he broke away at the bottom end and ran nearly to Cae Pwtta. Bending left-handed, he circled back to Wern-y-cum, but was eventually forced away towards Wolvernewton Church, and bearing left-handed, ran to Coed-y-Duke, where another fox was disturbed, but hounds, sticking to the hunted one, bowled him over below Coed-y-Duke. Hounds were then taken to Tredean, where several foxes were on foot, and one was soon rattled away with a great cry towards Wern-Birrs, but turned sharp right-handed in the direction of Coblers Plain. He then ran along the wooded slope parallel with the main Monmouth Road to Llanishen Village and across the valley to Lower Llanishen. Running the road under the Prisk Wood as far as the old mill, he turned right-handed into the Woolpitch Covert. After some delay the fox was away again at the Trelleck side, and after being bustled along a few fields in the Monmouthshire country was headed and doubled back through Cae-Garw into Woolpitch, where he was caught. This was a most enjoyable hunt of 80 minutes.

On November 3rd these hounds met at Llansoy, and, as usual, the Great House Wood held a good fox which provided a really nice hunt. Running fast to the larches the fox bore right-handed to Wern-Birrs, and after running a circle in the covert was forced away to the Pwllth. The pursuit was carried on, and hounds ran past Llanvihangle Court into Ty-Mawr. The fox ascended the hill near Coblers Plain and over the main road into Crumlin Gorse, where he was lost and the hounds deprived of a well-earned reward.

A FOX TO REMEMBER WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE

SHUCKBURGH HILL was invaded by the North Warwickshire hounds on the Tuesday of last week, when they had a very good hunt from Bunker's Hill; but this did not prevent the Warwickshire from finding there 48 hours afterwards, when they went away pointing for Napton, turned left-handed, and killed their fox on the lane leading to Helidon. Sawbridge was then visited, and found to hold several foxes.

Hounds went away with one over the railway line, pointing for Calcutt's. The fox was, however, headed back over the railway and then took a line towards Broadwell; turning again, he crossed the canal, and ran more or less parallel with the Southam—Daventry Road, which he kept to his left, until he came to the cross roads on the Shuckburgh side of Napton village. Here hounds checked; and when they recovered the line were brought to slow hunting, as they pointed towards Southam.

A left-handed turn took them over the Daventry

(*Continued on page 1248*)

CHERRY BRANDY SNAPS

"MAY YOUR PURSE BE HEAVY — YOUR HEART LIGHT"

Your heart, at least, can be light, for you can pour out a glass of this glorious cherry brandy and drink to the joy of living. For two hundred years, De Kuyper Cherry Brandy has filled the toast on countless great occasions. To fete an honoured guest, to plight a troth, to seal a bargain, confirm a friendship. There is some toast you should drink to-night, phone your wine merchant, so that you can drink it in this precious drink.

FOURTEEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE

DE KUYPER CHERRY BRANDY

Here's real **WRIST WATCH ACCURACY** for Outdoor Men

Benson's "Tropical" Wrist Watch, Silver or Stainless Steel £6.6.0, 9-ct. Gold £10.10.0, 18-ct. Gold £16.16.0. Crocodile, suède or pigskin straps (Watch shown actual size.)

. . . provided by **BENSON'S "TROPICAL WATCH"**

Always WATERPROOF
Always SHOCKPROOF
Always ACCURATE

A good-looking wrist watch—compact and neat in appearance. It is absolutely **waterproof and sandproof**; *it has a special* **shockproof** *balance;* its glass is unbreakable, yet it will not "go yellow"; its dial is luminous yet pleasant to look at; its accuracy is guaranteed by Benson's. In short, a watch admirably suitable for everyday wear yet equal to unusually hard treatment in any climate.

Benson's will forward to any address illustrated catalogues of Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Clocks, Rings, Jewellery, Silver Plate, &c. Kindly mention this issue of "The Field" when writing.

J. W. Benson Ltd.
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4
Also at
25, OLD BOND ST., W.1 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.3

SHOOT IN—
HUNT IN—
GOLF IN—
FISH IN—

A "Cripps" waistcoat

Mr. Morgan, jnr., of Messrs. James Purdey & Sons, wearing the "Cripps" waistcoat, which gives warmth with perfect freedom

White or Yellow chamois	70/-
Real suède in various colours	70/-
Pigskin	84/-

Lined twill cashmere 12/6 extra

Obtainable only from
ROBERT DOUGLAS
(Bond St. Ltd.)
23 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

THE ROCKWOOD HARRIERS WORKING OVER TYPICAL COUNTRY

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS (*Continued from page* 1247)

Road, with their heads set towards the Welsh Road Gorse. They maintained to the line up to the Gorse; in all probability their fox had only touched a corner of the covert, and had kept it to his left, running between it and the Welsh Road itself. Hounds then pointed for Ladbroke. The fox was headed back towards Napton, and crossed the road leading to the village and the canal. Hounds ran in a sort of circle by the village, and it was then seen that the fox meant to make his point for Shuckburgh Hill.

He rose the hill to the Beacon end of it, at its highest point, which overlooks such a glorious stretch of grass country; and he then turned left-handed in the covert on the hill, pointing towards Shuckburgh House, and ran the full length of the covert, turned towards the park, and got to ground in an unsuspected earth near the pond not far from the Shuckburgh House stables, when he was close to the pack which had worked so well for him. Mr. Laken made the time of the hunt to be an hour and a half; and the distance, as hounds ran, in a large sort of horse-shoe shaped line, was made out to be twelve miles.

PATIENCE.

TWO GOOD HUNTS WITH THE B.V.H.

A LARGE field turned out when hounds met at Green Man, Pulham, on Thursday, November 10th. Colonel Digby, who has now been Master of these hounds for 29 seasons, was hunting his pack. The first draw was Pointings Gorse, more commonly known as Rankesboro', thus renamed by a former M.F.H., and owner of Sherborne Castle, Mr. George Wingfield Digby. A fox was soon away on the east side of the covert and hounds raced away across the River Lydden, near Hazelbury Mill, this obstacle thwarting a large portion of the field. Running on over the Turnpike, down through Arnold's Gorse and without a check through Trevis Copse, leaving Rookesmoor on their left, hounds ran on right-handed through Deadmoor Common, checking on the far side below Badbury Copse, enabling some of the less lucky to catch up. After hunting round the common, hounds then ran out by Sedge Copse, and crossing Holbrook Green, killed their fox in a shed by New House Farm, near Lydlinch.

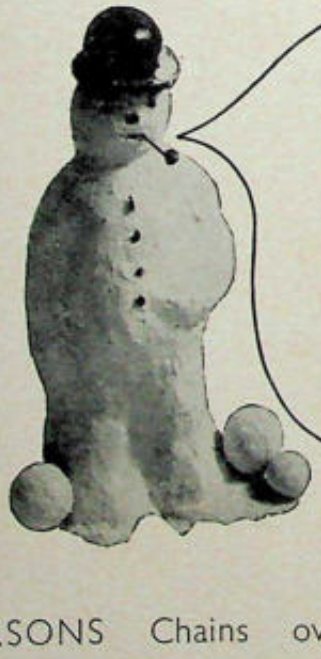
A move was now made back to New Gorse, Pulham. From this covert hounds ran towards Rodmoor Copse, and bearing left ran down to Woodbridge Farm, having probably been headed off the main road by cars. Now running on fast parallel to the turnpike, hounds crossed the Caundle Brook, and went up the hill to Caundle Wake, where they checked, and hunting on over the main road towards Laines, they nearly reached Caundle Wood, before turning back again to Laines Covert. Here they nearly caught their fox in the Covert fence, and fairly raced him to Holwell Church and on up to Andrew's Gorse. After some delay they hunted him across the river by Cornford Bridge and to ground just behind Mr. Foot's Farm. These were two very enjoyable hunts—both over a good line of country with a good scent.

On Thursdays this season, the Master is assisted by Frank Anyan, who turns hounds to him—Anyan hunting the other pack on Tuesdays and Saturdays: also Tom Watchhorn, who acts as second whipper-in. These two have joined us from the Belvoir and the Meynell respectively, and if their enthusiasm and keenness is any augury for good hunting this season, we should, with luck, get it. I have omitted to mention Ted Vickers, our first whip, who has been two seasons with the B.V. All the B.V. hounds are now again kennelled at Charlton Horethorne. Our joint Master, Mr. E. Nuttall, has been untiring in his efforts to produce good sport on that side of the country, for which he is responsible, and with everyone's wholehearted support, an excellent staff and plenty of foxes, we should, with a slice of good fortune, have a real good season.

TRUE BLUE.

THE LATE MAJOR BURNABY

It is with the greatest regret that we record the death of Major Algernon Edwyn Burnaby, whose loss will be felt far beyond the limits of his actual presence. Major Burnaby, Master of the Quorn for fourteen years, died on Sunday, at Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire. He will long be remembered among the followers of the Quorn for his cheery countenance, courteous manner and enchanting smile, and many a farmer will think with gratitude of the grace with which he attended to the small grievances which are inevitable. Major Burnaby's military career ended when he was invalided out of the army after service in Gallipoli, and he will be remembered not least as the winner and last survivor of the famous moonlight steeplechase, ridden at Melton Mowbray in March, 1890. Mrs. Burnaby was joint Master of the Quorn—incidentally the first lady ever to act in that office—and to her the *Field* would offer its sympathy in her very sad bereavement.



SNOW USE—is only one use for PARSONS CHAINS

PARSONS Chains overcome safely and inexpensively the danger and delay of snow and ice-bound roads and wheel slip on grass, sand and mud. Parsons pioneered and invented Tyre Chains over 36 years ago, and to-day still lead the industry with the latest and greatest improvements and inventions. There is a Parsons Chain to fit every type of wheel.

PARSONS non-skid CHAINS

Parsons Chain Co. Ltd., Worcester Road, Stourport-on-Severn

ZIG-ZAG. Type A
From **44**/- per pair

DE LUXE. Type D.L.
Bar reinforced
From **37**/**6** per pair

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1938

Give the Scotch Whisky *all* men like . . .

VAT 69

Quality tells!

Attractively packed for Christmas in cases of

2 BOTTLES
3 BOTTLES
6 BOTTLES
12 BOTTLES

Sanderson's

LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

½ bottles, ¼ bottles, flasks and miniatures

Distilled and bottled in Scotland by Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., LEITH

C.F.H.

Vivat Havana!

by

EVELYN WAUGH

The author of "Decline and Fall" and "Scoop" dedicates this message to the Younger Generation.

It always strikes me as odd that cigars should, almost universally, be regarded as the symbols of wealth. I know of no other physical pleasure which can be purchased as cheaply, and leaves behind it so few regrets or responsibilities. Cigarette smoking is a habit, pipe smoking a hobby, but smoking Havana Cigars is a delicate and profound delight. I think perhaps the reason why, in fiction and films and caricatures, we always see cigars associated with the elderly and opulent, is that it is one of the pleasures we all can share with them. How little we count most of their possessions and habits; their great traffic-logged motor cars; their secretaries and surgeons, their divorces and remarriages, their supertaxes and death duties, their air-conditioned offices and penthouse apartments! And how much in their harassed routine they need those exquisite hours when the Tobacco of Havana comes to calm their apprehensions and woo them into self esteem. We, too, have our worries and we, too, turn to the same source of comfort. The most futile and disastrous day seems well spent when it is reviewed through the blue, fragrant smoke of a Havana cigar.

Issued by the Cuban Government to further the smoking of

HAVANA CIGARS

Comision Nacional de Propaganda del Tabaco Habano

D.A.238

CHRISTMAS BERRIES

Legends of the Festive Decorations

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE traditional use of the berried shrubs of mid-winter, notably Holly and Mistletoe, for decoration takes us back to pre-Christian times, for even to the Druids the Holly was a holy tree, a symbol of vigorous life when all around in the woodlands suggested death. In mediæval carols the Holly figures conspicuously and is always associated with joy, in contrast with the sombre associations of Ivy. Mistletoe, on account of its use in Druid rites, has from the earliest times been banned by the Church for decoration, but it has always figured in house decoration, and in olden times it was also used in the garlands hung up in the streets at the festival of Christmas. The Parliamentarians made great efforts to suppress Christmas festivities, and in 1647 the Lord Mayor and City Marshal, with their followers, set fire to the street decorations in the City, thereby incurring no small amount of unpopularity. For, as one Member of Parliament informed the House: "The people of England do hate to be reformed."

Holly has always predominated in Christmas decorations, and it is a happy thing to have in the garden an abundant supply of a first-rate berrying kind. For not all Hollies fruit freely, and some do not fruit at all. One of the loveliest for indoor decoration is the Moonlight Holly (*Ilex aquifolium flavescens*). The young leaves are golden, and it berries freely. *I. a. Hendersonii* is a smooth-leaved kind, and is noted for its free berrying. *I. a. camællifolia*, generally believed to be of hybrid origin, has leaves suggestive of those of a Camellia, and the berries are very large. For long graceful branches the common weeping Holly (*I. a. pendula*) is first-rate and it berries well. Then there are the golden and orange-berried varieties, and though these are not so popular, they add greatly to the beauty of indoor decoration, especially when associated with the milky-white berries of our native Mistletoe. The pick of the yellow-berried kinds is the variety Golden King, and it is listed by most nurserymen who specialise in trees and shrubs, but the orange-berried kind is a rarity.

Mistletoe is fairly common in many parts of the south, but scarce in northern parts of these islands. The origin of the custom of kissing under the Mistletoe is still a subject for discussion amongst the learned. On the Continent the custom is unknown. In the north a substitute for Mistletoe was formerly made in the shape of two hoops covered with evergreens and fruits, the hoops being tied together to form a rough globe. This affair was called the "kissing bunch."

The favourite hosts of Mistletoe are the Apple, Poplar and Hawthorn, and it is easy to grow one's own Mistletoe. The seed is sown by squeezing the berries when they are fully ripe in early March

POPULAR CHRISTMAS DECORATION

This photograph shows the way Mistletoe usually grows among the branches of a tree.

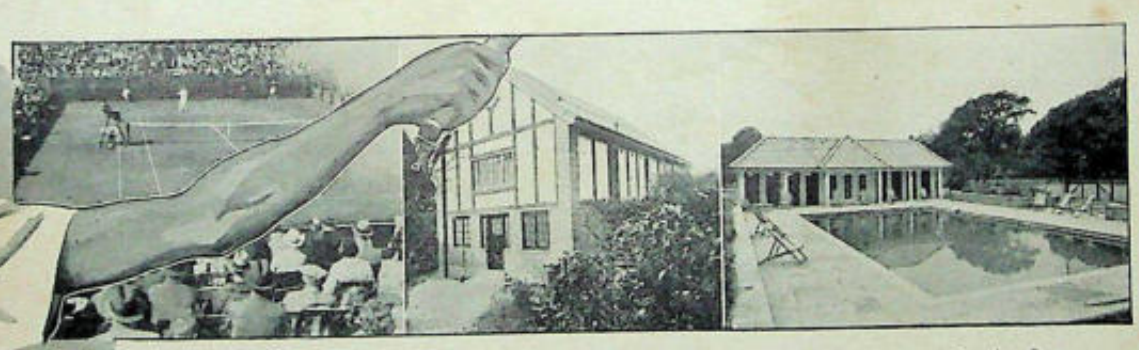
against the underside of a young bough of one of the trees mentioned. For a year there is no sign of life, but the following spring a small green growth appears. The next year a pair of leaves are produced and from that time onwards each pair of leaves give place to two leafstalks, and each of these produce a pair of leaves. Consequently, the number of joints between the root and the tip of any perfect branch indicates the age of a plant.

Nurserymen usually supply Mistletoe growing on Apple trees, and if berries are required it is essential to obtain both male and female plants, either on the same host or on separate trees. Supplying Mistletoe has long since been commercialised, but even as late as Elizabeth's reign the plant was held in such veneration that when cut it was never allowed to fall to the ground. This information is given both by Gerard and William Langham, the author of *The Garden of Health*. The berries were used both medicinally and as amulets. If for the latter purpose, they were enclosed in little silver boxes. Mistletoe is one of the few native plants about which an entire treatise has been written. Sir John Colbatch, a noted eighteenth-century physician, wrote *A Dissertation Concerning Mistletoe*, which was published in 1719.

Although Holly and Mistletoe berries have always predominated and presumably always will predominate in Christmas decorations, there are other berries which are valuable for indoor decoration at this festival. Most berried shrubs are long past their best in December, but a few are still in first-rate condition. Amongst these, the Butchers Broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*) and the Snowberry (*Symphoricarpus racemosus*) are the most important. Butchers Broom figures conspicuously in the foliage, stained every colour from silver to a dreadful magenta, hawked in the streets of most cities in mid-winter. Why do they not, instead, sell the branches with their vivid red berries? They are charming for decoration. As with Mistletoe, it is essential to grow both sexes of this plant if berries are desired.

The Snowberry is usually looked on as a weed, but the variety *Symphoricarpus racemosus lævigatus* is one of the finest-berried shrubs with lovely white fruits the size of cherries. The type is an accommodating plant that will grow positively anywhere, even on precipitous banks, but the variety named needs at least fairly good soil to produce its gorgeous berries in profusion.

Another plant that is valuable for its berries at this season is the Gladwin Iris that country folk used to call Gladdon. This native plant has inconspicuous flowers, but the brilliant scarlet berries in triple rows in their big capsules can hold their own amongst any berries in mid-winter. Like the Snowberry, this Iris will flourish in shade, and in the poorest soil, and if only for its berries deserves a place in the wild garden.



Final Hard Court Singles Championships.

Squash Court built for Lady Howard de Walden, Chirk Castle, Wales.

Swimming Pool and Dressing Rooms designed and built near Windsor.

By Appointment to the late King George V

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Sweden

KEEP FIT — it's easy

A new hard tennis court has been designed specially

For the BUSY MAN

This court looks after itself. It requires no upkeep, it gives no trouble, and it is always ready for play when you have the time. It has had three years' thorough test.

THE NEW EN-TOUT-CAS

'NON PAREIL'

HARD TENNIS COURT

NO TROUBLE, NO UPKEEP, ALWAYS READY FOR PLAY

We also design and make SQUASH COURTS and SWIMMING POOLS

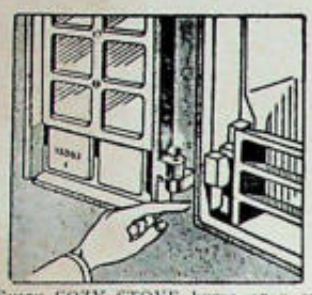
FULL PARTICULARS AND SPECIAL BOOKLETS FROM

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. LTD., SYSTON, near LEICESTER

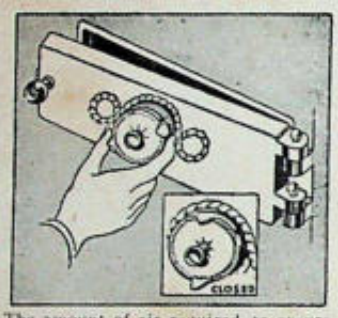
London Office in Fortnum & Mason's Sports Dept., 182, Piccadilly, W.1

Scientific Construction makes them *highly efficient*

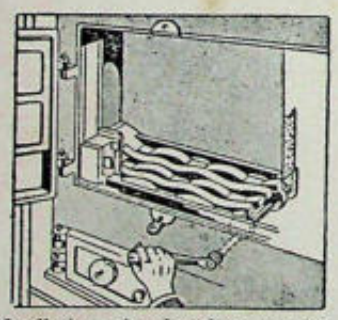
★ NO SPECIAL FUEL IS REQUIRED FOR COZY STOVES



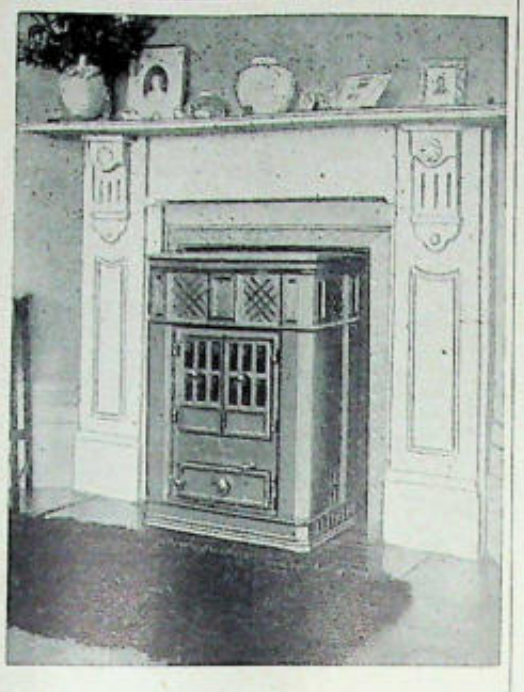
Every COZY STOVE burns open or closed as required on ordinary kitchen coal, and is guaranteed to burn 12 hours without attention. This is largely made possible by precision in workmanship, which results in all doors fitting perfectly. The air draught, at all times, is under complete control.



The amount of air required to ensure proper and complete slow combustion depends upon the type of fuel used. The air regulating device in COZY STOVES is situated in the ash door and is operated by a disc. It is a most efficient arrangement.



Small pieces of coal not burnt to ashes can still give off heat. Dropped through to the ashpan they are wasted. With the new patent Rocking Grate fitted in all large size COZY STOVES the maximum efficiency is obtained. When used it may not show much movement on the surface, but down under the fire very little but the dead ashes fall through, which is as it should be.



COZY STOVES are scientifically designed to give maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption during the whole 24 hours. For efficiency, adaptability, and economy, YOUR home needs a COZY. There's a wide range of models available to suit all requirements.

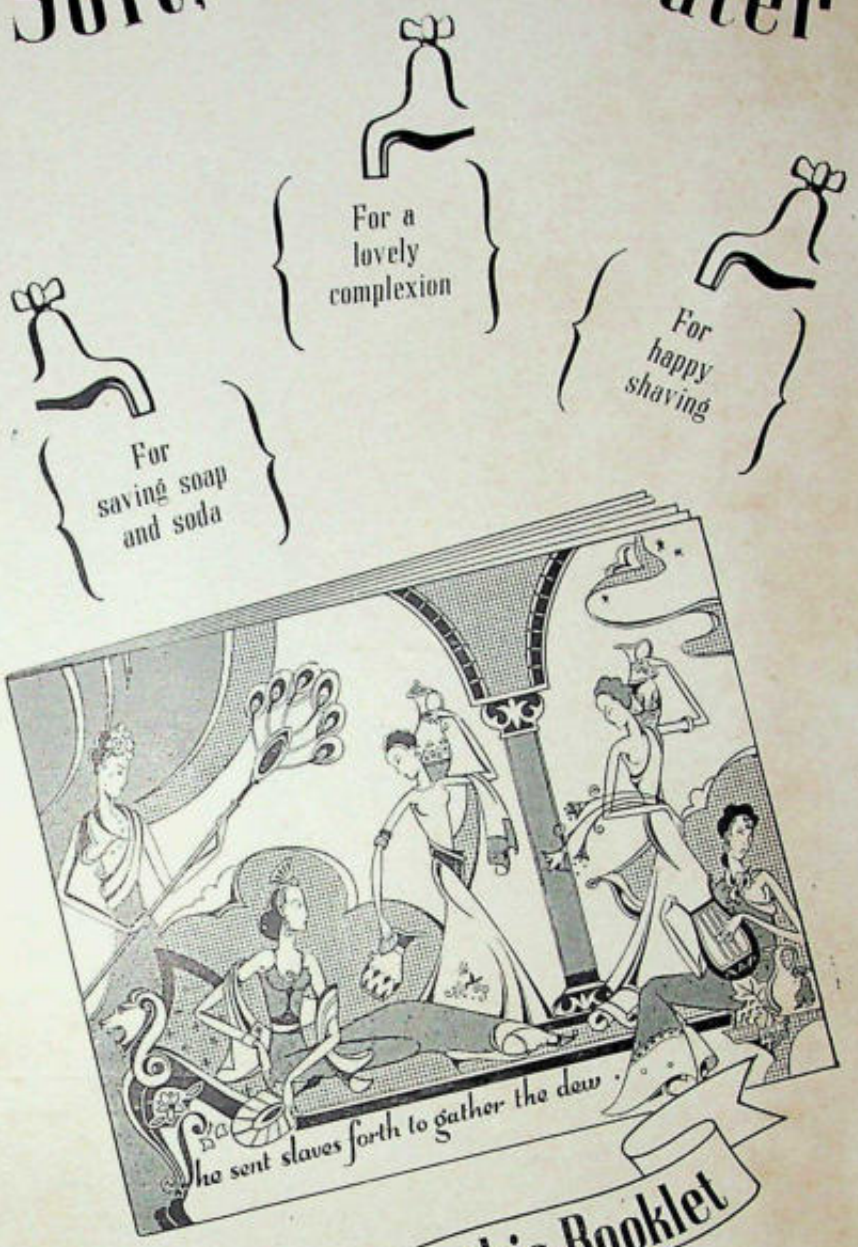
Write for catalogue or see them at your local dealers.

COZY STOVES are available on easy terms.

THE COZY STOVE CO., LTD.
43, Berners Street, London, W.1

COZY STOVES

Soft, magical water



For really satisfactory shampooing

For more flavoursome tea and tastier cooking

For the abolition of water-pipe trouble

is assured by installing

PERMUTIT

WATER SOFTENERS

Send for copy of "She sent slaves forth to gather the dew" to The Permutit Company Ltd., Dept. F26, Gunnersbury Avenue, London, W.4. Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

Name_____

Address_____

No doubt . . .

your car could be kept moving on any old plugs; but without any of that thrill and joy of the road that you get with "Lodge," the choice of the discriminating motorist.

Fit a new set of

LODGE

THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD

USED BY THE FASTEST MOTORIST ON EARTH! Capt. Eyston, who established a new WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD of 357.5 miles per hour (*Subject to official confirmation*) used "Lodge" plugs in his Rolls-Royce engines.

Lodge plugs are obtainable of all motor accessory dealers, from 5/- each. They are made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby.

THE VALUE OF SEASONAL BORDERS

Colour in the Garden Throughout the Year

MOST people are away on holiday for a few weeks every year, and so miss seeing their garden during this period. Very often they are absent for the same times each year. This being the case, it is foolish to grow plants which are in flower at such a period. Instead, it is best to concentrate on arranging for a brilliant display for the periods when the owner is at home. This is made possible by growing in the same border all those plants which flower round about the same time. By this method there will be no "blank spaces" in the border, as the plants finish blooming more or less together.

In some large gardens separate borders are planted for each season—the spring border for the months of March, April and May, the summer border for June, July and August, the autumn border for September and October, while even a winter border may be planned for the remaining months of the year. These seasonal borders, although bare of flowers for a longer period than the all-season border, certainly possess more individuality than the latter, and give a much more definite display of colour when the plants are in bloom. If all the borders can be seen from some part of the house, so much the better, but it is advisable if each border can be arranged in a different part of the garden so that no part is dull for too long a period.

Hardy perennials are doubtless the best type of plants to use, but there are many beautiful bulbs and annuals which can be included as well as some of the dwarfer shrubs. Some varieties of Brooms, Rhododendrons and Spireas will be found suitable, and those which grow only 2ft. or 3ft. high are best, as they do not spread outwards too much and are easy to keep under control.

Each border should have a suitable background in the form of an evergreen hedge, such as Yew or Holly or a well-weathered brick wall. Part of the lawn, a gravel path, or crazy paving makes a good foreground. Before planting, the borders should be planned out on squared paper so that the plants are arranged with regard to height and colour. Each variety should be planted in fairly large groups so that the whole border consists of bold drifts, each colour harmonising or contrasting with those on either side of it.

On the whole, flower colours do not clash with each other, as is often the case with those which are produced artificially. It is advisable however, to avoid putting certain colours together, such as a bright scarlet and a magenta, or scarlet and bright pink. White flowers should not be used a great deal, though some are suitable for separating two

EARLY FLOWERING PERENNIALS FOR THE FRONT OF THE BORDER INCLUDE VIOLAS

rather strong colours. The best are those which have fairly small flowers, as these will not give an impression of heaviness. There are white varieties of Achillea, Campanula, Catananche, Gypsophila and Lavatera. Grey-leaved and other ornamental foliage plants are useful for this purpose also. These include *Achillea argentea*, *Anthemis tinctoria*, *Cerastium tomentosum*, *Gypsophila paniculata*, *Stachys lanata* and *Veronica incana*.

The spring border will provide for a display lasting, roughly, from the beginning of March until the end of May, and will consist mainly of bulbs and early flowering perennials. No annuals will be early enough for this border, but there are a few shrubs which may be put towards the back, if required. Of bulbs, there are any number to choose from. Dwarf kinds for the front will include Scillas, Snowdrops, Crocus, Chionodoxas, Grape Hyacinths and bulbous Irises, *e.g.*, *Iris reticulata* and *I. histrioides*. For the middle and back of the border there are Hyacinths, Narcissus and Tulips. Some early-flowering, mid-season and late-flowering varieties should be chosen to give a succession.

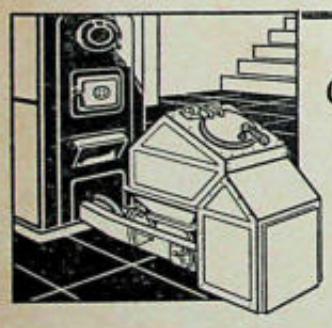
Early-flowering perennials for the front of the border include Violas and Pansies, Primroses and Polyanthus, Alyssum Saxatile, Forget-me-nots, Aubrietia and Double Daisies. Of the taller kinds, there are Doronicums, Wallflowers, Aquilegias and Geums, with the earliest of the Pæonies for the back of the border. Spaces at the back could also be filled in with dwarf shrubs. For instance, some of the Dwarf Rhododendrons such as *R. præcox* and some of the early-flowering Brooms might be used here.

The summer border, arranged for flowering from the beginning of June till the end of August, will consist mainly of perennials mixed with a few bulbs and some annuals. Among the bulbs suitable for this border there are late-flowering Tulips, *e.g.*, some of the late Darwins, bulbous Irises of the English, Dutch and Spanish types, Lilies and early-flowering Gladioli. These are all fairly tall.

The front of this border can be furnished with some of the shorter annuals, *e.g.*, Nemesia, Dwarf Nasturtiums, Lobelia, Ageratum, Petunias, Phlox Drummondi, &c., together with a few dwarf perennials such as *Aster alpinus*, Violas, Pinks, Pansies, Nepeta and Rock Roses. And the back of the border will present no difficulty at all, since the majority of hardy perennials flower during these months. A selection may be made from the following: Alstroemeria, Verbascums, Heleniums, Coreopsis, Geums, Evening Primroses and Gaillardias for the yellow and orange part of the border. For blue flowers one may have perennial Cornflowers, Aconites, Anchusa, Delphiniums, Erigeron, Eryngium, Echinops, Salvias and Scabious.

Red flowers include Dielytra, Geum, Lychnis, Monarda and Oriental Poppies. There are pink Phloxes and Sidalceas, mauve Galega and white Achillea, Gypsophila and Phlox. In addition to

(Continued on page 1254)



Central heating plants can be made more efficient

by the incorporation of an 'Iron Fireman' Stoker for the automatic feeding of coal to the boiler.

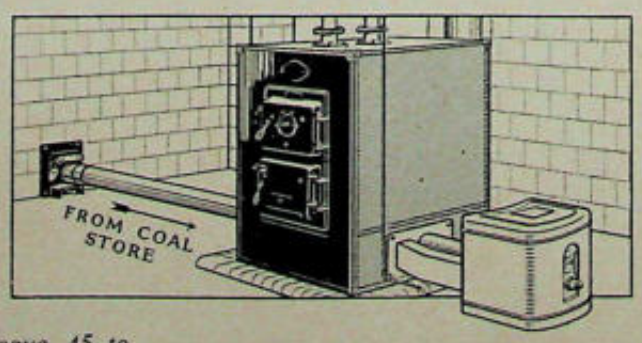
Eliminate the labour of hand-stoking

There is no irksome hand-firing of the boiler with the 'Iron Fireman' Stoker. The coal is fed automatically and scientifically to the fire-bed. Combustion is both smokeless and complete. Besides greater efficiency and control a substantial saving in fuel costs is assured.

Iron Fireman

AUTOMATIC COAL STOKERS

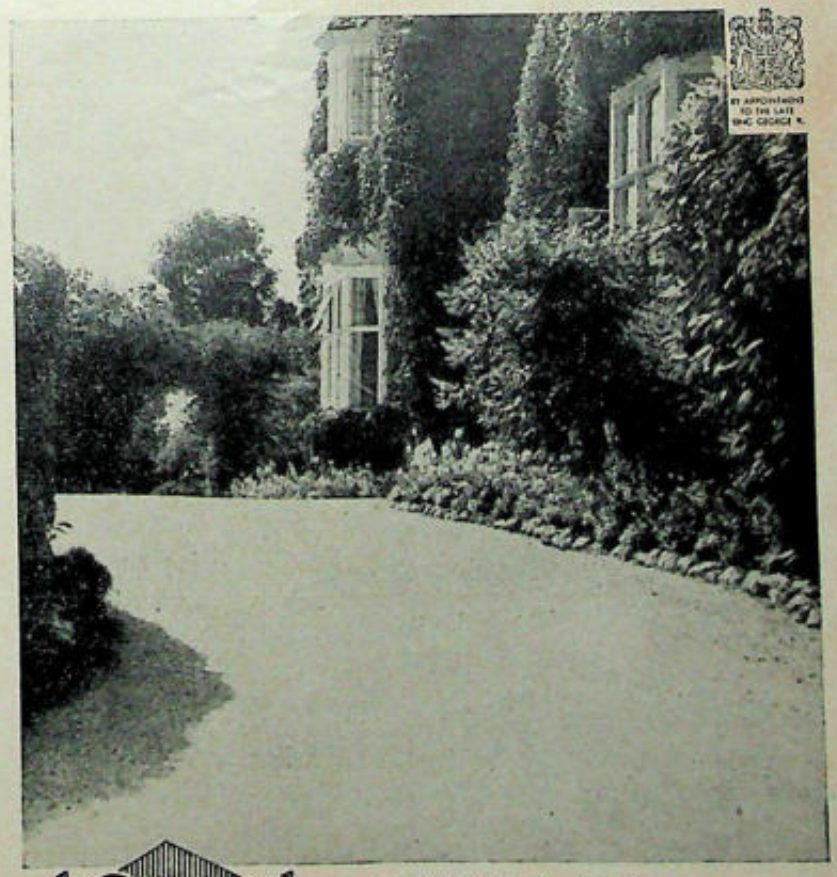
This particular model is the 'Coal Flow.' There are 'Iron Fireman' models for every domestic, horticultural and industrial purpose.



Write for our Catalogue A5 to

Ashwell & Nesbit Ltd., Barkby Road, Leicester.

South African Agents: The Dryden Engineering Co., Ltd., Selby, Johannesburg



Woodside, Withdean Road, Brighton. Photo by courtesy of C. W. Brett, Esq. Contractors: Kaymat Ltd., Horsham. Agents for Colas.

FOR DRIVES AND PATHS

ADVICE FREE—Write for pamphlet which tells you how to obtain an attractive and trouble-free surface for your drives and paths. COLAS experts throughout the country.

COLAS PRODUCTS LTD., 12, NORMAN HOUSE, 105-109, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Telegrams: COLASFALT, RAND, LONDON. Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 0011

EXHIBITION
WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS

WILD FOWL AND GAME BIRDS, ETC.

BY

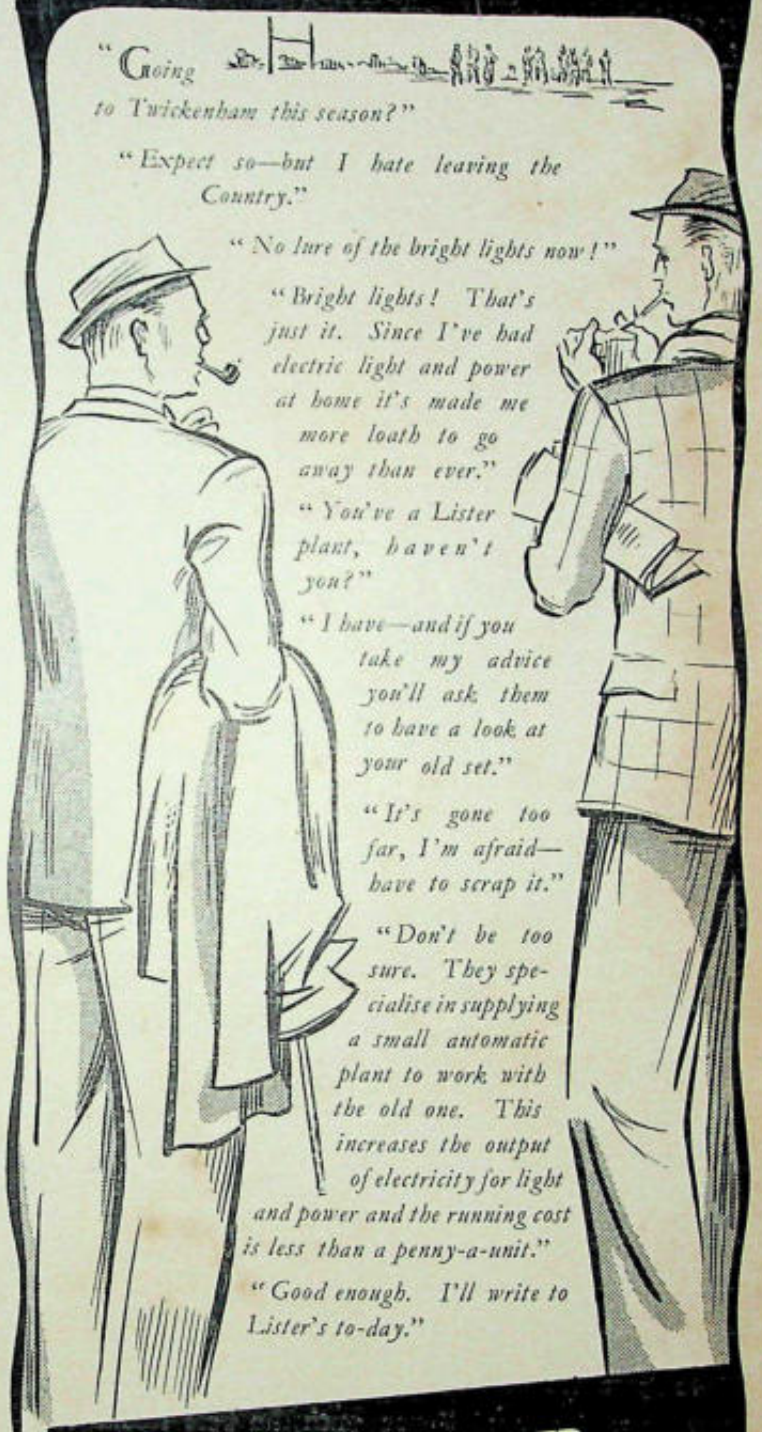
ROLAND GREEN

GADWALL

ACKERMANN GALLERIES
157 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

MAYFAIR 6158 ESTABLISHED 1783

Water & Electricity
IN THE COUNTRY – BY LISTER'S



"Going to Twickenham this season?"

"Expect so—but I hate leaving the Country."

"No lure of the bright lights now!"

"Bright lights! That's just it. Since I've had electric light and power at home it's made me more loath to go away than ever."

"You've a Lister plant, haven't you?"

"I have—and if you take my advice you'll ask them to have a look at your old set."

"It's gone too far, I'm afraid—have to scrap it."

"Don't be too sure. They specialise in supplying a small automatic plant to work with the old one. This increases the output of electricity for light and power and the running cost is less than a penny-a-unit."

"Good enough. I'll write to Lister's to-day."

R. A. LISTER & CO. LTD.,
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. PHONE DURSLEY 177

will send, without obligation an Advisory Engineer to report on an Independent Electric supply or water pumping.

Largest manufacturers of small Diesel Engines in the World

R.S.V.P.

A PROVED WEAR RESISTING PROCESS

For some time all Lister Diesel Engines have been supplied fitted with Listard (Van der Horst Patents) cylinders. This process of chromium hardening increases resistance to wear by 400%.

Owners of Lister Diesel Engines not treated with this process can, when requiring a rebore or new cylinder liner, have existing cylinders Listard processed.

THE TARPEN WAY IS THE IDEAL WAY—IF THE JOB IS

Spraying or Pumping

You not only save hours with a Tarpen—you not only save labour and cut costs—you get the job done more successfully. Tarpen means power where you want it without cables or mains. One man wheels it with ease. Ideal for spraying, pumping, milking, hedge-trimming, sawing, lighting, &c. Drives by electric power or direct pulley from engine.

The Tarpen Engineering Co., Ltd., 4 Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2 (National 1516)

Also Melvin Bros., 20 West Nicholson St., Edinburgh

Write for full particulars and details of accessories

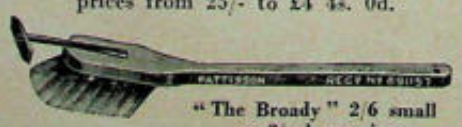
400 Watt model as illustrated, £35

Other models, 1, 2, 3 Kw.

TARPEN *Portable Generator*

Keep Mud in its place

Mud is all right in the open but not so pleasant in the house or clubhouse. Pattisson Boot Cleaners bar the door to mud. Their sturdy efficiency and long life are outstanding qualities. Various models are available at prices from 25/- to £4 4s. 0d.



"The Broady" 2/6 small or 3/- large size

"The Dome" from 25/- **Square Pattern 30/-**

Pattisson also make—
Harrows, Wood and Iron Rollers, Spiked Rollers, Pumps, Weed Eradicators, Drag Brushes, Distributors, &c.

Write for Catalogue

STANMORE **PATTISSON** MIDDLESEX

THE VALUE OF SEASONAL BORDERS (*Con. from p.* 1252)

these there are several plants which produce flowers in a variety of colour, *e.g.*, Aquilegia, Campanula, Foxglove, Hollyhock, Lupin, Pyrethrum and Thalictrum. The bearded Irises must not be forgotten, unless a separate border is to be made for them. They enjoy a sunny situation and a light soil containing plenty of lime.

An attractive autumn border for the months of September and October could be made up entirely of different species, and varieties of Michaelmas Daisy, or of a selection of these mixed with Dahlias and early-flowering Chrysanthemums. Other perennials will give additional interest and colour. There are the perennial Sunflowers, Golden Rod and Anemone Japonica, as well as late-flowering Gladioli. Any gaps in the front of the border may again be filled with annuals.

The winter border, for flowering from the beginning of November until the end of February, is naturally the most difficult of all to furnish. Nevertheless, the number of plants which will flower during this part of the year is surprising, and if these are grouped together in one border the result is very effective. This border should be in a sunny spot, as sheltered as possible from cold winds. Christmas Roses should be planted in fairly large groups, since they may be obtained in many shades varying from white to deep maroon. Then for the front of the border there are several varieties of Viola which will bloom in mild spells all through the winter. Primula Wanda gives a fine splash of colour just after Christmas, and Violets will be out soon after. The Dwarf Cyclamen Coum is useful here, as it usually flowers in February.

The main groundwork of the border can be filled in with various species of Erica. Even when not in bloom the dark green of the foliage is not without interest. There is no need to have a special peaty compost for Ericas, for many of them will grow quite happily in ordinary garden soil. The first to flower will be *E. hybrida darleyensis*, and this is soon followed by *E. carnea* and its varieties, of which there are many. *E. lusitanica* also starts to bloom in January.

Several early-flowering bulbs can be used in this border. *Iris unguicularis* flowers in January and February, so do Snowdrops, Crocus and winter Aconites. Just as the autumn border can be made up entirely of Michaelmas Daisies, so the winter border may be composed of Ericas only.

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER.

"SEA DOGS"

THE bulldog has long been popularly associated as a pet with British sailors, but in fact many different breeds of dog are carried on board ships as mascots or ship's pets. The battleship Malaya, for example, had for some years an enormous mastiff, which had been presented to the ship by a Malay sultan, while at the other end of the scale a gunboat employed on patrol duties on a Chinese river kept a tiny Pekingese.

Dogs enjoy shipboard life and, like cats, are good sailors. Kennels are constructed by the ship's carpenters for their canine shipmates to live on the upper deck, though when the weather is rough the ship's dog is usually to be found in some snug berth made for it on the men's mess deck. Sailors are inordinately fond of animals, and the greatest difficulty of the man officially in charge of the ship's mascot is to prevent the crew from killing it by overfeeding.

Like the ship's cat, dogs grow used to one vessel, and when the crew pays off, there is little likelihood of the ship's pet pining at the loss of its masters, for the new crew, whom it welcomes enthusiastically, takes over the dog together with the ship. Thus some ships' dogs spend almost their entire lives on board one vessel without knowing much of this country beyond occasional runs in the dockyards.

On board ship, dogs become extremely sure-footed and very rarely fall overboard. Like all good house dogs, they are exceedingly suspicious of strangers boarding their floating homes, and when it is remembered that there are sometimes as many as 1,000 men in the crew of a battleship, their instinct for an unfamiliar figure is truly remarkable. On one occasion I remember our faithful mascot, a white fox terrier with one impudent black eye, following the admiral round the assembled ranks of the ship's company suspiciously sniffing at his heels during the great man's inspection, much to the latter's amusement.

Dogs on board ships have frequently been the cause of amusing incidents. On one vessel in which I was serving, the captain was presented with a tiny bull-terrier only a few days old. The embryo mascot was placed in the charge of the captain's cabin sentry, and at regular intervals during the day the hard-bitten marine would carefully lift the tiny scrap of doggy life from its cotton-wool-lined box and tenderly feed it on warm milk with a fountain pen filler.

On board another vessel, which sported a fine three-year-old bulldog, a sentry also had charge of the animal. Bulldogs have to be fed rather more carefully than most dogs, and "Bill's" attendant would often be seen solemnly consulting the type-written sheet which was pinned up over the dog's bed and labelled "Bill's Diet" before proceeding to draw the animal's ration of special meat from the butcher.

A battleship on the Mediterranean station was presented with a pointer, which the officers were informed was a good gundog. Anchored for a week off a particularly wild part of the coast of Albania, the officers, together with the dog and a dilapidated Ford car, landed in high spirits on a shooting expedition. Very late that night the members of the shooting party were embarked minus car, dog and bag. The Ford, it transpired, had broken down miles from anywhere, and the dog, after hearing the first shot, had incontinently bolted. The next day the pointer, looking very sorry for itself, was duly re-embarked and subsequently presented by the disgusted officers to the ship's company.

The Pekingese, which belonged to a gunboat in China, was the particular pet of the motor boat's engineer, and at any time of the day or night when the dog heard the boat being lowered he would run to the davits and stand there barking and whining in his eagerness to be on board and off on a trip with the engineer.

On one occasion, while working in the boat alongside the ship with the little animal his companion as usual, the man, by some mischance, fell overboard.

(*Continued on page* 1256)

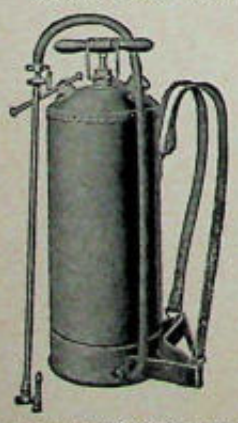
"Martsmith" Write for Catalogue

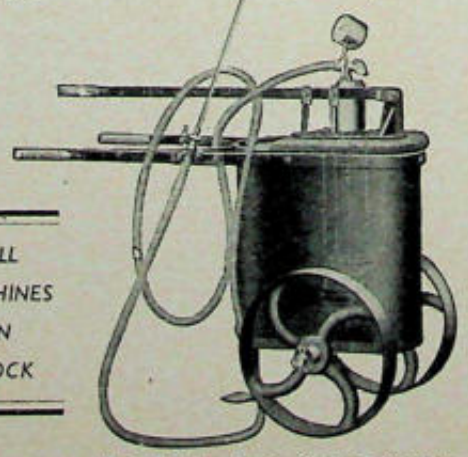
SPRAYERS

FOR AUTUMN & WINTER SPRAYING

There is a lot of work to be done. The fruit trees must be well sprayed if you want the best results next year. Then there are the cowsheds and fowlhouses to be limewashed before the winter sets in.

The two machines illustrated are eminently suitable





ALL MACHINES IN STOCK

"Martsmith" S.42 Pneumatic Knapsack Sprayer. 3 sizes
1½ galls. - 68/-
2½ galls. - 95/-
4 galls. - 113/-

"Martsmith" Devon Spraying Machine. Capacity 18 gallons. Complete with pressure gauge, &c. Price £19 : 0 : 0

Jas. Southerton & Son, Martineau & Smith

'Phone: SUTTONCOLDFIELD 2243 4

Martsmith Works, SUTTON COLDFIELD

'Grams: "MARTSMITH" SUTTONCOLDFIELD

There's no use talking TASTE IT!

Also M.L. Liqueur 12 years old

Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKY Established 1820

THE

"WESTFIELD" SPORTING JACKET

Specially designed for **SHOOTING, FISHING and OTHER FIELD SPORTS**

APPEALS by reason of the distinguished simplicity of its design and the delightful sense of Comfort and Freedom that waits on all Arm and Shoulder movements.

WORN with Knickers, it is equally suitable for Shooting, Golfing, Fishing, &c. — whilst there is nothing to mar its fitness for ordinary countryside wear — with trousers it makes an ideal Travel Suit.

Illustrated List on application

WEST & SON, LTD.

ORIGINATORS OF "PLUS-FOURS"

FIELD HOUSE, 152, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: "PLUSFOURS, WESDO, LONDON." Cables: "PLUSFOURS, LONDON."

all over the world where good taste and pleasure meet

Dry Monopole

CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE AND NON-VINTAGE

THE ORIGINAL Heidsieck ESTABLISHED 1785

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI.

Established 1785

Established for over 150 years, you will find at 21 Old Bond Street the most exclusive designs in shirtings, besides a large selection of ties and other men's requirements, including, of course, our Tailoring Department, where the quality of our material and high standard of workmanship employed has been so largely responsible for the increasing number of customers we have had the pleasure of supplying.

Gieves LIMITED

21, OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 6411

Telegrams: "MUFTIS, PICCY, LONDON"

EDINBURGH, WEYMOUTH, CHATHAM, SOUTHSEA, LIVERPOOL, PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, GIBRALTAR, MALTA

FROM THE HINDU RAJ ·· CHITRAL

THE letter alongside came from an Army Officer in India. With variations as to place and circumstance, there are many similar letters in the Sinclair files, from Barneys converts in the known and little-known lands . . . smokers of long experience mostly, who had smoked their previous Tobacco for twenty years or more.

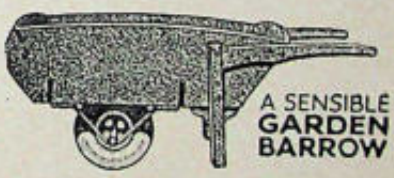
We may recall that a party of four Army Officers, all Barneys Smokers, have taken Barneys *higher still*, in yet another part of India. *They* reached almost 25,000 feet, without the aid of porters. They told us then to what heights *they* had taken Barneys . . . and how good it was up there!

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowle (full strength). In "EverFresh" Tins, 1 oz. 1/2d. "Ready-Fills," Cartons of 12, 1/2d.

BARNEYS

(T. 144) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England

The WHUNDER



Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)

Painted (2 coats) — — — 64/- (Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

TRACTORS & TACKLE
for Hire for
Farm & Estate Work

CULTIVATIONS
TIMBER HAULING
LAND CLEARING and RECLAMATION
Also PREPARATION OF PRIVATE LANDING-GROUNDS

Schemes prepared and Estimates given for Jobs in any part of the country.

P. J. EDMONDS
Itchen Abbas, nr. WINCHESTER
Contractor to the Air Ministry

Swept away from the boat in the swift current the engineer struck out for the gangway, and the Pekingese, which had been barking excitedly as it anxiously watched its friend's efforts, finally leapt overboard, too, and swam with him to the gangway steps.

This ship also owned another and larger dog, full of energy and a great favourite with the men. When one day she somewhat apologetically produced no fewer than eleven puppies the ship's company were highly diverted. As soon as the pups were old enough to leave their mother they were solemnly "drafted" to other ships of the squadron. One of the litter was retained on board, and some time after the death of her mother she, too, presented the admiring crew with a further ten pups. When I left the station there seemed to be every indication that each ship of the entire China fleet would have as ship's dog one of the descendants of the gunboat's original gallant mascot.

A. Cecil Hampshire.

GETTING RID OF TREE STUMPS

NOT all of us are faced with a problem of the magnitude of that confronting the new owner of a certain agricultural estate. Twelve acres of woodland had been partly grubbed with a view to the reclamation of the land for agriculture. The contractors had pulled over all the trees, removed the timber, and then, unable to complete their contract, had left the ground littered with tree stumps of all sizes, some 2,400 of them.

With a view to planting the land with trees, it was necessary to dispose of the stumps. A firm of contractors offered to remove the earth adhering to the stumps by hand and then to pull them by steam engine and dump them in a heap in an adjoining wood. Their price was £50 per acre. A start was made to remove the soil from the stumps and fill the pits left by their extraction, and the cost worked out at £30 per acre, but the stumps remained. Attempts to split them with black powder failed.

A demonstration by a firm of explosive engineers using gelignite was convincing. The stumps were split sufficiently to be burnt where they lay, and the earth adhering to them dropped off nicely into the hole. The cost was estimated at £30 to £35 per acre, and this probably is the way in which the owner will have the work carried out.

Not all of us have a bill of this size to meet, but most of us at one time or another possess some tree stumps that we wish to see the last of. In a great many cases it will be sufficient, after the tree has been felled, for the stump to be cut with an axe to 3in. below ground level and then turfed over. If this is not practicable it can be dug out and hauled away, an operation costing perhaps £2, and best carried out when the timber fellers cut the tree. If the root is required to be removed a trench should be dig encircling the tree and all the main supporting roots cut. The tree can then be pulled over by a tractor and the trunk cross-cut from the root. If the soil be then removed from the latter it is ready for hauling away to be dumped in some disused pit.

If the stump has not been got to the surface in this way it is always possible for a man to dig round it and below it and let it 2ft. or 3ft. deeper into the ground. The cost will not be any less, but the stump will be out of sight and out of harm's way. The man who is doing the undermining must strut the root carefully or he may be pinned beneath it.

When a stump is sufficiently far away from the house it can be completely destroyed by high explosive. Gelignite is used, and three or four charges set deep in the stump in auger holes. This high explosive should never be used by gardeners or woodmen, whose blasting operations should be restricted to black powder. A firm of explosive engineers should be called in to do the work. These people fully insure themselves and their assistants, but if an estate employee has occasion to use black powder he must be specially insured, as the ordinary workman's compensation policy does not cover this special risk.

A less dangerous method and one suited to any tree stump in any position is to hasten decay by the use of saltpetre. This substance possesses extraordinary disruptive powers and will bring about the decay of an oak stump in three years. At the end of this period the stumps will be so far decayed as to be easily broken up with a mattock.

The saltpetre is used in crystalline form. Three ¾-inch auger holes are bored from the exposed surface of the stump well down into the root. These are filled with saltpetre, which the rain washes into the pores of the wood. If this be done in autumn it is most effective, and the holes can be refilled each succeeding autumn until decay is far advanced.

If the stumps in question are so situated that a fire is permissible without any danger of its spreading, or being a nuisance, then advantage may be taken of the inflammable nature of saltpetre. The spring after the first treatment will find the stumps so saturated that a hot fire of cordwood sited on top of a stump will in all probability completely burn it out. One cannot always rely upon the success of this method unless the stump is properly prepared beforehand.

An auger hole from the top of the stump should be driven downwards as far as possible to act as a chimney. A small hole should then be dug adjoining the stump, and from this another auger hole should be bored into the side of the main stem as low as possible, and so as to connect with the vertical hole. In this way a draught is created, and once the stump is well alight it can be relied upon to burn even down the principal roots.

This method is quite cheap, probably 7/- or 8/- per stump as against 30/- or £2 for digging and hauling away, or for burying. It compares favourably in cost with the use of high explosive, the cost of which might be 10/- per stump, but varies somewhat according to the number of stumps to be demolished, situation and necessary precautions.

Reginald Davey.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, December 20th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do *not* send negatives.

WINTER IN THE German Alps

Don't put it off any longer. Spend this winter's holiday in Austria or Bavaria and learn to ski. More and more visitors come every year because those who have once experienced the exhilaration induced by sun, snow and skis never fail to return. The atmosphere is very friendly, and the cost is out of all proportion to the benefits of health and recreation received. When it is grey and foggy, remember that in the German Alps the sun shines down on virgin snowfields and glittering snow-capped peaks tower into a clear, blue sky. Why not 'phone up to-day?

60% reduction in Rail Fares.
40%—50% saving by purchase of Travel Marks.

● FULL INFORMATION & FREE LITERATURE ON GERMANY Apply GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU
19 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 & 140 WEST GEORGE STREET, GLASGOW, C.2. Or any Tourist Agency

Ski on the SUNNY SIDE of the Alps

CERVINIA (6,600 *ft.*), *in the Italian Alps: wire-rope railway to the foot of the Matterhorn*

At Sestriere, Claviere, Cervinia, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Ortisei, etc., there are wire-rope railways to transport you to altitudes of eight, ten and eleven thousand feet. Before buckling on your skis you will probably have a "refresher" and bask awhile in the radiant sunshine. Then begins a thrilling glide over soft powder snow, swift descent—Slalom, Christiania, "Stem," Telemark—down, down to six or five thousand feet. In the evening a dance, a talk over the day's thrills, a few hours' sleep and another day dawns, sunny (as usual) and full of expectancy for more adventures.

Apply to your Travel Agent (*or write direct to the* ITALIAN STATE TOURIST DEPARTMENT 38 *Piccadilly, London, W.*1) for descriptive booklets of Italy's winter sports centres and for particulars of the Special Tourist Rate of Exchange, Hotel Coupons, etc.

WINTER SPORTS IN ITALY

A VALLEY NEAR BODMIN

CHANGES ON BODMIN MOOR

The Possibilities of Large Scale Ranching

A FEW years ago, when people travelled to Cornwall by train, the country between Bodmin and Camelford was unknown to strangers. But now they often go by car, and most motorists have crossed Bodmin Moor, though few stop to explore it, and fewer still consider its importance to the farmer. The moor is a rolling treeless expanse of heather, bracken and coarse grass, lying mostly between 700ft. and 1,000ft., but rising in isolated granite tors to just under 1,400ft. In soil and climate it resembles Dartmoor, of which it is the western extension, and the same granite formation can be traced westwards through St. Austell and Redruth to the wild hills that lie between St. Ives and the Land's End.

Soil and height between them fix the type of farming. Granite is late, cold and seriously deficient in lime and in certain other minerals, while growth is checked by excessive winter rainfall and cold winds in spring. Good crops of oats and potatoes can be grown, but the land must be dressed with lime or sea sand. Sheep and store cattle do well, provided that young stock spend several weeks in the year away from the granite, or they are likely to become "moor-sick." Moor-sickness has long been something of a mystery, and has now roused the interest of scientific investigators. It is undoubtedly caused by the lack of some necessary mineral in the moorland soil, and can be avoided by periodical change of pasture.

Moorland farms are small, with rarely more than 50 acres enclosed, and are often without roads. But extensive common rights enable the farmer to keep far more cattle, sheep and horses than would be possible on a similar holding off the moor. At one time, the number of stock turned "out moor" by any one commoner must not exceed the number he could winter on his own farm. But now, so few commoners care to exercise their rights that the moor is understocked, and there is less reason for limiting the number allowed to each individual. Also, the introduction of mountain sheep and rough cattle needing little or no winter feeding has made this rule irrelevant. Not long ago a man with a 20-acre holding kept on the moor about 200 rough cattle, most of which had nothing but moorland grass all the year round. The cows calved in spring, and their calves, though naturally not of first quality, were hardy and quite saleable. The profits on each beast would be small, but low costs and large numbers produced a decent income with very little labour. This old rancher had no "change" for his cattle; but most moorland farmers find it worth while to rent a few acres on the "red soil" to which young stock may be sent for a fortnight or so at a time, and from April to November one constantly meets on the road large droves of cattle, travelling to or from their "change" in charge of one or two mounted herdsmen.

In former days, and even quite recently, the central valleys of the moor, remote from road or village, sheltered a few small farms, approached by cart tracks and surrounded by stone-walled fields. Here families would live and work, supporting life on home-grown meat, milk and potatoes. Flour, groceries and other necessaries—few enough according to our notions—were bought with the price of store bullocks, pigs and ponies. Coal was unknown, and the open hearth was supplied with peat from the marshes. A cart and riding ponies were the only means of transport. Men would walk miles to work in clay pit or quarry, and women ride to town with a child in front of the saddle. But now this life, hard, primitive and independent, has gone beyond recall. A higher standard of living, and that dread of loneliness which seems the chief bugbear of our age, has robbed the moor of its natural inhabitants. The walls are fallen, the fields gone back to the wild, and the houses either in ruin or converted into holiday cottages. It is sad, but I suppose inevitable, and only a part of the rapid ebbing of life from the remoter fringes of our land, which has left islands with centuries of human history to rock-climbers and ornithologists.

There are still cattle and ponies on the moor, but fewer than there were, while sheep have almost disappeared. The decline in sheep can be explained by the difficulty of providing a "change," and the trouble of keeping them from breaking into arable and grass fields adjoining the moor, but, above all, by the fall in the price of wool and the unpopularity of large mutton. Formerly it paid to keep flocks of mature wethers for several years for the sake of their wool, while at the end the carcass was still saleable. And wethers are little affected by mineral deficiency, whereas the breeding flocks that are needed to produce lamb and small mutton are specially susceptible. Moor farmers of to-day confine themselves to small flocks of Devon Longwools kept in the fields away from the moor, except perhaps for a few weeks in summer, when they are turned out coupled in pairs to prevent breaking. The decline in ponies is, of course, due to general mechanisation, while the increase of milk production has made farmers unwilling to use the moor for cows required for milking twice a day. This is natural, but the trouble of gathering cattle on free range with dogs and ponies is much exaggerated. Cows, like sheep, keep to their regular beats, and in winter, when mounted herding is least pleasant, they come home themselves. There are still numbers of store cattle on the moor, but not enough to keep down the summer grass, which in many places grows rankly, leaving a withered mat to check next season's growth.

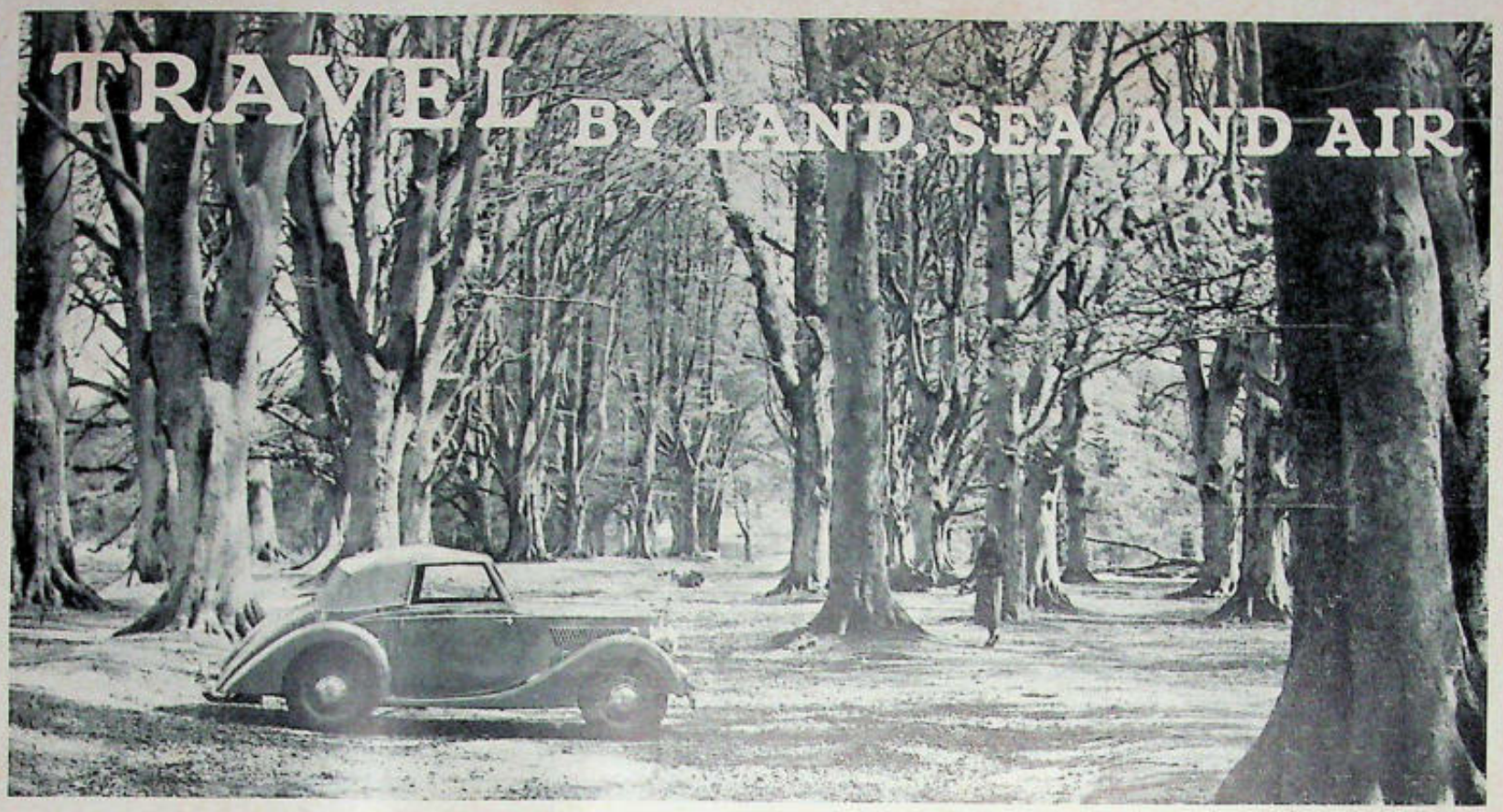
There is no doubt that the moor has great potential value, especially if we are forced to depend on supplies of home-bred meat. Professor Stapledon, in his review of our hill-grazing resources, considers that the whole of Bodmin Moor is worth improvement; it has easy gradients, an equable climate (as compared with the north, or even with Dartmoor), and a high proportion of grass. There is probably a long and profitable future for hardy cattle of the Galloway type, which need less winter feeding than Devons, bred with first-class Shorthorn or Angus bulls, and also for hill sheep—Cheviot, Exmoor or Blackfaced. Further, the boom in riding might make it worth while to improve the local ponies by crossing them with stallions of the best saddle breeds, much as a useful farm cob has been evolved by breeding pony mares with cart stallions.

All this needs time and capital. There is some sign that larger farmers are getting interested in the moor instead of dismissing it as a bleak and unprofitable desert. In the lean years of agriculture there was too much ranching on land that deserved more intensive methods. But the moor is made for the rancher, and there he can live a life which is free, pleasant and profitable. There are, of course, a number of problems to be tackled first, and in the small space that remains I can do no more than mention them. First there must be more research into "moor sickness," and the possibility of checking it by adding the necessary mineral to food, or by applying it as a top dressing to meadows and pastures. Dangerous bogs should be fenced or drained, bracken checked, and moor-burning put and kept in the hands of authorised persons. Roads leading off the moor should be protected by automatic stop-gates or stock-proof grids, and motorists be legally forced to respect them.

A POOL ON BODMIN MOOR

The old moor farming has gone and will never return; but there is no reason why the common grazings so useful in the past should not carry larger and better flocks and herds for the profit of their owners and the good of the nation.

MARGARET LEIGH.



"BOUGHS ARE DAILY RIFLED BY THE GUSTY THIEVES, AND THE BOOK OF NATURE GETTETH SHORT OF LEAVES"
The car is a 10 h.p. Bailton Coupé among the trees of Savernake Forest

MOTORISTS AND THE POLICE

Let Us Have More Understanding Co-operation

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

DESPITE the really fine work which our Police Department is doing every day in the interests of road safety, one often encounters among motorists an attitude of open antagonism towards policemen.

Where the roads are concerned, both the police and we motorists seek one and the same thing—safety. Therefore, since our ultimate aims are identical, there should be a generous measure of co-operation as opposed to open contrariety. I am convinced that if the road users and the police would "play ball" in an even more marked degree than at present we should see an appreciable difference in road conditions.

After all, the police have their job to do and, I know, endeavour to fulfil their duties conscientiously and justly. There are, of course, exceptions, but this is true of every walk in life.

The police have an arduous task on hand when they are tackling traffic duties, and since their aim is to reduce the number of accidents and raise the standard of driving, then the full support of the motorist should be forthcoming.

Every day one can see ample evidence that Scotland Yard is anxious to make progress and claim results. One excellent example was provided by their stand at the Earls Court Motor Show this year. This took the form of an advisory bureau for motorists, where all sorts of useful tips could be obtained. There was a fine model of a road showing clover leaf fly-over crossings, which are seen in increasing numbers in the United States and in Germany, but not in this country.

A section of the display sought to illustrate how police are trained for special roadwork; while reaction-testing equipment was available to visitors who were able to assess their ability for controlling a car in an emergency. Police were present to advise and instruct on road problems and safe driving, and, I believe, were bombarded with all manner of queries concerning road safety.

Again, there is the establishment of the motor cycle patrol—aptly dubbed "Courtesy Cops" by the popular press—which is undeniably a move to ensure the drastic reduction in the incidence of road accidents.

It has been reported that on the roads they patrol in or near London mishaps have decreased by 20 per cent. They have been on the highways since April last, and gradually their numbers are being increased.

I understand, however, that Hendon Police College is only capable of putting about twenty such men on the roads each month, since the lack of equipment and accommodation is a severe handicap. This state of affairs should be remedied without delay for the effective furtherance of our safety measures.

Here are some startling figures which reveal in no uncertain fashion the results which are attainable by these police motor-cyclists.

Following the enlistment of a number of additional motor-cycle patrolmen in the City of Columbus in Ohio in the United States, there was a sharp reduction in traffic deaths and accidents which this table illustrates:

Traffic deaths (July, 1937) 6; (July, 1938) 0.

Accidents involving bodily injury (July, 1937) 180; (July, 1938) 97.

Traffic deaths for the first seven months of 1937, 50; 1938, 22.

THE VAUXHALL "25" LUXURY SALOON, PRICED AT £345, HAS A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 80 M.P.H.

Accidents involving bodily injury for the first seven months of 1937, 1,324; 1938, 808.

Thus there was a decrease in the number of lives lost within a month of six, with a reduction of 83 in the number of accidents involving injury. Over a period of seven months the figures for death and accident were reduced by 26 and 516 respectively—and this in a city with a total population of 308,771! (1930 census.) When these records were compiled Columbus was in its thirty-seventh day without a motor fatality.

These compelling statistics, therefore, put the case for the "Courtesy Cop" in a new and forcible light, and such figures cannot be ignored. Personally, I like the methods they employ, and believe the idea can usefully be extended because warning without prosecution will deter the majority of careless or thoughtless drivers without creating any bad feeling.

The use of police cars for controlling crowds and for admonishing pedestrians by loudspeaker for wandering aimlessly across controlled crossings when the motorist is entitled to precedence, or some similar offence, is an idea worthy of praise. Outspoken reprovals in public places are often the most effective lessons, and should prevent repetition of the offence.

Policemen are also seconded to deliver schoolroom lectures on road manners and procedure, a scheme which, I know, is appreciated by parents and school authorities alike. There are many other facets to the duties of the police which we hear little about, but which ultimately benefit the motorist in a number of ways.

I have often visualised the Ministry of Transport and Scotland Yard working in closer co-operation, and have imagined that together they could overcome almost insuperable difficulties. The liaison to-day could be improved to the advantage of everybody.

As practical men with a wealth of experience gleaned from almost constant road observation and surveillance, the police undoubtedly have much to offer our theoretical road experts.

For instance, I believe a policeman would have advocated the night illumination of Belisha Beacons, or their suspension over the roadway instead of on the kerbside, where they are liable to be completely obscured by passing vehicles. There are, of course, thousands of instances where their knowledge could be applied.

So many of our visitors have said—if latterly with a glint of impish humour in the eye—"I think your policemen are wonderful," but there are times when the motorist can say it and, moreover, mean it with all sincerity. In trying moments the policeman is frequently a blessing in disguise.

Chas. E. Brown

THE THREE SPECIAL WELLESLEY LONG-RANGE 'PLANES WHICH BROKE THE RECORD, FLYING ABOVE A CLOUDBANK

THE YEAR'S MOST SIGNIFICANT FLIGHT

A Great Triumph for British Aviation

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

THE establishment of a new long-distance record by machines of the R.A.F. Long-Range Development Unit has an importance that, in these days, but rarely attaches to a flying record. Spectacular in itself, it has a number of lessons to teach, vital to both military and civil aviation.

Coming so soon after the flight of the Mercury to South Africa, it is undoubtedly the most impressive demonstration of British aeronautical efficiency since successive victories won the Schneider Trophy outright for this country. At a time when, both at home and abroad, there have been freely expressed beliefs that Britain was lagging behind others—notably the United States and Germany—in the production of high-performance military and civil aircraft, the record should go far to put the true facts of the situation before the world.

From this point of view it is important to consider the R.A.F. flight and Mercury's performance together. Both were made as a matter of routine by organisations concerned with the development of long-range flying, the one for military purposes, the other for civil. Both were carried out by standard types, modified only so that a maximum load of petrol could be carried. In both instances, the machines were equipped with engines that are in regular production in the British industry. The point of special significance here is that, despite these general similarities, the aircraft and engines were different in each case—a tribute to the various resources on which this country can draw.

The special significance of the Mercury's flight has already been discussed in these articles, and there is no need to refer to it again. The new absolute record by the R.A.F. machines has, however, a number of special points that need stressing.

Its importance was made greater by the fact that it was not a mere individual flight, but an organised formation demonstration. The fact that machine No. 2 was forced to land on account of fuel shortage does little or nothing to detract from the significance of this, for this machine had already broken the then existing Russian distance record by some 350 miles before it was forced down; and on refuelling it was able immediately to re-take the air and join the two successful aircraft at Port Darwin. The flight, too, was not—as so many distance attempts have been recently—a mere trial of physical endurance on the part of the pilot. Proper sleeping quarters were arranged for the pilot off duty. In this sense, the record is a demonstration of what can be done when a 24-hour basis of flying is properly organised.

The average speed of the R.A.F. machines over 7,162 miles on the record flight was 149 m.p.h. The commercial service between Alexandria and Darwin, a distance of 8,300 miles, using machines of very similar performance as regards cruising speed, has an over-all average of some 67 m.p.h. on account of the overnight stops. Nothing could do more to emphasise commercial aviation's need for adopting continuous flying over the longest possible stretches of route, especially for mail carrying.

It is not, of course, suggested that any machine at present available could operate non-stop on 6,000 or 7,000 mile stages with a useful commercial load. What it is desired to stress is that the record flight, by its elimination of the "stunt" element, is a very practical demonstration of an ideal.

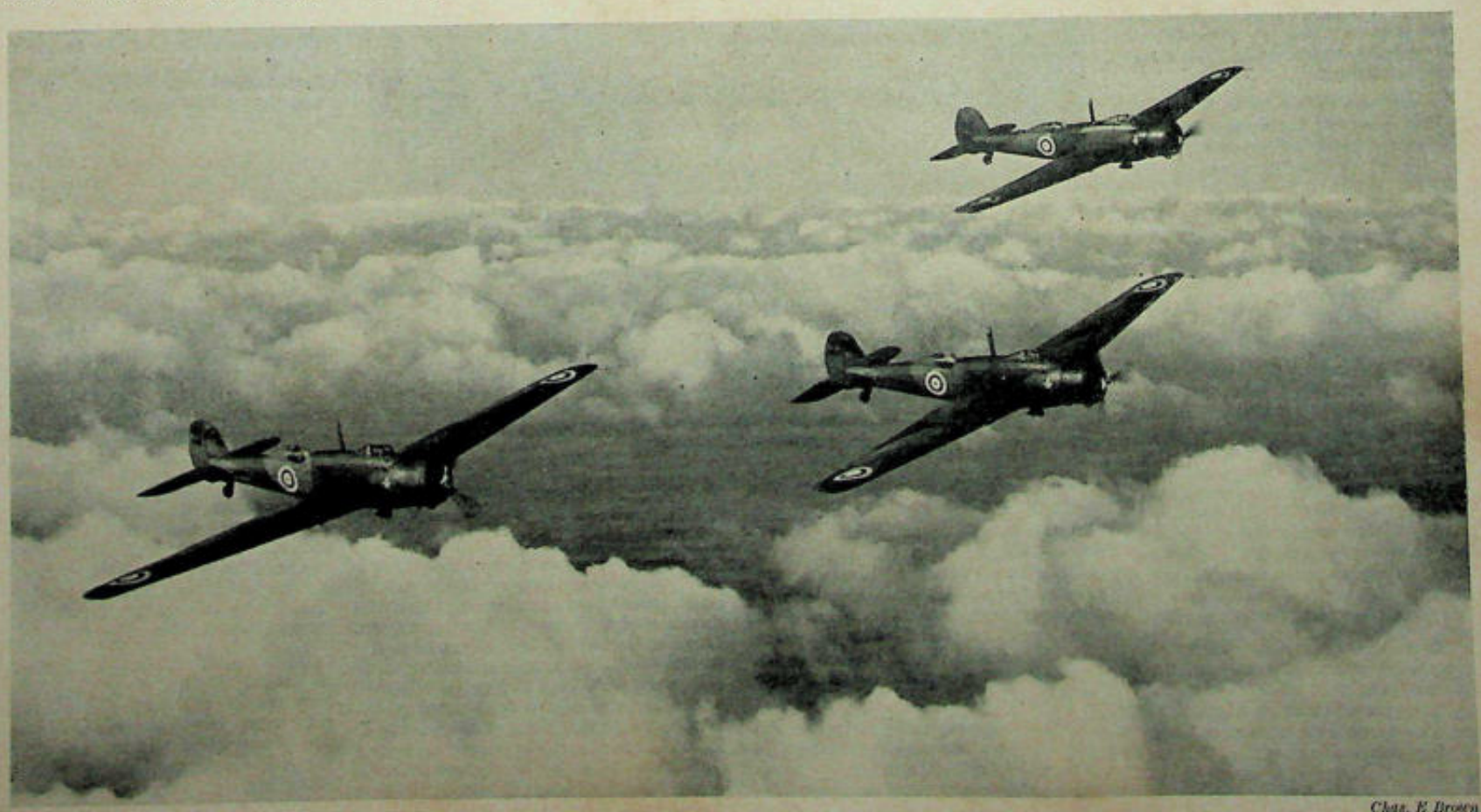
On the military side, the flight is a striking indication of the performance of the modern bomber. The lesson here has two facets. On the one hand, it should be impressive as an index of the striking range of our Air Force. On the other, it will bring home convincingly that there are few, if any, important centres in this country that could be considered unlikely targets in the event of war.

Another military lesson that the flight stresses is the feasibility of locating vital units of the aircraft industry in the farther parts of the Empire. Canada, whose participation in our aircraft production programme is now assured, is certainly immune from air attack from Europe, but is well within the range of modern bombing machines in which the armaments load is replaced by additional petrol tanks. It seems, then, that air delivery might well solve one of the most vital problems of our air defence schemes: the assurance of continued production of bombers without the risk of disorganisation through the destruction of key factories at home.

Yet another military aspect is concerned with the maintenance of communications, which is essential to the Empire, and which might become seriously threatened in time of war. Whether as courier or troop- or supply-carrier, the long-range aeroplane is an essential part of our aerial equipment.

These are only some of the more obvious lessons of the flight. A full examination of the results, which will follow automatically, as it is no mere demonstration, but part of a carefully organised research, will reveal many more of both technical and strategical interest.

Putting aside all these significant considerations, however, the flight by itself is one of the most remarkable in history, worthy to take its place alongside the other great formation flights of the past—such as the crossing of the Atlantic in 1919 by the U.S. flying boats, and Marshal Balbo's "mass flights"—and as fine a testimony to man's conquest of the air as any could desire.



Chas. E Brown

"THE FLIGHT IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE IN HISTORY, WORTHY TO TAKE ITS PLACE ALONGSIDE THE OTHER GREAT FORMATION FLIGHTS OF THE PAST"

ON THE WHITE NILE

By Government Mail Steamer Through the Sudan

AN ANIMATED SCENE ON THE PLATFORM OF THE CENTRAL STATION, KHARTOUM

IT may be a cause for wonder, by those who do not know the Sudan of the Blue and White Niles, why it is that this land exercises such an attraction that travellers—even those desiring only winter sunshine and interest—return again and again to explore, hunt big game, or just laze away the days somewhere in its vastness.

When one has wandered far and wide over the world, the discovery of a country still free from the ultra-sophistication which is fast reducing lands and peoples everywhere to a monotonous sameness, provides a thrill, and when to this is added a warm and sunny winter climate, vivid colouring, and the facilities for seeing primitive Africa in 20th-century comfort without being awakened to 20th-century reality by incessant demands for "service," "teeps," "backsheesh," or other forms of blackmail, then to the thrill of discovery comes also the peace of travel.

Add a dash of adventure, inspired more by the sight of swarthy giants carrying glittering spears as they move through native markets, or by a herd of wild African buffalo, elephant, eland, hartebeeste or other big game, than by any *real* peril to one's life, and the thrill is intensified. Gorgeous desert sunsets, an African moon silvering a lonely river, perhaps hundreds of miles from civilisation, the throb of native drums coming from a village amid the jungles of Central Africa, and the words "interest" and "lure" are subconsciously added—and so one lives and dreams, with a *seeming* adventure around every corner in this wedge of Africa, a million square miles in extent, that we call the Sudan.

I am standing on the deck of the Government mail steamer which carries passengers for a thousand miles up the White Nile into the heart of Central Africa. Khartoum, the capital of the Sudan, and Omdurman, the greatest purely native city in the dark continent, have been left behind. The sun is just setting in a blaze of colours, and it is certainly a novel experience to have my customary iced cocktail while watching a barbaric display by spearmen on the river banks; to see, also, within the radius of a few hundred yards, the great open mouths and flat white teeth of half-a-dozen yawning hippopotami in the gleaming waters around.

Life on board a White Nile steamer is peculiarly fascinating. One meets many interesting people on the broad promenade deck or in the observation saloon. Each ship is, in fact, an oasis of civilisation which passes through that sea of primitive, unspoiled—often barbaric—life, which was the Africa of Baker, Emin Pasha, Stanley and Gordon—the same to-day as in those bygone years of the great pioneers of the nineteenth century. Beyond the thread-like line of river communication and transport all else is wild nature. And it is the natives, the big game, and the scenery of desert, then grass-jungle, and, finally, equatorial forest, in combination with sunlight and moonlight, that have made this thousand-miles voyage the *dernier cri* of travel off the beaten track.

It may be of interest to give here some practical facts concerning climate and costs. As far south as Khartoum the winter temperature is delightful, with warm sunny days and cool nights. As one proceeds south of this point, however, the climate becomes more tropical and the cool desert wind of the night gives place to a warm equatorial stillness. At this time of the year mosquitoes are almost unknown in Khartoum, and are by no means numerous on the White Nile steamers, which are specially screened, because they ply also during the rainy season.

In point of cost this Nile adventure is also reasonable. One can travel by steamer, motor car and rail, through north-central Africa, from Khartoum to Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, for about £45, inclusive of food, sleeping accommodation and travel. The time occupied can be reduced to fifteen days, but most travellers will desire to break the journey at various points. Hotels vary in price, but an allowance of 30/– a day will cover everything in this respect.

Through the game warden in Khartoum, hunters and photographers are able to arrange for completely equipped expeditions.

On board the steamer in which I travelled there was a party of explorers who intended making their way across country to Nigeria; a lone hunter whose objective was a famous—and not mythical—herd of over 1,000 elephant, whose habitat is on the northern fringe of the great *sudd*, or swamp; men and women who were making this voyage solely for pleasure and to escape the rigours of a northern winter; and Government officials, whose number diminished at each stop of the steamer at a little native town or village.

The scene around, as we penetrated deeper into the centre of the continent, was extraordinary because of its complete antithesis of all that goes to make up a civilised land. Crocodiles sprawled on the muddy banks. In the early morning, when the river resembled a bar of silver between the black walls of the still shadowy forest, huge lumbering hippopotami could be seen lurching down the bank from their grassy beds. A flutter of excitement thrilled those passengers who were seeing big game in their natural haunts for the first time at comparatively close range, when less than a quarter of a mile distant the black humps and huge horned heads of a large herd of buffalo came into view above the elephant grass. A few minutes later these beasts got the scent of the steamer and a wild stampede followed.

After passing through the *sudd* region, where the hippopotami and crocodiles are so numerous as to be a danger to the little *ambach* (light wood) rafts of the natives, the ground on both banks becomes more solid, and the elephant country is entered. Soon the raised trunks of these beasts could be seen above the undergrowth. Hereabouts, also, are rhinoceros, leopard, cheetah, hyena, wart-hog, duiker, gazelle, eland, roan antelope, reed-buck, white-eared cob, hartebeeste, lion, and such game birds as the bustard and the guinea fowl.

Almost every day I landed at a village of pointed *tukls* or mud-walled and thatched huts. These are the dwellings of the Shilluks, a weird race who dress their hair in elaborate style and walk about among the thick grass with hunting spears. They are a friendly people, still much interested in the "gadgets" of civilisation. On the east bank may be seen wandering bands of Dinkas—naked ebony giants with barbaric customs. They powder themselves all over with a fine white ash which they consider enhances their beauty.

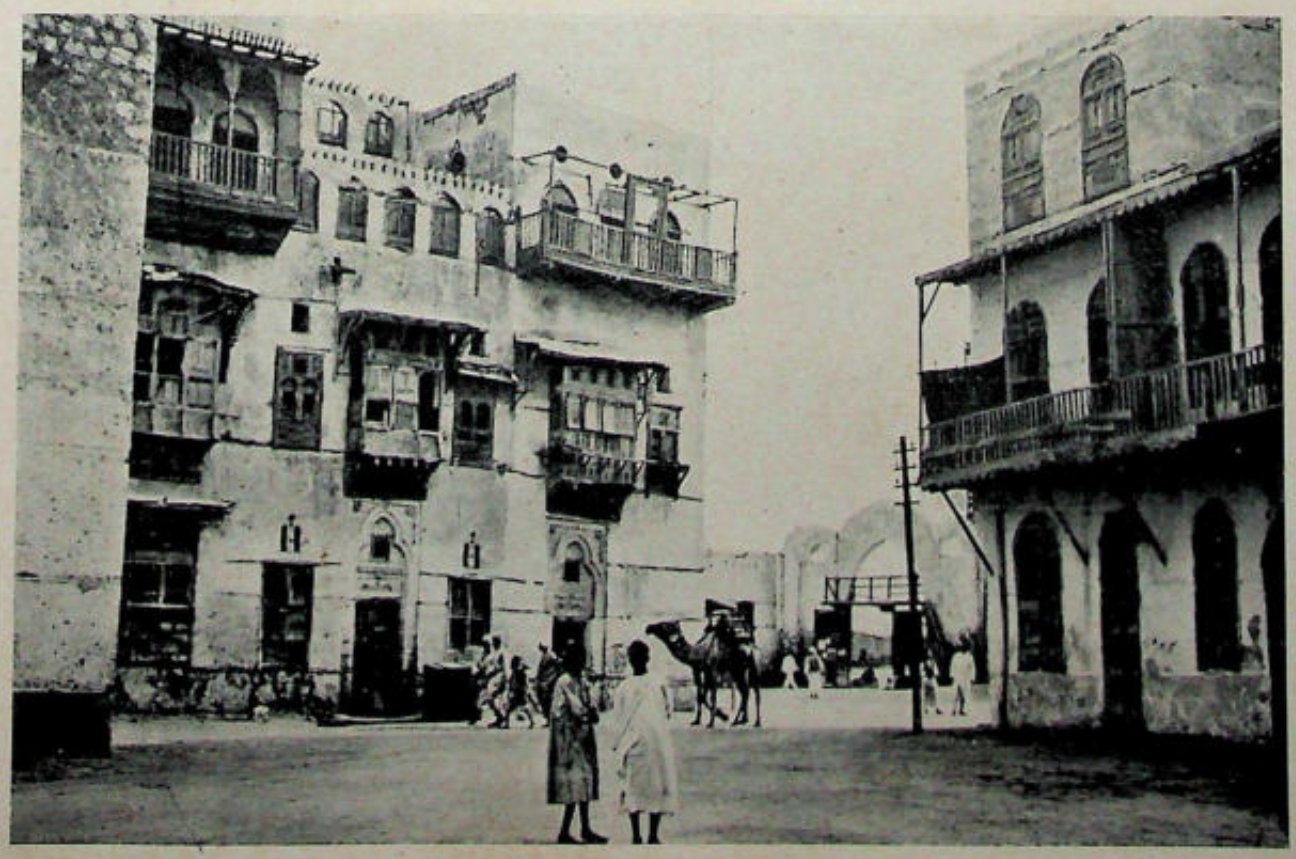
When the Dinka village of Bor was reached there was much unloading of

THE BARBER'S SHOP AT KOSTI, ON THE WHITE NILE

guns and equipment belonging to the hunter who was going into the interior to obtain ivory. At Juba, just over 1,000 miles south of Khartoum, the steamer came to final halt on the borders of Uganda and the Belgian Congo.

Further progress can be made by motor car, steamer and rail to the Victoria Nyanza—Africa's inland sea; the Great Rift Valley, often 2,000ft. deep and 30 miles wide, with volcanoes rising from its floor; to Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro, snow-capped although situated on the Equator; and to the Ruwenzori, or Mountains of the Moon, with their pigmy forests.

C. W. DOMVILLE-FIFE.



RICKETY-LOOKING ARAB HOUSES IN THE SUDANESE TOWN OF SUAKIN

WHERE TO STAY

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

Grand Resumé

We occupy, *sans doute*, the grandest position in Torquay—on the water front and on the level.

Our terms include all life's choicest luxuries, together with Golf, Tennis, Squash and nightly dancing to Harry Evans and his famous band . . . Grand Fun!

Our food is prepared by our Grand Panjandrum of a Chef in the tradition of the greatest masters of the Kitchen.

Our terms are all-inclusive and moderate. In winter we have a philanthropic scheme whereby the longer you stay the less you pay! A line to R. Paul, Manager, will bring you full details of a Grand Bargain in Winter Residence.

THE GRAND TORQUAY

200 rooms and suites, many with private baths
A.A. (five star) and R.A.C.

Telephone: 2234

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1165

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY — Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

WILDFOWL AND GEESE
For the best shooting in the Fens, write:
CHEQUERS HOTEL, Holbeach, Lincs.
A.A. and R.A.C. H. and C. all rooms.

AT THE CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON, SOMERSET, you can find warm and friendly COUNTRY QUARTERS. Hunting with five packs, stag and fox hounds. Good horses from our own stables. Rough shooting and billiards. Write for booklet.—Wire NELDER, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

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

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

THREE WAYS, MICKLETON, GLOS.—An attractive old world hotel with all modern appointments, situated at the foot of the Cotswolds. Excellent hunting centre. Stabling & garage, use of car. R.A.C. Special Winter Terms.

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARM-HOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton–Minehead; centre of staghunting, riding, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3323, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COMDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

SCOTLAND

GOOD SHOOTING.—Snipe, duck, pigeon, wild geese. Terms on application.—Barony Hotel, Orkney Islands.

FINANCIAL INVESTMENTS, PARTNERSHIPS, ETC.

500 SALMON per season abroad. Also in England, three-and-a-half miles trout, shooting 500 acres, hunting, golf. Sporting estate owner would like to discuss sharing certain expenses.—Box 3318, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE BRIGHTON MAIL CROSSING THE MOOR IN 1836
(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann)

CHRISTMAS fashions have changed a good deal since Charles Dickens decided to send Marley's ghost to visit Scrooge. Of those days the latter's nephew, Bob Cratchit, was really plain "Mr. Everyman," and by gathering at his own fireside with his family for Christmas dinner he was merely following the custom of his time.

Doubtless they were good days. Deep snow outside and log fires inside must have made for a very cosy atmosphere. One likes to imagine breadwinners of that period walking home on Christmas Eve, bracing themselves against the cold north wind on the final stretch—the stretch they knew which was bound to end in the rattle of the door-latch, firelight and warm, familiar things—eager to be home, yet content to linger here and there and listen to carol singers grouped round their lanterns or bid a cheery "merry Christmas" to an acquaintance in the village. Surely there was more romance about the old-time Christmas than that of to-day?

But in this twentieth century our standards and ideas of amusements are very different from those of Bob Cratchit's period. There are many reasons why this is so. The scale of wages is, on the whole, higher, travel is easier, a "white Christmas" is rare, and finally there are few large families to-day. Who will deny, after all, that Christmas is the children's mecca? Some of them still believe in Santa Claus, but they now have only one brother and sister to join them in their fun next day when their urgent requests "up the chimney" have been answered.

And parents have long ceased to enjoy that "unhappy state" which comes from eating too much turkey and having too little exercise. The old performance of sleeping in front of the fire all the afternoon is not so popular; and about this season the question in many homes is: where shall we go this year?

Now I'm not going to say how I'm going to spend my Christmas, but *if* I were wanting to combine both the family party and the visit to another locality I should seriously consider the scheme planned by Messrs. Trust Houses. It is, at all events, the perfect solution to the Christmas problem of the host whose party is bigger than his house, for it is possible to hire a whole hotel for the duration of the holiday. The resources of the hotel are placed at his disposal, and all that it is necessary for the host to do is to assemble his guests and plan his own programme. The price naturally depends on requirements, but a tariff of 18/6 per day is quoted as an indication of rate.

The scheme embraces hotels in Norfolk, Suffolk, Sussex, Wilts, Hunts, Essex, Herts, Bucks, Berks, Beds and Oxon. The number of hotels to let is limited, and it is advisable to write up early if you are interested. It certainly seems an excellent idea if you have decided to cut away from the "stay at home" Christmas.

But wherever you spend the holiday I sincerely hope you will agree that:

"Life still has one romance that naught can vary—
Not Time himself, who coffins Life's romances—
For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If Christmas comes, as here, to make him merry."

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

WINE AND FOOD
A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY

To all who wish to cultivate the art and enjoyment of good living this official journal of the Wine and Food Society will prove of inestimable value.

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

QUARTERLY
Price 2/6

PAYING GUESTS

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN.—Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE. Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations.—TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmohler, Corofin, Clare.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN, Castle Hyde, Fermoy, Co. Cork. Hunting three packs, rough shooting; every home comfort, electric light, central heating.—Apply MANAGERESS.

OSBERSTOWN HOUSE, NAAS, EIRE.—GUESTS RECEIVED for hunting season; up-to-date Private Hotel centre Kildare hunting country; ten loose boxes, saddle rooms, accommodation for grooms.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

PAYING GUEST DESIRED.—Sympathetic horseman or woman to hunt good horse all or part of season. Devon. 4 guineas.—Box 3355, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

TO SPORTSMEN IN NORTH DEVON.—RESIDENTIAL CLUB, exceptional cuisine, hot and cold water all bedrooms, central heating; cocktail bar. Good rough shooting 900 acres. Inclusive 4 guineas weekly. Westward Ho! Golf Course one mile.—For illustrated particulars, SECRETARY, North Devon Country Club, Northam, North Devon.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

HAUS ISLA, AROSA.—Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking; fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs.13.50, during winter from Frs.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

PUPILS AND SCHOOLS

BRANKSOME HILDERS, Haslemere, Surrey. BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings.—Prospectus Y.

CHARTERED LAND AGENT AND SURVEYOR, Berkshire, has VACANCY for PUPIL; nine estates and three home farms managed; also extensive general practice; wide and varied experience offered.—Apply Box 3358, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

HOME TUITION (postal)—Economic scientific Mixed Farming. Pig, Poultry, Fruit. Colonial Farming, Estate Management.—FIELDING, D.S.O., N.D.A., P.A.S.I., Agricultural Correspondence College (Sec. K), Bath.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

VACANCY FOR FARM PUPIL on large mixed FARM, all crops grown, all descriptions of stock kept, including dairy and pedigree flock Oxford Down sheep; good hunting and shooting.—HUGH STILGOE, Addertbury, Banbury, Oxon.

VACANCY FOR PUPIL.—Thousand-acre mixed FARM; world-renowned pedigree Dairy Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep; clean milk dairy, good hunting, shooting, fishing.—HOBBS & DAVIS, Kelmscott, Lechlade, Glos.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4076 (3 lines). Telegrams: Eleganoe.

BRIDGE

INITIAL LEAD OF A TRUMP—I

Indications Necessary

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

IN defence a trump lead is *often* the very best lead that can be made against a game or slam contract. Indeed, it is my favourite lead, and I have proved its efficacy on numerous occasions.

But this does not mean that it always should be made. Like a singleton, it may prove to be either the best or worst lead. Therefore I do not endorse unreservedly the words of an American writer who advises: "If you play Duplicate—lead a trump every time you defend."

Actually that requires considerable qualification. The old Whist rule, "When in doubt lead trumps" does not apply at Contract Bridge. Doubt is not the essential feature. That is to say, you should not necessarily lead trumps just because you are puzzled as to what to open.

The initial trump lead should be made only as part of a carefully considered plan, and it should be embarked upon only under certain conditions when it appears favourable. What are these conditions?

They are revealed generally by the bidding. When Declarer and his partner have bid only one suit, especially when Dummy has given a pre-emptive raise in it, the probability is that ruffing ability has been shown. By leading a trump that ruffing capacity is reduced at the outset, and that may make all the difference. Of course, this is not infallible. Declarer or partner may have a strong, solid side suit, and the lead of the trump may help instead of hinder. But it is a fair assumption that, no second suit having been shown, and a game bid only having been reached, that Z and Y see no slam probabilities and that they are relying for a trick or more on using their trumps separately.

That is point Number One. A second and important indication is when Declarer and partner, after each showing a suit, have arrived finally at a game contract in a third suit. Then you may deduce that neither of the first two suits "fit" and that there is likely to be a cross-ruff.

Third point. When as defender you have a hand which you would have liked to be played in No Trumps you are likely to profit by the trump lead. Let the Declarer do his own work instead of leading a side-suit yourself.

I suggest further that even with an available and apparently harmless opening from an A, K; K, Q, J or Q, J, 10 side suit the trump lead may often prove the best. Many players prefer to have a look round. They open a sure winner, but they fail to realise that this involves frequently a loss in the time factor.

The opener wins, and on the second round a trump is led; but it proves too late. If a trump had been led initially it would have made all the difference.

Here is a typical hand from Duplicate play given in the *Bridge World* of America.

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

Both sides vulnerable. Z the Dealer. The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One Diamond	No bid	One Heart	No bid
One Spade	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Four Spades	No bid	No bid	No bid

What should A open?

At all tables when he made the normal opening lead of the Queen of Clubs Z made his contract. But if A leads a low trump—mark that he should not lead his Ace—the game may be saved. Z wins the first trick in his own hand with the Knave. His object now is to make his long Diamonds and also get a ruff in Clubs.

The initial lead of a trump may defeat him.

He leads at trick two a small Diamond, and B wins with the Ace over Y's Queen and returns a Spade. A wins and leads a third Spade, reducing Z and Y to one each.

The position then is:

	♠ 10 ♡ A, 7, 6, 5, 2	◇ 5 ♣ 9, 4
♠ None ♡ Q, J, 10, 8 ◇ 6 ♣ Q, J, 10, 5	Y A B Z	♠ None ♡ K, 4 ◇ J, 10, 4 ♣ 8, 7, 3, 2
	♠ J ♡ 3	◇ K, 9, 8, 7 ♣ A, K, 6

It is Z's lead and he plays his Ace and King of Clubs and leads a third and ruffs in Dummy. Then he leads a Diamond from Y. If B is incautious enough to put up an honour, Z can win with the King of Diamonds and force out the remaining honour with the 9. But what if B plays a low Diamond?

Should Z finesse his 7 or try to drop a blank 10 or Knave in A's hand? To finesse would appear to be Double Dummy. Yet if Z puts up the King, B makes altogether three tricks in the suit.

All I can tell you is that at the tables where Z was defeated, A opened with a small trump and A B made either three tricks in Diamonds, and a Spade or two tricks in Diamonds, a Club and a Spade. Work it out as you like, and I think you will find that it is profitable as Z, if trumps are led early, cannot ruff both Clubs and Diamonds.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

A VERY important double-round international tournament is in progress in Holland. For propaganda purposes the play is to be in no fewer than ten different towns.

This tournament is undoubtedly the strongest in the history of the game. The records of the eight players show conclusively that they have the best claims to places in this select tournament. The eight players are: Dr. Alekhine (France), the World's Champion; Dr. Euwe (Holland) and J. R. Capablanca (Cuba), two ex-champions; S. Flohr (Czechoslovakia), the International Chess Federation's nominee for a championship match with Dr. Alekhine; M. M. Botwinnik (Russia); S. Reshevsky (U.S.A.); R. Fine (U.S.A.); and P. Keres (Estonia).

The tournament is being organised and financed by an enterprising Dutch radio-transmitting company, the A.V.R.O., and it will doubtless always be referred to as the "Avro" Tournament.

At the end of the second round's play the scores were as follows: Fine 2, Dr. Euwe 1½, Dr. Alekhine, Capablanca and Keres each 1, Botwinnik, Flohr and Reshevsky each ½.

A good game by Fine.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Fine.	BLACK. Botwinnik.	WHITE. Fine.	BLACK. Botwinnik.
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	17. Q to K sq	P to Q R 4
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	18. Q takes P	B to R 3
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	19. K R to R sq	B to Kt 4
4. P to K 5	P to Q B 4	20. R to Q 4 (*h*)	Q to K 2
5. P takes P (*a*)	Kt to K 2 (*b*)	21. R to Q 6 (*i*)	P to R 5
6. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	22. Q to K 3	R to R 2
7. B to Q 3	P to Q 5 (*c*)	23. Kt to Q 2	P to R 6
8. P to Q R 3	B to R 4 (*d*)	24. P to Q B 4	B to R 5
9. P to Q Kt 4	Kt tks Kt P(*e*)	25. P takes P	Q takes P
10. P takes Kt	B takes P	26. R takes R P	R to K sq
11. B to Kt 5, ch	Kt to B 3 (*f*)	27. P to R 3 (*j*)	R (R 2) to R sq
12. B tks Kt, ch	P takes B	28. Kt to B 3	Q to Kt 7
13. R to R 4	B tks Kt, ch	29. Kt to K 5	Q to Kt 8, ch
14. B to Q 2	P to B 3 (*g*)	30. K to R 2	Q to B 4
15. Castles	Castles	31. Q to K Kt 3 (*k*)	Resigns (*l*)
16. B takes B	P takes B		

(*a*) An unusual move. Either B to Q 2 or P to Q R 3 is generally played here.

(*b*) If 5. . . . P to Q 5, then 6. P to Q R 3, B to R 4; 7. P to Q Kt 4, P takes Kt; 8. Q to Kt 4.

(*c*) B takes P is, we think, to be preferred.

(*d*) After 8. . . . P takes Kt; 9. P takes B, P takes P; 10. B takes Kt P, Kt takes Kt P; 11. B to K 4 White has the better position.

(*e*) Better than 9. . . . P takes Kt, *e.g.*, 10. P takes B, Q takes P; 11. Castles with a good game for White.

(*f*) Not good for after the exchange that follows the text-move his Queen's Bishop has very little freedom of action. He should, instead, play B to Q 2.

(*g*) Not 14. . . . Q to Q 4 because of 15. B takes B, P takes B; 16. R to Q 4 and wins.

(*h*) A good move and much better than 20. R takes P for after 20. . . . R takes R; 21. Q takes R (or 21. R takes R, Q to Q 8, ch; 22. Kt to K sq, Q to K 7), Q takes Q; 22. R takes Q, R to Q sq Black would have good counter-chances.

(*i*) White now threatens R takes R P.

(*j*) Better than R takes B P.

(*k*) A strong move, threatening R to K B 3 followed by R to B 7 or Q 7.

(*l*) The best move for Black appears to be R to R 2 (not R to K 2 because of R takes B). However, his position then would still be very bad—probably hopeless—and as he had only a few seconds in which to make his next ten moves, Botwinnik decided to resign.

THE MIDDLE GAME

We have received for review a copy of a fourth edition, new and completely revised, of M. Znosko-Borovsky's well-known book, *The Middle Game in Chess*. This book, first published in 1922, was the first to deal at all systematically with the problems of the Middle Game; now, of course, there are several books on that subject.

The revision that M. Znosko-Borovsky has made has resulted in the production of what is virtually a new book. It is divided into two main parts, The Elements, and The Middle Game, and the author deals very instructively and entertainingly with such subjects as The Preliminary and Inner Analysis of a Position, The Construction and Execution of the Plan, Between the Opening and the Middle Game, Between the Middle Game and End Game, and Various Means of Remedying Inferiority in Position.

The book is one that we can heartily recommend. Much benefit should be derived from a study of its contents.

The Middle Game in Chess. By Eugene Znosko-Borovsky. (Published by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C. 2 price 7/6 net.)

PROBLEM No. 3988

By F. MOOR.*

WHITE (11 pieces): King at Q sq, Queen at K sq, Rook at Q 6, Bishops at Q Kt 3 and K R 4, Knights at Q Kt 5 and Q 8, Pawns at K Kt 2, Q 3, K B 3 and Q 5.

BLACK (11 pieces): King at K 4, Queen at K Kt 3, Bishop at K 5, Knights at K Kt 2 and Q Kt 8, Pawns at Q Kt 2, K B 3, K B 4, Q B 4, K B 5 and K Kt 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* Solving Tourney, Zurich, 1934.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3987

1. K to R 2 (threatening 2. R to Q sq followed by 3. R to Kt 3, mate). If 1. . . . P to Q 5, then 2. R (Q 2) to B 2, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to K 4, then 2. Kt takes P, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to B 3, then 2. R (Kt 2) to B 2, ch, &c. If 1. . . . B to Kt 3, then 2. K to R 3, &c.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. P to Kt 8—Q, Kt to R 6, ch (or 1. . . . Kt to B 6, ch; 2. K to Kt 4, R to Kt 8, ch; 3. K to R 3, R takes Q, stalemate); 2. K to R 4, Kt to B 7, ch (or 2. . . . Kt to B 5, ch; 3. K to Kt 3, R to Kt 8, ch; 4. K to R 4, R takes Q, stalemate); 3. K to Kt 3, R to Kt 8, ch; 4. K to R 2, R takes Q, stalemate.

CONGRESS AT HASTINGS.—The nineteenth annual Christmas congress of the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club will be held in the White Rock Pavilion, Hastings, from December 28th to January 6th. The programme will consist of a Premier Tournament (limited to ten players, by invitation) and Premier Reserves, Major, First, Second and Third Class Tournaments (each in sections of ten players). Full information can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Mr. A. A. Rider, at the Chess Club, 7, Carlisle Parade, Hastings. The closing date for entries is December 9th.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 491

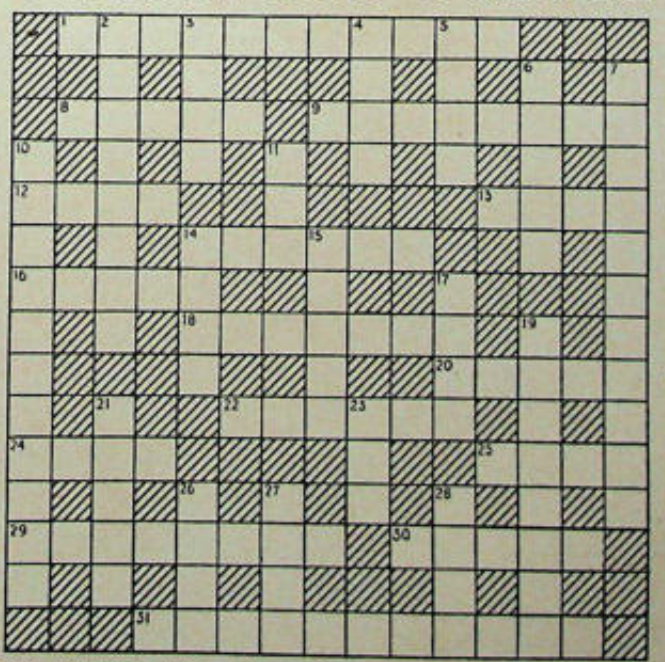
ACROSS.—1, Christmas fare that blushes 8, "——work when vines are in the flower" (Butler). 9, The ghost of Old Marley, for instance. 12, A poetic evening. 13, The snowman's enemy. 14, The Christmas one, we feel, is the last place to be on December 25th. 16, After dinner the schoolboy does this to his belt. 18, A beastly king when young! 20, This method of cooking leaves a lubricant at the end. 22, Straight and narrow paths to marriage. 24, Balance the cargo with the edge outside. 25, Climb up the leg? 29, Snow, punch, waits and coaches are all essential in what is considered to be this sort of Christmas. 30, Champagne does. 31, A study of hieroglyphics will bring you very close to being the answer.

SOLUTION TO No. 490

Published November 12th

		I	N	F	O	R	M	A	T	O	R	Y
	B	O	P		E	A	O		I			
T	I	S	S	U	E		T	H	R	I	V	I	N	G
	S		T		R		R		A		E		C	
S	E	P	A	R	A	T	I	O	N		R	Y	O	T
	C		L				C		T				M	
S	T	A	G	G	E	R		S	U	N	D	A	E	S
			I		X				L		E			
D	E	C	A	M	P	S		P	A	S	S	A	G	E
	L					E		T				P		A
L	I	M	P		C	O	U	R	A	G	E	O	U	S
	X		R		T		R		R		R		C	
N	I	H	I	L	I	S	T		A	P	A	C	H	E
	R		O		N		L		B		D		E	
		P	R	O	G	R	E	S	S	I	O	N		

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD



DOWN.—2, Creation ends in poetry. 3, Have a care when you go down on it, for, when broken, it is sharp. 4, If you muddle the paintings you will soil them. 5, A knot in the wood. 6, "To be wise, and love, exceeds men's ——" (*Troilus and Cressida*). 7, You may be hit on the back of the neck when this is going on. 10, Christmas is a great time for it. 11, The small boy's fate the day after Boxing Day. 14, It's all lies. 15, Valuable members of the family at the festive season. 17, The European huntings recede. 19, The spirit of a Parisian Christmas. 21, Presents difficulties. 23, Poet's field. 26, "Short swallow flights of ——, that dip their wings in tears" (Tennyson). 27, You may wash your hands of this one. 28, An Indian game, but a game Venetian.

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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Spawn-bound Trout.—Our biologist reports that your trout was in very good condition as regards colour—both internally and externally. Also, that the fish was free from disease. The cause of death appeared to be that it was unable to spawn, probably because there were no proper facilities for a fish to carry out this function. The fish was a female, quite ready for spawning, and the ovaries had grown so much as to interfere with the shape and function of the liver, which apparently had not any longer enough room to function properly.—*P. W., Denbigh.*

Boxing

Middle-Weight.—It is very difficult to state with any certainty the middle-weight champions before 1909 because the championship was so closely bound up with the heavy-weight championship. The first middle-weight champion of England was Richard Humphries in 1786, and we know that Hooper the Tinman was champion in 1790. Then followed Jack Randall in 1817, and after him Harry Harmer, Arthur Matthewson, Pat Halton, John Callaghan, Tass Parker, Nat Langham, Posh Price and Jack Baldock. In the days of the prize ring it was every middle-weight's ambition to become the champion heavy-weight, and Tom Sayers, Joe Goss, and Jem Mace all fought at about the middle-weight limit. Charlie Mitchell, too, was first glove champion in 1882, and then went on to become heavy-weight champion. We give a list of the champions from 1909 to 1921, as you required. 1909, Tom Thomas; 1910, Jim Sullivan; 1912, Jack Harrison; 1914, Pat O'Keefe; 1916, Bandsman Blake; 1918, Pat O'Keefe; 1920, Tom Gummer; 1921, Gus Platts; 1921, Johnny Basham; and 1921, Ted "Kid" Lewis.—*E. F. G., Birmingham.*

Curling

Origin, History and Particulars.—Wherever the game is played it is controlled by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, which began its career in 1837, and had its first constitution adopted in 1838. It has branches and constituent clubs all over the world. In England and Scotland there are over 500 clubs, and in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, China, United States, Switzerland, Sweden and France there are branches and constituents. Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Manchester and Perth have ice rinks, which are opened and remain open until April. International matches are played between clubs in England and Scotland in each of these countries alternately. The centenary of the Royal Club was celebrated on July 25th of this year. Should you require particulars further than these, we recommend you to write to the Secretary, A. H. Hamilton, Esq., 22, Duke Street, Edinburgh.—*J. L., Edinburgh.*

Farm

The Piggery Floor.—The question as to the most suitable material for the floor of a piggery has been under examination for some years past at the Midland Agricultural College. The most expensive type—plastic rubber on a concrete base—costs about 22/6 a square yard, and the cheapest, either hollow clay blocks on concrete or 3in. land drain-pipes on concrete, cost 7/- each per square yard. It was discovered that floors beneath which was left an air space dried more quickly. You will find an interesting article on these experiments in *The Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture* for November of this year.—*J. B., Sussex.*

Garden

Pæonia Woodwardii.—This paeony is regarded by the authorities at Kew as identical with *P. Veitchii*. It is obtainable from Mr. Amos Perry, Hardy Plan Farm, Enfield, Middlesex.—*R. E. N., Falmouth.*

Fungi Sent for Identification.—The fungus in the blue box is a species of *Clitocybe*, but impossible to say which, as they arrived very crushed. The fungus in the red box is *Hygrophorus pratensis*. The latter is edible, but not the former.—*H. R., Malvern.*

Kennel

Treatment for Sore Toes.—It would be well to keep the feet clear of mud-balls and matted hair, and to cleanse them each day with warm water and washing soda, and to dip the feet into a hardening solution, such as a teaspoonful of alum dissolved in ½ pint of water, three to four times a week.—*M. E. H. C., Saxmundham.*

Miscellaneous

Quarantine.—Apply for full information to the Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 10, Whitehall Place, London, S.W.1.—*L. E. N., Sussex.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Egg Binding.—Obstruction of the egg-duct by a fully developed egg is usually due to cramp of the egg-duct following the contraction of a chill during the early stages of laying. We found this had caused the death of a budgerigar, a cockatiel and a partridge. The budgerigar had only been in its owner's possession for four days, and for the three days preceding death it sat huddled up on a perch. Its egg-duct had ruptured, so that the cause of the trouble was almost certainly the transport of the bird during the laying process. If aviary birds on the nest are observed to be straining, or to be standing huddled up with a pendulous abdomen or everted vent, they should be held over the mouth of a jug of boiling water. The steam should pass on to the vent-region, care being taken so to hold the bird as to avoid compressing its chest. Usually the application of moist heat to the abdomen for 15 to 20 minutes relieves the cramp and enables the bird to pass the egg. Forcible removal of the egg should not be attempted; the passing of an instrument up the vent is a dangerous procedure. If home treatment with moist heat is not effective it probably means that the egg-duct is badly injured as well as obstructed, and such cases require surgical treatment under anæsthesia by an expert. Egg-binding is a common sequel to allowing young hens to breed too early or too late in the season. Partridges are the most susceptible of our game birds to this fatality.—*W. E. C. B., Brecon; J., Berks; M. G. C., Perthshire.*

Skin Irritation.—This reads like an irritation of the trophic nerves of the skin, and at her age it is doubtful if it is preventable, but it would be worth while trying the effect of five drops of halibut oil with the food every day, together with an alterative powder such as milk of sulphur 5 grains, cream of tartar 5 grains, sulphate of magnesium 10 grains.—*S. W. B.-S., Pembrokeshire.*

Shooting

Snaring Rabbits.—Under the Ground Game Acts the occupier and one other person authorised by him (who is a member of his household or in his service) may kill ground game with firearms. Any number of persons (being members of his household) can kill ground game otherwise than with firearms. Perhaps you have that distinction in mind. When a lessee of shooting rights takes a lease of such rights for an owner, and there are farmers who are lessees of the land and have no sporting rights other than the inalienable rights regarding ground game (*supra*), the lessee of the shooting rights has whatever rights his lease gives him. Usually, in the absence of restrictions in the lease, he can snare rabbits freely. (The farmer under the Ground Game Acts must not set spring traps except in rabbit holes.) The lessee of shooting rights usually agrees to "keep down" rabbits, and that clause in the agreement does not provide that he shall shoot them.—*E. B., Woldingham.*

"Cast Off."—The term "cast off" is used when a gun is being fitted, and arises when your left eye is master. If when looking along the top of the gun, the right side of the right barrel is making an obtuse angle with the right side of the stock, then the stock is "cast off." If the same thing happens on the left side, then the stock is "cast on." The object in both cases is to bring the barrels into line with both eyes when you are in a natural shooting position. It is always worth while having this done by a really good gunmaker, as it is a matter of extreme importance.—*A. W. B. L., Norwich.*

Partridges.—French partridges are an entirely different bird from the grey English partridges. They are much brighter in colour and have brilliant red legs. They were introduced into England about 250 years ago and were at first unpopular, as it was thought that they drove away the English partridges. This view has, however, since been abandoned. As to Hungarian partridges, some years ago the *Field* conducted an inquiry as to their use, and the results were published in the book called *Partridges Yesterday and To-day*, price 3/9 post free, obtainable from Field Press, Ltd. I do not know of any book devoted exclusively to these subjects, but you will find a good deal of information about them in *The Elements of Shooting*, by Eric Parker, also published by Field Press, Ltd., price 15/6 post free, and the book on shooting in the Lonsdale Library, published by Seeley Service, Ltd.—*L. J., South Croydon.*

Travel

In Sussex and the Cotswolds.—You would like the Tudor Close Hotel at Rottingdean. This is an old-world hotel constructed from original Tudor buildings, and shows what can be done with period architecture whilst keeping well in mind modern requirements. The management has wisely seen to it that the decorations and furnishings of the hotel harmonise with its exterior, without omitting any modern comforts. The sheltered position and the rich soil keep the flowers blooming in the gardens of the hotel until Christmas. If you do not mind being a little farther inland, you might like the Star at Alfriston. In the Cotswolds we would recommend the Old Swan at Minster Lovell. The 20th-century comfort of the Swan has behind it 500 years of tradition. Logs flame on the fires, old oak gleams brown and iron-hard, and you breathe the atmosphere of centuries of quiet ease and well-being. Oak, elm, chestnut and careful stonework, at one time covered by paint, paper and plaster, so that the very heart of the Old Swan was hidden, now appear as their craftsmen saw them. The old house, with its neat arrangements and conveniences, seems to link up the ages of English history and relate us to forbears who loved a day in the English countryside and the hospitality of an inn to return to at eventide. In Burford—a charming Cotswold town—there are three very nice inns. These are the Cotswold Gateway, the Bull and the Bay Tree. Some other hotels which we are sure you would like to visit when you are in the Cotswolds, are: The Bull at Fairford, the Swan at Bibury, the Shaven Crown at Shipton-under-Wychwood, and the White Hart at Chipping Norton.—*E. A. P. T., Liverpool.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

LIGHT HORSES

LAST Monday's catalogue at Knightsbridge included the entire stud of hunters of the Holyport branch of Messrs. W. J. Smith, Ltd. The following were the principal lots that changed hands. Property of Messrs. W. J. Smith, Ltd.: Moorhen, b m, by Wingman, 200gs.; Medway, br g, by Bayardop, 120gs.; Marcus, b g, by Greystone Manor, 200gs.; Magnet, b g, by Wilson, 200gs.; Magnum, b g, by Philammon, 170gs.; Majestic, ch g, by Rose Wreath, 300gs.; Mountain Lad, gr g, by Flying Hackle, 150gs.; Merlin, br g, by Chevalier, 135gs.; Maureen, b m, by Kwang Su, 150gs.; Mendip, ch g, by Austin Friars, 100gs.; Holyport Idol, ch g, by Birch Broom, 280gs.; Holyport Lad, b g, by Chevalier, 300gs.; Moonlighter, ch g, by King O'Malley, 260gs.; Miller, ch g, 96gs.; Mudros, br g, by Dunholm, 145gs.; Malacca, br g, by Ballina, 130gs.; Mayfly, bk m, by Protocol, 110gs.; Manna, br g, by Brighter London, 135gs.; Liberator, b g, 65gs.; Marquis, b g, by Romus, 50gs.; Sailor, b g, 55gs.; Rocket, br g, by Mankato, 110gs.; Betty, b m, 135gs.; Maze, ch g, 100gs.; Judy, b m, 66gs.; Monty, br g, 120gs.; Cherry Brandy, 70gs.; Mitre, ch g, 52gs. Property of the Earl of Macduff: Ever Ready, b g, 68gs. Property of Mr. F. E. Mars: King o' Hearts, br g, by King O'Malley, 80gs. Property of Captain D. W. G. Ray: The Roamer, b g, by Perfectus, 100gs.

Leicester

A LARGE number of horses catalogued for Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's sale on Saturday last changed hands. The top figure, 250gs., was given for Mr. R. Midwood's chestnut gelding Red Rufus, whilst Mr. W. H. Midwood's chestnut gelding Wirrall went for 240gs. Mr. T. L. Parke got 160gs. for his bay gelding Adam. Mrs. Philip Fleming sold her bay gelding Hiawatha for 150gs., and 130gs. were paid for Mr. B. A. Selby's brown gelding Mark Royal. The prices realised of 30gs. and over were as follows: Property of Mr. K. J. Beeston: Ch m, 30gs. Property of Captain J. R. Macardle: Gipsy, b g, 130gs. Property of Mr. B. A. Selby: Mark Royal, br g, 130gs. Property of Mrs. Philip Fleming: Hiawatha, ch g, 150gs.; Red Deer, b g, 50gs.; Bonzo, ch m, 40gs. Property of Mr. W. Lancaster: Here Goes, b m, 90gs. Red Fox, ch g, 58gs.; Winnie, br m, 31gs. Property of Major General John Vaughan: Sycamore Lad, br g, 90gs.; Spearpoint, b m, 30gs. Property of Miss Ena Adams: Fisherman, ch g, 50gs. Property of Mr. N. Adams: Toby, b g, 40gs. Property of Colonel Sir G. S. Church: Forrard, br g, 62gs.; Floodlight, br g, 41gs. Property of Captain J. N. Bailey: Far Isle, b m, 35gs.; Ch m, four years, 37gs.; Skyola, ch polo p 38gs. Property of Mrs. M. Burne: Sandy, ch g, 72gs.; Diana, b m, 50gs. Property of Mr. M. F. Higgins, M.F.H.: Jackdaw Junior, br g, 65gs. Property of Mr. R. Midwood: Red Rufus, ch g, 250gs.; Fox Catcher, b g, 35gs. Property of Mr. W. H. Midwood: Midas, b g, 55gs.; Wirral, b g, 240gs.; Castletown, b g, 100gs.; Trumpeter, ch g, 50gs. Property of Mrs. Campbell: Ned, b g, 64gs.; Property of Mr. E. E. Marsh: Goldseeker, ch g, 40gs.; Mekah Star, b m, 35gs. Property of Mr. T. L. Parke: Adam, b g, 165gs.; Friendship, b m, 50gs. Property of Major J. C. Dugdale: Harpenden, b g, 75gs.; Br g, 35gs

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	Canada. £ s. d.	Elsewhere abroad. £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by HUDSON & KEARNS, LTD., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by THE FIELD PRESS (1938) LTD., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Nov. 19, 1938

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4483. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.

A FAMILY SKI-ING TRIO

Mr. J. E. Palmer-Tomkinson with his son, who captained the British ski team, and his daughter, who has also represented her country in the World Championships, but had the misfortune to break her leg early last season

From a photograph by Miss Birnie Duthie

CVS—290

THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1283
AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH 1283
THE SKI-COMPLEX 1284
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS 1285
THE GROUSE MIGRATION ENQUIRY . . . 1289
A SATISFACTORY RACING SEASON . . . 1289
HUNT HORSES 1290
A FORTUNATE MISTAKE 1291
JOE ON THE HILL! 1292
UNORTHODOX SALMON FISHING 1293
THE ORIGIN OF ARCTIC FAUNA—I . . . 1294
VIGNETTES OF A SUSSEX SHOOT . . . 1295
WHAT MAKES TROUT RISE? 1296
SKI-ING ACCORDING TO PLAN 1298
WINTER SPORTS IN NORTHERN ITALY . . 1301
THE SKI-RACING SEASON 1302
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 1304
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1304
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1304
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 1305
IN THE CITY 1308
NEW BOOKS 1309
IN TOUCH 1310
FROM TEE TO GREEN 1310
BERRIED SHRUBS 1311
SMOKY CHIMNEYS 1311
LIGHTING OF CONTEMPORARY ROOMS . . 1312
A.R.P. FOR DOGS—I 1312
THE GOAT IN ENGLAND 1314
RESEARCH AND THE MODERN CAR . . . 1316
YOUTH AND THE AIR 1318
CARDS AND CHESS 1321
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1322

COUNTRY BILLETING

IF the arrangement for billeting children and adults in the country under a national emergency scheme is to work smoothly, it would appear that there will have to be considerable revision of the system as it exists at present; a number of statements have been made drawing attention to its inadequacies. We know that any measures taken will have to be of an arbitrary nature, for when it comes to allocating responsibilities no loopholes must be left for shirkers. Nevertheless circumspection in billeting is necessary. It is far from sufficient to launch population from the towns into mansion and cottage and consider the matter settled; to leave both sides to make the best of the bargain and any rearrangement to be dictated by circumstances.

Recent experiences, we are told, have revealed weaknesses in our defence system which will have to be repaired. Now, then, is the time to see that any flaws which exist in plans made for the sudden exodus of millions from urban to rural districts are remedied, and to prevent unnecessary hardship occurring through lack of foresight. There are many factors involved in emigration of this kind; among them may be specified provision for proper sanitation, for food and water supply, and the enlisting of people competent to deal with an influx of individuals who, accustomed to the amenities of a town life, are not the best qualified to shift for themselves. There will be a good deal of smoothing-out work to be done.

If some of the examples of billeting procedure which are now being related are any criterion of the whole, then, while it is unfair to criticise harshly arrangements which were hurriedly put into force, it must be realised that the system calls for more care in its execution. Cases of billeting which we are assured can be vouched for border on the fantastic. For the working of any system affecting the evacuation of civilians in wartime, it is certain that in the main the work will fall upon elderly people, as the active and physically fit will be required elsewhere. Even so, there must be a limit to what those who are advancing in years can be asked to do, and one cannot very well imagine octogenarians being considered capable of administering to the wants of young children, probably turbulent children at that, or bachelors being saddled with a similar responsibility! Many incidents of incompetent billeting which are cited certainly come within the category of the Might Have Been, yet are no uncertain index of what Would Be in time of trouble should the organisation not be placed on a sound footing.

The time is now ripe for anyone who can point to instances of incompetence in his or her district insisting upon the thorough investigation of each case in order to discover who is directly responsible, and so track down any weakness in the organisation. This is a duty which devolves upon the individual in any national defence scheme. It should not be a matter of difficulty in any country town or village where billeting is contemplated for responsible inhabitants to find out exactly what drafting is proposed and how it is to be operated; to discover whether those who are scheduled to take in adults or children are capable of doing so, or whether, in national emergency, the scheme would be negatived by the services of these people being required in other spheres of activity. Would it not be possible for a country district to be so subdivided that those in each section definitely know not only what is expected of them but also the practical issues involved? Would it not also be possible for people who are called upon for billeting to have some idea of where their charges are likely to come from and have some idea of their status?

Capable people who know the limitations of their neighbourhood should be in charge of country billeting.

GREAT SPORTSMEN

ONE by one the sportsmen of the Golden Age are leaving us, and the last weeks of November have taken toll of three of them. They were great men who enjoyed to the full a vigorous open-air life, leaving memories of their prowess behind them and dying at a ripe age. The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, chief of the Clan Chattan, was 87 and was included among the finest shots of his day. It is said that he was reticent regarding the bags made at Moy Hall, but Mr. Hugh Gladstone has a note in *Record Bags* of 1,368 grouse having been killed there on August 23rd, 1910, when Count Clary killed 107 in one drive. He refers to a statement in which The Mackintosh was credited with a bag of some 900 brace, "curtailed by three drives unaccomplished and a resulting shortage of 300 brace owing to dilatory tactics during the pick-up by some of the guests." Not only was he renowned in his own country but also in Wales, where as M.F.H. he had the Glamorgan Hounds from 1897 to 1900.

The Coaching Club has lost its President, Sir Leonard Powell, at the age of 85, and so a famous whip will be absent from the front rank of the gathering at the Magazine, Hyde Park. In his youth Sir Leonard was a keen oarsman, and he had shared the Mastership of the Tedworth with Major Henry Connop. His services as a judge of horses will be missed, and it is typical of his enthusiasm that his death was due to the effort he made to attend the opening meet of the former pack.

Major Algernon Burnaby, associated with the Mastership of the Quorn from 1919 to 1932, was 70 when he died last week. His name, as already recounted, will always be linked up with the story of the Midnight Steeplechase at Melton Mowbray in 1890 which, over fences outlined by oil lamps, he won when Count Zborowski fell at the last of them. He is not, however, the last survivor of this race as has been stated. And so the great figures of sport pass on leaving their spirit behind in an age which cannot reproduce the atmosphere which surrounded them in their hey-day.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

The news that Dave Crowley has been matched to defend the light-weight championship of Great Britain against Roy Boon, and that the match has received the approval of the Board of Control, has caused much heart-burning in various quarters. Crowley has recently been well beaten by McGrory in a match at a little over the light-weight limit, and the supporters of Danahar, who is certainly no worse than Boon, as well as the supporters of one or two other men in addition to McGrory, are not feeling too well pleased. The point, however, is not whether Boon is the best man to challenge, or not. The point is that Crowley, as champion, must defend his title, and if he is to remain in idleness while a long series of eliminating bouts are completed he stands but little chance of doing so. The eliminating system has been proved farcical in its tediousness, and if Crowley desires to defend his title against Boon he has every right to do so.

SELBORNE'S BY-PASS

Mrs. Bibby, the present owner of Gilbert White's old home, "The Wakes," and her son, Major Bibby, who owns the adjoining land, have covenanted with the National Trust not to erect any buildings on their land other than two cottages for estate purposes. And every lover of Selborne, and every naturalist, and every lover of rural England, will rejoice. For the effect of this covenant is that no longer will it be possible for the supporters of the by-pass, which would of necessity pass through the land so covenanted, to urge that it would safeguard the amenities and prevent any encroachment by building. A by-pass is not necessary so far as traffic is concerned, even though the volume of traffic has increased of recent years. And it is to be hoped that through the generous action of Mrs. and Major Bibby we have heard the last of a proposal that was yet another example of the modern confusion between vandalism and progress.

WORK ON THE TROUT STREAM

November's work on the streams should include planting for shelter where it is necessary. There are many streams where shelter from the prevailing wind would make fishing much more enjoyable for the angler and probably go a long way towards improving hatches of fly. High winds across a stream in June must carry a lot of spinners to places from which neither they or their progeny ever return. But it is important that new plantations should be set well back from the river. It may be that nowadays anglers cast further than they used to do, but it is extraordinary how many plantations seem to have been made just too near for a fly to be dropped under the opposite bank without danger to it in the back cast. The full width of the stream and something more should always be allowed.

WAYFARERS

When long the swallows have left our eaves,
When November is sad for her falling leaves,
When shadows come early on meadow and mead,
Over my garden God's travellers speed.

Full and fed from the new-ploughed lands
Gulls going West to the Solway sands,
Cleaving the dusk with a steady flight,
Steering a course by the sun's last light.

Wedges of grey geese, straight of neck,
Clanging their faith on their lakeland trek;
And, tossed on the tide that the night-wind brings
Dark rooks homing on weary wings.

And, fairest of all that eye can see,
Breasting the sky-waves royally,
The great wild swans on their pinions proud,
Their white plumes pale on a rose-red cloud.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ACCORDING to Mr. Rex Wailes, in a paper he read at the Institution of Civil Engineers last October, 23 tide mills may still be deciphered in the torn and disfigured manuscript of English rural industries. Of these, ten are still worked by the tide, and the one that I know is at Beaulieu, in the New Forest. It occupies nearly the whole of one side of the bridge across the Beaulieu river, which separates the village from the mournful relics of the Cistercian abbey upon which our bluff King Hal, in spite of the obsequious attitude of the last abbot, vented a particular spite. The parent tree was hacked down, but its two acorns, that had become full-grown oaks before the crash of their sire, they by some freak of time and forgetfulness of progress survive—the tithe barn of Great Coxwell, near Faringdon, and the tide mill of the pretty woodland village. What is still more extraordinary, they both carry out their proper functions, and what indeed I found the hardest of all to believe, the tide mill still grinds corn that is locally grown and locally consumed. As such, it is indeed an unregarded jewel of what is left of England's rifled treasure. Wordsworth's heart leaped up when he saw the rainbow: mine leaped when the miller set his great wheel going under the floor for my especial benefit. The spray dashing past my face as I looked through the trap-door, the boiling of the whitened waters, the hiss and roar of the great wheel, 12ft. 4in. in diameter and 4ft. 6in. wide, mounted with its 24 buckets on its wooden shaft of an 18-inch diameter, this was more to me than many rainbows. The only machinery—and this drives a sack hoist and two further pairs of stones over and above the two pairs mounted on a hurst on the ground floor that are driven by the wheel—is an electric motor of 8 h.p.

Part of the mill is built out on piles into the river and is weatherboarded, while the rest of the building is a warm red brick roofed with lozenge-shaped and rounded tiles, which I believe are called fish-tiles. All the interior is of wood—ladders, bins for the meal, floor-boarding, square pillars, beams, narrow passages, fittings, shaft rising to the first floor and all. So ramshackle is the arrangement of the props and supports that it is a wonder why the whole edifice does not tumble about the miller's ears like a pack of cards. The point is that it has stood in this very way for something like six centuries, and that gives the explorer into its dusky depths a more penetrating notion of how the old builders could build, more than does a Gothic church or even a cathedral. The pulse and swing of the great wheel sets the whole building in an ague, but it will still be standing when all the flimsy excrescences of development between Beaulieu and Poole have fallen down. I thought I should never see sacks of barley meal in a mill nor smell that peculiar musty-dusty fragrance of flour again. But the old mill still lives and I had heard the throb of its heart.

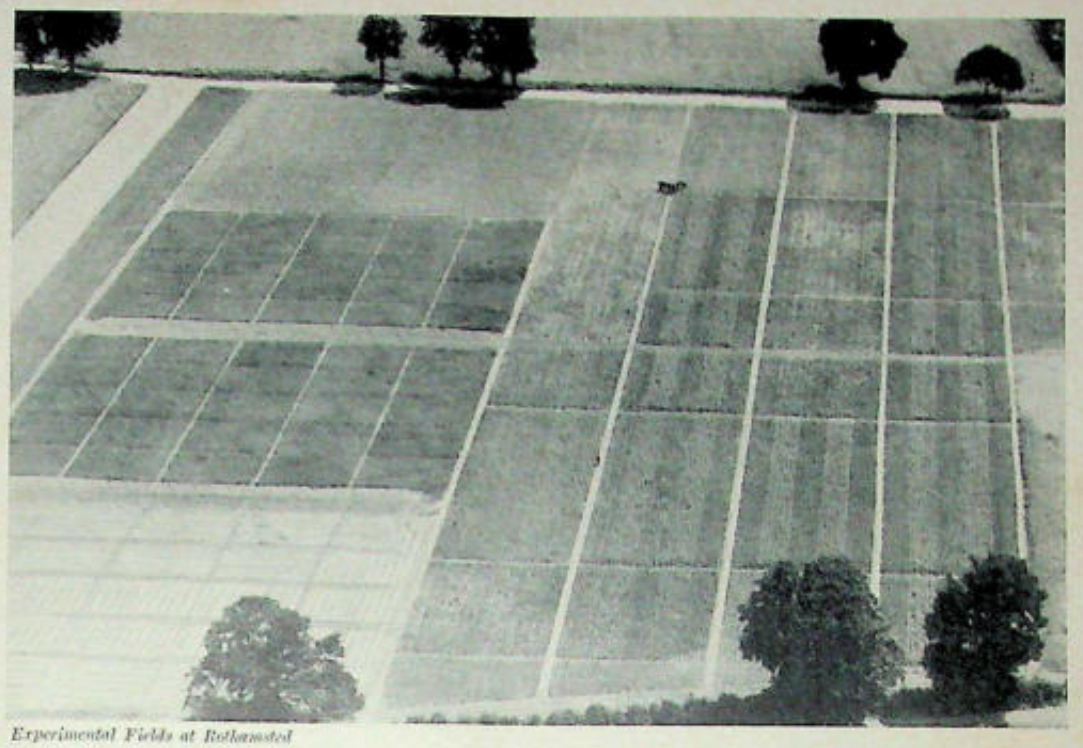
As I left, a queer kind of a carter in an even queerer cart—such a cart as Mr. Hennell of "Change on the Farm," would have delighted to draw—drove up for his sack of meal. I am not sure that this was not the best sight of all. If a lorry had appeared and carried off some sacks to London, the incongruity of it would have destroyed half my pleasure. But Beaulieu Tide Mill is a true local institution, though, of course, the miller cannot live by flour alone. He has to supplement what he makes by his mill, and this he does in proper country fashion by his wooding. He makes garden and sheep hurdles, gateposts (a few even of oak), besoms and the like, buying his raw material from the underwoods of Redlynch and elsewhere not too far from home. I could walk out from the smell of flour into the smell of wood next door, past the low roofs, toy gables and poking dormers, realising as I did so something of the marvel of this survival when the weight of the whole world is against it. The disheartening fact about the rural crafts and industries is that they vanish in spite of their natural soundness, serviceableness and durability. Both for use and for beauty there has never been a flaw to find in them. Among all the wreckage, the Beaulieu Tide Mill stands out like a lighthouse.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From instructions on riding:

"Very little effort is needed on the part of the rider to break from the trot to a canter. Spurring or hitting the horse is wrong and unnecessary. The correct method is as follows: (*a*) Sit well down into the saddle and remain so throughout the canter. (*b*) Slightly and evenly increase the pressure on the reins. (*c*) 'Squeeze' your horse, with your legs, behind the girths (the pressure from both legs must be an even one). All the above movements must take place simultaneously. As soon as the horse starts cantering, the pressure from the legs must be released, although the slightly increased pressure on the reins is maintained for the purpose of control."



Experimental Fields at Rothamsted

AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH

The Farmer's Point of View

THE approaching centenary of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, at Harpenden, in Hertfordshire, provokes a general inquiry into the purposes and achievements of institutions of a similar nature. The station at Rothamsted is the oldest centre of agricultural research in the world, and one of its earliest discoveries was that of the artificial fertiliser—a discovery which did much to revolutionise certain aspects of farming as well as to found a most prosperous and useful industry.

Since that time, and largely because of that attitude, the scientific approach to agriculture has gained in strength. Among the most recent problems which have engaged the attention of scientists is the effort to prevent late blight in potatoes, and thereby to save potato farmers from a very considerable loss. Experiments which may later lead to the prevention of foot and mouth disease have received a fresh impetus from the knowledge that an animal which has been infected is, on that account, more likely to be immune in the future. Nor has the engineering side of farming been neglected. There are now nearly 50,000 tractors in use throughout the country, and efforts are being made to teach their users not only to drive them but also to understand their mechanism sufficiently to be able to repair them, and thereby to save what is otherwise a very considerable repair bill. The question of land fertility has received Government assistance, and it is refreshing to observe that the cause of this assistance is the realisation of the fact that one of the most important purposes of English agriculture to-day is to render the English nation, so far as is possible, self-supporting in food supplies. The whole question of soils and their correct and suitable fertilisation is being examined from this point of view. But modern conditions have also created their own problems. The rotation of crops, which has been accepted for centuries, has, it is pointed out, been wholly upset by the fact that conditions have driven farmers to grow only those crops which suit their own land. This has resulted in an increase of pests and created a new and urgent problem with which agricultural scientists have to deal.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasised that every scientific experiment carried out in an experimental station should have only one object in view—to benefit the farmer. It is satisfactory to note that this is the object for which the stations throughout the country work. If the farmers benefit from this research it follows that their labourers will reap the benefit and that ultimately the nation as a whole will have cause for gratitude. The scientists who quietly pursue their inquiries are too apt to be regarded simply as abstruse research workers, whereas they are really most valuable contributors to the national welfare. Especially is this so at the present time, when every effort to increase home production must be made. We can no longer, in view of the international situation, be content to rely on an assured influx of imports: and it is to the agricultural scientists that we must look for assistance. Every discovery which they make is an added bulwark to the national defence.

It seems a pity, therefore, that the average farmer in England is not more conversant with the work of these experimental stations. It is perfectly true, as Sir John Russell recently pointed out, that many farmers in Australia, and even in foreign lands, are more familiar with English research than are our native farmers. No doubt this is partly due to the fact that our stations send out some of their most brilliant scientists to serve in the Empire, but I incline to the view that an insufficient effort is made to acquaint English farmers with the results of experiments. It cannot be denied that many hundreds of farmers make an annual pilgrimage to these places of research and that they lose no time in putting what they learn into practice. This is an argument for increasing scientific research, but it is equally a reason why definite steps should be taken to make the results of experiments more generally known. It has at last been realised that tractor drivers should also be engineers, and to this end official demonstrations and lectures are being given. It is not easy to imagine the whole benefit which must result from this plan, and it is equally difficult to see why the same effort should not be made to spread the results of agricultural research. Farmers who live a remote life are among those who would benefit most, and yet they are also those who are least likely to participate in this valuable knowledge. Some effort should certainly be made to impart this information to every English farmer.

Yet it must always be remembered that a certain measure of agricultural prosperity is necessary before farmers can reap the full benefit of agricultural research. I believe that the present uncertainty in the farming world is the chief reason why more advantage is not taken of the accumulation of knowledge which is gradually growing. No one can blame a farmer for carrying on in the same way, when he is not assured that the money which he must spend on the adoption of new methods will be repaid to him by their adoption. It is one thing to present a farmer with the scientifically proved fact that a tractor will increase the daily acreage which he can plough; but it is quite a different thing to convince him that his outlay of capital in purchasing the tractor will justify itself. It is no use explaining to a farmer how a certain method of fertilisation will increase his production if he cannot be persuaded that it would be to his advantage to produce a larger output.

Agricultural research can be justified only if it produces a better condition among farmers, and it can do so only if farmers can afford to take advantage of its discoveries. It would perhaps be possible to make Government grants to this end, but this course would not justify itself in the long run. What is needed is an agricultural policy which would restore farming confidence to such an extent that farmers would be eager to learn of any method that would increase their output, make their financial returns more certain and justify a capital expenditure. So long as farmers do not know which branch of agriculture is next to be the subject of Government attention, so long will agricultural research tend to be a valuable but largely untapped source of extremely important knowledge.

CREAGHT.

A. Klopfenstein, Adelboden

THE SKI-COMPLEX

The Psychological Background of a Social Comedy

LEAVES fall in England. Snow falls in the Alps. The sun retires to above the snow-line, and minds go wool-gathering in its wake. In another month the vanguard of a legion in search of their errant fancies will be invading alpine Europe, and winter sports will begin again.

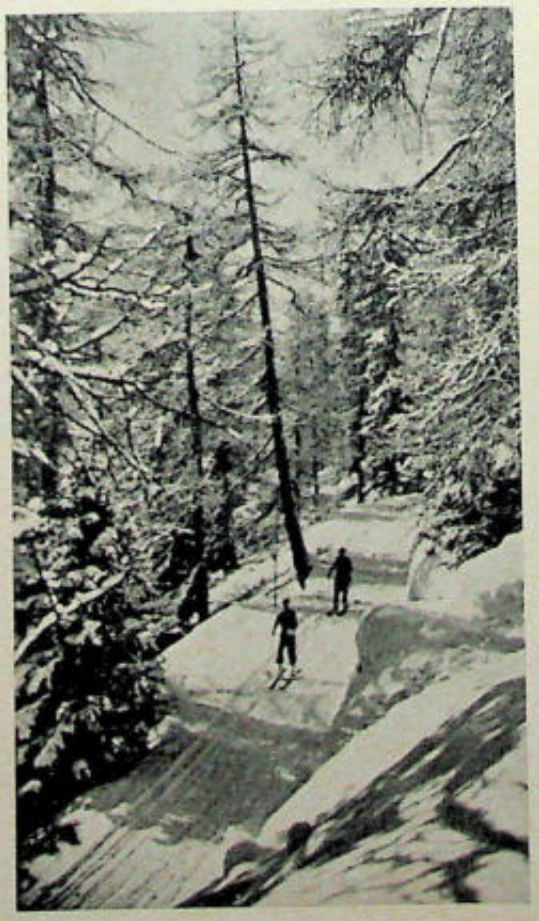
The sequence—this change in our weather, this yearning after sunshine and snow, and this fulfilment—is now almost as well established as the succession of the seasons themselves. Winter holidays, now largely implying ski-ing, are so fashionable as to be taken for granted, so much looked forward to that their newness, their peculiarity is forgotten. However, they are still, in an Anglo-Saxon sense, a phenomenon. We have been given a new set of toys to play with, and the novelty of them has not quite worn off.

The physical background to ski-ing is familiar enough; the winter landscapes that magazines must conjure up, the hotels, the crowded slopes, the funiculars, the little groups of learners. All these fragments blend into a picture now almost as conventionalised as a hunting print. But the psychological background to this performance is lesser known. The social comedy, in which we all delightfully take part, has been unconscious.

Fundamentally, of course, ski-ing is simply another means of having a good time; but it also stands for the studious rationalisation that men must inflict upon the simplest things they do. There are few spectacles more droll than our insistence upon justifying happiness and good times. We cannot say of an activity, "This is fun. . . . I like it." We must explain its deeper significance, solemnly and dully.

Thus a sport cannot be lightly dismissed as something you do for the fun of the thing. Its protagonists must describe it as a spiritual "builder-upper." It must be moralised over, and organised. It must develop its particular pomposities and prejudices, the rules and hocus-pocus that inhibit and formalise it. It must take itself seriously. And when a new sport appears it must run this civilising gamut in order to win its way to popularity despite its friends.

Ski-ing is in the midst of this. Like riding or walking or cycling it was and is essentially a practical means of locomotion; and the pleasure it gives is a personal, non-competitive pleasure. When discovered by those to whom it was a novelty, it became a sport. As riding developed style and manners in the show ring, walking its hazards and ritual on a mountain side, and cycling its abnormalities in the six-day-race arena, so ski-ing was developed in the Alps. Its homespun humanity was seemingly sophisticated away, and its technique was advanced and refined to a point that it almost lost its original identity. Moreover, so far as we are concerned, two added factors had influence. It became anglicized, and it felt the qualms of mountain sickness.



SKIERS COMING DOWN A PATH THROUGH THE WOODS AT ST. MORITZ

Anglification meant that ski-ing became a class sport, because it was expensive and surrounded by parliamentary procedure and witty debate. Moreover, because the mad English suddenly got rather good at it, other nationalities were piqued to emulate them, and a sport that had come to rank with 'untin' and shootin' was taken up by quite ordinary foreigners in Europe. In fact it became professionalised, with the officially representative amateurs highly subsidised.

The mountain sickness that assailed it came with altitude. As ski-ing gained height it suffered from Alpinism, the spleen that had Ruskin tilting at the climbers and had the climbers everlastingly divided among themselves over niceties of Alpine dogma. There is a heady quality to mountains, and people who have anything to do with them in their spare time seem to get a little unbalanced.

The cumulative effect of all this upon ski-ing—this elevation to the plane of sport, this nationalisation and specialisation—was unfortunate. Otherwise normal, happy people would be rude to each other over technicalities. First purists held to the Scandinavian style, or what they thought it was. Soon they were developing passionate opinions over jumping, over stem turns as compared to telemarks, and over downhill racing as opposed to cross-country or landlauf ski-ing. The same preoccupied comedy has been played out in every established sport in terms of boxed foxes, sitting birds, steel shafts and iron *pictons*.

But at last ski-ing is growing up. Its natural goodness, its innate sense of happiness and well-being, is reasserting itself. Thanks to the pioneers, it has become popularised—vulgarised, some would call it—and commercialised. Thousands try it for the first time each season and return to try it again. Hotels reopen and special railways are built for skiers. The sport has caught on, and those who are caught do not give a tinker's curse about technicalities so long as they are taught how

to ski quickly. They are doing it just because they find they like it.

Which brings us to the common denominator—Fun. Ski-ing has so many sides that people can find fun in it in many ways; and this season a new spirit enters into it. There is less high-pressure competition, a subtle maturing of view-point, a willingness to ski and let ski. But let us examine skiers as a species and see how they variously interpret their denominator.

As leaves fall at home and snow falls abroad, the ski-minded yearn for several distinct kinds of happiness. One who longs after one type is apt to sneer at one who longs for another, but they each have their points.

First, with curiosity taking the place of yearning, come the rabbits, the learners who get swayed by travel propaganda and who join organised parties. They probably have never seen snow in any quantity before, perhaps never crossed the Channel before; and they are excited and overwhelmed by spectacular scenery, queer foreigners, un-English customs and by a hilariously ridiculous sport that can send them topsy-turvy without their getting hurt. Everything they do is to them new and different. They shamble happily about on the skis they hire from their hotels, the rental of which may be included in their tour, and they laugh uproariously at one another. Because they have not had time to develop any ski conceits, no one minds them, although people having such an obviously good time, indoors as well as out, are to be regarded somewhat askance.

But there are learners and learners, and a good percentage take their ski-ing seriously enough. They want to get somewhere, without falling. They go to ski-classes and work at simple movements as a skater will conscientiously work at his test or school figures. They, if the object is to get the most ultimate pleasure out of the business, are the wisest. They know the misery of a hundred minor defeats and the elation of a thousand minor victories. Each tumble, each bungling of a turn under the eye of a teacher, is sorrow and humiliation; each successful turn, each gain in strength and confidence and skill is ecstasy beyond measure. Can you remember what it was to hit your first drive off the tee? Or to get the feel and control of a fast service at tennis for the first time? Ski-ing has all those physical thrills for the learners, and thousands who are fearful duds at everything else at last come upon something they can do well. It is a restoring experience, and they thrive under it.

Next come the brash graduates, learners in their second or third season, who ski well enough to clatter down the beaten runs about their favourite resorts, reducing the time they take and the number of falls they make. They are much abused, but they are having fun in their own peculiar way, and it must not be begrudged them. It is the "lift" known to the motor-racing driver or a motor cyclist; the sense of speed, of control, of steeling one's nerves and muscles, of rushing, hurtling, crashing and smashing through space. Back and back they go up the funiculars to hurl themselves once more down the beaten slopes. They have the gusto and courage of youngsterhood, and some of them eventually make superb downhill racers.

C. Brandt, Arosa

SKIERS AT AROSA

". . . the sense of speed, of control, of steeling one's nerves and muscles, of rushing, hurtling, crashing and smashing through space"

C. Brandt, Arosa

SETTING OUT FOR THE DAY

Parties of skiers making for the slopes, with the sleighs which have conveyed them from their hotels in the background

Then come the tourers, the foot-loose, skiers who like to wander about on minor expeditions. They like to ski in small parties with box lunches neatly prepared by their hotels, to see new country, new scenery, to picnic and rough it in ways not overwhelming to an urbanite. They are usually the more experienced, the more leisurely minded. They know the mountains, or they want to know them. Their skis are no longer an end in themselves, but a means towards an end.

In a class by themselves are the ski-mountaineers They make ascents in winter. They run the greatest risks, of slipping into eternity or of being buried by an avalanche. They are usually the oldest hands at the game, and the canniest. They are on more than pleasant nodding terms with mountains. They know snow in all its vagaries, the way a pilot knows the currents and winds and tides as marked on the surface of the water. In the eyes of their fellow men they are a little mad.

And so each of these several types yearns after his ski-ing as autumn turns to winter, and each yearns in his especial way. They share images of trains and funiculars and ski-equipment; the smell of ski-wax floods in from some odd corner of the brain; sunshine makes each picture sharp and clear, with just enough memories of blizzards and foehn to put them into relief. The heart beats faster as the mind is possessed with this magic, and in imagination one performs prodigies of speed and daring. Of course, each skier thinks humanly as well as romantically, and there is plenty of ambition, conceit and jealousy blended into his emotion. But, on the whole, anticipation is healthy and happy. The sense of prospective escape, from oneself, from the future, is complete.

Yes, something rather pleasant happens to the mind as snow falls in the Alps.

BRIAN MEREDITH.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Belvoir Have Two Splendid Leicestershire Days

THE dog hounds were eclipsed by their sisters last week, although it was not their fault that the fog curtailed their activities before one o'clock on Tuesday from Hough. As it was, they soon ran out of sight, and it was too risky to continue. Next day, the bitches came to Buckminster on a mild dull morning which had the smell of a hunting day in it, though visibility was none too good. All the home coverts were investigated without result, and nearly two hours had gone beyond recall before Coston was approached; this splendid little place on the brink of the Cottesmore boundary is always a widow's cruse of foxes in spite of the fact that it gets constant visits from both sides of the border. After terrific tow-rowing within, a holloa came from the most desired direction, but, unfortunately, some over-excited infantry turned the fox back and the whole process had to be repeated.

Next time there was no doubt about it, and as one watched the pack streaming over the grass and across the brook, one could settle down to ride with a clear conscience. In three minutes we were returning our neighbours' recent call, and, as it turned out were to spend the rest of the hunting day as guests of the Cottesmore, jumping in and out of the dividing road, then over a bottom as best one might — we came on a glorious series of good grass fields and cock fences, jumpable anywhere. The music ahead filled the still air, as hounds sped on: short of the Wymondham road, a slight check was complicated by the arrival of a bridleless horse which threatened to gallop through the middle of the pack. However, disaster averted, George cast forward, and in spite of considerable vehicular congestion the bitches picked up the line again and hunted quite beautifully past Edmonthorpe, to the confusion of those who had decided on Woodwell Head as the goal!

Every yard was worked out, yet they kept relentlessly on, quite fast enough for enjoyment to be combined with observation, yet not too speedy for those with young, old or supposedly unfit horses. Ultimately arriving at a kale field, this good hunt appeared to be over and the Master was on the point of withdrawal when news came that a couple of hounds were still speaking in a corner. That it was not idle gossip was proved within a few minutes; away again, with the loud pedal on the music, as hounds crossed a railway and pointed to Ashwell Spinney; they then veered left and worked up to their gallant though well-deserved fox to kill him below Market Overton. The sequel to this capital performance lasting two hours was that second horses were found nearer 4 p.m. than 3 p.m., and it was just as well that Sproxton Thorns failed to supply any further quarry as light was already failing.

Friday night brought much wanted rain; the wind which accompanied it was hardly the most promising prelude to a foxhunt on the morrow; however, at Landyke Lane all was peace again, except for a good deal of jostling by the participating talent. Holwell Mouth being the inevitable though unappreciated draw, its slippery hills were soon hopping with fresh horses, but nothing was found to take the edge off their exuberance. Clawson Thorns is just as unpopular, and on this occasion it seemed a hopeless proposition; every slope was dotted with spectators, so how could a fox go away? Good ones evidently can, and an outsize bright yellow one ultimately came out under the noses of the waiting field, on the Harby Hills side. The huntsman got hounds away with remarkable speed, and a small right-handed circle brought everyone back to much the same position as before. But this good pilot did not fancy going back into covert; instead, he kept on towards Holwell Mouth. This is no new departure, but his subsequent movements were just what one hopes for and seldom gets.

Picture the scene: Holwell Mouth and Clawson Thorns lie like great woody rugs on the edge of a high ridge which dominates the Belvoir Vale. Sixteen to twenty miles of chess-board patterned grass stretch into the distance. It is impossible for a foxhunter to look at this unrivalled view without yearning to ride over the pastures spread out below. Needless to say, few foxes are bold enough to leave the security of the tangled hillside, but, on this occasion, there was something in the way in which the bitches poured into the lower half of the "Mouth" to make hopes rise. Sure enough, out they came without delay—a wedge-shaped, piebald mass, and made straight for the vale. For seven or eight fields they went all out, with a wonderful cry; every fence seemed "made to measure," and there appeared to be no end to the possibilities.

All of a sudden something made the fox take a sudden turn, so that hounds were confused. With infinite patience, George cast them this way and that, to be rewarded with renewed bursts of music as his charges crossed the road to Sherbrookes. Now was the time for "under-riding" if possible, though it seemed reasonable to think the best was over, with so attractive a refuge at hand. Not at all: leaving the covert to the left, on we went along the Smite (always wondering if it would be really necessary to jump this trappy piece of water), and it was only on arrival at Hose Thorns that other foxes intervened to save the splendid fellow which had given us so good a ride.

UNBRIDLED.

THE QUORN RUN WELL

OWING to the recent sad death of Major "Algy" Burnaby these hounds did not hunt until Friday in last week, when they met at Mr. Burton's farm, Kirby-Bellars, a huge field turning up. Although there is now, from a foxhunting point of view, a welcome change in the weather, the fair and warm conditions lasting until the 19th had undoubtedly encouraged foxes to lie out, and probably accounted for so many usual strongholds being blank. Not one of the two brace found in Mr. Burton's kale field the last time hounds paid a visit were at home, possibly on account of the very wet state of the kale through the recent fogs, and no other had replaced the vacant lair of that good old dog fox of 90 minutes fame found in Banham House gardens at the end of October last.

The news of the sudden death of the Queen of Norway was received with as much regret in England as in the country of her adoption. From her earliest days she was keen on salmon and trout fishing and was an enthusiastic horsewoman. A frequent visitor to England, she often hunted with the West Norfolk hounds, at one of whose meets the above picture shows her

There was no improvement when Thorpe Trusset was blank, but when Ashby Pastures was reached almost at once those beautiful shrill notes of the lady pack dispelled all disappointment of the last half-hour, and the pastures echoed back the good tidings that more than one fox had been roused. Going to the holloa on the Gaddesby side hounds quickly settled down on the line pointing for Cream Gorse. Bearing slightly to the right they then went back left-handed by the brook side, leaving Rotherby Spinneys on the left and continued by the Leicester Co-operative farm to the Leicester and Melton turnpike. Hunting on slowly from here they eventually lost their fox at the back of Kirby-Bellars. Cream Gorse, Brooksby Spinneys, Gaddesby Privetts, and Sherrards all failed to produce a fox, and hounds were taken home.

On Saturday from Osgarthorpe hounds ran beautifully with their first fox from Breedon Cloud Wood. Going away on the quarry side they went on through Langley Gorse pointing for the Priory, then turning right-handed crossed the Diseworth Road and leaving Diseworth village on the left ran fast nearly up to Long Whatton before turning right-handed over the hill by Dry Pot, and on through some root fields over the Loughborough—Ashby Road into Oakley Wood. Scent though good in the open was the opposite in covert, and some minutes elapsed before a very tired fox was seen to cross over into Piper Wood. Hounds were quickly out of Oakley but could do nothing on entering Piper, and although they and their huntsman worked hard they were defeated by a beaten fox who had very probably crawled under the thick brambles and laid down. It was bad luck for hounds as they certainly deserved blood.

SCARLET RUNNER.

MIXED SPORT WITH THE PYTCHLEY

AFTER meeting at Mears Ashby, on a morning more suited to May than November, a fox was found in some kale near by, and just as hounds had begun to run hard he slipped into a hole. Another from a different kale field disappeared almost at once, but with a third from yet another kale field near Vivians a good hunt began. The fox was finally marked to ground in Cow Pasture, very beaten and only a few seconds in front of hounds, after he had been well hunted through some famous and intricate woodlands, without a change, although many other foxes were in evidence.

On Wednesday from Shawell a good, though twisty, hunt took place from some kale near Lutterworth. The end came in the South Atherstone country after an hour, when the fox got to ground barely half a field in front of hounds, which had hunted and driven with exemplary patience and dash. They raced from Mrs. Tate's spinney in the evening in very doubtful light, for 20 minutes, over the now delightful country which lies between Swinford and Kilworth House. The fog by the time the latter coverts loomed ahead had become so thick, that during the first hesitation hounds had to be stopped. This might be accounted an unlucky day, as many seem to be, when hunting has to be conducted in half light.

The first part of the day from Whilton on Friday was productive of some amusement for the field, and for the huntsman; and for the mixed pack of great disappointment. A fox from the osier bed was run hard, marked to ground in a field drain, bolted of his own accord, and was practically killed, his life saved by two express trains as he was struggling to gain the Railway Gorse near by. Two other short quick gallops, either of which might have materialised into something much better, were nipped before blooming over unstopped earths. There seemed a scent, and not for some time has the fox supply been so good in the very pleasant environment.

Saturday 19th, Maidwell. Rain at last, heavy rain overnight, and so badly wanted. Scent seemed moderate, while a bright sun shone till the afternoon was wearing on. One fox marked to ground, one lost at Purser's Hills, and a brace killed—one after a short, sharp engagement between Moss Hall, Haselbeach Hill and Mitley, another in Maidwell Dales.

Then came a gallop which made all amends for an otherwise undistinguished day. A flying start from Berrydale, hounds settled in two fields, and a fox pressed so hard that he had no time to plan his route. The Gorse at Pursers Hills he dared not enter, so led the field and pack over a fine big country on its right. The speed was great enough for horses, as without a pause hounds pushed their fox straight through the Privet and on to Creaton Covert. No chance for him to find a substitute therein; the same at Hitmore Hill; and just before Duke's Lodges hounds killed a really beaten fox, after 40 minutes of the best.

EMERITUS.

COTTESMORE BEST RUNS

AT last we have had a drop of rain, not really enough to get very far down into the ground, but still it gave one a better feel to ride on. From Castle Bytham, on the 14th, we had a small field out, as the ground is harder here than other parts of the country. Lawn Wood was first called on, and proved blank; but we found a good-looking fox in Cabbage Hill Wood, and ran fast through Lawn Wood and out into a grand wild country, and unluckily what looked like a real good hunt was nipped in the bud by our fox getting to ground. Dodsey and Elliotts were blank, and unfortunately we could not draw two of our best coverts—Beaumont and Tortoiseshell—owing to shooting arrangements; so Mr. Hilton-Green had no alternative but to go on to Haw Wood. From here we had a lot of local hunting between this place and Clipsham before being run out of scent. From Pickworth we got away at once, and had a very nice hunt, running fast nearly to Hardwick before turning through Ashwood and through Osbonall, where we lost our fox.

Langham.—Tuesday (15th) was one of the hottest days in November in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A search for outliers in the vicinity of Loodle Lane proving unsuccessful, we went on to Ranksborough Gorse, found there, and after completing a ring killed our fox near the Fish Ponds. At the same time another fox was viewed, and

hounds, being at once laid on, ran very fast past America Spinney, and leaving Pickwell on our right marked our fox to ground beyond Somerby, after an excellent hunt of 40 minutes. Orton Park Woods, the hero of very many good gallops in the past, did not fail us to-day, and we were soon away with a good fox which, first of all, took us fast towards Braunston before turning left-handed, and still running fast we passed by Ranksborough Gorse and America Spinney and on to Leesthorpe, where we killed our fox after a first-class hunt of one hour, over a good line and a four-and-a-half miles point.

Thursday (17th).—North Luffenham. Mrs. Guy Fenwick having refreshed all and sundry, we began with Luffenham Pastures, which was full of foxes; after some hunting in covert we ran up to the Edith—Weston Road, back through the covert and over the river and railway, and lost our fox a few fields further on. Hambleton Wood not holding, we went on to Gibbett's Gorse, found, and ran into Hambleton Wood, where we lost our fox. The Thorns at Lax Hill was blank, but the adjacent Wild Gorse held a brace, one going across the Durham Ox Vale and the other we hunted very fast through Gibbett's Gorse and Hambleton Wood, and finally killed our fox below Gibbett's, after a very cheery gallop of 32 minutes.

bitches raced away with Whitebarns on the right and with Lady Wood also just on the right, over the road past Furneaux Pelham Hall and Patient End to race across Albury Park, through Ninna Wood to ground just below Upwick Wood after a clinking 60 minutes with only one slight hesitation. This gallop was in the form of a horseshoe measuring a three-and-a-half mile point.

Two days later, on the 18th, the dog hounds put in a capital day's sport from their Patmore Heath meet, beginning with a fast ten minutes, when the fox was badly headed and lost. Then from near Farnham Green an excellent hunt through Home Wood, by Parsonage Farm, nearly to Maunden Mill; then swinging right-handed through Pinch-pools and Wakelands, on through Broom Wood, Catherine Grove and Northey, to lose their fox after a big hunt of 75 minutes. Then another capital 35 minutes and a four-mile point with a travelling fox near Upwick Hall, hounds being stopped in the dusk at Up End. B.

FITZWILLIAM'S FIRST-CLASS DAY

THE Fitzwilliam bitch pack met at Catworth Guide Post on Wednesday, November 16th, and had a first-class day's sport. Prospects did not appear very good: the glass was falling, country. It looked as if the fox was making for that well-known Oakley covert, Shelton Gorse, but unfortunately he was headed by a tractor and turned back to Hargrave. Here the fox ran a lane and went round some buildings: it seemed that hounds had lost their fox, for Agutter had cast all round and was coming back to make his ground good, when two hounds slipped through the fence and hit off the line exactly where the whole pack had failed three minutes before. I wonder if the explanation of this is that scent had lifted in the first instance—there was no obvious visible cause.

Hounds were now compelled to hunt out every yard of the line; the fox was twisting and turning very short and appeared out of his country, for he did not make for Raunds Old Meadow, which is a stronghold for foxes, and where, in all probability, he would have been safe, but he turned left-handed again across Black Lodge Farm before turning back across Friendly Lodge Farm, where hounds ran into him only 100yds. from Raunds Old Meadow.

This was a really good hunt of 90 minutes, with a six-mile point. Hounds had run very fast for the first half of this hunt, but had to work very hard during the last half, and fully deserved their fox. C. A. F.-M.

THE OLD BERKELEY MOVE OFF TO THE FIRST COVER AFTER MEETING AT CHENIES
This popular meet is always attended by a large field

Saturday (19th).—Beaumont Chase. The field was on the small side for a Saturday, and scent was never good. Found, of course, in Wardley Wood and ran up to the toll bar. Before bearing right-handed and leaving Uppingham on our right, we ran through Stoke End and completed a biggish ring into Wardley Wood where we lost our fox after a nice hunt of one hour. A fox from Ayston Spinney we could not hunt at all owing to lack of scent. Found another fox in Wild Gorse next to Quakers, which shortly got to ground in the vicinity. Again finding in some wild gorse near the Hog's Back, we ran smartly to ground close to Ridlington Village. From Prior's Coppice, we ran to ground close to covert; our fox eventually bolting was hunted very fast towards Jubilee Lodge, but found a hole before reaching this, and thus ended a rather disappointing day. "Foxy."

60 MINUTES WITH THE PUCKERIDGE

THE Puckeridge Hounds had a good gallop from their meet at Brangtring, on the 16th. Finding a fox in Roger's Wood, hounds ran very hard through Jubilee and Hawes Burrow, then with Mutton Hall on the left, and driving on hard over the Furneaux Pelham—Little Hormead Road they left Hormead Park just on the left, and went on through Patrick's Wood, down into Brent Pelham Bourne. Screaming along this old ravine, the melodious there was the suspicion of a blue haze, and the ground was as hard as it usually is in August.

The first fox was found in Leighton Long Spinney. Hounds got a good start with him and ran very fast to within a field of Old Weston Grove, where they swung left-handed. They left Brington on their right and ran on hard down the valley to the Huntingdon Road, where the fox was headed by cars. Hounds checked here and were never able to really get going again with this fox. But they hunted on to Leighton Village and over the Barham Road into Spaldwick Rough Field, where fresh foxes complicated matters and hounds were stopped. This was a good hunt of one hour; the first 20 minutes was very fast.

Mr. Frank Cheney's kale at Spaldwick was the next draw. As expected, hounds found a fox here. The fox hardly indicated his character at first, for it was some time before he left. Hounds fairly raced away to the top end of Catworth Gorse, swung left-handed to cross the Kimbolton Road near Tilbrook Grange; on across Mr. Stanley Measures's Farm and over the railway. This good fox left Covington on his left and ran to Three Shire Farm. This farm is in Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire. Hounds checked here, but Agutter hit off the line across the Chelveston Road and hounds crossed into the Oakley

ANOTHER GOOD WEEK AT CATTISTOCK

CAPTAIN C. M. WELLESLEY-WESLEY, the Master of the South Dorset, and the senior Master of the Cattistock, dined together last Friday evening, and as is usually the case when Masters of Hounds dine together, the conversation after dinner turned on the week's sport. Mr. Higginson had just come in from a good day in the Friday country—a day that had ended with a very good hunt, when hounds marked their fox to ground after 50 minutes of the best, and his guest had had an equally good day; in fact, both men were in the very best of moods, although perhaps both were inclined to extol the excellent work of their respective packs. Said Captain Wellesley-Wesley to his host: "Have you ever seen the country so wet at this time of year? If this keeps up I shan't have a horse left by Christmas. Most of 'em are lame now. How are your's getting on?" "Well," said Higginson, "if we have many more like this evening's hunt I shall have to close down—or go to the nearest dealer's and see what he can find for me. We had a fair morning; killed one fox which hounds found at 'Isle of Wight'—not your old country, but the covert that goes by that name—and a good gallop in the afternoon with a fox from Bredy Copse that hounds lost near the Bridport

Road after a motor car exuding fumes that would have confused any hounds—except yours," he added, laughing. "Everyone except three enthusiasts went home, but we kept on drawing, hoping for the best, and, as is so often the case, we were rewarded. In the last half-acre of the last covert drawn—a little thicket near the Litton Cheney Road—hounds found a good dog fox that meant business. He broke over the road, ran hard to

THE GARTH FOXHOUNDS MOVING OFF

Litton Cheney Village, where he ran the main road for 50yds. and then turned in through a garden, and setting his mask for Eggardon Hill sailed away over a nice line of country. Hounds lost a bit of time in the village, but Gosden set 'em straight and away we went in the gathering twilight, crossing the Bridport Road and going on to Stancombe at top pace. At Stancombe hounds swung right-handed, driving on through Brake's at a pace that made it hard for us to keep 'em in sight, and the going, even on those hills, was very heavy—what it would have been in the vale could only be imagined by a couple of ploughed fields that we crossed where horses fairly floundered in the deep going. Our pilot went straight on till he came to the border of the Maltby Farm, and there—as if knowing that Maltby might be happier if we didn't go over his fields in the heavy going—he swung right-handed across the road again. Hounds were close to him when he straightened out on the downs beyond, so close that they were running with their quarry in view and gaining on him fast, and I don't honestly think they were 3yds. behind him when he got into the main earth at Shells. We left him there—he was too good a fox to bother further, and anyway," he added, "it would have been a long job, and we had had a good hunt." "Sounds like a good hunt," the South Dorset Master said. "Too bad you didn't kill. Now, we killed a brace to-day, &c."

Almost every Saturday night these two Masters ring each other up on the telephone, and vie with each other in telling of the week's sport, and to an outsider who hears both sides it is most amusing. At least, that is what their respective "better-halves" tell me.

We had a brilliant day from Bradford Peverell House on Tuesday, hounds adding two brace to the tally, the first two after good hunts of over 30 minutes each with a kill in the open, adding further laurels to the Cattistock pack and to their new huntsman, Fred Gosden, who is showing excellent sport. LINCOLN.

THE BICESTER ENJOY TWO GOOD HUNTS

JOHNSON was hunting the mixed pack on Tuesday, when hounds met at Kirtlington Park, where Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Budgett, as usual, entertained the field. Hounds brought off two good hunts, and though the reward of killing their fox was denied them on both occasions, never were they more deserved. Contrary to custom, too, there was little parkland hunting, and the field had their work cut out to keep with hounds over a wild country, interspersed with rivers and railways.

Finding directly in Mr. Laye's kale field beside the Roundabouts, hounds hunted across the park through Caudle and the Peat Pits to Ash Wood and Baker's Copse. Then with Bletchington on their right, they ran fast to Busby's Spinney. Going straight on down to the River Cherwell, they crossed it near Hampton Gay, and turning left-handed, they marked their fox to ground in a drain in Kidlington Village. This was a good hunt of an hour with a four-and-a-half-mile point.

The next hunt started from Black Leys; hounds first made a right-handed circle by Heathfield, Baker's Copse and Ash Wood, then went over the main Oxford Road and raced through Mead's Close to Weston Wood. They continued through Warmhoof and crossed the L.M.S. Railway near Lone Farm, then over two tributaries of the River Ray to the Merton—Islip Road, which they crossed with Merton on their left. They went over the River Ray near Astley Bridge Farm, and continued to Boarstall Lane, where they lost their fox. Hounds worked well all day. The second hunt was without a check and over rather an unusual line of country, and only about half a dozen of the field saw the end of it; the point was five-and-a-half miles, and time an hour. Altogether an excellent day's foxhunting.

WITH THE SOUTH CHESHIRE

UP to the time of writing twelve days have passed since the opening meet. Scenting conditions have been distinctly poor, but in spite of this, Arthur Redfern has managed to add seven brace to his cubhunting bag of 58 brace. This with a very young pack, one-third at least being unentered hounds, is undoubtedly a most creditable performance.

A small field met at Duddon Heath, the morning starting well with 40 minutes from the Waterless Covert (Stapleford). Hounds running fast in the early stages to Hoofield Hall, leaving the covert on the right, bore left-handed over the brook and on via Iddenshall to the back of Tarporley; from here, hunting slowly, hounds ran pointing for Clotton, crossed the main road on to the racecourse, to lose their fox near Ash Wood.

Colonel Verdin's estate always provides foxes, and with one from the Raven Pipe, after meeting at Darnhall Knobs, Mr. Barbour and a small field enjoyed a nice hunt of 35 minutes over the Poole Field - Aston - Tall Trees - Paradise country before hounds lost their fox, having crossed the River Weaver into the North Cheshire country. How vastly Mr. Rigby has improved this country.

As might be expected, a big field for these days turned out at Bowlesworth Castle, the home of Mr. Barbour, Mr. Clegg also being out. From a riding point of view a disappointing day—one never really got into the best of this wire-free estate. Hounds accounted for a brace on the day. Those who went out with Mr. Barbour at Saighton never drew rein all day—possibly more like cub-hunting than hunting proper, but what a pleasure it is, and how grateful we are to the Duke for his country, completely devoid of wire to this day, to ride over.

The best hunt since the season started was after meeting at Poole Hall, where Mr. Rigby entertained a large field. In spite of the good show of foxes in the home coverts things just went wrong, foxes choosing to either run to the river or the town of Nantwich, both lines being equally depressing. Late in the afternoon, drawing one of the coverts Mr. Midwood still kindly looks after for us (Calveley, New Gorse), a fox went away towards the park, swung right-handed, pointing for Oulton. Hounds, hunting really well, left Pages Wood, Philo and Oulton Lowe on the left, ran on through Wettenhall Wood nearly to Paradise, and back through Wettenhall Wood, past Darnhall Hall, to lose their fox near Ashbrooke Towers after an hour and 20 minutes. J. SMITH-MAXWELL.

GOOD SCENT WITH THE LEDBURY

"Of all delights that Earth doth yield
Give me a pack of hounds in field."

FRIDAY, November 18th, these hounds met at Longdon. It was a remarkable day, and I have never before seen such a scent in the Ledbury country. The first draw was Blacklands, and hounds were soon away on a fox pointing for Pendock. They reached Kitel Bank, then swung round, coming back nearly to Blacklands, but this time leaving the cover on the left. They drove on over the bank, pointing for Longdon Hall, the fox two or three fields in front, hounds running delightfully with grand music right over a field where cattle had foiled the line, to cross the Gloucester—Upton Road, circle round the Rampings nearly to Sam Hill, then left-handed through Aggboro' and the Grove, which is tremendously thick, out round the top side of Gurnice Farm to pull him down at Stone's Osiers. Longdon Church chimed the hour when they were breaking him up—40 minutes from the find and from six to eight miles as hounds ran. It was then learnt that two very unfortunate accidents had befallen Tait and Sturgeon, huntsman and first whipper-in respectively. They had fallen at a stiff bit of timber out Pendock way, Tait breaking his collar-bone and Sturgeon receiving concussion and a bad bruising—real hard luck on a day like this, with a scent which must be a huntsman's dream of heaven.

THE GRAFTON GALLOP ON

After killing their fox, hounds returned to Blacklands and chopped one in covert. Perhaps he thought it was the easiest way to die!

The next find was in Harry Rayer's Osiers. Reynard left pointing for the Stanks, but then turned left-handed through a piece of kale over the hill on to Longdon Marsh. Hounds ran like fiends to Birtsmorton, over the Marsh Road for the Red House; then, circling back to Birtsmorton, they again killed. The order was then given for home soon after 2 p.m., just to save a few foxes for another day. Laver, the second whipper-in, carried on after the accidents and did what little was required of him quietly and efficiently. GIN AND TONIC.

THE GROUSE MIGRATION ENQUIRY

Second Report on Ringing During 1938

THE first report published recorded returns of rings up to the middle of August. This report covers the period from mid-August to October 24th, and during that period 58 rings have been returned, so that up to date the total number of rings returned numbers 71. Of these, however, thirteen belonged to years before 1938, leaving the returns from this year's birds at 58, which included one from a game-dealer and one which had been placed upon a woodcock. This year 4,300 rings were issued, but it is safe to say that a considerable number of these were not used. Unused rings ought to be returned after the ringing season has finished in order that we may keep our records correct, but there is no doubt that in many cases this is not done.

After making all allowance for unused rings, however, the fact remains that the percentage of used rings returned is ridiculously low, and it is thought that this must be largely due to inefficient examination of the birds at the close of a shoot. Where we know that proprietors and keepers are really enthusiastic the returns are on quite a different scale. For example, on Colonel Nicol's estate of Ballogie, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, where 20 birds were ringed, there were seven recoveries, or 35 per cent.; on Delnadamph, Aberdeenshire, where 50 were ringed, returns number ten, or 20 per cent.; on the Sutherland Estates, 179 birds were ringed, and there were sixteen returns, or almost 9 per cent.; from Bamff, Alyth, there were three returns from 20 rings, or 15 per cent. Such results show that where sufficient care is shown in examining birds and returning rings, the returns should cover at any rate about 10 per cent. of the birds ringed in their first year; and the poor return over the whole enquiry points to the need of more careful watching, if the results are to be commensurate with the labour involved.

The results so far indicated by the rings which have been returned this year may be summarised as follows:

1. *Grouse tend to remain during their first year on the moor where they hatched.* Of the 56 grouse returns from this year's ringing 52 were from birds shot on their own moors, some on the same beat, or within 100yds. to 400yds. of the spot where they were ringed, that is 89 per cent. were stationary.

2. *Movement during first year.* Of the four birds which had moved during their first year, three appeared on neighbouring moors from one to two miles away, and one bird had made a greater journey from Cabrach near Rhynie to Glenkindie on Donside, a distance of about eight miles, across a range of hills exceeding 1,500ft. altitude.

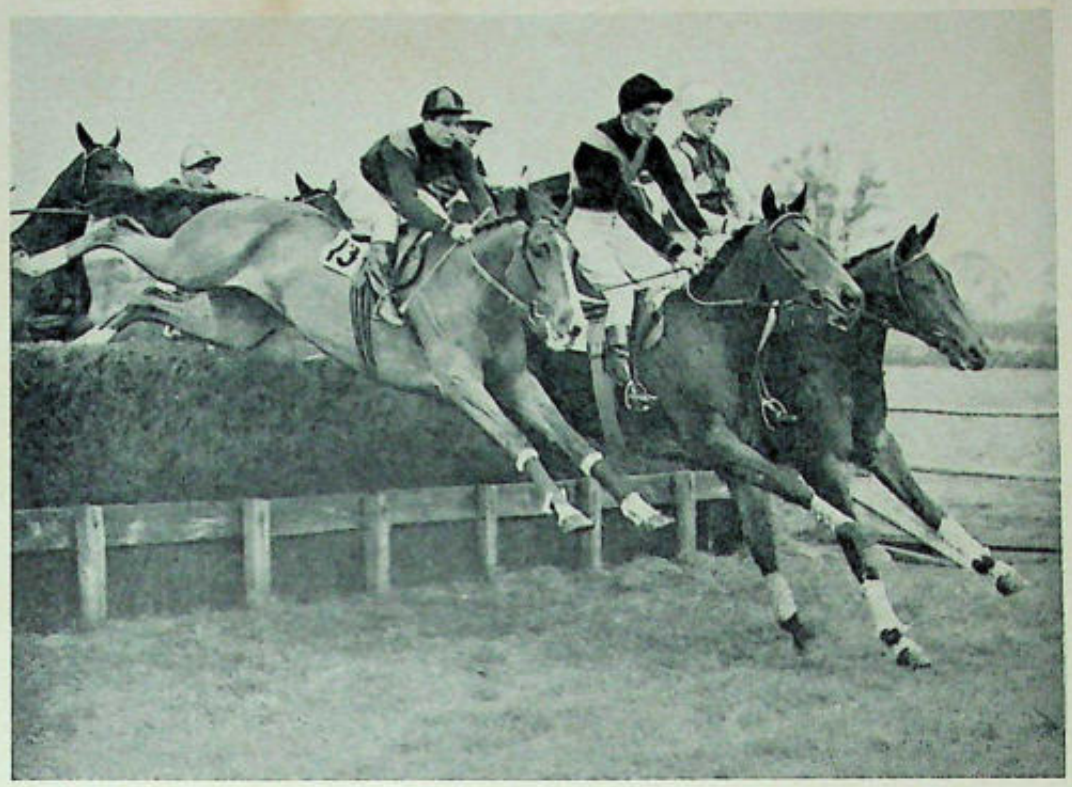
3. *Movement amongst older birds.* The 1938 returns include thirteen from birds ringed in 1937 or earlier. One was recovered from a game-dealer, and the locality at which it was recovered is unknown. Of the remainder, seven were found on their own moors; these included four birds in second year, one bird in third year, one in its fifth year, and one in its seventh year.

The other five had moved short distances to neighbouring estates one or two miles away, except one which, ringed on Dunachton, Kincraig, was shot at Clunie near Tomatin, some twelve miles off.

4. *Summary of Movement.* The indications from this year's results, therefore, are that during their first summer grouse practically all remain upon the moor where they were hatched, and that any tendency to wander appears after the first autumn. Of the small number of older birds recovered this year seven remained on their own moors and five had moved elsewhere, so that the tendency to movement appears to be very much accentuated in older birds and to affect a very considerable proportion of the population. But it would be unwise to generalise on so few numbers.

5. *Age of birds.* It is clear that the great proportion of returns are from birds in their first year, and as is to be expected, the numbers of returns fall off rapidly in succeeding years. Nevertheless, it is worth recording that one bird recovered in 1938 was ringed in 1932 and was therefore in its seventh year, one in its fifth year, one in its third year, and six in their second year.

[*Information about the Grouse Migration Enquiry may be obtained from the Editor or from Mr. C. E. Stewart, W.S., the Secretary of the Committee, at 43, Castle Street, Edinburgh, to whom donations should be sent.*]



A SATISFACTORY RACING SEASON

The Performances of Rockfel

WHEN these notes appear the season will have one more day to run, that is if the weather allows the last afternoon's racing at Manchester to take place.

On the whole it has been a most satisfactory season. For a long time it was considered that the three-year-olds, always regarded as the most important of the horses in training, were a very moderate lot. Then at the end of the season came the wonderful performances of Rockfel, so good that most experienced owners, trainers, breeders and jockeys were convinced that she was one of the great three-year-old fillies of the last 50 years, and quite likely of all time. It seems to me that she is a long way in front of any other three-year-old, but it may not be certain that she is very far in front of Scottish Union. They have never met, but through other horses the filly would seem to be much the better. Sir H. Cunliffe Owen has told me that he would be willing to run Rockfel against Scottish Union over any distance named by Mr. Rank, the owner of Scottish Union, for £5,000 aside over any course. What a match that would be. Of the other three-year-olds I have no doubt that Scottish Union is the best, and he is, therefore, the best three-year-old colt of the season. Some silly statement has come from the far side of the American continent to the effect that he will be sent over there early next season to race, but there is not the slightest truth in that statement. Scottish Union will be kept in training in this country next year and run for such races as the Coronation Cup and probably the Gold Cup, although it may well be that Mr. Rank will have a better Gold Cup candidate in Michoumy, who is probably a more genuine stayer. I am not convinced that Scottish Union is a real stayer, although he won the St. Leger. Still his stamina may improve during the winter, which, it is stated, he will spend at Newmarket. Mr. Rank believes in giving his horses a change of surroundings, and I am sure that he is right. Even human beings get benefit from such things.

Pasch, after winning the Two Thousand Guineas, was a failure at Epsom, but then won the Eclipse, and once more it was claimed for him that he was a great three-year-old. He failed miserably in the St. Leger, and was then slammed at Newmarket by Rockfel. He has gone to the stud, where his career will be watched with interest. He was a very pretty colt, but one who never appealed to me. No doubt he was very good on his own day, but there were other days when he was not so good. It is not for me to say whether such horses will make great sires.

Foxglove II showed that he was a good second class three-year-old, and that he could stay. More will be heard of this much inbred colt next season. It was sad that nothing was seen after the Grand Prix of Bois Roussel. He had won the Derby in such storming fashion that he was hailed as an outstanding colt. He was then beaten in Paris by Nearco and Canot, but was considered by his rider, Richards, to have been most unlucky in running. He met with a mishap in that race or shortly afterwards, and was not seen out again. I am wondering now, as are many other people, if the Derby win was a fluke, and that he should not have won it. Still the record shows that he won easily, and it is to be hoped that he will be fit for the cup races next year.

Much has been written and still more talked in places where after racing men talk of nothing but horses, of the successes this season of French bred animals. Too many times those people have forgotten that all so-called French bred winners are not really French bred at all; they have merely been foaled in France while their dams have been on a visit to a stallion standing in France, not infrequently an English bred stallion. Still the Cambridgeshire, Cesarewitch, the Derby and other races have been won this season by French bred animals, French bred really. The handicapper has been blamed for their wins in the two great Newmarket handicaps, but how he could have been blamed for the Cambridgeshire weights I do not know, considering that five of the field finished almost in a line across the course. The winner of the Cesarewitch may have been given a few pounds too little, but that has happened before in the case of a horse bred in England. At the same time there is some blood in France that we could do with. Breeders who breed for sale are blamed for much of this, but after all they are limited in their ideas by reason of business. They have to breed what they think, and, indeed, know, the buyer will pay the highest prices for. After all they are not in the game simply to improve the bloodstock of this country, but to make a living. Further, they cannot always get the blood that they want. It is becoming the case that most of the best sires are in the hands of men who breed to race, and they want their own sires for their own mares. And if they want outside blood they do a swop with another owner breeder, with the result that their own best sires—and they are becoming the best sires in the country—are full to their own nominations or the nominations of other owner-breeders. Which really is all very well for racing, for the backbone of it is the big owner breeder, but it is not making life any easier for the public breeder, the man or woman who breeds for sale.

That this argument is sound is borne out by the fact that only two Bahrams have come up for sale this season. The other mares that he covered were owner-breeder mares, and so would not come up for sale. I am wondering how that great racehorse will do. One of the two yearlings that was offered for sale did not sell, but the other, out of the dam of Scottish Union, Trustful, was bought by Mr. Rank for 13,000 guineas. Opinions are still divided as to the real value of that colt, some wise men asserting that he was cheap, while other wise men allege that he was not worth half that sum. I understand that the colt is doing very well and giving his trainer and owner every satisfaction. It is seldom in these days, however, that such a highly priced yearling does any good. GNOSTIC.

"HUNT HORSES REPRESENT QUITE A LARGE AMOUNT OF INVESTED CAPITAL"

HUNT HORSES

The Value of the Huntsman's Advice

IT is one of the more remarkable features of fox-hunting that that which is the chief attraction for a large number of its devotees is of only secondary importance to the sport itself, and is looked upon by the majority of those who are responsible for the conduct and maintenance of that sport simply as a means to an end. It is true that hunting could not continue in its present form without horses, but the sport is dependent in the first place upon the fox and the hounds, and it is a love and a true appreciation of the fascination of hound work that leads the individual to aspire to the letters M.F.H. after his name.

There have been in the past, and will be again, many Masters of Hounds and many huntsmen, both amateur and professional, who have been keen horsemen and horse-masters, but few, if any, of these have left a name behind them, or have played any important part in the history of the chase. Years ago the *élite* of Melton society risked their necks and their horses in order to earn for themselves the reputation of being what were called "customers," and things are not very different to-day; in all hunting countries are to be found those who hunt to ride, and in their ranks are many excellent men and women, but they do but little for the sport, and posterity, if it ever hears of them at all, will do so only by name and will have no facts upon which to adjudge their merit. With the true hound-men things are very different: each one adds something to the total of his predecessors and leaves the world richer than when he found it; their names are famous for all time and their work lives after them, a continual memorial more lasting than bronze, and more valuable. Such men were Peter Beckford, Lord Henry Bentinck, Tom Smith and the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, to name only a few.

Pre-eminence can be attained only at the expense of versatility and the man who would be a past-master in the art of hunting and breeding hounds must occupy himself with them entirely and will then have but little time left to devote to horses. It is said of one of the leading amateur huntsmen of the present day that he has never once, in the course of a long career, asked what horse he is going to ride, or expressed an opinion upon a horse which he has ridden. This is probably true, and a study of the man in the field lends credence to the story; when he is with his hounds he has no mind for anything else and frequently seems to forget that the crossing of a country makes any demands upon him at all. Such, then, is the type of mind to which hunting owes so much, and in view of it it may perhaps seem surprising that the majority of hunt servants are as well mounted as is the general rule. There are, however, many complications, and not infrequently cases in which those who are responsible for showing us sport are made to work under quite unnecessary difficulties which have been imposed upon them by the thoughtlessness of their Masters.

However much the frequent changes in Mastership, which are experienced by all but the most fortunate packs, may be deplored, it is not possible to alter the dictates of circumstance which compel some to give up their Masterships, or the natural desire for advancement which leads others to make periodic changes; these are in the nature of things, and we must make the best of them. It is the consideration of that best which is the purpose of this article.

Everyone is familiar with the usual procedure which follows upon the announcement of a change in Mastership. The existing Master resigns and the committee advertise for another; when the new Master has been elected, and sometimes before, the hunt horses are sold and notice is given to certain members of the staff. The in-coming Master may be going to hunt hounds himself, or he may be bringing his own huntsman with him; anyhow, a great deal of re-arrangement takes place as a result of which the country, the hounds and the sport probably suffer for at least the first season afterwards. In other cases the new Master may decide to retain the services of the huntsman to the pack which he is taking over and then, if he is wise, he will take advantage not only of his services, but also of his advice—and yet how seldom is this done.

The hunt horses represent quite a large amount of invested capital, and it is only natural that those who have paid up that capital should be anxious to realise it, or as much of it as possible, whenever there is a change in Mastership. The horses may belong to the retiring Master, to the committee or to a body of guarantors, any of whom will be anxious to realise their assets before the change; the new Master may have certain horses which he wishes to bring with him, and under these circumstances it is inevitable that some of the horses will have to be disposed of.

This in itself is not a bad thing; horses, after they have reached the age of seven, are wasting assets; as they grow older so do they become less valuable, and the life of a hunt servants' horse is not such as is conducive to long wear or to continued good looks. Long days in the field, and the many awkward places which a hunt servant is continually being called upon to negotiate, often on a tired horse, together with the necessity for horses to take their turn in spite of minor troubles, cannot be entirely offset by good stable management and the care of a first-class stud groom. At the end of the season they will have left their marks, and he who would avoid an undue amount of depreciation is wise to part with the hunt horses while they have still good reputations, and before they have acquired so many "lumps and bumps" as will interfere with their efficiency.

This is common knowledge, and has been proved sound practical politics, but the danger lies in extending the practice and making it a general rule which permits of no exceptions. In these days it is essential that a pack of hounds should be run on sound financial lines, but it must be remembered that the whole object of the expenditure is, in the first place, the showing of sport, and an inability to make exceptions in the case of the hunt horses will, on occasion, lead to an unnecessary deterioration in the quality of that sport, out of all proportion to the amount of money which is saved.

The horses of the hunt servants are a means to an end, and the sole purpose of their existence is to enable the huntsman and his whippers-in to be with hounds, but it is of no use at all their being with hounds if, when they are with them, they are not in a position to give them their complete and undivided attention. The majority of really good hunt servants are capable horsemen of a rather rough-and-ready kind, and their job is such that to do it properly they must be able to concentrate upon it and not have to be continually switching their attention from their hounds to their horses. The horses are the means to an end, and the ideal hunt horse is the animal which will do most of its work without attention; it should be capable of being ridden more or less as one rides a bicycle, and the only attention which it should require is, in the words of the horse dealers, "A kick in the guts to make it go, and a ringing of the bell to make it stop!"

There is more even than this when one comes to consider the duties of a huntsman's horse. A horse that is accustomed to having hounds hunted from its back seems to know instinctively what is required of it, in much the same way as troop horses get to know every movement of cavalry drill, and will, without any definite instructions from its rider, so manœuvre itself that the huntsman is in the best position when with his hounds. Horses that can do this confer incalculable advantages upon their riders and contribute in no small measure to the success of the day. It is in their case that exceptions should be made.

Masters of hounds and others responsible for the mounting of hunt staffs would do well to remember these points and to try, whenever possible, to ensure that their servants are mounted upon horses which they know and in which they have the confidence which is born of long association. The justification for this point of view is to be found in that place where all the different theories about foxhunting must stand their trial—the field. In many different countries is to be found ample proof of the value of the "old favourite." In hunt stables up and down the land grooms will point out one or two horses with the remark: "The huntsman thinks the world of him," and there is one old lop-eared horse which makes his regular appearance with one of the Midland packs, although long past the normal span of active life in hunt service. To inquiries after his welfare the huntsman usually replies: "Yes, he keeps going, and I'll ride him as long as he does; worth two of any of the others; wish I could find some more like him!" Many people will remember some of Frank Freeman's favourite horses, and none of those who have ever seen that greatest of huntsmen sailing across the stiffly-fenced Pytchley country, cutting out the work in front of one of the best mounted fields in England, will deny the value of that mutual understanding between man and mount which is born of long association.

So, then, in conclusion, the moral is this, that it is to the ultimate interests of all concerned to see that their hunt staffs, and their huntsmen in particular, are mounted upon horses which they know and like, and in which they have confidence. It will be to the good of sport if a huntsman is so mounted, and his advice should be taken, whenever possible, upon the choice of his horses. Masters who are engaging a new huntsman will be well advised to make some effort to purchase the horses in which he has especial confidence, and which he has been riding in his last situation, provided always, o course, that the animals themselves are not unsound and are suitable for the country to which they are going. Hunt committees which are changing their Master but retaining the services of their huntsman should try to make some arrangement whereby the best and most suitable of the horses are taken over by the new Master and are not included in a general dispersal sale. The small amount of trouble which this will entail will be amply repaid, and it is now, in the early days of the season, that the advantages will be noticed in the standard of sport and the general smooth running of the establishment.

R. ANSELL WELLS.

HOUNDS AND TRAPS

AFTER meeting at Buncton Cross Roads on the 17th, the Crawley and Horsham had a very enjoyable day. The morning was spent mainly around Chanctonbury Ring. Luckily the thick early morning mist had risen, and there were two interesting hunts.

In the afternoon not much was done, but an unusual feature occurred when hounds were drawing a covert and, instead of a fox, a deer broke away and bounded off over the Downs. Later in the afternoon a hound's foot was caught in a trap. This is becoming more and more usual all over the country, and provides an illustration of the apparently inevitable clash between hunting and farming on some points, for rabbits must certainly be exterminated and traps afford one of the most effective methods.

The afternoon provided one of those pictures which are granted only to the foxhunter, and to him only in hilly country. For, standing on a hill opposite Chanctonbury, we could see the huntsman and whips on the far side of the valley, and later, down below, the hounds working out their line. All this in a perfect November sunset!

BARNACLE GEESE OVER THE BREAKERS

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE

And the Value of Obedience

"AND let me tell you, Mr. Gedney, that a mistake can always be hidden. Your ridiculous and thoughtless admission has only made your stupid blunder worse. You appear to have mistaken your vocation. I will let you know the decision of the directors later. You may go."

Sniffker, the manager of the bank, was on his best form. He had taken a dislike to Gedney as soon as he saw him. A big, pleasant, quiet sort of youth, but obviously from the country and like a fish out of water in London. Sniffker wanted all his staff to be smart and glib like himself. Those who disappointed Mr. Sniffker usually left him. Gedney had made a slight mistake which a choleric customer had made the most of, and since Gedney had frankly admitted his fault the manager seized his chance. He could have hushed the matter up, but his report to the Board of Directors hid nothing.

A few days later George Gedney knew his fate. He was to take charge of a tiny branch at Saltcreek, his staff consisting of a junior-clerk-cum-office-boy. In spite of the polite and formal wording of his instructions, George gathered that the directors were not pleased with him.

Saltcreek was reached after four changes in slow trains. Gedney arrived in a damp, cold fog which came straight from the Dogger Bank. It would have been difficult to find a more dismal place. The village was situated on a flat, marshy coast which looked equally depressing at high and low tide. Inland there were only large fields separated by deep dikes and weedy shallow pools of brackish water. The village itself consisted of a few superior farms, the usual village shops and trade premises, and cottages.

Gedney's predecessor met him at the station. He was jubilant at his release. "I've got lodgings at the Post Office," he said. "They are about the only rooms in the place, so I suppose you'll take them over."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Gedney, as they left the station. "Hello! Geese?" Through the fog came a sound as of hounds in full cry.

"Maybe. I don't know anything about birds."

A skein of pink-feet passed overhead, and Saltcreek took on a new aspect to Gedney.

His predecessor departed the next day without regret, and Gedney entered into his kingdom. His work was light, and his junior proved a cheerful, hard-working youth. Gedney had always been keen on shooting, and Saltcreek gave him plenty. The marshes were a favourite haunt of wildfowl. The remoteness of the place kept it from being spoilt. Inland, most of the farmers were glad to have rabbits and woodpigeons shot, and generously invited the bank man to shoots and odd days.

One afternoon in January, Gedney took his gun to a flooded potato field where he was likely to find duck. The duck were there in force, and Gedney enjoyed himself. He was shooting above his form. There are few things which a shooting man likes more than to bring off difficult shots at a worthy quarry under bad conditions. At such times one will attempt shots which prudence would not advise under normal conditions.

As Gedney was crossing a swampy field a couple of snipe rose from some rushes. The first fell to the right barrel. The second swerved and flew low along a hedge. The left barrel missed it, but there was a roar of surprise and wrath from the other side of the hedge. Hastily Gedney ran to it and looked through. What he saw made him gasp for a moment. Then he turned and fled, and the misty dusk hid him.

Mr. Sniffker had been deputed by his Board of Directors, who valued him greatly, to inspect branches in the district which included Saltcreek. He had planned a surprise visit to Gedney, and was now in a thoroughly bad temper. The journey was vile enough, but a minor mishap to a goods train had temporarily blocked the line a couple of miles away from Saltcreek and Mr. Sniffker had to walk, an exercise he did not relish. A farmer had obligingly shown him a short cut, but being a townsman Mr. Sniffker missed his way and converted it to a very long cut.

At that time a series of daring bank robberies had been committed. They were evidently the work of a very clever gang, who varied their methods with much success. On one occasion an important bank official had been kidnapped and held in a disused barn while a member of the gang in his clothes and with his papers had impersonated him. The fraud had cost the bank several thousand pounds. Mr. Sniffker's mind was occupied on this depressing subject as he hurried along a hedge which a gamekeeper had told him would bring him to Saltcreek.

His thoughts were interrupted by a shot which seemed only a few yards away. Full of alarm, he turned, when another report sounded, accompanied by severe pains in Mr. Sniffker's person. Mr. Sniffker yelled. A peppering can be pretty smart punishment, and the shock is no light matter. For a minute the unfortunate man was beside himself with pain and fright. Then he tried to collect himself. He could see no one, and night was falling.

It was long past closing time, but there was a light in the bank. Mr. Sniffker, escorted by two farm labourers who had found him in a drain and brought him to Saltcreek, hammered at the door. After repeated assaults Gedney opened it: "We are closed," he said severely.

"Gedney," said Mr. Sniffker brokenly, "it's me, Mr. Sniffker."

Gedney looked at him suspiciously. "Mr. Sniffker?" he said incredulously.

"Yes. I've been shot and got lost, and I'm nearly dying. I want a doctor."

Gedney was quite as dense as Mr. Sniffker thought he was. It was a long time before he grasped the whole thing. He could hardly believe the muddy, frightened object before him was the neat, precise bank manager he had known. Once he did understand the facts he sent for a doctor and the policeman, and did what he could for his old enemy.

It was a very subdued bank manager who left Saltcreek a couple of days later. Nothing could be found of his assailant, who had apparently vanished. Mr. Sniffker had changed his mind about Gedney. A man who could stand such a horrible wilderness where bank officials were shot at by unknown assassins, and who worked overtime and who was on good terms with his clients, must be fairly good. Mr. Sniffker said so in his report.

Something of his old manner came back as he bade farewell at the station. "You have improved, Gedney. I am pleased to see you have not forgotten what I was at such pains to teach you."

Gedney looked at him. "You mean about hiding mistakes, sir? Yes, I shall not forget it."

E. H. BAXTER.

MALLARD RISING FROM LAKE DERWENTWATER

BOTH the illustrations on this page are taken from the originals by Mr. J. C. Harrison. They may be seen, together with other examples of Mr. Harrison's work, in the exhibition at present being held in Messrs. Vicars Brothers Galleries, at 12, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1.

"A VISTA OF WHITE-CAPPED MOUNTAINS AND SNOW-POWDERED HILLS"

JOE ON THE HILL!

A Dog as a Potential Tracker

I AM not proud of my share in the happenings of which I tell, and the only excuse for their narration is my desire to stress, as emphatically as I can from personal experience, the value of a dog in recovering a wounded beast.

My hero, Joe, is a Lakeland terrier, perhaps not quite out of the top drawer if it came to a show-down at Cruft's, but one who for grit and endurance is a worthy representative of his intelligent and hard-bitten breed.

His official business is vulpicide, and he has no superior in routing the big Highland foxes out of their cairns, or in killing them if he can get to grips, while his lighter moments are passed in a perpetual war on rabbits and the lesser vermin; but now Joe has been promoted to deerhound, and this is how he earned his brevet.

The morning of October 7th heralded the arrival of winter all over the Cairngorms, so that when the Colonel (my host and owner of Joe) and I stepped out of the bothy, situated at the 2,000ft. level, we gazed upon a vista of white-capped mountains and snow-powdered hills, while a biting nor'-wester and black clouds to windward gave promise of more snow to come. At the moment, however, the panorama was one of surpassing beauty with the rays of a brilliant, if transitory, sun illuminating a vast expanse of tumbled peaks, gaunt hillsides and riven corries, cliff and crag a-glitter with diamond snow, while on the lower ground tarn and lochan gleamed golden in a waste of peat hags.

"No day to go far from home, and anyway this weather will be sending the beasts down to us," remarked my host, prophetically as it proved, for at that moment Stewart, the stalker, who was spying the hillface above the bothy, announced that a good stag with hinds had just come in over the top and was making for the shelter of a burnhead not far above the bothy.

Meanwhile the clouds once more shut out the sun, and down came the snow. The blizzard, fierce while it lasted, was of short duration, and when it cleared Stewart and I set out on what proved to be an easy but exceedingly wet stalk, duly accounting for the stag, a good beast carrying a nice wide head of ten points.

The Colonel now joined us as spectator, bringing Joe on a lead, because the quarrelsome little brute, having taken a dislike to one of the retrievers at the bothy, was likely to get himself killed if left at home; and thus reinforced we went on to try for another shot.

Owing to the wild weather there were plenty of deer on this part of the ground, but the stags with hinds were very restless and rounding up their harems, while others not so blessed were perpetually on the move, and several attempted stalks failed because travelling, and consequently unexpected, stags crossed our wind, while at intervals heavy snow showers drove us to such shelter as we could find in that desolate region.

With the afternoon well advanced we were about to "call it a day" when Stewart picked up a stag and a few hinds in what he called a "just possible" place.

The deer were lying among some shallow peat hags at the foot of a hill, and cover for getting in was very poor, so that the stag was up and moving when I took the shot. He plunged heavily and almost fell, and I thought it was all right, but he suddenly recovered himself and went off after the hinds, unfortunately presenting only a tail-on target, which I missed with my second barrel, and by the time I had reloaded he was well away and did not give me another chance.

Judging by the way the stag was moving when we last saw him we did not think he could go far, but it was all important for us to reach the crest, over which he had disappeared, so as to keep him in sight on the hillside beyond. Stewart, who is many years my junior and very fast on the hill, soon began to outdistance me on the 1 in 3 slope, so I told him to go on ahead and not wait for me.

When, done to a turn, I finally gained the crest, Stewart was already far down the reverse side with the deer, presumably, below him but out of sight in dead ground where the hill dips steeply to the glen of the Alt Glas burn, and it was at this moment that Joe came into the picture, racing up from behind me and streaking down the mountain in apparent pursuit of Stewart.

Joe's somewhat startling arrival was explained later on by the Colonel. The latter, who had kept back during the stalk, on hearing my second shot, followed on after us and presently spotted us pounding up the hill, from which he inferred that we were following a wounded beast; it was while hurrying in pursuit that Joe showed unmistakably that he could wind something, and so, since he could do no harm and might do good, his master let him go.

I, meanwhile, realising that I could not overtake Stewart, to whom by the way I had given the rifle, lay down on the ridge and glassed the ground below me for the stag, and while so engaged the Colonel joined me. At first the only movement came from the rapidly descending and receding Stewart running and stumbling far below us, which verified my guess that the stag was making for the burn, although temporarily out of sight in dead ground. This proved to be the case, for presently the stag came into view, among the peat hags that here flank the burn, which he crossed, and after landing, stood for a moment on the far bank, a pause of which Stewart took instant advantage.

It was a very long shot, but even so Stewart scored a hit, but too far back to prove a stopper and the stag continued on his way.

From now on we could keep our glasses on the stricken beast toiling so painfully up the opposite face, taking a very slanting course to ease the stiff gradient, and so we held him focused until he lay down near the top of the opposite ridge about on a level with ourselves.

I feared that stag would never be got, and bitterly did I curse myself for taking a moving and a hasty shot with its attendant risk of leaving a wounded beast to die miserably on the hill.

A whoop from the Colonel cut short my self-reproaches. "Look at Joe! Look at Joe!" and then I, too, caught sight of the little beast heading straight for the Alt Glas.

We watched him reach the burn, bank high in brawling water, where he paused a moment before jumping in, and we could see plainly how the current swept him downstream before he could make his landing.

Once on the far bank he cast himself upstream and upwind and presently hit off the line again and away with him on an apparently burning scent, and soon the wisp of bedraggled blue-grey hair was lost to sight in the background of bleak hillside. Again we switched our glasses on to the stag couched so forlornly, if in fancied security, and presently we saw that drooping head uplifted and swing round, saw the stag rise laboriously and attempt once more to climb to higher ground. Joe, however, although we could not pick him up at that distance, must have got above him, for the deer turned and came down the full length of the hill to stand at bay in a pool of flood water on the burn edge.

Then at last we could see Joe leaping round the pool and his staccato yelps came borne to us down the wind.

Harassed, no doubt, by the nearness of the dog, for the pool was only a small one, the stag attempted to break away and plunged heavily through the Alt Glas, his greater splash followed immediately by Joe's lesser troubling of the waters; but finding that he could not shake off his tormentor, he turned to bay once more in a small lochan, and here Joe held him for Stewart to end the matter with a shot at close range.

Well done, Joe! But for you little dog the poor beast might have lingered in agony for days.

I have been stalking for close upon 40 years, and this is only the fourth occasion on which I have seen a dog round up a wounded deer, but it would weigh upon my conscience if I did not try to impress upon all in control of deer forests two lessons taught to me by those four occasions.

Firstly, that any intelligent sporting-minded dog is a potential tracker and needs but the minimum of practice to become the finished article; witness Joe! who had never hunted a deer before his debut on the hill. My second lesson calls for a little more imagination on the part of those who condemn a dog as likely to disturb the ground. Let such a one, say I, when next he hears of a wounded beast, imagine it is himself who is struggling along on three legs or with a stomach wound, and then let him ask himself whether he is justified, for no better reason than the safeguarding of his prospective sport, in neglecting any means whereby such suffering can be shortened.

DORCHESTER.

UNORTHODOX SALMON FISHING

Baits and Lures which Meet with Success

PERHAPS in the most advantageous conditions of height of water and temperature salmon are the easiest of all fish to catch in fresh water; at times they will greedily grab at almost any lure presented to them, and really are not over particular about the manner in which that lure is presented. But when the conditions are adverse, with the river down to summer level, and the temperature of the water around 60°, it is almost impossible to tempt them with any lure at all. And it is under conditions such as these that the very highest art is required by the angler to bring success.

Local knowledge, especially the exact position and the slope of the ledge or boulder which may form a shelter for the resting salmon, is one of the first necessaries for success, as under these conditions salmon are very loth indeed to move any distance after even the most fascinating bait, and one has to float any lure almost up against the fish's nose before it will take any notice of it. Even then the chance is no notice is taken of it. But all the same there are times when in a very half-hearted manner a fish may be enticed to take an interest in a small artificial fly, or even a very small natural or artificial minnow, especially if it is fished a few inches or so directly above its lie and it does not see the bait approaching by degrees down the river. The fact of it suddenly flashing into view, as it were, unexpectedly, may result in the reaction which causes a "rise."

I do not think that either of these artificial lures are as likely to be successful as natural baits, and in order of merit for low-water salmon fishing the worm and a small natural fresh shrimp easily take first and second place, although at times a small fly just floated over its nose may be very successful. But the worm is the most likely to kill. A great many salmon anglers look with scorn on worm fishing—why I do not know, as it is about the hardest of all baits to fish, and the technique required to fish it well is of a far higher standard than that of fishing a fly, minnow or shrimp.

A salmon usually takes a worm in quite a different manner from the way in which it takes anything else, picking it up and dropping it again and again, and if the slightest drag comes, often leaving it altogether and refusing to take the slightest notice of it. So one must try by some means or other to avoid the slightest drag, and this can only be done by letting your line run freely through a ring on your lead, so that there will be no stoppage whatever after the salmon first picks up the worm until it has had time to suck it in and swallow it down. While doing this it may have moved quite a few yards. The length of pause is entirely a matter for one's own judgment. But it is almost impossible to wait too long. The length of time given by myself is longer than that given to a pike after one's float has disappeared, when one is live baiting.

It is advisable, as in other forms of summer salmon fishing, if one knows where a special salmon may be lying, not to float a worm right down the stream towards its lie, but to toss it in so that one can pay out line, say, 3yds. or 4yds., until the worm is resting as near as one can judge in close proximity to the fish, and there for five minutes or so leave it quietly resting on the bottom, when the fish may move out and very gently indeed pick up the worm and return with it just between its lips to its original haunt. If one has been successful in getting the line to run freely through the ring on the lead, or through the hole in the lead, one can then feel every little movement of the fish—this at times is so slight that it is almost impossible to believe that it is a salmon and not a small eel, that is playing with the worm. A series of small twitches almost always denotes an eel, while a more or less steady drag is a salmon's favourite way. The tackle should be as fine as possible, and a large bunch of worms is often disregarded when two fairly good-sized ones meet with success.

A small fresh shrimp may also be tried, always remembering that the chances of catching a fish are greatly diminished if one fishes the shrimp religiously all the way down the pool from the top and does not suddenly place it as closely as possible within view of the salmon already marked down. This will in no way interfere with the orthodox manner of fishing down a pool for some problematical salmon. But first give the one you know a chance. If one has a stretch of water and the time to spare, even if it is only a day or two, under adverse conditions it always pays to spend far more time working out a special way of presenting your pet lure and studying every current above the lie than to fish straight away for it. Often a fish is lying tucked away under some ledge of rock or in some cleft, especially when the river is very low; or even in some mass of tangled underwater roots (always an almost impossible place to catch a fish), where, likely enough, its view is obscured, and it is only by experimenting with small twigs that one can be certain of the action of an almost imperceptible current upon a bait with little or no weight attached.

There is one time of the day in which success will come far more often than in any other—the half-hour before sunrise. This is partly, perhaps, because the temperature of the water is then lower than at any other time, and partly because at that hour of the morning, after a peaceful night, no shadows passing, no cattle wading in to drink, a salmon will be less suspicious than later in the day. If it is a shaded pool this half-hour may extend to the time when the rays of the sun make objects stand out clearly. Even with a fly this hour is worth, in my opinion, the whole of the rest of the day put together.

To take, now, another type of river; one in which every mile or so there may be one deep holding pool, generally with some back currents, of considerable depth where salmon in summer congregate in considerable numbers. Likely enough there will be from a dozen to 20 or more fish in this one pool; while, for a mile up or down, there will be scarcely a fish to be found. In a pool such as this it is absolutely impossible to know exactly where the fish may be lying, but by taking a very fine greased line, a thin cast with two or three shot on it, an ordinary roach float and a shrimp baited on a single hook one can, after first finding out the different depths of the pool, float this shrimp round and round as close to the bottom of the river as possible. At times, even under very bad conditions, this will be successful.

I have known a shrimp to float round for well over two hours before it was taken. Again, as in worm fishing, it is very necessary to have such a light float that as little drag is put on the line as possible, since a salmon will take a shrimp fished in this manner in much the same way as it takes a worm, picking it up and letting it go often several times before finally deciding to swallow it. A very free-running reel, or better still coils of line already laid out where nothing can catch in their easy running, is absolutely necessary for success.

Coming to the more orthodox style of summer salmon fishing—that is with a fly. First of all, as in trout fishing, the necessity for keeping out of sight cannot be emphasised too strongly. The second important point is to use as light tackle as one dare and never to fish the flies any deeper than can be helped, just as long as they are submerged. Another point is that two flies fished close together, say 17in. or so apart, seem to interest salmon far oftener than will a single fly. And a hackle fly will often do the trick where a winged fly fails. But in nearly all cases the body of the fly, whatever colour it may be—silver, gold, ribbed green or plain black—must be as thin as possible; a bushy body made with a hare's ear or wool does not hold the same attraction as a fly built more on the Greenwell Glory pattern or even a quill body. The most modern greased-line flies are dressed so fine and so short in the body that they are scarcely as noticeable in the water as an ordinary trout fly. The least movement given to these flies seems to go a long way towards spoiling the chance of getting a fish to take. Why a very lightly dressed March Brown just floating down the river to all intents and purposes dead, should be taken sooner than one that looks as if it were just struggling to get to the surface is a mystery. But in my view the fact remains that the less movement there is, the more chance there is of a fish.

J. HUGHES PARRY.

LOW WATER IN WALES

A reach of the Dee near Llangollen where a drought makes such a notable difference in the appearance of the river

THE SNOWY OWL—BIRD OF THE ARCTIC

THE ORIGIN OF ARCTIC FAUNA—I

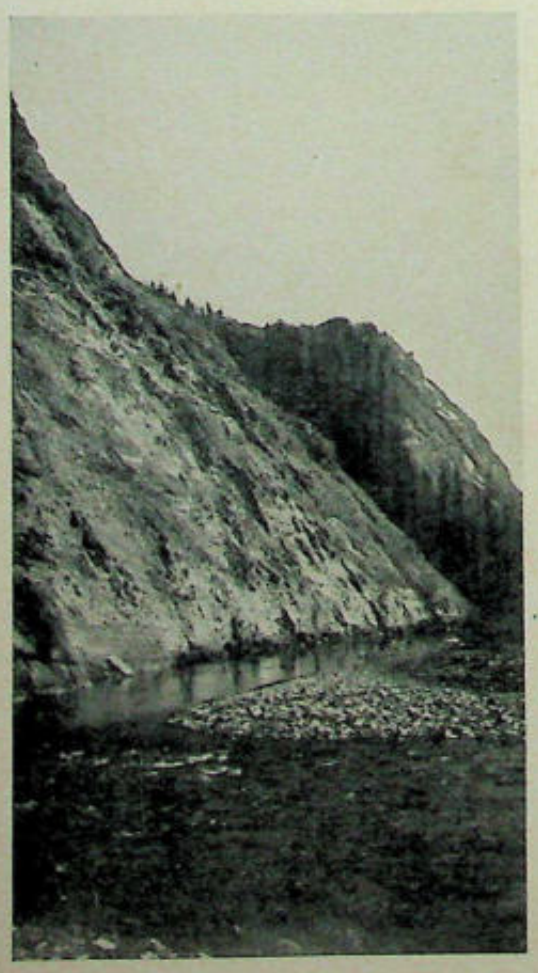
Discoveries of Russian Zoologists

By MALCOLM BURR, D.Sc., F.R.Ent.S.

THERE are few parts of the world of which the fauna is so little known as the Arctic. The very expression "Arctic Region" is a misnomer, for the frozen north is not a region in the same sense as the Palæarctic, Ethiopian and other regions of the zoogeographers. To the ordinary man the word conveys a picture of snow and ice, inhabited by polar bears and snowy owls, with seals and walruses in the seas.

The activities of Arctic explorers have mostly been by sea, directed into geographical and geophysical channels. The only animals that have attracted much attention being those which thrust themselves upon the notice of man. The invertebrates have been seriously neglected.

In recent years, however, great progress in the study of Arctic life has been made by Russian zoologists, who have the advantage of a more direct approach than ourselves, with a wide expanse of their own territory falling under arctic conditions. One, the eminent lepidopterist, N. Y. Kuznetsov, has recently published a remarkable article upon the origin of the Arctic fauna of Eurasia, based mainly upon his own order of insects.



THE COASTAL BELT OF SIBERIA

He begins by defining the Arctic area as comprising not only the ice-bound islands, but the "complex of territories occupied by the tundra and forest-tundra." He thus includes not only the lands under the ice-cap, where life is almost exterminated owing to its separation from the soil on which it depends, but also the coastal belt of north Siberia to the north of the forest zone or *taigi*, a country almost unknown to Englishmen. This is logical, for although the tundra is not ice-bound, the ground is perpetually frozen, the summer thaw penetrating only a few inches.

Kuznetsov confines himself to the terrestrial and fresh-water fauna, and touches on the flora only incidentally. This, upon which all animal life ultimately depends, consists of stunted shrubs, with mosses and lichens and perennials with a short vegetative period; annuals and biennials are few; there are many evergreens, and trees are absent. The most important features of the climate are not only the low mean temperature, but the aridity and the great length of daylight during the vegetative period. The tundra is, in fact, a cold steppe, and the flora has a marked xerophilous character.

To-day the tundra has its longest boundary in common with the *taigi* or forest belt, but in the post-glacial dry period it was largely co-terminous with steppe. It is easier for steppe to be converted to tundra than for forest, and there is in fact little difference between the tundra and such arid, cold steppes of extreme continental type as we see on Tian Shan and in Mongolia.

The author is of the view that the tundra is younger than the division of the ancient Angara land into steppe and forest, which took place probably in early Tertiary times. He admits that it is indisputable that the recent Arctic fauna is the final result of pleistocene glaciation, which shifted the climatic and, consequently, the biological zones. Reinig considers that the tundra arose with the pliocene cooling, with the reservation that a considerable portion must be of much later date, perhaps from the last glaciation. Its fauna is marked by poverty, uniformity and stability. Localised forms are rare, if not unknown. It is, however, richer than generally believed, for there are 5,259 species of terrestrial and freshwater animals known, and the author thinks that research will treble this number.

Of mammals there are 63 species, of which less than a dozen are purely terrestrial. The white fox reaches latitude 85 degrees, the furthest north attained by any Eurasian terrestrial mammal. There are half a dozen other endemics confined to the Arctic. "Euarctics," as Kuznetsov calls them, adapting Wahlgren's term, to which might be added the reindeer, though it penetrates as far south as 51 degrees, and the musk ox, now extinct in the old world.

Kuznetsov does not attach much importance to the 270 species of birds upon the list, whose presence led some writers to regard the Arctic as an independent zoogeographical region. He points out that most of these are migratory or attached to the seas and coasts. Of terrestrial birds, there are but seven to eight species, such as the ptarmigan, the willow grouse, the snowy owl and snow bunting, regarded by Reinig as having evolved on the spot during the pliocene. Tugarinov and Shtegman derive the avifauna from a hypothetical pre-glacial Behringia Land.

The two reptiles and half a dozen amphibians that reach the area are negligible, and the 85 fresh-water fishes occurring in Arctic Eurasia are evidence of the extent of extermination by the glaciation.

It is when we come to the invertebrates, and especially to the insects, that the surprises begin. Here we are dealing not with dozens of species, but with thousands, with a high proportion of "euarctics," which afford a reasonable basis for deduction. The most numerous order in the area are the hymenoptera. There are 221 sawflies, including a good number of euarctics, and of the remaining, hymenoptera 565, mostly ichneumons and the genus *Bombus*, the latter pointing to a steppe origin. The beetles are well represented by 627 species, the great majority being carniverous forms, such as the *Carabidæ*, *Dytiscidæ* and, above all, *Staphylinidæ*, while phytophagous forms are few. There are few circumpolar beetles, but 50 euarctics, a fairly high figure.

Of the diptera, 325 species have been recorded so far, of which no less than 62 are tipulids, that is daddy-long-legs, and there is a good proportion of endemic species and even genera. When the study of boreal diptera and hymneoptera is complete, we may hope to draw from it material of the greatest interest to philosophical zoologists.

The dragonflies and stoneflies have suffered severely from the glaciation, as only nineteen species of the former and 59 of the latter are recorded. The Mayflies, which sometimes appear in vast swarms, number 53. The caddis flies are more important, as there are as many as 167 on the list, mostly of widely distributed species. The more obscure groups have been little studied. There are 30 thrips, 11 fleas and 18 book lice—all widely distributed species; of bird lice 80, not unexpectedly, from the number of birds in the area. Of collembola there are 61, of which 18 are euarctic. These primitive insects reach further north than any other, and when more thoroughly studied will no doubt afford valuable material for generalisation. It is noteworthy that this is the only order of insects detected also in Antarctica. Thysanura, entropha and protura have not yet been detected in the Arctic.

Of the bigger orders, there are but nine grasshoppers and two cockroaches, and the bugs are feebly represented, as of this numerous order only a few dozen are recorded. Kirichenko considers that these two orders are here on the extreme northern limit of their capacity for living.

It is the butterflies and moths that afford Kuznetsov the material for his views, for of this order we find a relatively rich and varied fauna. The fine collection in the Zoological Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences has not yet been adequately worked out; it certainly contains a number of new and undescribed species, and even genera, and the author is of opinion that it will bring the list of Arctic lepidoptera over 400, of which at least nine are euarctic, including three fritillaries.

The other invertebrates have not been sufficiently studied. Arctic mollusca are virtually unknown. A certain exception must be made for the spiders, of which there are 447 on the list. There are also 97 mites, 96 oligochaete worms and 200 rotifers, but the distribution of all these is too little known to be useful for our purpose. The planarians are more important. These have been relatively well studied, and there are 179 species on the list, of which no less than 75 are endemic. There are 6 leeches, 5 bryozoa, 26 acanthocephala, 100 nematode, 68 cestode and 25 trematode worms. But these lists of parasitic worms are certainly very incomplete and of little interest to the zoogeographer.

(To be continued.)

TYPICAL SCENERY IN THE TAIGÁ

VIGNETTES OF A SUSSEX SHOOT

The Charm of an Informal Day

BACK end shoots are in many ways the pleasantest of all. More particularly (and parenthetically) to those who, like myself, are only moderate performers. For on the great occasions early on, when birds are counted by the hundred and the bag is all important, one feels a weight of responsibility, sometimes painful if it happens to be one's day off. In any case one retains little more than a confused impression of clouds of birds in successive flushes, many falling doubtless, but none especially flattering to one's vanity.

About the Christmas shoots there is no such tension, for they belong in a special sense to the younger generation home from school. And on familiar ground, where keepers, beaters, even the dogs are old friends, the bag is a secondary consideration. One's host grins as broadly when one misses sitters in the open as when his own young hopeful wipes his eye by some astounding fluke. Even the keepers relax their sterner discipline; the rusties incline to mild if somewhat Rabelaisian wit, and everyone is happy, quite informal and delightful.

And if there is less to shoot each shot is more worth while. For the last few weeks have taught cock pheasants more about covert shooting than is contained in all the classics on the subject. Hens are obliging birds, which fly straight, albeit high, unto the twentieth time of asking. Not so their lords. Listen, squat and run—those are their tactics—back for preference through the beaters' legs and out and up and over the one unguarded salient.

Nor are December partridges one whit their inferior in low cunning. Fast, high up, swerving, crossing, changing direction as often as they make one change one's mind, they take as much hitting as any birds that fly. Especially when they come from least expected quarters. For, incidentally, to-day, as we took our stands outside a 20 acre wood on the slopes of the South Downs, the ball was opened amazingly by two coveys which rose from somewhere at the back of it, and together with a host of pigeons came off the "high tops" looking rather like a cloud of sparrows. Four guns were stationed along a central ride and four others in the valley, out of

A TENSE MOMENT DURING A STAND

WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS TO A FRESH STAND

"To me the charm of a day like this lies more in what one sees than in what one kills"

which a lot of pheasants, foraging in the juniper and furze, and startled by the first few shots, were seen to be legging it still further from the fold. But the keeper, to whom be praise, knew a trick worth two of that. He halted the line, detached half the beaters and three spaniels to fetch back the grass and scrub. Then the whole line moved crescent-wise toward the valley, and the outlying pheasants, having already heard firing inside the wood, decided that the opposite direction was the right one. They rose determined to put 500yds. between themselves and the concealed batteries in the ride, and sailed across the valley guns instead at a height to test the experts, while their brethren, breaking away from the barrage of the forward line, gave precisely similar shooting to the guns along the central line. It was as pretty a show of two cross streams of high pheasants as I can recollect, and if less than 30 birds out of perhaps 150 crumpled up, each was a skyscraper.

The second beat is not unlike the first—a hanging wood with plenty of shot cover and rhododendrons, sloping down from a maximum height of perhaps 200ft. to the guns below. Here you never get a low bird, while those that break from near the crest are wellnigh untouchable. They came at all heights and angles, curling and twisting in the wind, and one rather felt that every bird pulled down qualified one for inclusion in those "twelve best shots." Behind the line of guns here runs a small stream, normally some 3ft. wide, but to-day swollen to the extent of a torrent, and one feature of the day was an elderly gentleman with a long pole, on to the end of which was fixed a kind of wire cage, who was detailed to retrieve any birds falling into the river. Several did so, and his efforts with the "landing net" were fully appreciated. It was not as easy as it looked, owing to the swiftness of the current, and it says much for his agility that he only missed one "fish" which, incidentally, he recovered in the evening about a mile downstream, where it had tried conclusions with a fallen tree.

Forty-eight pheasants and four partridges was the result of three beats up to lunch-time, and a very short afternoon, partially spoilt by rain at intervals, was devoted to two short drives across the Downs, where in the whins and coarse grass we struck a mixed collection of partridges and pheasants. A round-up of the hand-reared duck was the last item on the programme, and we surrounded a small lake, towards which the beaters drove the river meadows. Failing light with heavy lowering clouds made shooting difficult, as after the first rise the duck were right up in the skies and distance was extremely hard to judge. They seemed to tire rather quickly, however, against a heavy wind, and in some circles came down a bit to within reasonable distance, albeit still long range, and a total of nineteen represented very fair shooting.

A total bag of 68 pheasants, 25 partridges, the duck and an odd snipe and "various" was, all things considered, quite a good one. Though personally, and heretic as I may be, I set small store by bags. To me the charm of a day like this lies more in what one sees than in what one kills; in the uncertainty as to what is coming next, and in the absence of cast-iron rules of procedure. The big day sometimes so grievously disappoints; perhaps it is because one expects everything to go so well.

One's plans are perfectly laid, no detail is omitted, yet for some unaccountable reason the birds decline to fall in with your views, and go in all directions save the right one. Contrariwise, you get a day, such as I have tried to describe, after unprecedented bad weather, and the reverse occurs, and you finish up as we did, wet, muddy, and draggled, it is true, but with that lively feeling of satisfaction that things could not have gone better.

J. B. Drought.

WHAT MAKES TROUT RISE?

A Reason for the Scarcity of Red-Letter Days

MORE than forty years ago my flybook bulked hugely with a weird and wonderful collection of patterns, and when fishing I wasted a deal of valuable time in changing them. Then a copy of Stewart's *Practical Angler* came to hand, and I soon revised my methods.

As most fishermen know, Stewart pinned his faith to six flies—three winged and three hackled. The winged flies were woodcock and yellow, hare's ear and blae wing, and black and blae wing; and the hackle or "spider" flies, black spider, red spider and dun spider. The black spider was Stewart's favourite fly, and he claimed that it was the most killing imitation he knew. It is made of the small feather of a cock starling, dressed with brown silk.

Using Stewart's patterns, I killed plenty of trout, particularly with the black spider. Another fly, a winged pattern not on Stewart's list, known in the north as Lee's favourite, or black spinner, also stood me in good stead, and gradually I began to pin my faith to it and the black spider alone. For many years my flybook—now slim and upright—has held nothing but these two patterns, and with them I have killed some thousands of trout in rivers, tarns and lakes. Not only have they proved their worth in North Country waters, but as far south as Cornwall they have more than held their own against the favourite local patterns.

Both should be very lightly dressed. Many shop-bought flies are far too heavily hacked, and fail to hook as they should do. There is little to choose between the killing qualities of the black spider and black spinner. The former is perhaps the more deadly when the water is very low and clear, but I should be quite content to fish the season through with either of them, and kill more trout than I could ever hope to eat. Even when the mayfly was up, I have fished the black spinner with good results.

It seems to be a more or less general belief that to kill trout successfully you must fish with a fly or flies which are a close imitation of the insect or insects on which the fish are feeding at the time. Any angler who has fished steadily for a period of years and has had time to test such a theory thoroughly must surely have seen the fallacy of it.

Many anglers set great store by colour and detail in their artificials, yet during a long day's fishing the colour and shape of a fly may alter to a very considerable extent, yet if the trout are taking really well this change makes not the slightest difference. Scores—yes, hundreds!—of times have I begun the day with brand new flies, and by afternoon they have been reduced to almost bare hooks, with little on them but a fine silk wrapping. Did the trout ignore them for that reason? No; they came at them as savagely as ever. In human eyes these torn and dilapidated flies represented no particular insect, yet the fish were wild for them.

A long experience of trout fishing on many waters has convinced me that there are times when no matter how good the man behind the rod may be, or how well-tried his flies, it is a case of "nothing doing," or nearly so. A brace or two of trout are always possible, but the real red-letter days are comparatively few each season. If you have kept an angling diary over a period of years, turn back its pages and I think you will find I am right.

What, then, one may ask, is responsible for the red-letter days when trout come ravenously at your flies and continue to do so although the latter have been reduced to practically bare hooks? The question is not an easy one to answer, and one can but surmise that some disturbance of the atmosphere governs the feeding habits of the fish.

Trout are only hungry when food is there in plenty, and even then, unless atmospheric conditions are suitable, they will not feed. If trout always took our flies (in the ordinary course of events some of them should be always hungry) our streams and lakes would soon be depleted. Both eels and pike are susceptible to atmospheric influence. Do not the former come forth from their muddy lairs before a thunderstorm, while the pike cease feeding long before we are aware of the coming disturbance? In both cases some state of the atmosphere exerts its influence on the fish.

The conditions underlying the weather phenomena that we can see are pressure and temperature. Does temperature influence the mood of the trout? It seems doubtful. Trout often rise well when the thermometer is low. There are plenty of instances of good baskets having been made when snow was falling, and the day was bitterly cold. Again, trout often rise well when the thermometer is high, and the weather hot. The same applies to medium temperatures. While temperature may influence the trout's choice of lying places, it does not seem to affect their rising.

A change may affect both thermometer and barometer, but as far as the trout are concerned it seems to be the pressure only which keeps them down, or tempts them to rise. Before a storm the trout, like most other things except char and eels, feel sluggish owing to the low pressure of the atmosphere. After the passing of a storm centre their mood becomes lively, for then the barometer is rising. How often, when a thunderstorm has broken overhead with heavy rain, has one found the trout beginning to rise freely?

High pressure, by itself, is not a sign of the trout's willingness to feed, for often when the barometer is high they do not rise well. It is the sudden increase in pressure that gives you the chance to have a red-letter day.

RICHARD CLAPHAM.

TROUT FISHING ON THE GLASLYN, NORTH WALES: MOELWYN IN THE BACKGROUND

THE LAST BEAT

Saving a Blank Day

IN September last I had a day on a charming little loch high in the hills of North Perthshire. When I went out before breakfast the thermometer on the porch registered 47 deg., the light breeze was almost north and there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a glorious morning for shooting, but there is no need to explain how hopeless the outlook was for fishing. When we reached the loch a little after ten the breeze had died and the surface shone like brown glass under the cold sun. I tried dry fly, but there was not a fish moving. Small wonder, for not an insect of any sort was abroad. It was so cold that I wore my Burberry.

Two hours later a few catspaws ruffled the surface and we actually saw a trout rise. I got it, but it was not worth keeping. Then it fell calm again and we went to the bank for lunch. Excellent pasties and hot coffee from a thermos gave us fresh energy and at one we were out again. Still no clouds or wind. Only occasional puffs which we watched and followed but without result. I tried fly after fly but nothing availed. The fish were not moving. Why should they? There was no feed on the surface.

At half-past four the car came for us and my nephew, who was pulling, suggested that we might as well call it a day. I hated the idea. When you live in a country where fish are not, and when you know that it will be a year before you get another chance on this same loch, it is only natural to wish to stick to it until the last minute. We pulled in and our chauffeur announced that he had brought tea. This gave me a chance to bargain. We would have tea; then one last beat.

At five some large soft clouds drifted across the intense blue and a light but steady breeze began to blow. Once more I changed my cast and put on two small wet flies, a hare's ear and a red quill. I had long ago given up ordinary loch flies. We were only 100yds. from the bank when there came the first real rise of the day, and instantly I was fast in a good rainbow. It jumped twice then went down into the weeds. When I got it out it seemed to weigh a ton, and I saw that a mass of pale-green water weed clung round the cast. Carrying all this stuff the fish cruised round slowly and I dared not put on any strain, my cast was so light.

For at least five minutes I hung on, then the fish turned and came close to the boat. My nephew snatched up a net and got it under the trout. It was one of those collapsible nets and the hinge was out of order. It doubled up and away went my trout.

Yet it was still on and the cast held. I take off my hat to the maker of that gut, the last strand of which was only 4x. Another two minutes, which seemed like two hours, then again the trout was alongside. This time I had my own net ready and now there was no mistake. A beautiful fish of 1¼lb. It had taken the tail fly, the red quill. "We have broken our duck," I said. "Do you feel like making it a brace?"

There was no objection and we drifted on down the lake. Nothing happened until we were quite close to the far bank, then came a repetition of the first rise. There was no weed here, and within a couple of minutes this fish, too, was netted. Another rainbow just a size smaller than the first, taken on the hare's ear. On the way home we met the owner of the loch and were warmly congratulated on saving a blank day.

T. C. BRIDGES.

THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON

BURBERRY WEATHERPROOFS

and

WINTER SPORTS DRESS

THE BURBERRY

On Request . . .
The Burberry Weatherproof Booklet, together with patterns and prices; also illustrations of other Winter Kit Models and a copy of "Concerning Winter Sport," on mention of "The Field."

TIELOCKEN BURBERRY

Rain or shine, mild days or cold days, The Burberry Weatherproof provides the most bodily-satisfying protection. If a bitter wind is blowing, no discomfort is occasioned. If the season is sultry, The Burberry is airfree and airylight—the last word in topcoat freedom.

Never mind the weather, never mind the rain. Take The Burberry with you and the cares of watching the barometer will vanish. The elements can be faced without fear or favour.

Burberry Winter Sports equipment has many essential points. It is practical yet smart, warm yet light in weight, weatherproof yet airfree.

Colourings are varied to meet all tastes, light shades for some, although the most practical exponents of Winter Sports favour navy blue or black.

All these are essential points which Burberrys have studied since the inauguration of Winter Sports, guided by their own experiences, together with expert practical advice in all branches.

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

SKI-ING ACCORDING TO PLAN

A Methodical Progress Through the Seasons

OF course, people have different ideas and tastes. Some go to winter sports for the mountain air, the scenery and the sun, some for the social life, the dancing and the making of romantic friendships, others to skate, curl, bob, luge or sleigh, but most go to ski. To-day, ski-ing is enjoyed by more people of all nations than any other sport, with the possible exception of swimming, and its popularity is fully deserved, for it calls for courage, confidence, judgment and skill to a high degree, and in return promotes physical and mental fitness, and a feeling of exhilaration and well-being not experienced in less inspiring surroundings.

To all who have never breathed the pure intoxicating air and revelled in the clear warm sunshine as they speed over the dazzling white fields of crisp powdery snow, with the blue mountains in the background, I can only say try it this winter. It is the beginner, and those who I feel do not get the most out of their holidays, that this article is written.

Careers are planned years ahead, and the same idea ought to be applied to ski-ing, if a maximum amount of pleasure is to be derived from it. My plan is intended for anyone of average athletic abilities who expects to spend a few weeks every winter in the Alps. For the first two seasons go to one of the big resorts in Austria or Switzerland, join the ski-school, and use the funiculars so as to get as much downhill running practice as possible, pass as many tests as you can, and do a little racing. The racing is important, as it is a fine tonic for "nerves"; you will find yourself taking slopes, straight and without a fall, which you regarded previously as quite out of the question.

When you can do all the local runs in fast time and with only an occasional tumble, you must not get a swelled head and imagine you can ski. You are like a baby that has just learned to walk, or a pilot who has achieved his first solo—you can control a new form of movement under favourable conditions, but you cannot put it to practical use. The object of ski-ing is the same as walking or flying, to get from one place to another, and it is only by so doing that real satisfaction can be obtained. So far you have been confined almost entirely to hard snow, beaten flat by the passage of others; you have never had to find your own way, you know nothing about climbing, snow, avalanches, wax or skins.

For your third season choose a centre where you know the runs to be steeper and more difficult, and in addition to polishing up the lessons already received, practise turns in deep snow and the jump turn for breakable crust. I have seen the humiliation of too many badge-covered nursery slope experts when taken on cross-country trips and confronted with unaccustomed conditions. It must be remembered that hard, not including spring, snow is the easiest on which to swing and keep control in these days of steel edges and heel springs, and is seldom met when touring.

The next step for the fourth season is to go on short expeditions with a guide, and to observe carefully his climbing technique as well as the line he takes downhill. When he uses wax or skins do not fail to find out why he does it. The art of going uphill is to get to the top as quickly as possible with a minimum expenditure of energy. During the summer you can usefully do a little home-work, teach yourself to read a map, buy books on snow formations and the science of correct waxing.

For your fifth season try to join a party of slightly better performers than yourself, who intend to do tours in an easy district. Ask them now and then to let you lead, so that you can develop the instinct for steering the fastest course consistent with reasonable safety. Look at the snow with renewed interest, not only for the likelihood of avalanches, but so that you can distinguish changes in the type of surface. I have seen a competent runner break a leg by dashing heedlessly from unbreakable crust into a deep drift—a change which should have been obvious to him at a distance. The sixth year may be regarded as the last of the training period, and for it here is a revolutionary idea. Get three friends of comparable ski-ing strength to your own and motor to a point in the Western Alps which you can regard as your headquarters. I suggest the West for two reasons—one is that it is a short journey, and the other is that the snow is apt to vary in quality more frequently than it does in Switzerland or Austria. Grenoble, for instance, is ideal. I want you to plan your own expeditions and to use the car to take you to the starting points of your climbs. This ensures that you will be ski-ing in strange country every day, and forces you to be self-reliant.

You have got to make the decisions—when to

Ch. Dubost, Crans

SKI-ING PROMOTES MENTAL AND PHYSICAL FITNESS
A party of enthusiasts starting the day at Crans

S. Berni, Klosters

BREATHING THE PURE INTOXICATING AIR, AND LEARNING THE RUDIMENTS OF SKI-ING AT THE KLOSTERS SCHOOL

turn back so as not to be caught by nightfall halfway up a mountain, whether there is danger of avalanches or fear of the visibility deteriorating to such an extent that you cannot find the way, and remember there will be no one to help if you do make a mistake.

By this time you should have a sound knowledge of first aid, and be prepared to cope with accidents if they arise. Do not forget that a broken ski or binding may prove serious if you cannot deal with it. There are huts, kept open in the winter, which can be reached in five or six hours at a comfortable climbing speed, and you might stay in one of these for a few nights. You will find it a memorable experience to do at least one expedition by moonlight.

The next winter you can undertake the leadership of a party. If you do, here are a few hints. You are responsible for the safety of your companions. You must make it quite clear before you start that everyone is expected to keep together and abide by your suggestions. Make sure that all equipment is in good order, and that no weak runner who will hold back the others is coming. Check up the number at the bottom of every slope, a mishap to one, particularly if not spotted at once, may involve all the others.

I honestly believe that if people were to go about their ski-ing in a less haphazard way than the majority do at present, they would enjoy it more, and at the same time there would be a decided drop in the number of accidents.

HUMPHREY WINN.

Charles E. Brown

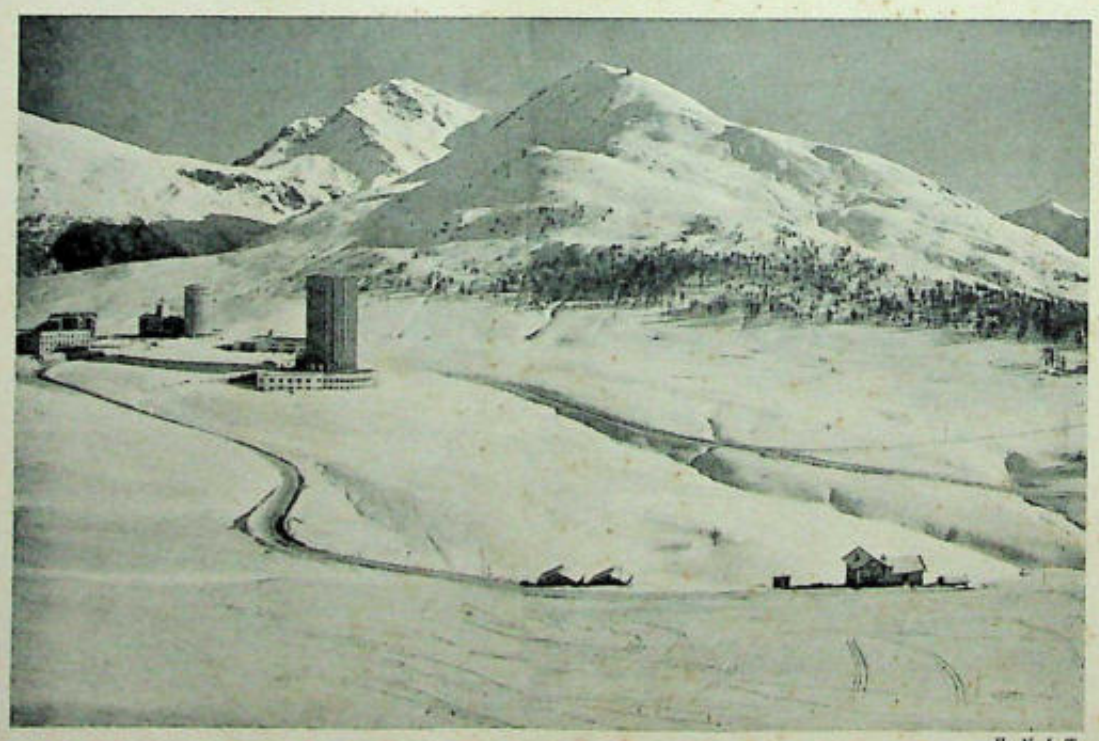
AFTER AN EVENING OUT, THE RETURN HOME BY SLEIGH AND TAILING

WINTER SPORTS IN NORTHERN ITALY

New Centres to be Explored

ALTHOUGH it is only within the last few years that winter sports have developed to any extent in Italy, there are several resorts on the southern slopes of the Alps, and in the Dolomites, that have secured prominent places in the list of first-class European centres. There are dozens more excellent ski-ing centres for those who consider the sport to be of greater importance than the social side, but which as yet are unknown to British visitors.

The resorts situated on the southern side of the great Alpine barrier are favoured by an abundance of sunshine and an absence of biting north winds. Yet the altitudes are sufficiently high to ensure perfect snow conditions from mid-December to the end of March, and often until the end of April or early May.



E. N. I. T.

SESTRIERE AND ITS SKI-ING SLOPES

In the Piedmont region there are three winter sports centres of major importance—Sestriere, Claviere and Cervinia. The first two are within 20 hours of London, and are reached by taking the train to Ulzio (on the Paris—Rome main line, a few kilometres to the south of the Mont Cenis tunnel), and then proceeding by road to over 6,000ft. Cervinia is at the foot of the Matterhorn, which the Italians call Monte Cervino.

The growth of Sestriere is remarkable. In 1926, before snow sports became popular with the Italians, Signor Agnelli (son of the director of Fiat's motor works at Turin) was ski-ing in the region above Ulzio and realised that here would be an ideal centre for all forms of winter sports. In those days there was only one small hotel, and this remained open only during the summer. In the space of four years Agnelli converted Sestriere from a region of virgin snow to one of Italy's most popular places for winter sports. Three new hotels were built (two in the form of circular towers), and there are now four wire-rope railways by which skiers can "fly through the air with the greatest of ease" to altitudes of over 8,000ft. From the surrounding peaks there are many downhill runs to 4,000ft., where motor buses are in readiness for the return to Sestriere. This year there will be a new skating rink for ice hockey, curling, &c.

Claviere, which is "just over the way" from Sestriere, has retained its charm as a simple Alpine village. In contrast to gay Sestriere, the social side of Claviere consists of sitting in a homely inn in the evenings, yarning with officers of the Alpini, who welcome every opportunity of speaking English.

Cervinia is reached via Turin, where a change of train is necessary to continue to Chatillon in the Aosta Valley, whence a motor coach service operates to Valtournanche and on to Cervinia. It was from Valtournanche that Whymper made many attempts to reach the summit of the Matterhorn. Another association with England is the visit in 1936 of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Ski teams to this centre. From Cervinia, which lies at 6,600ft., there is a wire-rope railway to about 8,500ft., and by Christmas this will be extended to Plateau Rosa (11,500ft.) between the San Théodule Pass and Monte Rosa.

At Plan Maison (at the top of the first section of the wire-rope railway), there are gentle inclines for beginners, as well as steep slopes which give experts all the thrills they could wish to have, and the runs down from the San Théodule Pass are among the finest in Europe. Undoubtedly there is a big future ahead for Cervinia; new hotels are being built at the rate of one a year, and the demand for accommodation would fill them all two or three times over during January, February and March.

Situated in the beautiful Ampezzo Valley at a height of 4,000ft., sheltered from the winds and framed by forests of pine and fir, Cortina presents a vision which is enhanced by the background of the lofty Dolomite peaks.

Cortina has three ski-jumps: the Barone Franchetti, offering leaps of over 100 metres; the Balilla, jumps of 20 metres; and the practice jump at Zuel, about two miles from the town. The downhill "competition" track for speed events is one of the most important in the Alps, and a splendid new bobsleigh track, used for important international events, was completed a year ago. There is also a large rink for skating and hockey, and matches may be watched in comfort from the heated verandah of the pavilion.

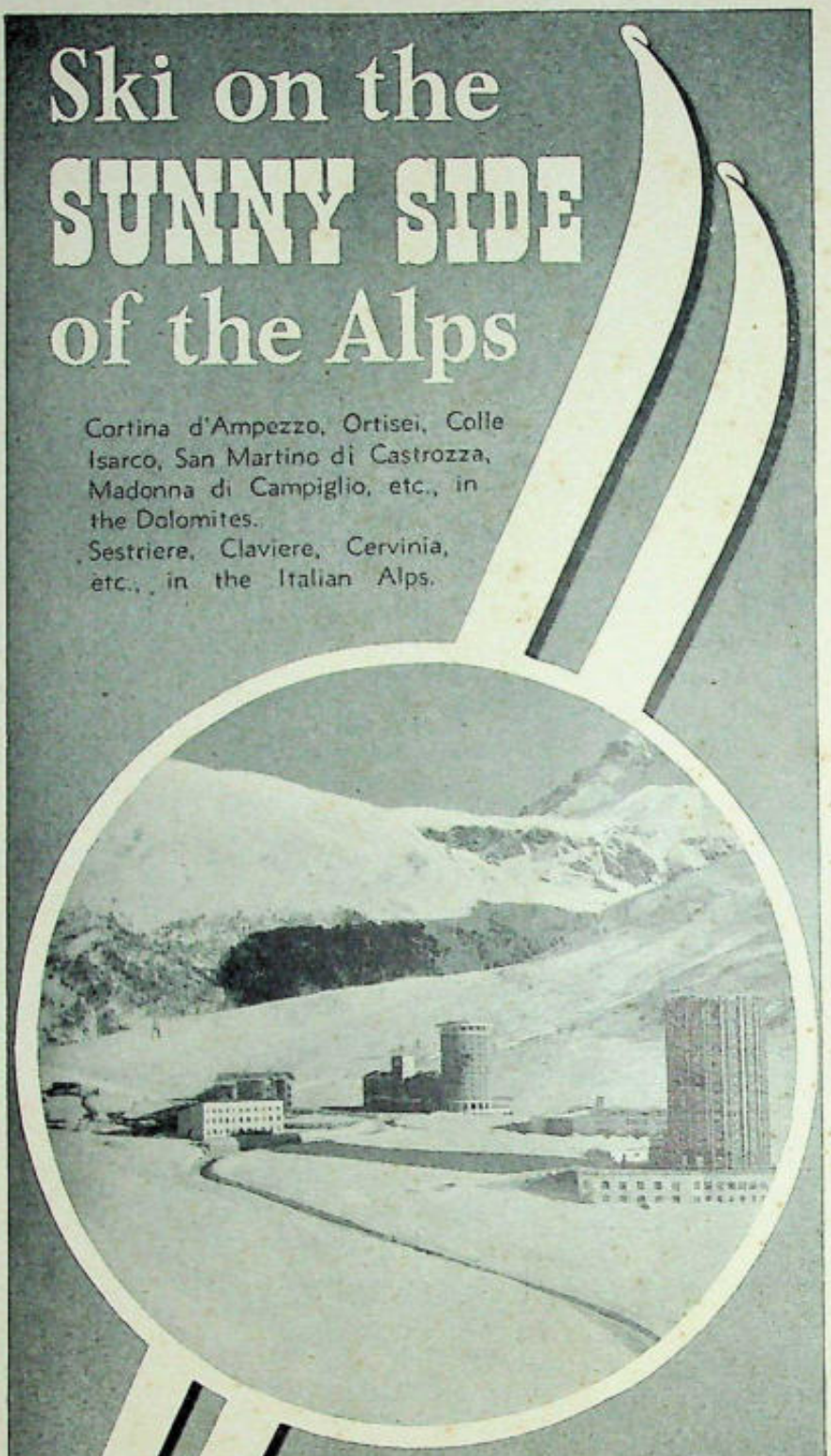
Although Cortina is by far the most important winter sports resort in the Dolomites, there is no lack of other localities. Less renowned places, such as Ortisei, Santa Cristina and Selva in the Gardena Valley, San Martino di Castrozza, Madonna di Campiglio, Colle Isarco, Solda, San Vigilio di Marebbe, and scores of others, are scattered over the whole region. Most of them are over 5,000ft. above sea level.

With the exception of half-a-dozen or so centres, the winter sports resorts in the Alps and Dolomites are as yet little known beyond the confines of Italy, with the result that terms at hotels have not "sky-rocketed" to unreasonable heights; 12/6 per day is an average price at all but the "luxe" hotels. Skis can be hired for less than 1/- a day, and a really good pair can be purchased for a couple of guineas. A course of instruction (under experts who are members of the Italian Winter Sports Federation) costs 16/- for six days, and a book of 20 tickets for the skating rink at Cortina costs 7/-. Thus it will be seen that a winter sports holiday in Italy is an economical proposition.

OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE.—For the first time half blues will be awarded for ski-ing on the results of a match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, which is to take place at Sestriere. Each university will have five teams of five men. Mr. Donald Garrow will captain Oxford and Mr. Michael Muir, Cambridge. All told, between 100 and 150 students leave the two universities for Italy on December 5th, and on December 17th there will be downhill and slalom races between them and the Italian universities. The Oxford v. Cambridge event takes place from December 20th-22nd.

Ski on the SUNNY SIDE of the Alps

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Ortisei, Colle Isarco, San Martino di Castrozza, Madonna di Campiglio, etc., in the Dolomites.
Sestriere, Claviere, Cervinia, etc., in the Italian Alps.



Write for descriptive booklets and for particulars of the special Tourist Rate of Exchange, Hotel Coupons, etc. You will be surprised to find how little it costs to spend a winter sports holiday in

ITALY

For information and descriptive booklets apply to:-
ITALIAN STATE TOURIST DEPT. (E.N.I.T.) 38. Piccadilly. London. W.I.
or to any travel agency

MISS BIRNIE DUTHIE, CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH LADIES' SKI TEAM LAST SEASON, AND MISS EVELYN PINCHING, LADIES' WORLD CHAMPION IN 1936 AND NOW A SKI-ING PROFESSIONAL

NOT SO STEEP AS IT LOOKS

A bird's-eye view of a trailing party at St. Moritz

THE SKI-RACING SEASON

THIS season the World Ski Championships will be held from February 12th to 19th, at Zakopane, in Poland. It is hoped that Great Britain will enter teams, particularly in the ladies' events, since it was at Zakopane, in 1929, that a downhill race was included for the first time in the programme of a FIS Meeting. Downhill racing was still on trial, and the FIS Congress had refused official recognition to ladies' races. The British, therefore, decided to enter Miss Doreen Elliott and Miss Durell Sale-Barker for the men's race, of which the subsequent *Polish Ski Year Book* contained the following account:

"The race gave a good opportunity to the downhill race champions to show all their skill. The game was won by the Polish skier, Bronislaw Czech, who arrived a few seconds before the English champion, Bracken. The English team, as well as the Swiss, exhibited really high-class technical capacities in this type of race. The two English ladies who took part in it *hors concours* were the success of the day. They covered the course in really good time, coming 12th and 13th, and were warmly welcomed by the public." The results show that they beat 45 men.

The development of downhill racing has been extremely rapid, and the British no longer hold the lead they held in 1929, though an English girl, Miss Evelyn Pinching, won the Ladies' World Championship in 1936. Miss Pinching turned professional last season, but Miss Isobel Roe was tipped as a possible World Champion until she broke her leg last January. She hopes, however, to be able to race again this winter.

The performances of our teams last year at Engelberg were not encouraging, and the only competitor really up to the exacting standards of a modern FIS Meeting was J. Palmer-Tomkinson, who did not do himself justice. In these circumstances it is probable that the Ski Club of Great Britain will not go to the expense of sending full teams to Poland, but will almost certainly enter one or two competitors for the downhill events.

The Arlberg-Kandahar will be held at Mürren on March 18th and 19th. I understand that the use of that name depends on whether Hannes Schneider returns to St. Anton as head of his ski school or not. I was in St. Anton last March, just after Schneider was arrested a few days before the Arlberg-Kandahar should have been held. The Kandahar Ski Club immediately cancelled the race.

R. E. GARDNER RACING FOR THE DUKE OF KENT'S CUP AT WENGEN

ROBERT READHEAD, OXFORD CAPTAIN AND WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR CUP; AND MISS PHILIPPA HARRISON, IN LAST YEAR'S BRITISH TEAM AND IN THE KANDAHAR LADIES' TEAM WHICH RACED IN NORWAY

Herr Schneider is an honorary member of the Kandahar and of the Ski Club of Great Britain, and it was largely due to his co-operation that the race which Mr. Arnold Lunn founded in 1928 had achieved its immense popularity and prestige. The Arlberg-Kandahar has been held in alternate years at Mürren and St. Anton, and I understand from the Kandahar Club that if Herr Schneider does not return the name of the race to be held in Mürren will be changed, and negotiations are already going forward with another club as to the venue of the race in 1940.

The Parsenn-Derby, which was also founded by an Englishman, Mr. Edlin, will be held at Davos on February 26th. The French Championships will take place at Superbagnères from March 2nd to 8th, and the Swiss Championships at Unterwasser from March 3rd to 5th. The ASAL, the University World Championships, in which the British have a good record, will be held from January 6th to 8th at Grindelwald, and Grindelwald has also been chosen by the Swiss Ladies' Ski Club for their meeting on January 14th and 15th. The Lauberhorn Cup will be raced for at Wengen on January 15th.

The Mürren T.T. Races were held for the first time last season, and consisted of races down each of the four courses on the Schiltgrat, which have been popularised by the erection of the new ski lift. The event was a great success, and will be held again this season on January 28th and 29th.

The British Ski Championship will be organised this year by the Downhill Only Club and held at Wengen on January 12th and 13th. After a brief career as an Open meeting the British Championship was closed again last year, when it was won by R. E. Gardner. Miss Isobel Roe won the Ladies' Championship. The Ladies' Ski Club Championship, won last year by Miss Jeannette Kessler, will be held at Wengen on January 3rd.

The Kandahar Ski Club announces a full programme of races in the Oberland, of which the most important event, after the Arlberg-Kandahar, is the Duke of Kent's Cup on January 8th at Grindelwald. This event, with its entry restricted to skiers from the lowlands and the towns, attracts a large entry.

Other important events include the Andrew Irving Slalom on December 27th and the Infante Alfonso Relay Race on December 31st at Mürren, the Prince Chichibu Cup on January 3rd and the Scaramanga Roped Race on January 6th at Grindelwald, the Roberts of Kandahar on January 5th and the Alpine Ski Slalom on January 16th at Wengen, and the Silver Ski on January 28th and the Arnold Lunn Cup on January 29th at Mürren.

P. W. B. CARY.

THE ASCENT MADE EASY

Mr. C. G. Elliott, headmaster of Eton, using the Sivretta hoist

MISS BERYL WALTER, A WINNER OF THE MACKINTOSH SLALOM

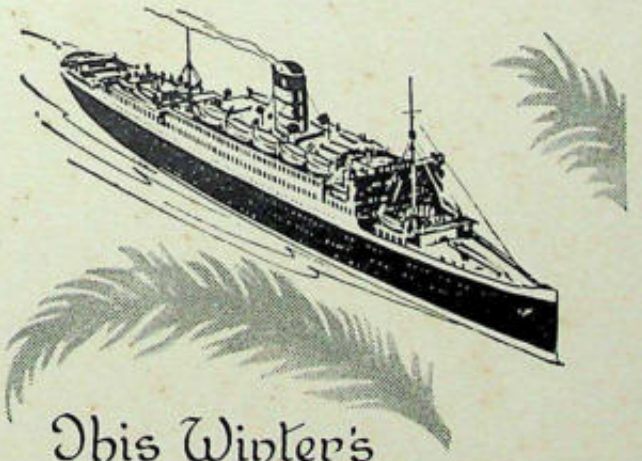
"... that never palls" —LORD CURZON

"The Victoria Falls appeared to me to excel in grandeur any spectacle of the same kind in the world," wrote the late Lord Curzon in 1909. Southern Rhodesia has many other thrills for Tourists old and young: the mystery of the Zimbabwe Ruins; Rhodes' grave in the lovely Matapo Hills; scenery unequalled; many species of big-game. Coupled with civilised comfort in travel and hotels, these attractions make it a perfect holiday land—5 days by air, 16 by sea, from London. Southern Rhodesia also offers the grandest home life imaginable—healthy climate, low living costs, good prospects, no Income Tax on married incomes under £800.

Write for Booklets on Touring and Settlement to Dept. F., Rhodesia Travel Bureau, 219, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

16,000 miles of sunshine



This Winter's Greatest Cruise

CANARY ISLES · AFRICA (Senegal)
S. AMERICA · PANAMA · WEST INDIES
BAHAMAS · FLORIDA · MADEIRA

in the favourite cruising liner
"LACONIA" (20,000 tons)

From Liverpool **Jan. 26**
From Southampton **Jan. 28**

52 days from 100 gns.

"FRANCONIA" World Cruise. Dec. to June, 36 ports from 410 gns. **New World Rivieras,** through bookings via New York to fascinating winter resorts in the west.

Write for illustrated folder to your local agent or Cunard White Star Ltd., Liverpool, London.

Cunard White Star

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

"GOOD wine needs no bush" is a Horatian dictum still unchallenged after nearly two thousand years. But even if not in need of either bush or push, good wine demands, and repays, a great deal of care and consideration. Good wine never is so good as when we drink it in good company, from the right kind of glasses and with the right kind of food.

The company is the most difficult factor because it is the most uncertain: one is rarely quite free to ask none but the guests one would really like to dine and wine with. It may be that a delightful lady has a bore of a husband, or that your best man friend has a wife who either will smoke cigarettes between each course or else use such an abundance of scent or cosmetic that your wine will have no chance in her presence; and yet it is quite possible that you cannot or dare not invite the one without the other. Nor can you ever be certain of the mood in which every one of your guests will come to your party. Yet it is of the utmost importance that they should all be happy in each other's and your company, if the wine which you are to serve is to give the full measure of joy within its power.

Glasses are a much simpler proposition; true, they may, and some day or other they are sure to, be broken, but they can always be replaced. What is of great importance is to select glasses which in style and size are going to help you and your guests to enjoy your—and their—wine. One can do without glasses altogether; many people do so every day, but the wine which they drink straight from the bottle itself is the type of gargle wine which keeps the working classes of wine-growing lands working and happy: it is dark, strong and young wine, and it does them good, but it is not good wine.

Good wine must be drunk from a glass, and not from any glass, but a glass that will show off the colour of the wine, be it ruby or golden; one that will be large enough to hold a generous measure of wine, so that its delicate "bouquet" may be enjoyed to the full; one, also, that will be of flimsy and silky fabric and greet the lips in a lady-like manner.

There are people with more money than sense who serve wine in beautiful glasses absolutely admirable as works of art but quite useless as friends; a friend is he or she who can be depended upon for help in time of need. This is what the wineglass should be.

We do not shut out the light of the sun by using smoked glass windows, and we should never let our wineglasses spoil the sparkling, joyous colour of the bottled sunshine that is wine by their own artificial colourings. Only the purest white glasses are dependable friends; coloured glasses are mockers. As to small glasses, the miserably undersized misfits which one is obliged to face so often in private houses, are an insult to the spirit of hospitality and to good wine.

The friendly wineglass has room not only for a right measure of wine, but also for one's nose to bow, enter and pay due homage to the sweet aroma which all good wines offer so discreetly, sometimes so hesitatingly, and only to the deserving.

Yes, my darling daughter?

So that explains the decline and fall in Father's stock of Gold Flake. Of course, she's only one of many these days. Women have developed a liking for a man's cigarette. And a Wills's Gold Flake—*the* man's cigarette—certainly *is* something worth smoking. It has the distinctive flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos. Look how men have been loyal to Gold Flake for years and years and years.

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.8. 592

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of November 24th, 1888.

HUNTING Dress. In the matter of boot tops "the tint which was supposed to be the result of applications of champagne, has now disappeared, and, with commendable taste, fashion to-day decrees in favour of a 'self' or light brown colour. Lord Alvanley alone has the credit of having adopted top-boots of a different cut, and he astonished all Leicestershire by coming out in boots of monstrous appearance. The father of the late Duke of Rutland, in consequence of an injury to his knee, wore one boot similar to those worn by the Household Cavalry: but Lord Alvanley came out in a pair of them, with the tops reaching far above his knees. 'The neat and conventional Napoleon' has, indeed, been recommended by one writer; but in a general way, black boots, though unquestionably much worn now, have been rather tabooed.

"'A cap for the chase' was gospel when Mr. Warburton wrote his song; but caps, on their re-appearance, had a comparatively short reign, going out of fashion, it is said, when the Marquis of Waterford met his death, having, as was reported, saved his head at the expense of his neck. The discomforts of a tall hat on a windy day are known to every hunting man; yet at the behest of fashion this headgear is worn with scarcely a murmur, and will continue to be until someone of mark has the moral courage to appear in a headdress more suited to hunting."

Game Guns. "On the advent of chokes it was commonly said that everyone in Scotland, almost to a man, started out with them, and there was never known such wretched marksmanship as in this their first year in the North. A friend of mine who has shot for 30 years in Scotland told me that when the first season of chokes was over, you could pick up a splendidly finished choke-bored gun at Paton's, the gunmakers, at Perth, for a mere song, so disgruntled were men with their want of success with the new weapon.* The sportsmen of the North no doubt realised that what they wanted was spread accompanied by velocity; in other words a good gun for getting game, namely, a first-class cylinder. PURPLE HEATHER."

[*The sportsmen who sold their splendidly-finished choke-bores for a mere song must have been very short-sighted individuals, seeing that the choke could have been so easily reduced, or taken out altogether.—ED.]

IN THE SALEROOM

THE sale of drawings and pictures at Christies on December 2nd merits more than usual attention, including, as it does, two original drawings, four printed drawings, seventeen wood blocks, and a set of electrotypes of William Blake. The original drawings are "The Infant Jesus Praying with Angels," 12¼in. by 13¾in., signed with initials; and a figure of a man, apparently intended for that of an Evangelist (perhaps St. John in Patmos), pencil on wood, 5in. by 3¼in. The wood blocks are the only ones that Blake ever cut, and, dated 1820–21, were for the woodcuts illustrating the First Eclogue of Dr. R. J. Thornton's Pastorals of Virgil. The pictures in this sale include works by Corot, "A Peasant Woman with Goat on a Sandy Road," 9¼in. by 7in.; Farquharson's "Winter Comes to Close the Varied Year," 28in. by 42in.; Crome's "Cottages Among Trees," on pane, 6¾in. by 6in.; J. F. Herring's "Horses and Pigs in a Farmyard"; and P. J. De Loutherbourg's "A Sea Fight by Night," 38in. by 50in.

On December 7th the final portion of the late Mrs. A. A. Watney Weguelin's casket of jewels is being dispersed at these rooms. The taste of the late owner of these lovely gems was undoubtedly very high, and the collection before dispersal must have been remarkable.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

WHEN did gulls first commence flying in a V formation? Long, long ago, one would imagine, and yet I cannot find any reference to the habit in old books that I have consulted. One is apt to think that birds do not change their habits, but I cannot remember having noticed the V formation used by gulls until quite recently.

* * *

When I was a boy I lived, as it were, with gulls. They were part of my life, the background against which I played, and ate, and walked, and slept. In those days I knew gulls well, and I am quite certain that those gulls did not use the V formation in flight. I should certainly have noticed it had they done so; I should certainly not have felt any surprise when noticing the same thing many years later. But I was surprised when I first saw gulls—I cannot remember the date—flying in a V.

* * *

Even so, I cannot say that I have noticed it frequently until quite recently. Once or twice I have seen small V's following the Thames inland. But the other day in Hampshire I saw the V on a large scale.

* * *

The house where I was staying is some six miles inland—as the crow flies—and set upon a hill. Every morning, so soon as the first light was strengthening in the east, the gulls commenced coming in from the sea. They would pass for an hour or more, flying anyhow and higgledy-piggledy but swiftly and with purpose, on their way to the high downs behind the house. And in the evening, as the light commenced to fade, from about a quarter to four for about an hour, they would return over the garden on their way to the sea.

* * *

It was then, on two fine still evenings, that I noticed the V formation on a large scale for the first time in my life. The gulls came over in waves, all following the same line, all flying at approximately the same elevation, and each wave a V. Some were small V's, but some were large, and one had 60 or more birds in each arm. And I noticed, too, that the flight in this formation was swifter than is usual and much more steady. There was but a moment or two between each V, and I reckoned that in the space of an hour I saw some thousands of gulls fly over the garden.

* * *

And on the second fine evening it was the same. The gulls came over punctually at 3.45. The first V passed over and I watched it southwards—and then, about a quarter of a mile away, it suddenly broke up. There was a swirling, haphazard mass of gulls—a great fluttering of white handkerchiefs dipping and circling. The birds scattered, and before I had time to see if they would re-form, another V—a very large one—was overhead. At just the same spot as its predecessor this V broke up, and there was a mass of weaving, circling individuals in place of the ordered discipline of a moment before. And so with a third and a fourth. And then I noticed that in the distance the Vs re-formed.

* * *

And what made them break? A pocket in the air? Some strong current of air indiscernible to the human eye? And then high above them—and they had not been flying low—I saw a bird. A bird of prey, most obviously, and black in the evening light. I had no glasses—and no time to go and fetch some—and I could not say what bird it was. The flight soaring and circling always around that spot was buzzard-like, but it appeared even at that height too large a bird; and then high above it, so high that I should certainly not have noticed it in the ordinary way, was another with similar flight, but at that elevation no larger than a swallow. I do not know what birds they were. But they frightened some thousands of gulls.

* * *

The next three evenings were dull and cloudy, and there was some rain, and a strong blustery south-westerly wind. The gulls came at the same time. But they came in no order—now one, now two, now eighty, now ten—and they flew in leisurely manner, using the wind as gulls do and sweeping hither and thither, but always progressing due south.

* * *

The V formation was used only in fine, still weather and only in the evening. Rough weather meant individuality, and the morning obviously meant every bird for himself. It would be interesting to know why—or, as that will probably never be known, to hear if others have had a similar experience at any time. Is it normal for gulls on their journey back from the fields to use a V formation, and is this formation only used in fair weather? In other parts of the country, do the gulls fly to their feeding grounds in formation? And if they do, what part does the weather play in governing their actions? B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ARAB

SIR,—Mr. Clark is quite correct that all three foundation sires were Arabians. Turk was merely one of the old names for an Arab dating from the days when Syria (which was then the chief Arab horse marketing centre) was owned by Turkey.

If Mr. Bishop and "E. B. W." will read *Thoroughbred Racing Stock and its Ancestry*, recently published by Allen & Unwin, they will find the whole evidence carefully sifted and conclusive, together with authentic contemporary pictures of the three sires, showing them to have been unmistakably Arabian.

The trouble with most of the people who have argued on the subject is that they do not know the Arabian type when they see it, yet it is as impossible for an expert in Arabs to mistake an Arab for anything else, as for a Jersey cattle breeder to mistake a Jersey for a Shorthorn. The matter will be still further explained in my forthcoming book, *The Authentic Arabian Horse*.

It is absurd to call "Asil" the "champion Arab." He was receiving weight up to 1st. 7lb. from other Arabs on the only two occasions when he won. In all his other races he was beaten, not only by the T. B. Iambic, which was only natural, but by *other Arabs*, both at long and short distances.

Mr. Bishop will find much more recent and interesting records if he will study *Thoroughbred Racing Stock*, notably the world's record performance of a Crabbet Arab, which won the hardest 310-mile race in history, carrying 17st. 7lb., and competing against thoroughbreds in 1921. The following year, when Arabs were barred over a less difficult course, not a single horse finished out of seventeen starters, and the race was afterwards given up as too severe.

Again, Mr. Bishop will find that a horse by an indifferent T.B. sire out of a Crabbet Arabian mare won 22 races in England against thoroughbreds, was second nineteen times, and third twelve times. If he will look up the breeding of the wonderful steeple chaser Easter Hero and the descendants of the Arab mare Debora, he will find other records. Alfragan, son of a mare by Bend'or out of a Crabbet Arab won the Dee stakes in 1894, and the Drayton Highweight Handicap by six lengths at Goodwood.

These are only a few of hosts of races which demonstrate that the Arab is the only potential racehorse other than his descendant, the specialised racehorse. For this reason he is worth preserving. I cannot, however, quite agree with Mr. Clark that the time has yet come when we can afford to use Arab blood as a regenerator at a loss of speed. The time *may* come when we might be thankful for anything which would make our racehorse sounder and better tempered (and there certainly is nothing else which could do it); but meanwhile we must not forget Brown Jack and our very fine Grand National horses.

It is true that our horses cannot run off any number of four-mile heats in a week as they used to do, but even as stayers they still take some beating.

Yours faithfully,

Crabbet Park, WENTWORTH.
Poundhill, Crawley, Sussex.

THE CHAIN OF AN OTTER

SIR,—I read with interest the contribution in your issue of October 29th, concerning the origin of the "chains" arising from otters and other diving animals. I should like, however, to raise one or two points with regard to the evidence produced in support of this theory.

The theory takes, as its basis, the assumption that water, when violently compressed, tends to liberate gases from solution. Although, during at any rate normal changes in pressure, exactly the opposite occurs, the volume in solution decreasing with the pressure, it can still be argued that sudden depressions occur in the eddy behind the webs, during the propelling stroke. Whether these are sufficient to free gases is hard to say. Personal observations on fish, particularly pike, both accelerating when disturbed and boring while being played, have failed to show liberation of gas, although it is certain that the water is subjected to sudden and violent changes in pressure by the rapid movements of the caudal fin. On the other hand, I have seen moorhens produce distinct chains, on the same piece of water.

Comparable to that of the swimming animal and much more easily observed, is the effect of the marine propeller. It would be interesting to hear whether anyone has noticed a chain so produced, particularly by a boat in fresh water, as this would be strong supporting evidence.

Another point concerns the supply of gas available. The volume of water in the immediate vicinity of the web must necessarily be small, and, in consequence, it would have to contain a large quantity of gas per unit volume, if a noticeable chain was to be produced. I cannot give figures for the amount liable to be present under natural conditions; but they are available and could be obtained.

Your contributor expresses the belief that the lungs of the animals concerned would be incapable of containing the air necessary to produce the length of chain observed. I am not qualified to speak with regard to the otter, but, among birds, much of the body cavity is occupied by air sacs, into which the air is drawn through the lungs. It would seem quite reasonable to suppose that, if these sacs were filled at the surface, satisfactory respiration could be performed, while diving, by gradually passing the air out, through the lungs, to the nostrils. As the bubbles arising from a moorhen are very small, a long chain could be produced by a single deflation of the air sacs.

Yours faithfully,

Kirkcudbrightshire. D. B. R.

CANALISING THE AVON

SIR,—I have been interested in the correspondence in your columns on the work of the Catchment Board on the Upper Avon, and possibly a short account of a riparian owner's experience of the work of the board may be of interest. I have a garden frontage on the river, and the fishing rights over two adjoining meadows belong to a farmer—some three-quarters of a mile in all. The opposite bank is a water meadow belonging to the War Department.

The Catchment Board's workmen started early this spring digging the banks in the farmer's meadow without any word to him; they also started, unannounced, I understand, on the W.D. land. My first intimation was seeing a plank bridge being thrown across the river early one morning on to a flower-bed in my garden. The board's employees were perfectly courteous when remonstrated with, and moved the bridge to a more convenient spot. They did no harm to the garden during the number of weeks they used it as a right-of-way. The engineer to the board, when I wrote to him, restrained the gang from cutting down a large and ornamental willow, on my giving a formal undertaking to remove it from the river if it ever fell in. On the opposite bank some sixteen trees (all there were) were cut or dragged up by the roots with winch and tackle. Four of these were definitely liable to fall into the river, but the rest, to all appearance, were perfectly sound, and not in the least likely to do so for years. Their destruction was presumably lawful, but the result, from an artistic point of view, deplorable.

As regards the spoil from the river, the farmer was unable to give the services of a horse, cart and man for more than a week or so, consequently there still remains in one meadow along the edge of the stream an unlovely mound of mud some 300yds. long, being gradually overgrown with weeds. The river bed was hoed completely bare. The river weeds have grown again, but in the shallower stretches the rushes, instead of being in banks along the margin, have rooted in scattered clumps all over the stream. I am quite prepared to believe that the removal of much mud, fallen trees, old iron, &c., will be to the benefit of irrigation and, in the long run, of the fishing, though as regards the latter the immediate results are rather trying. For a month or so in a particular stretch there are no fish at all; as the work moves on they gradually return till there are more than usual, but the water is kept dead low, and except at week-ends, when the board's operations are suspended, it is, for several months, impossible to fish during most of the day owing to mud and floating weed. Perhaps this week-end respite accounts, in part, for the most ardent support of the board's methods, coming apparently from those who spend their week-ends only in the district; while the trend of opinion among others who have lived, and fished, on the river for years is not so enthusiastic.

Many questions suggest themselves to the lay mind—the mind, that is, of one who is not an irrigation engineer.

Why, for example, has the clearing started at the *top* of the Upper Avon? If the five miles of deepening and (*pace*, Mr. Bach in your issue of October 29th) widening proves effective next spring in drawing the flood water off the Enford meadows, what will happen in the next five miles down stream where the Netheravon and its meadows have as much flood water already as they can do with at such times? Would it not be more practical, where carriers duplicate the main stream, as they do for most of its length, for the board to clear these (as the farmers cannot, or do not) and make them available for excess water *when wanted*, rather than enlarge the main channel to such an extent that it will carry all the flood water during a few weeks, while for the rest of the year the river is shallow, with a sluggish stream, or is unduly draining the chalk hill reservoirs along its course.

Is it *really* an improvement to replace as a revetment to the stream a sound, upright willow holding the bank together by a clay slope? It may be necessary for the board to have power to remove any tree likely to fall into the river in the near future, but to fell, for instance, a stout willow 6ft. from the bank, but unfortunately within the legal limit, as I have seen done, seems to be exercising power without discretion.

Yours faithfully,

"The Grange," C. B. HARVEY.
Enford,
Marlborough.

SIR,—As to the work of the Catchment Board on the Upper Avon, which I have fished for some nine years, I am quite incompetent to express views either on the habits of trout or how the work of the Catchment Board affects them.

I do know, however, that at Endford the beauty of the river has been much spoilt, especially the stretch below Endford Bridge, by the cutting down of all the willows, and when work was being carried on it became quite useless to fish.

Yours faithfully,

The White House, S. C. WELCHMAN.
Market Lavington,
Wilts.

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—While on a large pheasant rearing field in Gloucestershire I had a splendid chance to study the habits and diet of the little owl closely. I also thoroughly discussed the matter with the practical minded keepers who were always ready to condemn the bird.

I think I can justly claim that the rearing field was the largest in Gloucestershire (18,000 birds were placed on the field), and when the total area was wired in it became unnecessary to shut the birds up at night, as the little owls were quick to discover.

The little owls had populated the district long before a site was chosen for the field, and I do not think their numbers increased unduly during our stay. No pheasants had been reared in the vicinity for at least 20 years, which is plain proof that the little owl does not rely solely on game chicks for food.

When the G.H.Q. has been fully established on the field it did not take us long to discover that the little owl does not ignore game chicks when obtainable. In fact, every little owl in the district must have eaten its fill of pheasant before any action could be taken (we were short-handed at the time). When action was taken many fell victims to the gun when found roosting in nearby trees during the daytime. I prided myself on having a nice lot of birds until I started to find small piles of feathers which told their own tale. Even when lamps were hung along one part of the wire (not for the little owls, but other vermin) and a regular night watchman engaged the killings were just as frequent.

Admitted game is not an essential part of the little owl's diet, but wherever game preservation is carried out on any scale, however large or small, the little owl is a danger to be reckoned with.

A wholesale persecution of the little owl would thin numbers out to such an extent that there would be a danger of its becoming extinct unless it could afterwards be once again put on the Protected List. In the event of this plan being adopted it would be continually on and off the Protected List at the discretion of the Home Office authorities.

Yours faithfully,

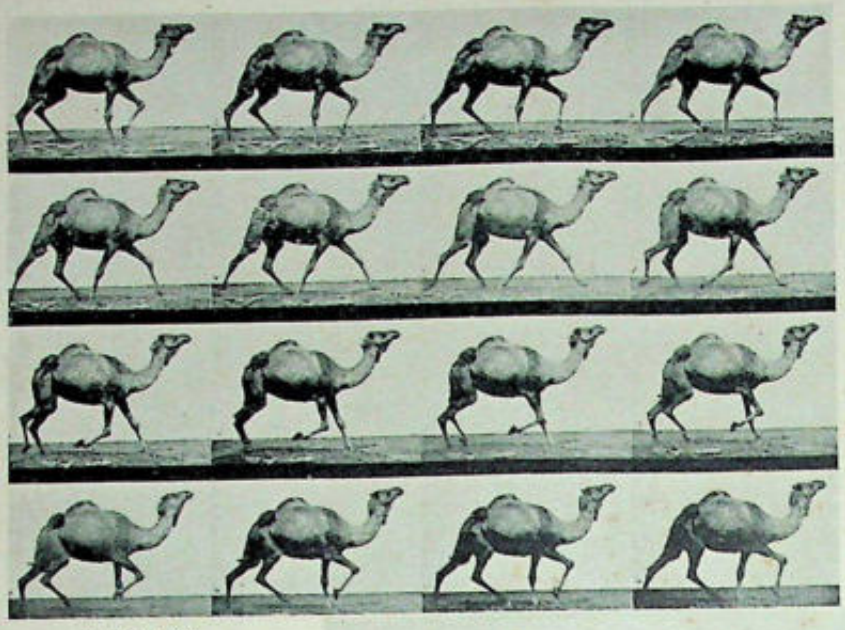
Somerset. GERALD SCOTT.

SIR,—For many years little owls have nested in a hollow tree close to my house, and have made this a base throughout the year. They have frequently been seen to take their prey on the lawn.

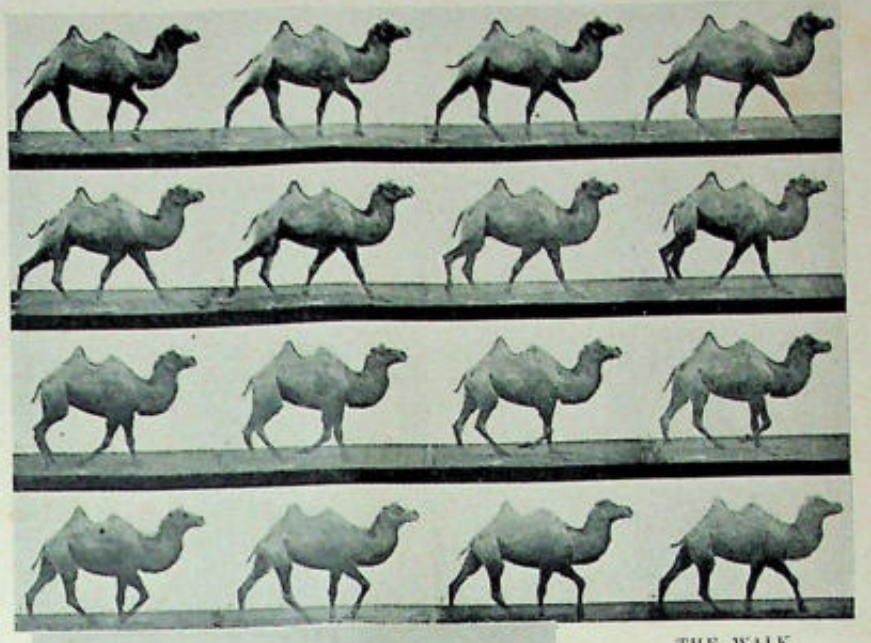
Mr. F. Gibson Phillips has, I think, the key to the subject of the bird's diet, when he says in his article in the *Field* (October 29th, 1938), that the birds he watched never went more than 150yds. My birds have a hunting ground of about fourteen acres outside of which I have not seen them, but they feed chiefly in that part of their territory which is nearest to the nest or base. They appear to take any suitable prey which is abroad during their hunting hours, and which they can seize upon the ground in this area. Usually they roost during the daytime in trees close to the base, but when they are nesting, and occasionally during exceptional weather conditions, the hunting period is extended up to 9.30 a.m. (in summer) and begins again at any time during the afternoon. Consequently, if game were reared upon this territory, during the time that the owls were feeding their young, I should expect them to take many of the pheasant chicks. On the other hand, I should not expect a rearing field outside their territory to be molested.

Yours faithfully,

Kent. R. E. PODMORE.



THE RACK
A half stride in fifteen phases



THE WALK
A half stride in fourteen phases

DIGNITY IN DEPORTMENT
(See letters "Movements of Camels")

MOVEMENTS OF CAMELS

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent Mr. C. W. Ingram, I should like to say that camels move by means of what is known as the rack. The rack is a gait natural to the camel, the giraffe, and some few other animals. To describe this gait I cannot do better than quote the words of Professor E. Muybridge, the greatest authority known on the movements of animals. He says: "In the rack, the legs of the animal are used in lateral pairs, instead of, as in the trot, diagonal pairs. The same uncertainty with regard to precedence of the fore or hind foot-impacts prevails in this gait, as in the trot; in contradistinction to the latter, priority is usually given in the rack to a hind-foot, this being so immediately followed by its lateral fore that, practically, they may be said to swing simultaneously."

Everyone who is interested in the movements of animals, &c., should get a copy of that wonderful book, *Animals in Motion*, by E. Muybridge; Chapman & Hall, Ltd. This extraordinary work, which took thirteen years to compile, can now be purchased at a very reasonable price. It puts at rest for all time discussions *re* how certain animals move, and is the standard book of reference for many animal artists.

At the time of writing I have not got here any of my own photographs of camels, &c., but am sending to you a collection of photographs by Professor Muybridge, from which selections can be made showing how both the ordinary Egyptian and the Bactrian camels move at a walk and a trot. In these pictures the lateral movement with two feet off the ground at one time on either side of the animals can be clearly seen.

Yours faithfully,
Forss House, Thurso. C. E. RADCLYFFE.

SIR,—I was interested to read the recent correspondence on the subject of the walk of the camel. Although I have lived among camels for some 20 years, I must admit I was under the impression that, though they trot by moving the two near legs and then the two off, they walk as other animals do. When I read Major Radclyffe's letter raising the question, I looked through a collection of photographs of the animals and enclose two that apparently solve the question and prove Major Radclyffe to be right. In both these photographs the camels are shown walking with the two legs on one side in movement, whilst the other two are on the ground.

Yours faithfully,
Chele Orchard, C. S. JARVIS.
Ringwood, Hants.

SIR,—It amused me to note the indignation caused by my letter on a horse's action. At the time you published it I was so busy with the L.A.F.S. that I did not know you had published what I sent you.

May I remark that the pictures you have published since illustrate my point admirably, *i.e.*, that the fore and hind on the same side are forward at the same time. By moving "together" that is what I meant. Not even the American pacer moves his fore and hind on the same side *at the same time*. It is always the hind foot which comes down first when going *forward*. The camel, mentioned by another correspondent, moves like the pacer, and incidentally like an Alsatian dog. The pace is very rhythmic, and many a time have I ridden the very comfortable American saddle pacers out in Virginia. By the way, one of your correspondents mentions a "running" pace. "Running" in U.S.A. means galloping. Perhaps he refers to another saddle pace, the "running walk," which is entirely different. There is also "the rack" and the "single foot," but in all these paces there is only a difference in "time" and not in the sequence of putting the feet down. I repeat, if anyone has the energy and patience to walk, trot, canter and jump on all fours they will discover why a four-legged animal moves like he does; for reasons of muscular reach and balance.

How do the people who believe in "diagonal" action account for the fault known as "forging"? Surely they do not suggest a horse does this with "diagonal" action? The same thing applies to "over-reaching."

I recently saw a picture of the Shetland foal in the children's zoo, running free without any interference from man. His two near-side legs are forward, while the two off-side ones are back. His weight is obviously mostly on his near hind and about to be transferred to his near fore, which is just coming down. The action of *two-legged* animals is diagonal, because there is vertical balance instead of horizontal. The girl who is chasing the animal in the picture has her weight on the "off hind" instead of "near hind," while her arms and legs show almost the same position as those of the pony. The pony is leaning to the near-side, however, while she is leaning to the right, both of them leaning to the side where the weight is being carried.

When I referred to the hackney's "pose," I did not infer he was stationary, but abnormally bent knees and hocks is not natural horse-action except in "sticky" ground or water or when taking off to jump. No racehorse bends them up, nor do the American trotters, who can beat the hackney round the track any time, and, unlike the hackney, the trotters never "break."

Yours faithfully,
London. ONLY A CHAUFFEUR.

[This correspondence is now closed. —ED.]

OYSTER'S SEX

SIR,—I fear that our native oyster (*Ostrea edulis*) was much maligned in your issue of October 29th, p. 1028. It was accused of "changing its sex three or four times *in a season*" (the italics are mine) "when it reaches manhood or womanhood, that is, when four or five years of age," and quite possibly insulted by the dictum, "What a dull monotonous life is the life of an oyster." If the oyster had a record of this kind, life would become truly hectic after the early tender years. There is undoubtedly enough adventure in the early days of roaming the seas, the metamorphosis into a baby oyster on a possibly precarious foothold, and the growing up to become an active male in one, two or three years according to the total warmth and feeding in the spot finally chosen. Then not long afterwards it changes into a prolific mother, but no sooner has it got rid of its young than it becomes almost immediately again, within a few weeks, a potential father. In following years both parental rôles may be undertaken annually, or less frequently if conditions are not good. But these activities, along with the getting and the quality of food—those universal anxieties—and the unknowable and disturbing changes in temperature and saltness of the water, are probably enough to render the life of the oyster anything but serene, apart from other considerations. Really, there is good reason to believe that the oyster's lot is not entirely a happy one.

Yours faithfully,
University, Liverpool. J. H. ORTON.

IT'S A GIFT!

Johnnie Walker has the gift of making finely-balanced whisky by skilful blending—so Johnnie Walker makes the perfect Christmas gift. Your wine-merchant or licensed dealer stocks special Christmas cases, containing 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles of Johnnie Walker, ready for sending off to your friends.

JOHNNIE WALKER
walks away with it!

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

VICAR'S AUCTION

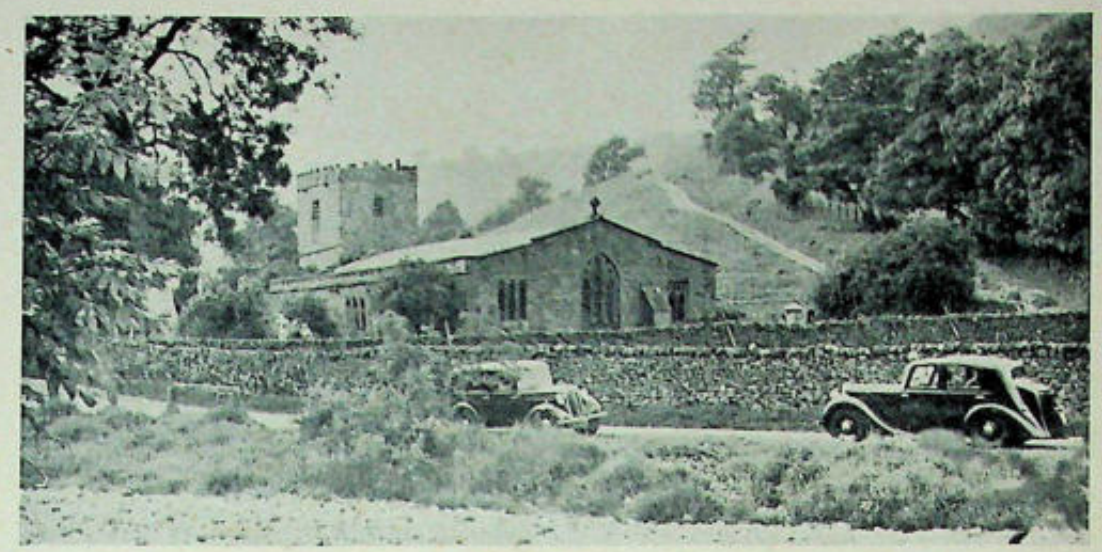
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Hubberholme Church, Upper Wharfedale, Yorkshire, whose vicar actually becomes an auctioneer every New Year's Eve. Here is the story of the strange proceedings as given me by an old resident.

It is the vicar's duty to auction the "letting" of Poor's Pasture, a local piece of ground left in trust for the poor of the parish centuries ago. The auction takes place within "The George," the village's ancient inn, which belongs to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Two rooms are used for the auction. One is occupied by the vicar and his wardens, and is referred to as the "Lords"; the other room, known on this day of the year as the "Commons," is occupied by the farmers who assemble to bid for the "letting."

The auctioneer keeps visiting the "Commons" for bids, and the "letting" is, of course, knocked down to the highest bidder.

Before this ceremony a service in commemoration of the donor is held in the church. The Trust allows six shillings to the vicar for this part of the proceedings, while the innkeeper gets five shillings for the use of his rooms.

Yours faithfully,
Roundhay, Leeds. G. B. WOOD.



HUBBERHOLME CHURCH, THE SCENE OF A STRANGE CUSTOM
(See letter "Vicar's Auction")

WHALES OFF DEVON

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Budd's letter in the *Field* of October 29th, and his excellent photograph of the killer whales seen recently off the Devonshire coast. In August, 1928, and again in 1931, when I was salmon fishing at Campbell River on the East coast of Vancouver Island, schools of these monsters came on several occasions within half-a-mile of the mouth of the river. They were attracted by the annual run of Pacific salmon which come down this coast each August. It was an awesome sight to watch 20 or 30 killer whales tumbling about with their big black dorsal fins standing vertically out of the water, and through glasses we saw them actually seizing the salmon. As a rule they appeared several times during the six to eight weeks of the run of fish. Locally they were known as "black fish" or "killers," and their coming inevitably ruined our salmon-catching for a day or two. Their arrival was a signal for our guides to row us ashore. We were told that the killers did not attack boats, but their plungings had been known to cause accidental upsets.

Yours faithfully,
The Chine Hotel, Boscombe, Bournemouth. LEWIS SMITH.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS

SIR,—Some of your readers may recognise the following quotation: "Readiness to be content with half measures is the outward sign of inward decadence."

Uncle Ralph in the interesting letters to Young Shooters, seems to go perilously close to the above in his advice over the safety catch.

"Anything that makes for greater safety in shooting," he writes, "is obviously to the good, and if you can manipulate the safety catch to this good purpose, by all means do so."

"I do not consider it essential" (query the safety or the catch?).

"Many . . . would never in middle or old age get into the habit of pushing the safety catch forward as the gun comes up." (His letters ostensibly are addressed to *Young* Shooters.)

"To do so would inevitably lead to lost chances" (of hitting a bird or one of your companions?)

"The best known shooting school in England does not teach the putting forward of the safety catch as essential, though they do not pretend it is wrong or undesirable. (Half measures with a vengeance!)

For the benefit of any "Young Shooters" who are interested, may I remark that even if you do learn on hammer guns as I did myself, you can easily teach yourself to push the safety catch forward as the gun comes up to your shoulder *if* only you apply yourself to learn, *and* you need have no reason whatever to excuse "lost chances" for so doing.

You will, however have the pleasure of knowing you have done your best in this direction to become a "safe shot" by using a device for that end, provided for you by the skill and ingenuity of the gunmaker.

Yours faithfully,
Chorlton Hall, Malpas, Cheshire. D. H. BATES.

AN ALBINO GREY SQUIRREL

SIR,—You may be interested to hear that on a recent Saturday I shot a white squirrel, evidently an albino of the American grey squirrel. Of the latter I have already shot 54 this year on my small place of sixteen acres, which shows how they have overrun this part of Ashdown Forest.

Yours faithfully,
The Ridge, Coleman's Hatch, near Tunbridge Wells. CHAS. LEHMANN.

A DELIGHTFUL VIEW OF PARK RASH AT KETTLEWELL
(See letter "The Pennine Country of Yorkshire")

THE PENNINE COUNTRY OF YORKSHIRE

SIR,—In view of the recent proposals for the preservation of large areas of the lovely Pennine scenery of Yorkshire, including parts of Airedale and Upper Wharfedale, I think the enclosed picture may be of interest—showing part of the majestic type of hill country involved.

The picture gives a view of the famous Park Rash, the rough mountain road which has been the scene of innumerable motor cycle trials, and which runs from Kettlewell in Wharfedale over to Coverdale. This track skirts under the face of Great Whernside (2,310ft.) at a height of 1,600ft., indicating a rise of almost 1,000ft. in a distance of less than three miles out from Kettlewell.

There can be no doubt whatsoever that any measure for preserving such areas, which are so readily accessible from the large industrial districts of the West Riding, deserve the fullest possible support.

Yours faithfully,
Harrogate. BERTRAM UNNE.

KILLING GAME

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Puzzled," might try this way of killing a wounded pheasant. Hold the unloaded gun in left hand by the grip in front of the trigger guard, thumb under grip, finger round barrels, barrels pointing to the ground in front of shooter's feet, heel of butt towards shooter. Hold bird in right hand with lower breast in palm, fingers and thumb round body and both wings. Hold bird's head about 3 in. above heel of butt plate and bring back of skull down on heel of butt plate with a sharp rap. This fractures the skull and kills the bird instantly. The toe of a good heavy shooting boot may be used instead of the butt plate if the toe is lifted well up and heel pressed into ground with foot kept rigidly straight, but the butt plate is best.

Yours faithfully,
Connaught Club. J. W. H. SEPPINGS.

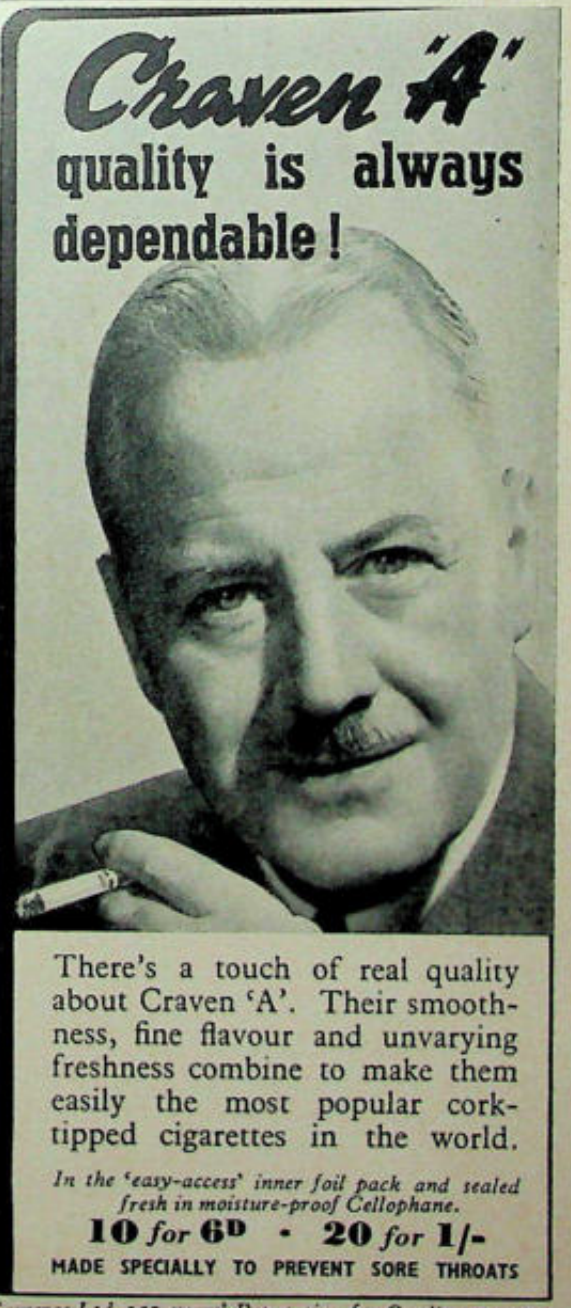
FOX KILLS CALF

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me any information on the subject of foxes killing new born calves?

I have had a case in which the farmer has lost four calves; in the first three he found the bodies partly eaten, and in the last case he actually saw a fox at the calf.

Luckily he showed it to a veterinary surgeon within a few hours, and his opinion was that the calf had been alive when or just before it was born, but it had no air in its lungs.

Yours faithfully,
London. WORRIED SECRETARY.



A MALFORMED STAG

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a malformed stag's head, shot by Captain G. S. L. Whitelaw, on September 20th, 1937, may be of interest to the deer-stalking world. The measurements are: Length of each antler, 25in.; span, 18in.; beam, 6in. The hooked tops were the result of the antlers, when in velvet, coming in contact with the ground when the stag was feeding.

Yours faithfully,
Glenfeshie Lodge, Kincraig, Inverness-shire. D. MACDOUGALL.

BIRD SCARCITY

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can explain the scarcity of our common bird life about Torquay and neighbourhood despite the excellent cover afforded.

About Liverpool there is an abundance of all our common wild birds, while in Sefton Park, in the centre of the city, magpies and even the kingfisher and woodpecker are to be seen.

Yours faithfully,
Torquay. JAS. SNAID.

HOOKED THROUGH THE GILLS

SIR,—Mr. D. J. Reid asks if anyone has had an experience such as he had in catching a salmon with the fly having passed through the gills. My experience was almost more curious. Many years ago I was fishing on Loch Shin for trout with a cast of three tiny flies, and hooked a good fish which turned out to be a 7lb. grilse. To my surprise, when it was landed, I found the tail fly had passed through the gills and was firmly hooked into the back fin. This was 69 years ago, and I have forgotten whether it was also hooked in the mouth.

Yours faithfully,
Holt, Norfolk. A. H. UPCHER.

HUNTERS AT GRASS

SIR,—It may be of interest to your correspondent to have further particulars of this picture.

In the centre is Algiers, bay gelding, foaled 1816, sire Salamanca, dam Elizabeth, by Waxy. In water, Ballcury, bay gelding, foaled 1817, sire Osiris, dam Elizabeth. Left-hand side, Hainalt, chesnut gelding, foaled 1818, sire Osiris, dam Elizabeth. All were bred by William Wigram, Esq.

These particulars were given to me by John Wigram, Esq.

Yours faithfully,
The Grove, Ashbourne, Derbyshire. H. THACKERAY SCHWABE.

ONE RESULT OF FEEDING WITHOUT DUE CARE
(See letter "A Malformed Stag")

PRODUCER AND CONSUMER

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Berlin's letter, "Producer and Consumer," in your issue of September 17th and should like to point out to him that farmers will agree that it can only be to the common good if it is possible to establish a community of interest amongst all. Unfortunately the farming industry feels (with some cause) that its interests have suffered for the benefit of other trade interests, and that they are being asked to compete with overseas producers whose standards of life, climatic conditions or political policies give us little chance of a square deal.

May I point out that his example of the B.B.C., whilst sound in theory, is in effect not practical, since the B.B.C. is not under direct government control, whilst agriculture is. For this reason there is no stability in policy.

In simple language farmers might be very much more contented with their lot if the industry were to be released from the political maelstrom and under the control (if control it must have) of some sort of permanent corporation with a number of practical agriculturists as members.

Yours faithfully,
Bodmin, Cornwall. V. A. JACKSON.

SPOONBILLS

SIR,—Further to my previous letter *re* spoonbills, it is pleasant to be able to record one at first-hand this time, on the same old route as last year, south-east, and at the same time in the early afternoon. This year on October 31st, last year on November 7th. The which affords a minor confirmation of my firm contention that *rare* birds are nearly all perennial visitors, if one is in the right place to catch them. And further to my previous arguments, as Mr. R. F. Moore has pointed out to me, Pembrokeshire, north-west of Devon, is a former nesting ground of spoonbills. This is suggestive—as is also the arrival of the first short-eared owl of the autumn the following day. Presuming this spoonbill to be on an ancestral migratory passage over Pembrokeshire, south-east to its winter territories, the question is, what was its line of flight from the north to Pembrokeshire, for its European nesting haunts do not extend, I believe, much farther north than Holland?

Presuming this bird to have continued on its south-east line of flight, it should have crossed the south coast somewhere in the region of Dartmouth. It would be interesting to hear whether a spoonbill has been seen anywhere on that part of the coast from November 1st onwards.

Yours faithfully,
North Devon. RICHARD PERRY.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—A little hunchback woman with a weak heart was left 10/- weekly by her late father, a cabinet maker. Her two widowed sisters are giving her 1/- a week each, and this 12/- is her entire income. She is at present in lodgings, where the landlady is kind and thoughtful for her, and it is her great desire to stay in this room, which with food and firing costs 20/- weekly. If anyone can imagine what life must be like to be born deformed, and after middle age to have to face real privation, will they please send us £26, that we may continue the 10/- weekly allowance we have been giving her.

The
CAPE COUNTRYSIDE
is *ablaze*
with WILD FLOWERS

THERE can be few more magnificent spectacles than the South African countryside when the wild flowers and shrubs are in bloom and the landscape is decked in a mantle of riotous colour.

The orchards and vineyards are now laden with fruit, and their sun-ripened crops add new significance to the pleasures of the table.

Visit South Africa and lay up a store of memories you will cherish throughout your life.

Consult your Travel Agent or the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Special steamer fares apply by certain sailings during Winter.

South Africa

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

IT is frequently said that there is scarcely a town or hamlet in this country without someone residing there having an interest in rubber shares. Those who have followed the fortunes of the industry have experienced many disappointments. There have also been periods of hectic activity with substantial profits accruing to shareholders.

Unfortunately the average investor in rubber shares only buys when the market is booming. They are always left with shares on their hands when the inevitable reaction materialises. The shrewd operator buys when the market is virtually on its beam ends. He sells when conditions are good. That has been done over and over again with much success.

Just now rubber shares are hesitant. Production of rubber is under the control of the Rubber Regulation Committee. This committee was formed jointly by British and Dutch producers of rubber for the purpose of procuring a fair and equitable price for the commodity suitable for consumers and producers alike.

America is the largest consumer of rubber. The latest deterioration in the American trade adversely affected the rubber industry. Demand fell off and stocks piled up. The Regulation Committee stepped in and reduced the exportable quota of rubber production to 45 per cent. of standard. Quite recently it was decided that from next January the quota will be raised to 50 per cent. of standard.

Stocks are already too heavy, was the comment of dealers in raw rubber. An increase in exports will make the position worse. The producers in their turn say that a 50 per cent. quota is better for them as long as the price does not fall below 8d. a lb. A larger output will reduce overhead charges and lead to the employment of more labour. There is also a ray of hope for the industry in evidence of reviving industry in the United States.

Many I find who consider the time is opportune to purchase rubber shares. It is realised that dividends this year must in many cases be less than a year ago. Dividend cuts are probably discounted by present share values. The buyer must be prepared to exercise patience, but in a twelvemonth from now it is probable that the rubber market will be well on the road to a fresh recovery.

Company Meeting.

HAWKER SIDDELEY AIRCRAFT

THE third ordinary general meeting of the Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, Ltd., was held on November 21st.

Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S., the chairman, said stock and work in progress on July 31st amounted to £6,397,875, compared with £4,287,843 on the same day last year, and the volume of work was being increased from week to week.

The revenue for the year was £821,953, and the directors recommended a final dividend of 17½ per cent., together with a cash bonus of 10 per cent., both less tax, making a total on the ordinary shares of 32½ per cent. with a cash bonus of 10 per cent., both less tax, carrying forward £108,190.

The year had in many respects been difficult for everybody. The automobile section was affected by prevalent depression, but the new models this year were better than any they had yet produced.

Their export trade, which they regarded as of paramount importance, had been an appreciable asset and one which they would continue to develop.

The directors were very proud of the way in which the operating companies had gone to work and of the satisfactory proportion of aircraft produced. The Secretary for Air recently announced that orders had been given on behalf of the Government for the erection and equipment of two factories, at Manchester and Gloucester, at a cost of over £2,000,000, to be operated by two of the subsidiary companies, a tribute to the proved productive ability of A. V. Roe & Co. and Gloster Aircraft Co.

The programme of the immediate future was one of the utmost importance for the country. The board proposed to raise further capital so that, whatever the demands of the Government might be, private enterprise would be in a position to meet those demands in the most economical, speedy and efficient manner.

The order book was of very considerable magnitude. The extra manufacturing capacity, plant and equipment, were provided by the Government, and this company would occupy these factories on a mutually agreed rental basis by arrangement with the Air Ministry.

It was imperative that the group should be adequately provided with funds to finance the work in progress, not only in the new factories but also the additional output in those existing. The directors therefore sought permission to create £5,000,000 of short-term first debenture stock, of which it was proposed to issue £3,500,000 now and the balance as and when required.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the proposed borrowing sanctioned.

New Books

ALL THE WORLD IS A CAGE

A Book on Zoos and Life in General

Zoo. By LOUIS MCNEICE. (Michael Joseph ; 10/6.)

I DO not really know how to define this book. Mr. McNeice in almost his last paragraph makes the discovery, and a depressing one to him, that his book has been announced under the title Belles-lettres. He objects, saying that "the belletrist is interested in writing rather than in what he writes about. Whereas I am, and always have been, very interested in zoos and in animals, and also in the people who look at them." It seems to me that if Mr. McNeice is interested in zoos and animals he has not confined his attentions to them and the book is a very much happy-go-lucky, go-as-you-please affair. He has hung on to the zoo a quantity of very delightful meditation. He is not, I think, concerned with writing in the sense in which belles-lettres are written so much as in meditating. But it would be utterly wrong to suggest that he meditates only for the zoos and animals and the people that go to zoos to watch the animals. He puts down anything that comes into his head, an afternoon watching lawn tennis at Wimbledon, a visit to Belfast, anything. If this is not writing for the love of writing in the belles-lettres manner, it is writing for the love of writing in another, but very similar form, and the visits to the zoo (on which the writer is not and does not pretend to be an expert in the technical sense) are merely excuses.

The best chapters in fact are those which do not deal with the zoo. These chapters—in particular that on the visit to Belfast and that entitled "Zoos in Paris"—are much more firmly welded and have a much greater descriptive power than those which deal with the zoo. Mr. McNeice paid a succession of visits to the Zoological Gardens in the course of last summer. He tells us something about the history of the zoo and something about its architecture and its planning, quite a lot about its relation to the rest of London life, and a great deal about the things he noticed both about the animals and the people on various visits. I cannot say that I gained very much knowledge from the descriptions of these visits. They contain, indeed, a great many observations of no particular importance, and one has, as it were, continually to retrace one's steps in order to pick them up.

That all sounds like carping and criticism. And perhaps it is. I can only say that I read the book at a sitting, and that I have read it twice since. I have no doubt that I shall read it several more times, and no doubt at all that I shall buy one or two more copies this Christmas to give away. The writing is delightful. I should hesitate to say that Mr. McNeice has a style in prose composition, but he definitely has an atmosphere, he is witty and observant, and one or two of his descriptive passages attain heights seldom reached in modern English literature. And there are some delightful illustrations by Margery Sharpe. It is an inconsequent book and it is a happy one. It is in fact a volume of belles-lettres and a very good one. Mr. McNeice should amuse many people this Christmas.

B. V-F.

* * * *

Serengeti. By AUDREY MOORE. (*Country Life* ; 10/6.)

This charming and unpretentious little book is written by the wife of the Game Ranger in charge of the New Serengeti National Park, in Northern Tanganyika. It draws a most sympathetic picture of the birds and beasts of that halcyon area, without ever descending to the saccharine sentiment of the pets' corner. In particular, the accounts of the lions are delightful. "Simon was greatly bothered by his family. There were far too many of them, and if one of the lionesses, or Simon himself for that matter, killed, there were twenty-seven mouths to fill before he even had a look at the meal. The lionesses were always squabbling amongst themselves, and poor Simon was tried beyond words by their quarrelings. Should one lioness come and rub herself against him caressingly, another would sure to be at her heels clawing angrily at her flanks, and Simon hated being fought over."

But from the point of view of the preservationist, far the most important chapter is that on native hunting. It discloses a state of things to the general public which has long been common knowledge to the sophisticated. Coming from such a source, the facts cannot be gainsaid.

There can be no doubt that the laws of the Territory as regards native hunting are being openly flouted. We have had some experience of allowing this sort of thing in Palestine. Are we to allow it, in fortunately different circumstances, in Tanganyika ? Would the Germans allow it ? We are trustees for the native, and if we are allowing him to dissipate his capital we have betrayed our trust, and where meat is necessary to him there will soon be none left.

The book is illustrated by a number of first-class animal photographs, and I heartily recommend it. Within its limited scope it is first class. M. T. S.

Tackle Making for Anglers. By L. VERNON BATES. (Herbert Jenkins ; 10/6.)

Anglers who like to occupy the winter months in the pleasant handicraft of rod or tackle making will give Mr. Bates's book a ready welcome. He does not go into the details of rod making "from the wood," so to speak, but suggests that rod joints in the rough can be obtained and then pared down by the amateur rod maker to obtain the particular action he likes. He gives detailed instructions on how to fit the ferrules, winch fittings, and so forth, the best method of fastening off whippings, and everything for making the rod complete. His instructions on making split-cane rods seem to be rather too indefinite to be of much service to the would-be maker.

Rods, however, are only one of the angler's necessaries, and there is much useful information on making up spinning flights, bait tackles, dressing flies, making floats, and a dozen other items which should prove very useful. Most anglers like to devise "something different," and this book should put them in the way of it. H. D. T.

* * * *

Who Has a Dog ? By REGINALD ST.-JOHNSTON. (Chapman & Hall ; 7/6.)

For all those who love dogs—and their name is legion—this book will have an instant appeal. I am, unfortunately, one of those city dwellers who, owing to lack of suitable accommodation and opportunity for exercise, am unable to keep a dog. But these stories by one who knows and understands them brought back to me many happy memories of the days when I, too, owned or was owned by a dog. There are twelve of these stories and each one has for its central figure a dog of one of the better-known breeds. What impresses me most about the whole book is that the yarns, admittedly fiction, are so very true to life. Call me sentimental if you will ; but after reading such a book I have an almost irresistible urge to visit the nearest kennels and once again to purchase some little ball of pink-tongued puppyhood—and to blazes with the drawing-room carpet ! V. R.

* * * *

A Sportsman Looks Back. By J. P. BEAVEN. (*Wiltshire Times*, Trowbridge ; 10/6 net.)

This book got me into considerable trouble. I started to review it after tea and had almost reached the end when the telephone bell rang and a distinctly chilly voice said, "So sorry you weren't able to come to my party." I wanted to go to that party very much. Mr. Beaven's book is the cause of my forgetfulness. Here, then, are the reminiscences of a sportsman for sportsmen, and an almost perfect dedication. Well done, Mr. Beaven. C. D.

* * * *

Prisoner in the Forbidden Land. By GUSTAV KRIST. (Faber ; 10/6.)

When *Alone Through the Forbidden Land* was published last spring it was an instantaneous success. Its praises were sung then in the *Field*, and there is no need to repeat them. Gustav Krist did not live to know of his achievement, for he had already passed on to join the ranks in the unforbidden land, and his death is a great loss to literature. But he did write another book, and that has now been translated by E. O. Lorimer with the same perfect touch that distinguished the earlier work. This is the story of Gustav Krist's imprisonment in Russia during the Great War. The truth is vouched for, but that is not necessary : every page rings truth. It is a tale which will appal and yet enthrall ; the horrors of war, the horrors of a prisoner of war in a land where everything is hostile, are portrayed in simple forceful language. The loss of such a brilliant and yet completely unambitious writer cannot be estimated. Krist was a man who went through his afflictions and his years with a simple faith. Probably he never realised that, still less would he believe that, he has left this faith in tangible and beautiful form. He has done more than write a memorial, he has left a spirit to warm and cheer his fellow beings—whether allies or foes—who remember the years 1914–18. It is such a spirit which shows the complete and utter futility of war. C. N.

* * * *

Canoe Country. By FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES, with illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques. (The University of Minnesota Press, $2.50, or Humphrey Milford ; 11/6.)

If you want to capture the sensation of "being along" on a canoe journey, then I recommend this book to you. Mrs. Jaques does not tell of hair-raising adventures, which so often seem a little too well painted to be real, but rather of simple things—a moose discovered at his bath, a young kingfisher pretending to be an austere and steady fisherman, tiny wood mice clearing the crumbs—things, indeed, which would thrill the ordinary townsman more than the veteran hunter.

The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Jaques started their trip at Winton and were always in the State of Minnesota need not make the English canoeist feel that this is not a book for him. He will find much in it of interest to him, and it may well be that he will discover some sound advice in *Canoe Country*. Contrasting the quietness of Crooked Lake with the noise of New York City, Mrs. Jaques writes : "No despairs are here. And no man-made dangers. The bright eyes of the beasts need only look for their natural enemies, and we ourselves can forget all the world's turmoils and antagonisms. . . ."

Forget all the world's turmoils and antagonisms ! Is not that so of any voyage on a quiet river ? Yet how many canoeists have realised it ?

This book, even for its splendid illustrations alone, would make a most pleasant Christmas present for anyone fond of river journeys. It is not big and it is not a classic, but there is a grand note of sincerity about both text and illustrations. W. G. L.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Most children will love *Scrap*, by J. IVESTER LLOYD (John Murray ; 5/-). They will also learn much by doing so. "Scrap" is a terrier, a little dog who had some great adventures and a large variety of friends. Country ways, love of animals and what a true sportsman should really be, are some of the things this author shows so wisely, and never becoming "pi" in the transaction. A further charm is added to the book by Mr. Ivester Lloyd's pen-and-ink sketches.

India from the point of view of a district officer is the subject of *Impressions of an Indian Civil Servant*, by R. D. MACLEOD, I.C.S. (Witherby ; 10/6). "This book," the author writes, "is neither a collection of personal reminiscences nor a systematic treatise, but an attempt to convey to the reader the general impressions carried away by me from India and to interpret certain subsequent events in the light of those impressions." The author is well qualified to speak about India—he spent 23 years in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. He gives an unusually conscientious and detailed account of India to-day, and one which cannot fail to be of value to civil servants in whatever part of the land they are serving ; but even more useful will this book be to those who are about to start their work in India.

A very realistic sea story of the sailing days is *Maiden Voyage*, by R. L. DEARDEN (Herbert Jenkins ; 7/6). This is the tale of a record breaking maiden voyage from the Clyde to Sydney in 69½ days. Time enough for adventures on the High Seas ! Hurricanes, mutiny, blackmail—but also a honeymoon which likewise to the ship passed through storms to a safe and sunny port.

Salween, by RONALD KAULBACK.—We are authorised by Mr. Ronald Kaulback's solicitor to state that a regrettable printer's error has occurred in the last word of line 20, page 252, of Mr. Ronald Kaulback's book *Salween*. The word in question should read "colitis." All copies not already in circulation have had the necessary alteration made.

IN TOUCH

The First Harlequin Defeat

NOT only was the recent match between Richmond and the Harlequins exciting to watch, but it taught interesting lessons to those who cared to assimilate them.

There was bound to be plenty of spirit shown, for the fixture always draws a large crowd, while on the field there is a healthy rivalry between the two clubs. None the less, when I went to the match, I was doubtful as to whether there would be much more than the spirit, for I had already seen the Harlequins scramble to victory against a most indifferent Cambridge side, while Richmond were even more unconvincing when I saw them play Gloucester.

Pessimism was soon dispelled. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and although the first 20 minutes of play could not have been described as brilliant football, there were signs right from the kick-off of thrills to follow.

The results of undue carefulness and fear of the opponents' ability were obvious at once. For some time there were ample periods for conversation among the spectators, neither side daring to let go and drive hard for the enemy line. Stage fright is not confined to theatres. Sportsmen often have bad attacks, and it is this that sometimes makes the play of promising men so disappointing in important matches even though they may have given magnificent performances during minor fixtures.

So it was, at first, on this occasion. The clouds were gathering, however, and the desultory clapping and shouting round the touch-lines was as thunder giving warning of the storm to break. Break it did. It was started by R. G. Oxborrow, the Richmond stand-off half, who, playing a magnificent game, proved himself to be a coming man. His run took the ball almost to the gates of victory, but a reply was soon forthcoming for the 'Quins, for B. E. Nicholson, another excellent player, grabbed the ball and, boring his way through a rift in the Richmond defences, took the struggle back to the enemy half. Whether C. M. Squire, the Richmond full back, would have stopped the effort or not is a matter ever to go undecided, for a scrummage was ordered as the result of a forward pass to M. J. Daly.

Now, what had been done of a spectacular nature so far was very largely due to the men behind the pack. That obviously could not last, because the 'Quins have built up a name for forward play in recent years, while this season Richmond have put a pack into the field which needs due care and circumspect handling. Richmond had the best of the set scrummages for a while, though at times the tide turned to Harlequin advantage, but in the loose there was no question as to the superior forwards. Charles Laborde and his supporters were magnificent. I cannot refrain from putting it that way, not from any wish to minimise the praise for the pack in general, but more from a desire to render adequate homage to Laborde.

It may be personal sentiment, but I am certain that in the modern game an even greater measure of responsibility, either for victory or defeat, rests with the eight forwards than with those behind them. Certainly it appeared so on this occasion, and it was Laborde who brought the first figures on to the score board, in effect if not in name. There is something rather awe-inspiring about him when in action. His arms slightly bent, his head well down, and the ball bobbing and leaping at his feet, he appears to bear down on the opposition somewhat after the manner of a tank—straight and irresistible. The results are also similar, he reaches his destination leaving a trail of fallen opponents in his wake.

Laborde was not alone in his vigorous earnestness, and perhaps his most stalwart supporters were Cambridge and the Church. The latter, in the form of the Rev. D. M. Harper, seemed to be in a much overheated state for most of the game, but this appeared to have little effect on his enthusiasm. Harper is not new to the Richmond side, but the Cambridge player, L. E. Grose, is. I can only say that unless he has blossomed overnight, so to speak, I marvel at his long absence from the University side. Surely Cambridge did not consider their pack so good as to go without his services. Always where he was wanted he was, in an unostentatious way, one of the best forwards of the match, though when he played for his University the following week against Blackheath, he seemed to have lost much of his vigour and versatility.

After the first Laborde episode—and there were numerous others—the Harlequins replied by sending Nicholson over the line in the corner and the score stood at 3-all, neither try being converted. Shortly before half-time Cooke (Richmond's scrum half) broke clear and bolted diagonally for the corner at high speed, and, evading Napper, managed to run round and touch down under the posts—a final touch which brought an extra two points to the score.

The 'Quins, rallying fiercely, drove Richmond right back to their "25," and it was pitch and toss as to the final result, when a glorious piece of rugby smashed Harlequin hopes. Oxborrow broke away with the ball and streaked down field, later passing to his full back, Squire, who, remembering his three-quarter days, ran with remarkable speed for the line. He was caught and tackled before he reached it and despairingly threw a long pass as he fell to Warr, who took a difficult ball at his knees and went over to gain a well-deserved try. The score rose again when Butler made a blind pass near his own "25" line and paid the penalty in full, for Oxborrow intercepted it and was over in a trice.

The 'Quins stuck at it to the end, and were rewarded for their fidelity by an unconverted try, which emerged from the midst of a mob of players in the corner farthest away from my seat. Who scored it I am not certain, but Press Box opinion favoured M. J. Daly, and thus M. J. Daly it appeared in Monday's papers either by frank statement or by implication, according to the style of the paper concerned.

Thus it was that the Harlequins received their first beating this season—and a very good trouncing, too, for the score read 18—6 at the final whistle. It was a fine game played cleanly and intelligently, and the teams atoned for the dull afternoons they had provided for me earlier in the season.

But in their next match, which was against Oxford last Saturday, the Harlequins were as dull as could be, and their opponents no better. The 'Quins won—by penalty kicks—but they did not play any better football than Oxford, and Oxford played bad football.

L. N. R.

SUSPENDED MOTION

A Richmond player at full stretch in an attempt to break away with the ball at his feet, during the Richmond v. Harlequins match

FROM TEE TO GREEN

IV.—The Powerful Irons

By E. R. TIPPLE

MANY golfers have been taught, and many more believe, that they should use a different swing for the iron clubs than that employed for the woods. Nowadays the experts are agreed that this is not necessary. The differences between iron and wooden club play are not as great as some imagine. What differences there are can be mastered by any player, and there is no need to alter the basic principles of the swing. Those who use different swings for the various clubs are only making the game more difficult for themselves.

Slight modifications are, of course, essential. With the irons the swing must be shorter and as compact as possible. With the wooden clubs the golfer endeavours to sweep the ball away, whilst with the irons it has to be punched, the stroke is more of a hit, but even so it can and must be rhythmical. The three-quarter swing seems to meet with general approval and is the one usually adopted. If you over-swing with the irons you not only lose control but power as well.

Mitchell maintains that over-swinging—certainly one of the commonest of faults—is caused by slack knees. "To play an iron well one must hang on fiercely with the knees. One of the great secrets of the game is to control the swing with the knees, for by so doing we keep the weight behind the ball, flowing naturally into the stroke and we avoid the fatal habit of 'going round the corner.' Your legs are your best ally in this game not your arms and wrists." To test this method he advises us to take up our stance and wind the knees towards the hole and hold them there as we take back the club. It will be found that the back swing is restricted, "that the club is tugging at the left shoulder and that the muscles under the left arm are at full stretch. The arms will, of course, go behind the body, but the left shoulder should take the strain firmly."

The first point, then, about iron play is to restrict the back swing. If at present the iron clubs are giving you trouble check your back swing and make certain that you are in control at the top of the swing. All the really outstanding exponents of iron play—R. T. Jones, J. D. Armour, Sarazen, Cotton, Duncan, Mitchell and Roger Wethered—take the club back a comparatively short way, they punch the ball but never snatch, and, throughout the entire stroke, preserve perfect balance.

The question of the correct stance for the irons arouses some controversy. Which shall it be—a square, shut or open stance? I know many of the finest players adopt a square stance, some professionals even use the shut, right foot behind the left, but the easiest and most dependable of the three is the open. Most of the experts I have asked advise this chiefly because it makes the follow through more easy. The position of the ball should naturally be further back, more towards the right foot. Some suggest a point opposite about the middle of the distance between the feet, others rather nearer the left heel. It must always be remembered that in an iron shot the ball must be hit a downward blow. Ball first, then turf. And as J. H. Taylor has said, "Be sure to let the arms go well through in the line of play and don't pull them through to the left."

For the wooden clubs we are told to have the weight balanced evenly between the feet. For the irons the weight must be left more on the left foot—as Mitchell puts it "Be heavy on the left foot throughout." If this is observed in the address when you start the back swing the weight is transferred to the right then back to the left as the club is swung down and the correct hitting position is achieved. Here is what Roger Wethered says: "In addition to placing the weight more forward at the beginning of the stroke, a slightly more upright swing will have to be adopted than was advised in driving. If the club is taken back too much round the legs and is brought down in the same plane the swing cannot be directed downwards when the time arrives to hit at the ball. Otherwise no appreciable change of style takes place."

No alteration in the grip is necessary except that the player should be sure that he is holding the club firmly, particularly with the last fingers of the left hand. If a firm grip is not maintained the club may turn as you strike the ball or even at the top of the swing, and the subsequent shot will be ruined. Cotton thinks that we should keep our hands closer to the body than when we are driving. "I find," he says, "that in playing an iron shot it helps considerably to keep the back of the left hand towards the hole, and the left wrist a little higher than usual. You do that by arching it; this should give the shot a feeling of firmness."

A feature of Cotton's iron play this year impressed me, and that was the way he hit the ball high into the air with his iron clubs. He played as if he wanted the ball to pitch almost beyond the hole. His shots would fly high up into the air and stop dead near their pitch marks. They carried the full distance, and he did not rely on any run of the ball as did most of his competitors. We should all learn this lesson and remember that even when we are playing a No. 2 iron the object should be for the ball to carry to the green and pitch on it. If we did this we would be more accurate and not so inclined to be short.

In the modern matched sets of irons a No. 1 is included. I agree entirely with Abe Mitchell in disliking this club. The average No. 1 iron is too difficult for the ordinary golfer to use properly. The blade is invariably deep, and there is very little left on the face, so that one can rarely be confident with it. It gives one a horrible feeling that the shot will be smothered. A club, with a more shallow face, is preferable. The manufacturer of my own set includes a "plus two" instead of a No. 1, and this club, with just that extra loft, is more suitable. The average golfer would be wise to discard his No. 1 and substitute such a club or even to be content with an ordinary No. 2.

BERBERIS PRATTI WITH EVERY STEM LOADED DOWN WITH BERRIES IS A PICTURESQUE SIGHT IN THE AUTUMN GARDEN

The Country House

BERRIED SHRUBS

The Importance of a Natural Setting

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALTHOUGH the cult for berried shrubs, which figure so prominently at autumn shows, is a comparatively modern development, country folk have always been appreciative of their beauty. Our native berried trees and shrubs can hold their own with any foreign kinds cultivated in gardens, but the trouble with the former is that they need their natural setting to show off their beauty to perfection. The Rowan, for instance, never looks at home in a garden, for it needs a Highland glen; our native Guelder Rose (*Viburnum opulus*), with even more richly coloured berries than those of any Berberis, only looks its best when associated with Old Man's Beard (*Clematis vitalba*) and other hedgerow shrubs.

Certain native shrubs are admirably suited to cultivation, however, particularly the Sea Buckthorn, the Common Spindle and Sweetbriar. A hedge of Sea Buckthorn (*Hippophæ rhamnoides*) with masses of Montbretias in the foreground is an unforgettable sight, for the rich orange of the berries clustered like thick bracelets on the stems are perfectly enhanced by the touches of scarlet on the Montbretia flowers. Sea Buckthorn will flourish in any soil, and the berries are so acid that no bird will touch them. This shrub is unisexual, so both male and female have to be planted if berries are wanted, allowing one male to every six female plants. The common Spindle (*Euonymus europæus*) is as decorative in the garden as in the hedgerow. Sweetbriar if left unpruned is lovely all through the winter, for unlike most species Roses the berries are left untouched by the birds and uninjured by frosts. To the end of February their long arching growths, 14ft. to 20ft. long, are hung with scarlet berries looking like fairy lanterns.

To my thinking Sweetbriar makes the perfect hedge for a small "garden enclosed," for there is no season when this native shrub is not beautiful. All through spring, summer and autumn there is the delicious scent of the leaves; in June it is starred with its lovely flowers, and throughout winter its scarlet berries are a feast of colour. I am making a small square "garden enclosed" hedged with Sweetbriar, and am filling the bed all round with aromatic old-fashioned herbs such as Bergamot, Hyssop Balm, Catmint, &c., and the round bed in the centre with China Monthly Roses, and the paved path round this centre bed will have the various creeping Thymes in the interstices.

Many of the species Roses are strikingly beautiful in berry, particularly *R. pomifera*, *R. Wintonensis*, *R. Moyesii*, *R. Davidii* and *R. holodonta*. Unlike Sweetbriar, however, the fruits of these are quickly affected by frost, and the birds are all very appreciative of them.

A shrub that I wonder is not more commonly grown for its beauty in berry is *Symphoricarpus racemosus lævigatus*. The type *S. racemosus* is a poor weed and not worth the space it occupies, but *S. r. lævigatus*, with every stem loaded down with berries the size of large cherries, is an unforgettable sight. The berries are delightful for indoor decoration. This shrub flourishes on any soil, and in shade as well as full sun.

Amongst the best hybrid Roses for berried beauty are Cupid and Una. The former has clusters of very large bronze-green berries that polish as well as apples and are very effective mixed with autumn foliage for indoor decoration. Una has flaming orange berries that do not ripen till quite mid-December and remain lovely for weeks on end.

The Thorns are in the first rank of handsome berried shrubs, one of the best being *Crataegus cordata*, noted for the vivid scarlet of its autumn colouring and the vermilion of its berries. The taller and altogether larger "Red Haw" is an old favourite, for not only is it beautiful in autumn with its downy cherry-like fruits, but in spring it is equally lovely, its flowers measuring quite an inch across. Unfortunately, its fruits do not last much after mid-October. The Cockspur Thorn (*C. crus-galli*) is always decorative, for its autumn foliage, coral and red berries remain on till spring and its ferocious-looking thorns add to its appearance. The Scarlet Haw (*C. coccinea*) makes an attractive tree about 15ft. high, and keeps its berries well into winter, but not so long as *C. crus-galli*.

In southern parts the Pyracanthas are amongst the most popular berried shrubs, especially for growing against walls. *Pyracantha coccinea* has been cultivated in these islands for three centuries and is still unequalled for adorning house walls. The variety, Lalandii, is more upright in growth, and has rather larger berries. Of the Chinese species the most decorative perhaps is *P. Rogersiana*, which does equally well either against a wall or in a border. It has rich foliage and flowers and fruits profusely.

The Cotoneasters are even more popular on account of their hardiness, and they flourish in any soil. *C. microphylla* and *C. horizontalis* are wall shrubs. *C. bullata* has very large fruits and *C. Francheti* has beautiful silvery foliage. Amongst the newer introductions *C. salicifolia var floccosa* is worth noting. It makes a large bush, and should be placed where its drooping habit of growth can be seen to advantage.

In small and large gardens alike the stenophylla and Wilsonæ Berberis hybrids are indispensable, for they give the finest colour display in the minimum of space. The Pernettyas are amongst the most decorative small-berried shrubs, but they are far from being accommodating. They are natives of South America and belong to the Heath tribe. They need full sun, a lime-free soil, shelter from cutting winds and peat or leaf mould. The berries range in colour from a milky white to deep purple and hang on till spring.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS

HOW many charming houses are ruined by having a chimney in one of the principal rooms which is addicted to the vice of smoking? Cures for this are legion, but generally unsightly. The local builder will probably recommend a patent type of chimney pot. The owner may in all innocence agree, but may eventually prefer the original evil to the architectural ruination of the appearance of his house.

Another builder, attacking the problem from within, may recommend an iron, copper, brass or glass sheet to be fixed to the chimney breast, so as to decrease the distance between the grate and the crown of the arch from which the flue rises. Cheap and quite often effective, this method is ruination for the appearance of any fireplace with any pretentions to design and proportion.

Of the more costly remedies usually advocated by the trade must be mentioned raising the height of the chimney, so that it is level with and slightly above the nearest high building or tree, which is supposed to cause down draught. In very old fireplaces, with huge chimney recesses and an enormous steeple-like cavity merging eventually into the flue, a builder will explain the difficulty of heating so large a body of cold air.

In a recent bulletin the Building Research Station at Princes Risborough point out that it was in the late eighteenth century that Count Rumford published a comprehensive essay on fireplace and chimney design, which to-day remains the last word on the subject.

In his opinion the root of the trouble with most smoky chimneys lies in the design of the fireplace. The features which he considered desirable are:

1. A throat opening into the flue and set vertically over the centre of the fireplace.
2. The sides of the fireplace splayed so that the width of the back is one-third of the width of the opening.
3. Sufficient depth from the face of the brickwork to the flue throat for the smoke to be unaffected by cross draughts in the room.
4. The throat of the flue should be 4in. deep and about 9in. short each end of the width of the fireplace. Above it should have a horizontal smoke shelf, level with the top of the throat which should be a few inches higher than the top of the fireplace opening.
5. Smooth internal surfaces to all smoke passages, and a rounded internal angle to the top of the fireplace opening.
6. The back of the fireplace should slope forwards gradually for a distance of 8in. to 10in. vertically.

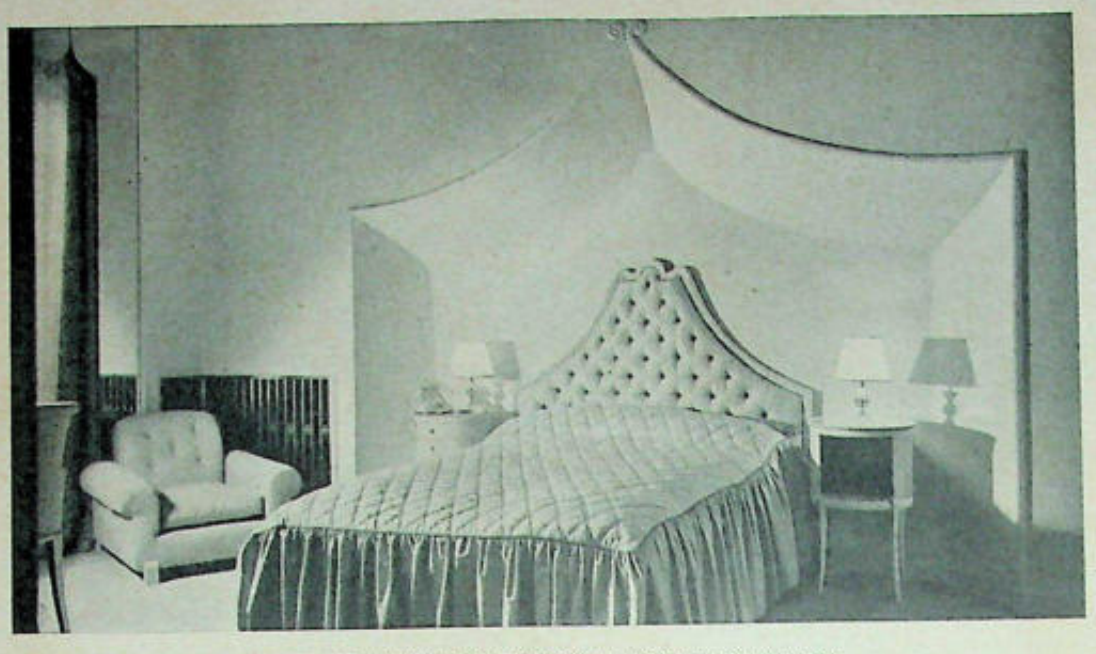
In one case a fireplace smoked at all times, but worst when the wind blew from certain quarters. The chimney was overshadowed by tall trees. Patent cowls and other alterations having failed, the fireplace was rebuilt in accordance with the above recommendations and a complete cure resulted. It is the fireplace design which most usually leads to smoking.

The case of a large open fireplace of sixteenth century design is interesting. Enjoying a local reputation for this vice, it had been the despair of the owner, because all he knew of remedies were revolving galvanised pots, unthinkable in his case, and equally unsightly draught treatment to the fireplace itself. Ultimately the fireplace was modified by the fitting of a concrete lintol with a 4in. throat over the fire, and the back was built out to the requisite forward slope. The result was a complete cure, and the appearance was unaltered.

But a well-designed fireplace will not function if the flue be too short. If less than 15ft. in length it should be added to, either in brickwork or, if out of sight, by a long pot. Tall trees if too near may be pollarded, an operation cheaper than reconstructing a fireplace or lengthening a chimney.

Inside the room a more adequate draught may remedy the trouble. If the smoke issues into the room in a continuous stream, and not in puffs, then it is the draught that is at fault. The opening of a door or window will cause a cure, but the room may then be too draughty. In this event an air brick should be inserted in an outside wall in a position decided with a view to avoiding a draught to persons sitting round the fire. If the fireplace is on an outside wall a good position for the air brick would be at ceiling level above the fireplace. It should not be fixed below the grate.

The method of procedure is, therefore, to see that the chimney is long enough and not overshadowed, that the fireplace has a sufficient supply of air to give a proper draught, and then, if these are satisfactory, to consider the design of the fireplace itself. This will usually prove a costly business, and before any expense at all is incurred it is worth while to try an old and generally effective remedy, that of raising the height of the fire in the hearth. Two or three bricks placed beneath the grate is all that is necessary. REGINALD DAVEY.



A BED IN A RECESS DEVELOPED AS ONE COMPLETE IDEA

The bedside lamps are not only useful, but make the whole of the shaped alcove luminous

LIGHTING OF CONTEMPORARY ROOMS

Useful Present-Day Equipment

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

CONTEMPORARY rooms should be planned for convenience and use, and quite often considerable thought has been given to provision for appropriate lighting. However, lighting points and plugs are still sparsely provided, and it is only when installations are supervised and controlled from the very beginning that houses and flats have lighting points and plugs where they are really wanted.

Generally speaking, for all rooms, apart from any other form of lighting, there should be liberal provision of lighting plugs, so that there is always the possibility of supplementing or revising lighting schemes without the expense and difficulty of running new wiring with the inevitable damage to walls and the necessity for redecoration.

It is impossible in this article to go minutely into the lighting for every room, and the following should be a good guide for the small house or flat :

Porch.—One shallow bulkhead type fitting on the ceiling.
Hall.—Lighting from indirect brackets or a shallow, simple ceiling unit.
Living Room.—Three or four skirting plugs, and possibly two wall lights with additional lighting incorporated into recesses, or fitments.
Dining Room.—A ceiling point over dining table. Light over serving table.
Kitchen.—Ceiling light. Light over cooker. Lights in larder and pantry.
Bedroom.—Three skirting plugs for bedside lighting and dressing-table.
Bathroom.—Ceiling light and light over mirror.

It is impossible that these suggestions should be always suitable, but they should certainly be regarded as the essentials. The greatest boon of electric lighting nowadays is its amazing convenience and cleanliness. Where rooms are planned and designed coherently, lighting can be employed as an integral and indispensable part of the interior, giving new interest to interior form, texture and colouring.

For the sitting room, the quality of well-diffused light from indirect or suitably shielded light sources is most restful and soothing. It has produced a completely new standard of comfort, ease and charm, and has a most important influence on our state of mind.

One of the most useful pieces of lighting equipment in the present-day home is the floor standard which can provide direct or indirect light. This is made possible by means of a reflector inside the shade so that by switches on the standard itself, three alternatives are available. Firstly, totally indirect light thrown on to the ceiling. Secondly, direct light below and through the shade. Thirdly, both direct and indirect light used together for adequate general purpose lighting. Floor standards of this type can provide most charming, useful and adaptable lighting for normal living rooms. The standard can be stood near the wall out of the way, and when required moved further into the room behind easy-chairs or a settee, for additional light for reading or sewing.

The shade itself provides an opportunity for introducing pleasing colour to link up with the general decorative scheme, and there is available an incredible variety of celastoids, buckrams and other textured materials with infinite subtlety of shade and tint to suit every conceivable taste.

The use of this form of lighting also dispenses with the need for deciding on positions for ceiling or wall lights when rooms are planned, and leaves ceilings free of lighting points. The ideal form of lighting for the living rooms of the home is undoubtedly a combination of indirect lighting with small, interesting direct lighting features, and the floor standard just mentioned is an ingenious combination of these. In the same way that essential apparatus and useful equipment has been incorporated as an element in the design of the present-day kitchen, so a good proportion of lighting can be an integral part of the present-day room. The use of lighting for general and decorative purposes evolves naturally from the design and use of the room.

In the bedroom, for example, there is usually only one right position for the bed or beds, and it is logical, therefore, that provision for lighting should be made when the room is designed. In kitchens where the refrigerator, cupboards, sink and draining boards are all designed in an orderly way to fit together and form a coherent and complete working unit, then the lighting could again with advantage be formed as a part of this scheme, and be in the right places to give the best possible results, and to make working as simple and pleasant as possible.

In buying a motor car it would be absurd to provide one's own light fittings, as even in the most ordinary model a good deal of care and thought has been expended to see that these are where they are wanted, and as effective and unobtrusive as possible. We do not feel imposed to express our individuality by introducing into our car fittings which we happen to have, and there is a good deal to be said for rooms, even the other living rooms of the house or flat, having certain essential light built-in as a part of the room itself.

Fashion inevitably exerts a strong influence on contemporary design, but, ideally, there should always be a general undercurrent of sound design which eliminates from normal homes the merely fashionable and very passing mode of the moment. Interior decorations are not made for a lifetime, but are certainly made for years and not for weeks, and in so many of the rooms seen to-day there is the unmistakable stamp of the year of their origin. This applies even more so to lighting fittings themselves, and there seems every good reason for avoiding the use of lighting features that are merely new rather than good. Really well-designed contemporary fittings should be as good-looking and effective in ten years' time as they are now, but this is only possible if some discretion is used in the choice, not only of the design and type of fitting but also the material, whether it be glass or metal, of which they are made.

Modern materials afford new opportunities for colour, cleanliness and utility, and these can be modified for the lighting of our homes in ways which are not only good for to-day but for many years ahead.

A.R.P. FOR DOGS—I

DURING the recent crisis many owners of dogs and cats destroyed them in anticipation of air raids. It is distressing to relate, and in many cases such drastic methods need not have been taken ; but, on the other hand, it should be remembered that even to-day a large number of dog owners are more or less "in the dark" as to what precautionary measures need to be adopted for the protection of their pets. So many conflicting views have been foisted on the public as to what they should or should not do for their animals' protection, and so many fallacies are in existence (I have even been told that a dog will develop rabies if enclosed in a dark refuge), that the general dog owner has become not a little confused.

A.R.P. for dogs is actually no problem. For over eighteen months a body of experts has been studying the reaction of dogs to the various types of anti-gas masks and chambers, and now the net result is a guaranteed gas-proof shelter of very reasonable size in which one or more dogs can, with every safety, be housed during an air raid. This is the P.D.S.A. shelter which has been officially approved and is now in great demand. The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor is to be congratulated upon introducing the first and only warranted gas-proof chamber. As the size is something like 3½ft. by 2ft. by 1¾ft. there is ample room therein for a large spaniel, two fox terriers or three pups.

Its floor cleverly controls an ingenious arrangement of bellows which, upon being deflated by pressure through the dog's movements, pump freshly filtered air into the shelter ; even the slight "tummy-undulations" of a sleeping dog will operate the life-saving apparatus. Cats require surprisingly little oxygen, so that there is no reason why an owner of, say, five or even six cats should not utilise one of these shelters—in fact, any small pet could be placed with safety in such a sanctuary. If you have only one dog, and he is not an outsize as dogs go, and you also happen to have a budgerigar or two in a cage which will fit into the interior of the chamber, then by all means put the whole lot in. Of course, the complete success of this operation depends more upon whether your dog is quiet and the bird-cage is covered with the usual "night-curtain" rather than on the actual supply of air.

Looking back on the long period of experimental work in A.R.P. for dogs I see now that the gas-proof shelter is, of course, the only practical solution, for the human answer to poison gases—the mask or respirator—is utterly hopeless where dogs are concerned. Three reasons contribute to their failure when worn by dogs. First, nine out of ten dogs attempt to paw them off in their indignation at being obliged to look like porkers sallying forth on a truffle-rooting expedition ; secondly, the wearing of such strange contraptions would frighten the dogs to an extent bordering upon hysteria (if nervy dogs) at the very time when complete control of one's dog is most essential. And, finally, as a result of the two preceding conditions the dogs would show symptoms of severe distress and cause them to eject saliva into the container part of the respirator, thus clogging the apertures and inducing asphyxiation. On top of all this, I seriously doubt whether toy dogs and small puppies would have enough lung power to inhale properly.

Secret experiments are being carried out by the War Office with a view to producing a perfect respirator for the dogs used in wartime as messengers, transport workers and other military assistants, but it should be appreciated that the exact nature of this research cannot yet be revealed.

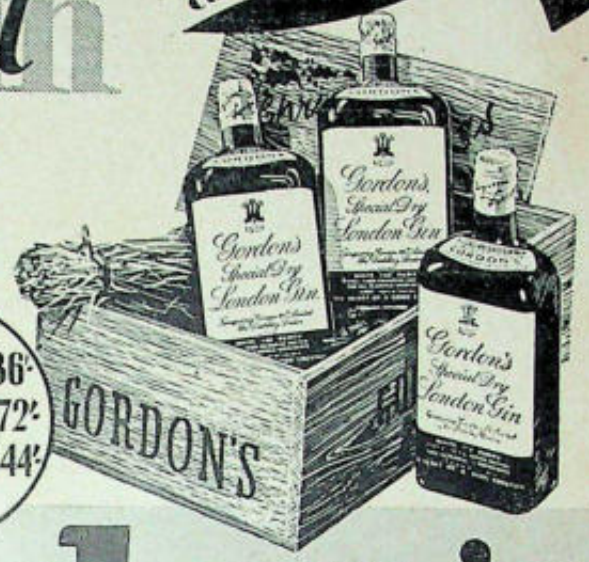
Many anxious enquiries by dog owners as to what they should do for their pets during bombardments have been dismissed with the recommendation that all dogs be sent to boarding kennels well out in the country, but for obvious reasons this is not always suitable. Far better would it be for the dog owner of moderate resources to allocate a small room as a refuge for the dogs. Properly sealed, one 10ft. by 10ft. would suffice for ten medium dogs, or say a cellar of about 15ft. by 20ft. for 30 dogs, and other sanctuaries in proportion.

CANIS.

KENNEL CLUB SHOW.—Exhibitors at the forthcoming show of the Kennel Club at Olympia, on December 7th and 8th, will welcome the arrangements that have been made for popularising the event. Hitherto the interest has been dead soon after five o'clock, except for inspecting the dogs on their benches. This time a number of the most important features will be judged on the Wednesday evening, thus providing an attraction for those who cannot leave their work early. The Puppy Criterion, the Undergraduate Criterion, and five classes for the best brace in each of the leading sections, as well as the ever popular obedience tests, are all down for the evening of the first day. Mr. J. V. Rank, chairman of the Show Committee, is fully alive to the desirability of interesting the general public.

This is the Gift

Packed in specially decorated cases for Xmas Gifts



3 BOTTLE CASE 36/-
6 BOTTLE CASE 72/-
12 BOTTLE CASE 144/-
(U.K. only)

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON, E.C.1

CHERRY BRANDY SNAPS

"A TUMBLER FOR EVERY GOOD FELLOW — A TUMBLE FOR EVERY ROGUE"

He's a cunning rogue who keeps dropping in when he knows you've opened a bottle of De Kuyper Cherry Brandy, but who can blame him? Fill up the glasses then and drink to the joy of living. Two hundred years of work and care lie behind this precious cherry brandy — give it its colour, its smooth *un-cloying* flavour; give it the *body* which cheers your heart and tingles in your veins. Phone your wine merchant for a bottle.

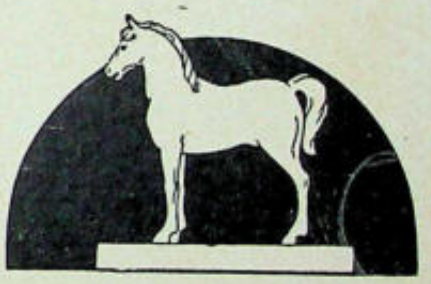
FOURTEEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE

DE KUYPER CHERRY BRANDY

Complete home comfort in cold weather is simple to acquire and inexpensive to maintain. Install an ESSE Anthracite Stove and start now to enjoy the health and comfort of *continuous* heating by the most economical method available today. You can heat a room from beginning to end of winter for as little as 3d. for 24 hours, according to the size and style of stove required. Exterior design of the B. J. ESSE No. 3, illustrated here, by Betty Joel. Write today for illustrated catalogues and details of ESSE hire purchase plan to Dept. F.S.4.

ESSE PATENT STOVES

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
Established 1854
LONDON: 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4 & 63 Conduit Street, W.1
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place GLASGOW: 11 Dixon Street, C.1



Ask for

WHITE HORSE

as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

British Goat Society

A GOAT HOUSE MADE IN A DISUSED BARN

THE GOAT IN ENGLAND

Some Present-Day Difficulties

I FIRST became aware of the goat as a utility animal many years ago in Malta. For there I saw a goat proceeding down a side street and stopping with regular and apparently unassisted precision at various doors where, from the unquestioning response which she received, she was evidently expected. Having been duly milked, she walked on to her next call. And I was recently hearing about goats in North Queensland, where, in the small townships, they perform the useful office of scavenger, and also a means of racing for the children. Youngsters drive the chariots and the incalculable character of the goat provides the amusement. The goats are more or less common property, and anyone is entitled to appropriate any unowned goat he may meet.

It is a far cry from Malta and Queensland to England, and the distance is as great as the difference in attitude. For in England goat farming is just on the brink of being a fully-fledged industry. Yet there are certain considerations which will, I think, prevent it from acquiring that status for some years to come. There is the initial and obvious difficulty of disposing of large quantities of goats' milk, and the periodic problem of the disposal of male kids. The British Goat Society regularly publishes lists of persons who undertake to sell the milk, but this list could increase only in proportion to the number of producers and—even more—of consumers. It is easy for a farmer to supply his own family with goats' milk, but that brings him only a negative profit, and unless he can use the milk for feeding his pigs, or in some other way on his farm, the keeping of goats is likely to become a liability. Nor is the present unsettled condition of farming generally an inducement to take any avoidable risks. There seems, therefore, to be no prospect of goats becoming other than a very interesting sideline for those who are prepared to take the risk of loss.

The problems which are at present exercising the minds of all keepers of goats are related to the conception of the really useful animal. The British Goat Society set out, in 1879, to improve the stock of goats in this country, and so successful have they been that the importance of avoiding the mistakes which have been made in other stock cannot be sufficiently emphasised. The custom of breeding cattle for records and shows has done something to lessen the essential stamina of certain breeds, and it is to be hoped that goats may avoid a similar fate. As the milk yield of a goat increases, so the butter-fat percentage tends to fall, and it is being asked whether, in view of the fact that a useful breed is becoming a cream colour instead of the orthodox white, the cream should not be accepted and even encouraged at shows. After all, the aim in improving any stock should be to consider its utility possibilities first, and to combine as much faithfulness to the ideal form with it as may be possible.

Another point on which there seems to be agreement is that new animals, very carefully selected, should be introduced in order to maintain or improve the home stock. The Swiss breeds which have improved the British goats are the Saanen and the Toggenburg, and of the two the Saanen has probably been more useful. The Saanen is, strictly speaking, or in the "Swiss" sense of the word, pure white, and generally has the tassels or doddles, which are presumed to be a form of rudimentary ears. The Toggenburg is of a mouse colour and has white strips on the face and along the front of the legs. Though a very good milker, it cannot approach the records set up by the Saanen. Both these breeds are, however, ultimately responsible for the excellence of their British descendants, which preserve many of their characteristics.

The British breeds are the Anglo-Nubian, the English, the Irish and the native British. The Anglo-Nubian is a cross between the Nubian and the English. It may be of any colour, and is unusual in having a convex nose. The ears are long, and the goat is the tallest of the native breeds. The English goat may also be of any colour, and is remarkable as being the only goat on which horns appear yet which is allowed to be entered in the Herd Book. This applies, of course, only to the male. It is an advantage if the neck is without tassels.

British Goat Society

THE MALPAS HERD OF BRITISH ALPINE, BRITISH SAANEN AND ANGLO-NUBIAN GOATS AT HOME IN SUFFOLK

The British Alpine is generally held to be the most handsome of all goats. Its shining black coat marks it out at once, and in addition to its lovely appearance it is an extremely good milker. Yet there is not a single breed in this country which would not be improved by the immediate importation of fresh blood, and which would not be helped by a definite decision to regard the goat first and foremost as a utility purpose animal.

The housing of goats is a matter of some simplicity if certain essential features are remembered, although the present expense of some materials is causing present difficulty. Goats should be provided with loose boxes or stalls, and, where possible, these should be as large as those intended for a horse. The best roofs are those made of wood and covered with felt, and the floor should always be made of concrete. Those who have used concrete for their piggery flooring will be the first to praise it in spite of its comparative expense. It is essential that this floor should be at least 2in. above the surface of the ground, and advisable that it should slope away into a drain at the back. To provide for this drain, and at the same time to exclude the possibility of draughts is not always a simple matter. Some form of cheap bedding must be kept always on the concrete, as the cold surface otherwise has a disastrous effect on the goat. Another plan is to have a slatted board above the concrete, and in this case the bedding is placed between the concrete and the board. Much harm is caused by placing buckets with food and water on the floor of the box. It is a much better plan to put them on a shelf attached to the wall at a convenient height.

The importance of bringing goats under shelter for the night, whatever the weather, is sometimes forgotten. Nor should they be allowed to get wet during the daytime. For this reason it is a useful idea to have a compound near the house, in order that the goats may be, in doubtful weather, outside as much as possible, yet within easy reach.

Goats are among the easiest animals to feed—a fact which has done much to make them a popular sideline with many farmers. They will eat shoots on hedges of almost any kind, and much of the herbage which grows in grass. The accepted figures for milk production are 1lb. of concentrated food for 3lb. of milk. A rock salt lick and plenty of water should be easily available for goats at all times.

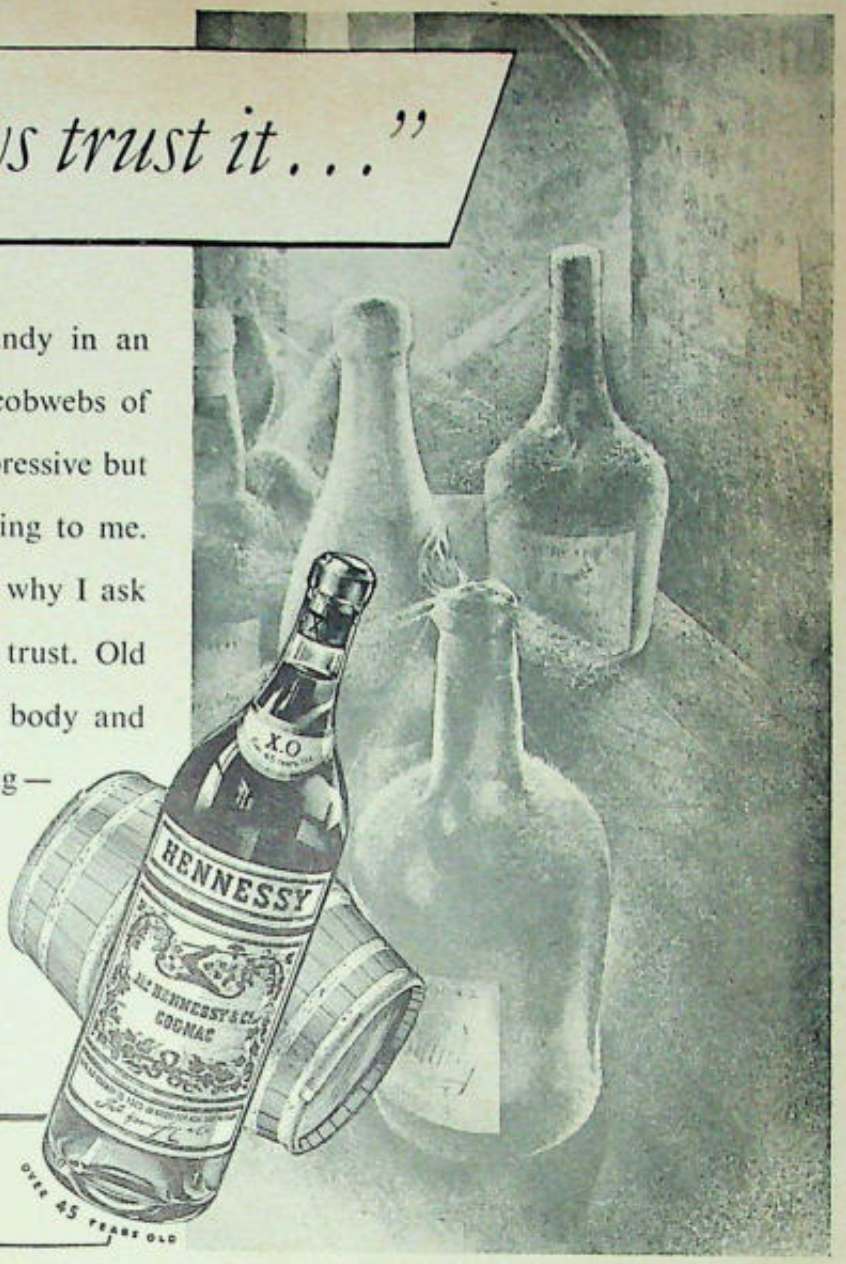
The breeding season lasts from September until February, and efforts are now being made to extend this period. The vast majority of goats produce twins. No goat should be mated until she is at least eighteen months old, and failure to observe this wisdom, combined with lack of condition, may produce unsatisfactory offspring and even a single kid. The milking life is about ten years, and one of the most valuable properties of goats' milk is that it is never infected with tubercle bacilli. Excellent cheese may be made from goats' milk, and about six varieties are commonly available, both hard and soft. Many people seem to be prejudiced against the milk of the goat, and they eat the cheese as they would taste some odd rarity. It is a thousand pities that this attitude should be so common, for it is quite unjustifiable, and is, at the same time, one of the chief reasons why goat farming does not develop into a profitable industry.

There is, however, no reason why the excellence of British goats should be allowed to deteriorate, and it is to be hoped that the introduction of fresh blood and the determination to preserve the goat as a utility animal may preserve it.

LUSNAGILE.

"One can always trust it . . ."

"When they produce liqueur brandy in an old, old bottle covered with the cobwebs of centuries . . . well, it may look impressive but cobwebs on the bottle mean nothing to me. Their place is on the cask. That is why I ask for this Hennessy 'XO'—it's a liqueur brandy one can always trust. Old enough to be smooth as silk; but with age nicely balancing body and bouquet. And in that you have a rare and very beautiful thing—*a perfect liqueur brandy*."



HENNESSY "XO"

Fine Liqueur Cognac Brandy

It's the age in the cask that counts . . .

BURMAN *power* HORSE CLIPPERS

THE CHEAPEST ON THE MARKET . .

& STILL THE BEST **£3.4.0**

Wrist joint extra 14/6

W.B.W. BURMAN & SONS LTD · RYLAND RD · BIRMINGHAM 15

GRASSLAND MANAGEMENT FOR THE PRACTICAL FARMER

W. R. Peel, D.S.O., M.A. With a foreword by Prof. R. G. Stapledon, C.B.E., M.A.

"This authoritative book reveals the secrets of grassland management in a new way. It is written for farmers by a farmer, and above all, it is practical and based upon many years of actual experience."—*Notts Gdn. Weekly.* Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

SILAGE & CROP PRESERVATION S. J. Watson, D.Sc., F.I.C.

"This book is more than interesting reading: it gives clear instructions for ensilage from the production, management and handling of the crop to the feeding of the product, with just enough theory to show the farmer what he is doing, and why."—*Land Agents Record.* Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, W.C.2

THE "FIELD" HUNTING REGISTER

Handsomely bound in red **5/-**

Ample space to record details of all runs throughout the season. Postage 6d.

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

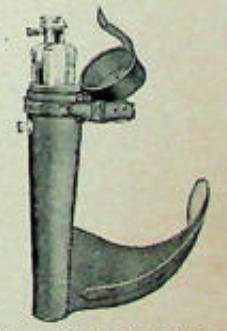
By appointment to *the late King George V.*

SWAINE & ADENEY, Ltd.

No. 1315. — **Griptight Leather Gloves,** hand-sewn, tan, pull-on, fully corded on fingers for gripping.
Per pair **17s. 6d.**

No. 1136. — Ditto, in Chamois leather.
Per pair **18s. 6d.**

No. 11.—**Hunting Whip.** Gentlemen's best all whalebone, plaited real Kangaroo hide, or braided gut, heavy silver collar with raised edges, with thong **£4 7 6**
Ditto, Lady's size, **£3 18 6**



No. 1291.—**Glass Hunting Flask,** with sterling silver bayonet top, and leather case for saddle, Lady's or Gentleman's size, **£3 3 0**

No. 1292.—Ditto, with silver-plated bayonet top and leather case, Lady's or Gentleman's size, **£2 5 0**

No. 1324. — **Real Goatskin Gloves,** sewn with leather, pull-on, Tan or London colour.
Per pair **£1 10 0**

No. 1327.—**Flat Boot Jack,** new design, polished wood and nickel, 15½ins. by 4ins. by 1in. - - - - **15s. 0d.**

No. 1282.—**Hunting Canteen,** best nickel sandwich box and glass flask in leather case for saddle.
Gentleman's size, **£3 17 6**
Ditto, Lady's size, **£3 7 6**

Sandwich Box only.
Gentleman's size, **£2 12 6**
Ditto, Lady's size, **£2 6 6**

Postage and Packing Abroad 3s. 6d. extra. Full Illustrated List on application.

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

THE OCCUPANT OF A 30 H.P. FORD V8 ADMIRES THE VIEW AT SUTTON BANK, THE WELL-KNOWN YORKSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT. HAVING A GRADIENT OF 1 IN 4 THE HILL IS OFTEN USED FOR TEST PURPOSES

RESEARCH AND THE MODERN CAR

Improved Performance and What It Entails

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*First to achieve* 300 *m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE modern car did not just "arrive"; rather is it the outcome of individual effort over many years. When I was pondering over this, it occurred to me that the average driver, with his "family" car, rarely appreciates the tremendous amount of preliminary work that goes to make his "value-for-money" bargain of which he is justly proud. More often, I believe, he is apt to regard his newest acquisition as last year's model with "trimmings." Actually, of course, it is more than that.

Possibly the improvements incorporated into many of this year's productions are the result of two or three years intensive study by a group of technicians based upon the theories of a designer who has spent, for the purpose of argument, the last twelve years of his life endeavouring to perfect his idea.

Improved performance, for example, is no accident. It is achieved by dint of unremitting experiment under many and varied conditions, the total cost of which must amount to a colossal figure. More economical running has been possible through modern developments in body construction, ignition and carburation, as well as a notable advance in forced feed lubrication and in the quality of the oils now used.

The owner requires these things, and it is the manufacturers' task to meet the demand, but it is doubtful whether the average driver realises the lengths to which large organisations will go in the effort to give satisfaction.

One of the leading makers recently opened a new research building which cost £175,000 to erect and equip. They employ nearly 350 experts in this department, including men of international reputation, and each is a specialist in his particular work. The annual expense of maintaining such a section for new equipment, experimental models and engines, together with the sum paid in salary, must inevitably assume amazing proportions.

The purchaser does not test the car for the maker, so that next year he can eradicate certain faults that have come to light. Many motorists imagine that this is the case, although nothing could be further from the truth.

Before a car goes near the roads it is subjected to a most vigorous and exhaustive series of tests aimed to strain the machine to breaking point. New engine types are started and left running night and day, for weeks on end on test benches. When they are taken down, every component is scrutinised for defects and excessive wear. Modifications are suggested, amendments made, and other engines embodying these improvements are set up, and the testing carried on once again, so that over a period of time, faults come to light and are eliminated and there is a constant trend towards perfection. It is because of such tests and the intelligent application of the lessons they teach, that manufacturers can guarantee a certain mileage before a rebore becomes necessary, and it is a guarantee not bounded by irksome restrictions and special clauses.

To overcome the difficulties experienced when starting from cold, some firms have specially constructed rooms wherein engines are left in a temperature far below that which we encounter in England, and where experts put their theories to the practical test. It is here that the modern motorist is divested of the worries which the pioneer was accustomed to bear upon his shoulders, and it is because of such research, which makes for carefree motoring, that recruits rally to the ranks of the drivers.

Coachwork design is not improved merely by pretty drawings upon blue paper; bodies, too, have to submit to prolonged testing where they are strained in every conceivable way. Weak spots have to be eradicated. Special drivers are employed by one organisation, and they commit all sorts of outrageous things, turning the car over at high speed, intentional head-on collisions, leaps from heights and driving through fire. It is only by such strenuous and thorough pre-manufacture examination that safety in the modern car has made such prodigious advances, and by money wisely spent that innumerable lives are saved every day.

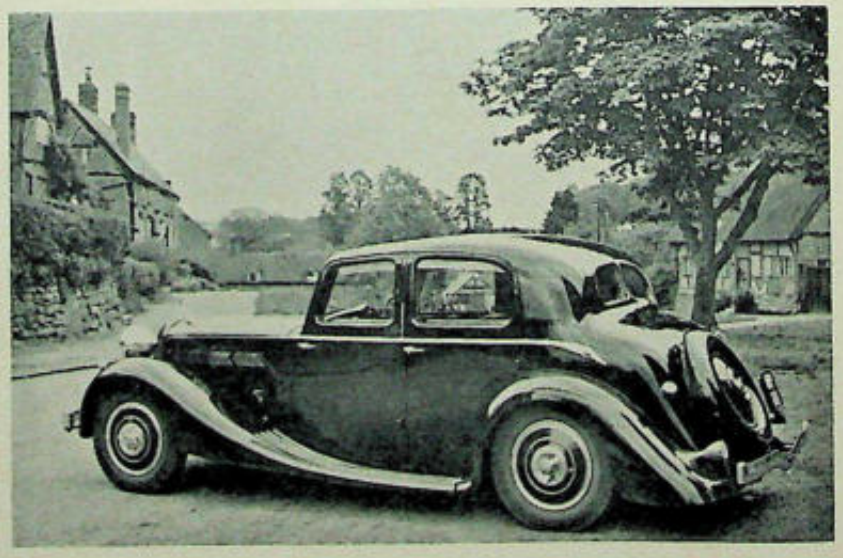
Two years ago, a friend of mine, driving a popular type of car in the United States at a high touring speed, came into a head-on collision with a car which suddenly appeared from behind an oncoming lorry, and which was also travelling at a similar speed. The vision of the overtaking driver was impaired by a powerful sun and, consequently, the two vehicles met with a terrific impact, and my friend's car turned a complete somersault.

Because both cars were constructed sanely, and the coachwork on the all-metal principle, and equipped with unsplinterable glass, my friend emerged with a slightly cut head and a damaged knee. The occupants of the other car came out with only superficial injuries. One trembles to think of the outcome of such a collision had either of the models had different coachwork.

The small points which make so much difference to driving comfort are not merely included as an afterthought. They, too, are the result of evolutionary development through constant experiment. Scientists in all parts of the world are still striving to perfect a sound ventilation system, despite the fact that those at present in use are considered by many to be adequate. Similarly, no effort is being spared to isolate noises from the interior of the saloon car, while there is constant activity to exclude draughts and fumes.

Improved seating is achieved through the utilisation of the combined knowledge of experienced upholsterers and physiology specialists.

I have recounted here only a few aspects of the problems which our motor-car industry is daily tackling with such persistency and praiseworthy thoroughness, for there are many other considerations for the manufacturer before that neat and appealing car advertisement can read "Improved performance and economy . . . Absolute Comfort. . . . Dependability. . . . . Safety," and yet the price does not soar to prohibitive heights.



AN ATTRACTIVE CAR OF SOUND DESIGN

A 14/60 *Triumph Dolomite Royal Saloon which sells at* £375

THE

"WRAITH"

"I put the Rolls-Royce 'WRAITH' through its paces in the course of a day's run down to Bridport in Dorset, and back.

This is indeed a beautifully light car to handle, so very easy to operate are the gears, brake and clutch. One enjoys a wonderful sense of confidence, even when travelling fast on winding roads, for the steering is extraordinarily accurate and the feel of the car is as precise as that of a sports model. At the same time, the springing is beautifully cushioned, and it would be impossible to imagine a more luxurious ride"—*The Sketch, October 19th 1938*

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

Rolls-Royce Limited 14-15 Conduit Street W1

A most Luxurious Christmas Gift

Are you going to give your own car a present or are you going to make someone else extremely happy? Whichever the case, you can't beat a MOTOLUXE MOTOR RUG for this winter's Christmas.

MOTOLUXE gives such cosy warmth with a minimum of bulk and there are 25 beautiful shades to choose from which will blend with the upholstery of your car.

Made from the finest Alpaca yarn.

PRICE 5 GNS.

BRITISH MADE

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL.

MOTOLUXE

THE SNUGGEST OF RUGS

Agents Everywhere

OTHER MOTOLUXE PRODUCTIONS

Footmuffs to match Rugs - 39 6
Baby Carriage Rugs - - 29 6
Gauntlet Gloves - - - 21 -
Ladies' Jackets and Coats from £4 . 4 . 0 to £10 . 10 . 0
Men's Coats - from £9 . 9 . 0

Write for latest illustrated booklet of all Motoluxe products to :—

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen St. Works, Regina St., London, N.W.1

Weather for Wool

When is it wool weather? Always, in Britain. When the north wind doth blow and there is a flurry of snow, Pesco Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Underwear gives its soft and cosy protection. Should the weather-vanes veer to the south, Pesco is yet the lightest and most comfortable underwear. Comes the east wind biting and keen, but it cannot dismay the wearers of Pesco. The western breeze—most familiar of all—brings rain, and Pesco Pure Wool is still the best safeguard against damp and chill.

★

Do you know where to buy Pesco? We will tell you and send you coloured folders illustrating Pesco Underwear for Men, Women and Children, with full details of Sportswear and Hosiery, if you will write to us.

PESCO

Unshrinkable

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

"Pesco" is Wool at its best and purest

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (Dept. 117) HAWICK. SCOTLAND

YOUTH AND THE AIR

An Important New Organisation

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

Chas. E. Brown

THE WINGS OF WAR
A Hawker-Osprey performing acrobatics over Alexandria, Egypt

A PROBLEM to which everyone concerned with the future of flying must have given serious thought at one time or another is how the immense interest of youth in aviation can be turned to practical account and lend its great potential strength to progress. There is no need to stress the extent of this interest; it is obvious to all. What is important is that it shall not be allowed to weaken through lack of opportunity for practical expression. The air has become a matter of fundamental significance to us all: our first line of defence, the binding link of Empire. The rising generation must become familiar with aviation in all its aspects; the more the voter of to-morrow is so informed, the greater the chances of our having a sound, constructive air policy.

Both from this larger aspect and from immediate needs, therefore, the establishment of the Air Defence Cadet Corps is deserving of a cordial welcome. This body, organised on national lines by the Air League of the British Empire, is a co-ordinated effort to bring air-minded youth within the orbit of aviation activities, and to create an informed nucleus on which, in later years, various branches of military and civil aviation can draw.

Members of the Corps will receive instruction in various important aspects of aviation, both theoretical and practical, and at the same time will enjoy all the advantages of a disciplined, corporate life to increase their value as citizens in the wider sense. In this way there will, it is hoped, be built up a really useful source of personnel eager and adapted to fulfil useful rôles in aviation.

The field covered by the instructional programme is wide. It includes, in addition to drill, classes in the administration of the Royal Air Force, airmanship, the theory of flight, the elementary principles of aircraft engineering and maintenance, radio operating, air navigation and meteorology. These subjects form the basis of the work, but they do not exhaust the range, for members will be taught how to make and fly model aeroplanes—an invaluable practical method of gaining an insight into the problems of flight and their solution—and will receive an instruction in A.R.P. work. Lectures and discussions on topics of general aviation interest will also play an important part in the work of the Corps.

This syllabus is, as will be seen, remarkably comprehensive, and those who go through it with enthusiasm and the co-operative spirit, should become unusually well informed on all matters of air interest. There can be no doubt that young men with such a background will provide valuable recruits for flying.

As regards actual flying instruction, the organisers of the Corps hope it may be possible to give this to senior cadets. No such instruction, however, would be given without the consent of parents or guardians.

Plans for this organisation were made some little time ago, and, when the Civil Air Guard was announced, it was felt in some quarters that the two bodies would conflict. There is, however, no danger of any such overlapping. The Air Defence Cadet Corps is a body exclusively for youth. The upper age limit coincides with the lower limit for the C.A.G. Thus, so far from being in any way competitive, the Corps should be a powerful feeder to the official organisation, since a large majority of Corps members cannot fail to desire to carry through their instruction to its logical conclusion by qualifying for a pilot's certificate. Obviously, cadets from the Corps should prove exceptionally valuable members of the C.A.G., since they should bring to actual flying a deeper knowledge of fundamentals than possessed by the average man.

The value of this scheme is twofold. On the one hand it provides constructively for future needs. It aims at taking advantage of what seems to be a universal interest of modern youth, nurturing it, and developing it so that it becomes not merely a paper hobby but a tangible asset of national importance. Ignorance of the air is a handicap that has done not a little to check progress as regards both air defence and commercial flying. In the future, such ignorance might well have disastrous consequences.

By attracting youth at a time when other interests have not had time to overlay the attractions of aviation, the Corps should do highly valuable work. It cannot, of course, educate the whole of the younger generation, but it can create a solid phalanx of opinion based on real knowledge of flying facts.

So much for the wider aspect. The other is no less important and concerns immediate affairs. That this country must be prepared for emergency is now undisputed in any quarter. The Corps aims at bringing youth as valuable allies into the larger schemes. Boys and youths, for example, trained in the principles of A.R.P. work are more likely to be reliable under stress than others.

Moreover, it is clear that more and more demands will be made by the R.A.F. and the industry for new entrants. By focusing interest in the earlier years, the Corps will undoubtedly turn the minds of many boys to an aviation career, who might otherwise have drifted through sheer inertia into some other calling.

This national scheme may, then, be regarded with great hopes. In saying that, however, no slight is intended on the excellent work carried out by other organisations that have and are helping to foster the interest of youth in the air, among them, for example, the air troops of the Boy Scout Movement and the Public Schools Aviation Camp. The field to be tilled is so large that there is room for all. It must be a matter of congratulation not merely that there is a connection between youth and organised aviation, but that the connection is being amplified and strengthened.

THE SHADOW OF PEACE ON THE WATERS
An Imperial Airways flying boat gliding down to the sparkling ripples of Southampton Water

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

(Continued from page 1278)

FAMOUS ECONOMY DOG FOODS.—"JOHN PEEL" T/MK. PURE WHEATEN BISCUIT: nice thin pieces, 18/- cwt. "OWD BOB" T/Mk. ROASTED RUSK (small squares), 16/6.—Argyle Mills, Argyle Street, Liverpool.

FENCING.—Chestnut pale fencing for the garden and general purposes; garden screening for screening and protecting plants, seed beds, &c.; interlaced fencing, park pale fencing, gates, flower and tree stakes, &c.—THE STANLEY UNDERWOOD CO., LTD., 1, Shottermill, Haslemere.

FENCING AT HALF PRICE

NEW ANGLE IRON FENCING STANDARDS 5ft. 0in. 1¼" × 1¼". Holed for six wires. Pointed feet. Dipped black bitumen.

BANKRUPT STOCK (were 18/- per doz.) Reduced to **9/6** per Dozen

F. T. WHITE & CO., MILNTHORPE, 2.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES.—OFFICERS' UNIFORMS and HUNTING KIT WANTED; high prices paid; carriage refunded; correspondence under plain envelope. Bankers, Lloyds. Established 45 years.—CHILD, 32, Hill Street, Birmingham, 5.

GUARANTEED 100 PER CENT. ENGLISH WHEAT WHOLEMEAL.—Dog Biscuits, 18/6 per cwt.; Graded Biscuit Meal, 20/- per cwt.; Fine Meal, 12/6 per cwt. Carriage paid your station.—J. P. HARVEY & CO., LTD., Kidderminster.

GREENHOUSES.—Made from selected materials. Practical in every detail. Beautifully finished. Write for Catalogue 575.—BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., Norwich.

GENT.'S SHOOTING STOCKINGS, home knit, 6/3 per pair, hard wear sock, 3/9, post extra; shade card on request.—Miss M. THOMPSON, Hill Top, Great Blencowe, Penrith, Cumberland.

HAVE YOU TRIED GAFFER SAUCE, NEVEREGRET-ONIONS, &c.? Genuine home-made products, from recipes 150 years old. 15/- parcels sent C.O.D. carriage paid.—COTTAGE DELIGHTS, Little Park Hatch Farmhouse, Cranleigh, Surrey.

JOHN PEEL CUMBERLAND TWEEDS woven from pure virgin wool. Ideal for sports and country wear. Price 10/6 yard 56in. wide. Patterns post free.—REDMAYNES, 7, Wigton, Cumberland.

MINK FARMING.—An occupation presenting maximum profit at a minimum investment. Newcomers require first grade foundation stock followed by after sales service, personal interest and free instruction. Clients can be assured of the above by applying to the SCOTTISH MINK FARM, Roslin, Midlothian. 'Phone Roslin 14. Proprietor, Major A. G. CAMERON, M.C. (retired).

MINIATURES.—TREASURED MEMORIES exquisitely painted on ivory from any photograph, from 1 guinea. Your miniature makes a charming Xmas present.—VALERIE SERRES, 68A, The Hill, London, S.W. 19. Telephone, Wimbledon 5459.

MINK.—Summerfield Mink Farm, Kirkby Lonsdale. Tel. 293. Every Novice Cup to date has been won by mink sold from this farm.

MINK SKINS AVAILABLE for PURCHASE next month. Excellent quality. Price £2 10s. and £3.—Apply MEDLYCOTT, Sandford Orcas, Sherborne, Dorset.

OUT IN THE OPEN through day-long drizzle—hour after hour in steady relentless rain—you get comfort in Beacon Oilskins! Take off your Beacon Coat when the day is done and you are as dry as when you started. Write to-day for Big Beacon Booklet of Weatherwear.—BARBOURS, LTD., 23, Beacon Buildings, South Shields. (4)

PETROL GAS ("SILVERLITE")—Several good modern fires and cooker for SALE cheaply.—RECTOR, Enborne, Newbury.

RATS.—All interested in the destruction of these pests should apply to GUEST & SONS, Hawkhurst, Kent. Estimates free. Outstanding results guaranteed.

SEND US your old favourite Suit and we will copy it exactly in one of our John Peel tweeds. Prices from £4 17s. 6d. suit, £2 17s. 6d. jacket.—Patterns and particulars from REDMAYNES, 7, Wigton, Cumberland.

SCOTCH SEED POTATOES.—Selected certified stocks, carefully packed. Wholesale prices for present or forward delivery, cwts. or truck-loads, for farm or garden.—J. E. ENGLAND and SONS, Seed Potato Growers, Ladybank, Fife.

SONG POEMS AND SONGS required for early publication. Known or unknown writers invited submit original MSS.—PARAMOUNT LTD., Dept. CA, 9, Denmark Street, London, W.C. 2.

TO STOP SMOKING in few days, permanently, secretly, harmlessly, as grateful thousands testify; either sex; medically prescribed; world-wide sale. Established 1903.—CARLTON CHEMICALS, LTD., 236, Birmingham.

THE GRAMPIAN SILVER FOX RANCH, LTD., Kingussie.—We have still some 50 very nice Silver Fox Ties which must be cleared before the winter. Bargain prices. Also a few Capes, latest designs. Furs gladly sent on approval.—Apply MANAGER.

WHITE QUARTZ GRIT for GROUSE, Pheasants and poultry. Delivered any station England and Scotland. Samples and quotations from THE SILICATE COMPANY, LTD., Hemel Hempstead, Herts. 'Phone Boxmoor 84.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET on MINK RANCHING. Our "WORLD'S STANDARD OF QUALITY" pure LABRADOR BREEDERS for SALE at substantial savings.—ROYAL CANADIAN MINK RANCH, 140, Schell Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

WANTED, secondhand MAYHEW SIDESADDLE; must be modern and in good condition.—MORRISON-BELL, Tetbury, Glos.

73 DELIGHTFUL PATTERNS of REDMAYNE'S Cumberland Tweeds for Ladies' wear, sent post free. Prices from 7/6 yard 54in. wide.—REDMAYNES, 7, Wigton, Cumberland.

The Case of Lady Nicotine

by

A. J. CRONIN

The celebrated author of "The Citadel" and of "The Stars Look Down"—Dr. A. J. Cronin—here diagnoses smoking in general and cigars in particular.

"Tell me, how much do you smoke?" your doctor asks. And your reply usually solicits a profound and often ominous "Ah!" If smoking is suggested as injurious to some people, it can hardly be said that the Havana cigar is harmful — it contains 0.064% of nicotine and what is more important no furfural, which is the really harmful element that may be found in some other tobaccos. So my advice is, smoke your Havana cigar with a quiet mind, and rejoice in the good it does you by inducing material relaxation and spiritual delight.

Issued by the Cuban Government to further the smoking of

HAVANA CIGARS

Comitee Nacional de Propaganda del Tabaco Habano

D.A. 338

WHERE TO STAY

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

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales.
1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1272

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.
NOVEMBER DECEMBER JANUARY — Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
SNIPE SHOOTING OVER 7,000 ACRES.
Free to Guests.
Telephone: Lifton 44 and 45.

CHEQUERS HOTEL, HOLBEACH
Exceptional Comfort. Moderate Cost.
OUTSTANDINGLY GOOD WILD FOWL AND GEESE SHOOTING

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

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartnoll" Country House Hotel, Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton, Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; centre of staghunting, riding, rough shooting; good stabling; grooms lodged.—Box 3323, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COBDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

SCOTLAND

GOOD SHOOTING.—Snipe, duck, pigeon, wild geese. Terms on application.—Barony Hotel, Orkney Islands.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

IRELAND'S NATURE CURE HYDRO.—Osteopathy, Massage, Hydrotherapy, Colonic Irrigation, Fasting, Treatment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Constipation, Obesity, Hunting Accidents. Guests can enjoy hunting (four packs—Island, Coollattin, Wexford, Bree), shooting, fishing, golf.—Apply SECRETARY, Upton, Kilmuckridge, Gorey, Co. Wexford. City Clinic, 1, Merrion Square, Dublin. Tel. 62604.

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AROSA, SWITZERLAND. 7,000ft. BERGHOTEL PRATSCHLI. Hotel of high standard. Participant at Arosa-Ball in London. Full arrangement for seven days, all included, from £7.

HAUS ISLA, AROSA (SWITZERLAND). —Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking; fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs.13.50, during winter from Frs.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

PARIS

HOTEL DE FRANCE ET CHOISEUL, 239-241, Rue St. Honoré (Place Vendome); first-class; large inside garden; 125 suites and rooms. Rooms from 10/-.
RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

STAMPS

EARLY BRITISH COLONIALS.—Advertiser is dispersing Choice Collection. Selections of picked copies on approval at one-third catalogue. Also superb used and mint modern at over half catalogue.—"F.," 6, West Hill Road, London, S.W. 18.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE KNAPPE CROSS HOTEL NEAR EXMOUTH

I ALWAYS look on November as a "sneezy month." Nearly everybody seems to have a cold, while persistent fogs normally make life rather trying and not a little unpleasant in London.

I was not surprised, therefore, when I met a friend of mine almost sneezing himself to pieces in the middle of Piccadilly a week ago. In between his convulsions he rattled out Walter Smith's verse about fog:

"A grey fog in the early prime,
A blue fog by the breakfast hour,
A saffron fog at luncheon time,
At dinner a persistent shower
Of smut, and then a dismal power
Of choking darkness and despair,
Thickening and soddening all the air."

Having got his little verse off his chest—one which I presumed was meant to show what was responsible for his condition—he implored me to recommend a good hotel where he could recover his health again.

"Somewhere," he said, "where the climate is good, the cuisine is good, the beds are good, and the terms not excessive."

Even as he was speaking my mind wandered from a cold, somewhat cheerless Piccadilly to the little byelanes of South Devon which only two months previously had been a mecca for me after a week of stern crisis in London. And I thought of the pleasant warmth and quiet friendliness of the Knappe Cross Hotel near Exmouth, which is just the place for winter (and summer, of course) holidays. I told my friend about it and he was delighted.

Situated between Budleigh Salterton and Exmouth the Knappe Cross Hotel gets all the sunshine possible at this time of the year, and sunshine *is* so essential to good health. The house was built by Sir Edwin Lutyens and is a fine country mansion. Inside are magnificently proportioned rooms and splendid furnishings; outside, a garden which, even at this season of the year, will prove a pleasure to guests. It may be that the countryside is undecorated, stripped of its finery, but in Devon it is never hard. Winter seems scarcely to exist down there; ere they have really said good-bye to autumn spring is moving in the air above and in the earth below in Devon lanes.

The outlook from the Knappe Cross Hotel would suit the most drastic critic. From one side you look down a long, gentle slope to the sea, and from the other over sweeping moorland country—a home of riding and hunting and golf and every other sport. If you have a car there are many delightful Devon villages within easy reach of the hotel. Go, for example, to Beer and you will see the coast at its best; or to Cullompton, where you can see a typical Devon village—quaint River Culme, almshouses and fifteenth-century church all complete. Farther afield is Bridport, a charming little seaside town where the harbour entrance is so narrow that it has to be cleared after every heavy sea, and Charmouth, where the tiny Char bubbles briskly into the sea and there is a grand stretch of hard sand ideal for a walk in the early afternoon sun.

And when one's ramble is over it is pleasant to return to the big yet cosy firesides at Knappe Cross. The joint managers, Mr. and Mrs. Dedman, have a thorough knowledge of what constitutes real comfort, while they have an obvious attachment to the hotel—only recently opened—which bodes well for its future.

"So you see," I said to my friend, "you cannot do better than go to the Knappe Cross." I am sure he agreed with me, but he was sneezing too violently for me to wait for his answer. I expect I'll meet him next week, fit and well, and able to thank me properly, though his real thanks will go to Knappe Cross.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

SMALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

15 words 3/- (minimum), each extra five 1/-. For a series, seven insertions for the price of six.

Use of box number 1/- extra—five words—to be included in advertisement.

All advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening for the following Saturday's issue. Cash must accompany all orders.

Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to The FIELD PRESS (1930) Ltd.

INDEX

Country Houses and Estates for Sale and to be Let	1269-1273	Medical	1274
Sporting Quarters and Fishings for Sale and to be Let	1272 & 1273	Pisciculture	1275
Farms for Sale and to be Let	1273	Motor Cars for Sale	1275
Sporting Quarters and Fishings Wanted	1273	Guns and Ammunition	1275
Estates and Houses Wanted	1273	Financial Investments, Partnerships, &c.	1275
Farms Wanted	1273	Gardening	1277
Gamebirds, Pets, Waterfowl, &c.	1273	Wines and Tobaccos	1277
Dogs at Stud	1274	Horses for Sale	1278
Dogs for Sale or Hire	1274	Miscellaneous	1278 & 1319
Dogs Wanted	1274	List of Hotels, Travel Resorts, &c.	1320
Situations Wanted	1274	Paying Guests	1320
		Pupils and Schools	1320
		Stamps	1320

Welcome in Switzerland

ADELBODEN BERNESE OBERLAND,
PARC HOTEL, BELLEVUE
The ideal Headquarters for Winter sports. Special arrangements. Apply for prospectus.
E. Richard, propr.

ZERMATT The Hotels Schweizerhof National and Bellevue
are offering to English visitors a real home. All comfort; exquisite cooking; moderate charges. Winter sports, Summer season.
H. ZIMMERMANN, Managing Director.

ST. MORITZ. (Switzerland)
HOTEL BELLEVUE AU LAC
Family Hotel on the lake. Pen. terms from s.fr.12.

PAYING GUESTS

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN.—Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE. Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations. —TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

FARMHOUSE GUEST.—Gentleman invited to share farmhouse and amenities with owner of farm, arable and pasture, in East Anglia. Hunting (harriers), shooting, sailing, bathing and golf all handy; quiet and old-fashioned, but interesting and comfortable. No capital required. All-in share about £300 a year.—Write Box 3374, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish Country House. Very moderate terms, especially for parties or for long stays; three packs. Hiring easy and reasonable.—Apply Miss JOHNSON, Ballinapierce, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN, Castle Hyde, Fermoy, Co. Cork. Hunting three packs, rough shooting; every home comfort, electric light, central heating.—Apply MANAGERESS.

OSBERSTOWN HOUSE, NAAS, EIRE. —GUESTS RECEIVED for hunting season; up-to-date Private Hotel centre Kildare hunting country; ten loose boxes, saddle rooms, accommodation for grooms.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

PUPILS AND SCHOOLS

BRANKSOME-HILDERS, Haslemere, Surrey. BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings.—Prospectus Y.

CHARTERED LAND AGENT AND SURVEYOR, Berkshire, has VACANCY for PUPIL; nine estates and three home farms managed; also extensive general practice; wide and varied experience offered.—Apply Box 3358, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

HOME TUITION (postal)—Economic scientific Mixed Farming. Pig, Poultry, Fruit. Colonial Farming, Estate Management.—FIELDING, D.S.O., N.D.A., F.A.S.I., Agricultural Correspondence College (Sec. K), Bath.

RIDING AND STABLE MANAGEMENT. — Well-known ex-trainer HAS VACANCY for Resident Pupil. Thorough tuition all branches, comfortable home, Sussex coast. Captain WEAVER, Lamorlaye, East Wittering, Sussex.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

VACANCY FOR FARM PUPIL on large mixed FARM, all crops grown, all descriptions of stock kept, including dairy and pedigree flock Oxford Down sheep; good hunting and shooting.—HUGH STILGOE, Adderbury, Banbury, Oxon.

VACANCY FOR PUPIL.—Thousand-acre mixed FARM; world-renowned pedigree Dairy Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep; clean milk dairy, good hunting, shooting, fishing —HOBBS & DAVIS, Kelmscott, Lechlade, Glos.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance.

BRIDGE

INITIAL LEAD OF A TRUMP—II

When a Singleton is Effective

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

I HAVE heard it stated and stated emphatically but on whose authority I do not know, that an initial lead of a singleton trump *never* should be made. Presumably the theory is that opener having only one trump, his partner may have several, and if the singleton is led it may "kill" his winner.

Of course this is possible. But as I pointed out last week, whether or not to lead a trump should depend upon the bidding. When conditions indicate the desirability of the lead the fact that you have only one trump should not deter you. In fact, on certain bidding and often against a slam contract, the singleton trump lead may prove the only game saver. Therefore I would advise you to rid your mind of prejudice and consider only circumstances after you have "listened in" carefully to the bidding

Study this example:

	♠ K, 8, 2 ♡ 7, 3 ◇ A, 9, 8, 4 ♣ 8, 6, 5, 4	
♠ J, 9 ♡ 8 ◇ K, Q, J, 7, 2 ♣ K, 10, 9, 3, 2	Y A B Z	♠ Q, 10, 6, 5 ♡ 9, 4 ◇ 10, 6, 3 ♣ A, Q, J, 7
	♠ A, 7, 4, 3 ♡ A, K, Q, J, 10, 6, 5, 2 ◇ 5 ♣ None	

Z is playing a contract of Six Hearts. A leads the King of Diamonds. At first sight it may appear easy. But it is not really so.

If Z wins with the Ace of Diamonds and draws trumps he must lose two tricks in Spades at the end and be one down. It is true that he can with this lead make his contract, but only by very cunning play, which savours of Double Dummy.

This is his procedure: Winning with the Ace of Diamonds, he leads a small Spade and ducks.

A wins with the 9.

If A now leads a trump Z can still make his contract as he can play out Spades and ruff the fourth round with Dummy's 7. If A does not lead a trump, but continues Diamonds or leads a Club, Z must himself lead one round of trumps, and when A's 8 falls, stop. Then he must try the Spades, hoping that A's 8 of Hearts was a singleton.

Note that this is an extremely tricky hand, and that Z has to play it with extreme care to avoid the loss of two tricks. While as I have stated it is possible for him to make it if a Diamond is opened, I assert that if A initially leads his singleton 8 of Hearts Z cannot possibly do it. He has then to play for the Spades being divided three and three and, as they are not, he must be one down.

Supposing after the Heart is opened Z leads a Spade and ducks the first round. B winning with the 10 plays a trump and thereby deprives Z of his ruff. Or if Z takes three rounds of Spades, B wins the third and leads a Heart, Z must lose two tricks in Spades. With a trump initial lead Z must be one down provided A and B discard correctly. Z may play out seven trumps in an effort to squeeze. But this will not avail provided B keeps all his Spades.

Against less than a slam contract the singleton may be just as effective.

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

Score Y Z game; A B nil. Z the Dealer. The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	Two Hearts	Two Spades	No bid
Two No Trumps	Three Hearts	Three Spades	No bid
Five Spades	Double	No bid	No bid
Re-double	No bid	No bid	No bid

The bidding is interesting. Z's opening bid of One Spade is mild on his powerful hand. A's bid of Two Hearts is justifiable. He, too, had a strong hand, although lacking Aces, and he was prepared to try and save the rubber, even at risk of sacrifice. Y's bidding was right. With a singleton Heart he must give a raise in his partner's suit and his subsequent call of Three Spades was only a preference bid. Z, however, read it as showing greater strength and invited a slam declaration by bidding Five Spades.

A's double was fair. He might expect to make three tricks in his hand and Z's re-double was reasonable.

A made the normal lead of the King of Hearts and Z had no difficulty in making his contract as owing to his cards of entry he was able to ruff his three losing Hearts and confine his losses to a trick in Diamonds and in Clubs. If A opens his singleton Spades, however, Z cannot get more than two ruffs and should be one down, losing a trick in Hearts, in Diamonds and in Clubs.

The point here to notice is that A, having no possible chance of making his Knave of Spades, might and should have led it. In other situations you will find that a trump lead, even with a singleton, often proves to be the best.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

A CLOSE finish to this contest seems very probable. After the 10th round the scores were as follows: Fine and Keres each 6 points, Dr. Alekhine, Botwinnik and Capablanca each 4½, Dr. Euwe 3½, Flohr and Reshevsky each 3. Reshevsky had three adjourned games, Botwinnik and Fine each two, Capablanca, Dr. Alekhine and Keres each one. Keres was the only undefeated player, while Flohr was the only one who had yet to win a game.

A very good game by Dr. Euwe.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(*a*) Bogoljubow's variation, not very much played nowadays.

(*b*) This move does not turn out well (see move 10). Black should, instead, play Castles, to be followed by B takes B, ch, P to Q 3 and P to K 4.

(*c*) White is ahead in development and starts an action on the Queen's side. His aim is to play P to Q B 5.

(*d*) An attempt to break up White's powerful centre. Unfortunately the move weakens Black's Q 3 and the subsequent exchange of pawns increases the scope of White's Bishop. B takes Kt, to be followed by Q Kt to Q 2, seems better.

(*e*) If, instead, 13. . . . Q Kt to Q 2, then 14. P to K R 3, B to R 4; 15. Kt to B 5 wins the Queen's pawn.

(*f*) Played so that next move he need not part with his Bishop, which is likely to be extremely useful later on when he has played P to Q B 5.

(*g*) Threatening Kt to K 3 followed by P to B 5.

(*h*) R takes R first is better, *e.g.* 23. . . . R takes R; 24. R takes R, Kt to R 3. If then 25. P to B 5, P takes P; 26. Kt to B 4, Black can play 26. . . . R to K sq, there being no danger from Kt to Kt 6 if Black has not got a Rook at Q R sq.

(*i*) This is very strong.

(*j*) Threatening to win the exchange by Kt to Kt 6.

(*k*) Not Kt takes Q P because then Kt takes P wins a piece. If, instead, (1) 25. . . . Kt takes Kt P, then 26. Kt to Kt 6, R takes R; 27. R takes R, Q to Q sq; 28. Kt takes R, Q takes Kt; 29. P to Q 6, to be followed by R to Q sq and B to R 3; or, if (2) 25. . . . Q to B 2, then 26. P to Q 6, to be followed by Kt takes P and B takes P.

(*l*) A very strong move. If now Q to K sq or B sq, then Q R to Q sq; or if, instead, Q takes P, then Q takes P, ch, followed by Q R to Q sq. In either case White gets a winning game.

(*m*) If, instead, 28. . . . K to R sq, then 29. R takes R, Q takes P; 30. Kt to Kt 6, ch, K to R 2; 31. Kt to K 7, R to Q sq; 32. B to R 3 with a winning game for White.

(*n*) If 30. . . . Kt takes B, then 31. Q to B 5, ch, K to Kt sq (if P to Kt 3, then Q to B 7, ch, followed by Kt takes P, ch and wins); 32. Q takes R, ch and wins.

(*o*) If 32. . . . Kt takes B, then 33. Q to B 5, ch, followed, if 33. . . . K to R sq, by 34. Q takes R, ch and mate in two more moves.

The following game shows a strong attack by Dr. Alekhine

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

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

(*a*) Some masters prefer P to K 3 here.

(*b*) If 7. Q to Kt 3, then 7. . . . Kt to Q R 4; 8. Q to R 4, ch, B to Q 2; 8. Q to B 2, P to K 3.

(*c*) Best. If, instead, P to K 3, then Q to Kt 3, Black no longer having the resource of an eventual B to Q 2 as in note (*b*).

(*d*) The usual continuation is 8. R to B sq, R to B sq; 9. B to K 2, P to K 3; 10. Castles, B to K 2 with an even game.

(*e*) A surprising move which appears to be very good. If now 9. . . . Kt takes Kt; 10. P takes Kt, B takes P, then 11. P to B 3 wins a piece.

(*f*) If P to K Kt 4, then P to B 4 forces open the King's Bishop's file for White. The text-move, however, does not turn out well. Perhaps B to K 2 is the best move.

(*g*) B to Q 3 is, we think, to be preferred.

(*h*) Starting an attack on the Queen's side.

(*i*) White now threatens R to Kt sq.

(*j*) Played to prevent P to B 4.

(*k*) A good move which forces a weakening of the support of Black's King's Knight.

(*l*) If R takes P, then P to Q R 4, in reply to which Black cannot play P takes P because of R to Kt 8.

(*m*) A good move, as a result of which he succeeds in playing P to B 4.

(*n*) Not P takes P because of B takes Kt, ch, followed by Q to K 5, ch, winning the Rook.

(*o*) Threatening to win by 30. B takes Kt, P takes B (if Q takes B, then Q takes Q, followed by R to Kt 6); 31. R to Kt 6. If at once 29. B takes Kt, P takes B; 30. R to Kt 6, then 30. . . . Q to Kt 5, ch, forcing White to play B to Kt 3 to avoid perpetual check.

(*p*) White now threatens to win a piece by 32. P to K 4, and Black has no satisfactory move. If 31. . . . Kt to K sq, then 32. Q to B 8, Kt (Q 4) to B 3; 33. B takes Kt and mate next move. If, instead, 31. . . . Q to Q sq, then 32. Q to Q 3, ch, K to R sq; 33. Q to K 4 (threatening Q to R 4) with a winning game for White.

PROBLEM No. 3989

By M. SEGERS.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at Q Kt 7, Queen at K 4, Rooks at K 2 and K 5, Bishops at K Kt 8 and K R 8, Knights at K B 4 and Q 6, Pawns at Q R 3 and Q B 5.

BLACK (11 pieces): King at Q B 6, Queen at K R 7, Rooks at Q Kt 5 and Q 7, Knights at Q Kt 6 and Q B 7, Pawns at K 2, Q R 4, Q Kt 4, K B 6 and Q Kt 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Munkásvárk*, 1934.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3988

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

CONGRESS AT HASTINGS.—This congress will be held from December 28th to January 6th. In the Premier Tournament there will be five British competitors: Sir George Thomas, Bt., H. Golombek, P. S. Milner-Barry, E. G. Sergeant and T. H. Tylor—and five foreigners: Dr. Euwe (Holland), V. Pirc (Jugoslavia), S. Landau (Holland), E. Klein (Austria), and L. Szábo (Hungary).

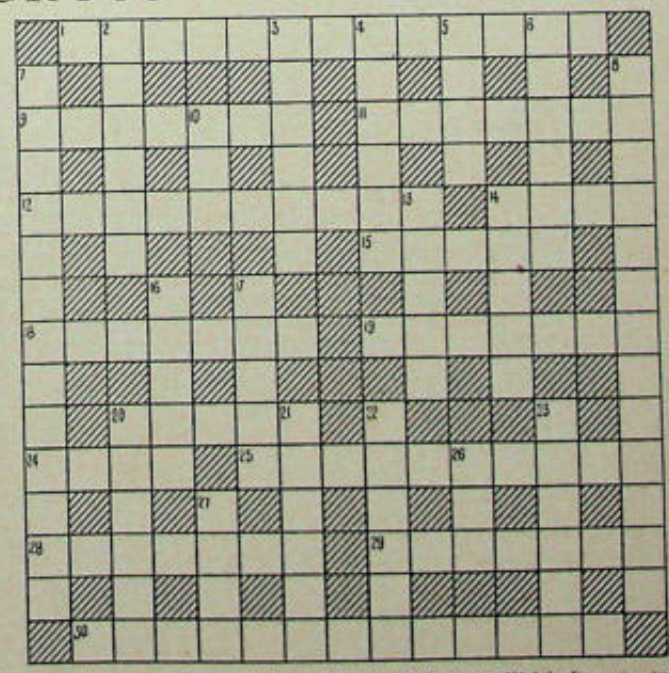
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 492

ACROSS.—1, A running introduction to scouting (three words). 9, Oh! caper (anagram). 11, Is South uncultured? 12, Brisk baton bearing makes these. 14, A national drink in Devon. 15, A wanderer with a fiver. 18, Splits in the earth. 19, A shin rag does not. 20, Mistake in game. 24, The heart of good performance. 25, A guilty jump by a racehorse? 28, Chucker out. 29, A silent marker. 30, Two constituents of the English countryside.

DOWN.—2, The sons of Ham in the plough land. 3, Usual. 4, Add shelter for any old how. 5, Wild ox. 6, Coachman or club. 7, Sign off porter for a good chance (two words). 8, Harps and hooters are present, but not often used. 10, "Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of ——; good ——, sweet ——, hath no fellow" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*). 13, What a goose. 14, Great feast. 16, For light particles only. 17, Toper's ego. 20, "——, ——, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh As benefits forgot" (*As You Like It*). 21, Hesitate. 22, Cat's convenience. 23, Terrier perhaps. 26, The chief agent by which men are sent down the slippery slope. 27, An equine collar attachment.

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. 491

Published November 19th

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Bridge

Auction.—The Laws of Auction Bridge are published by De la Rue, and can be obtained from any bookseller, price 1/–, in paper cover, or 2/6 in cloth, or direct from De la Rue, 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. They are also given in full with comments in A. E. Manning Foster's book, *Auction Bridge for All* (Benn; 6/–). You are wrong in saying they have been altered. No alteration has taken place in the Auction Bridge laws since 1932. It was only the Contract Bridge laws which were revised in 1935. —*R. C. S., Christchurch.*

Forestry

Tree Surgery.—When a branch breaks away from a tree, if it is a simple break, that is to say, if the branch snaps off a foot or more from the trunk and does not injure the main stem, then the snag which is left should be cut back with a saw as close as possible to the trunk. The cut surface should then be treated with creosote, which will disinfect it and prevent the entry of fungi. In the case of beech the creosote is liable to damage the under bark and cambium, so that this portion should be painted with shellac varnish before the creosote is applied to the central area. When the stump has dried out completely, which will take twelve months, the surface may then be waterproofed by the application of a proprietary bitumastic compound called Rufmat. This material is applied in the form of a coat about ⅛in. thick. It adheres strongly to the wood, but remains plastic because, although it hardens on both its surfaces, the interior remains semi-liquid and responds to any growth of the tree or any shrinkage of the wood. The cambium, which in a vigorous tree will soon begin to heal over the wound, grows perfectly freely and satisfactorily over the Rufmat, and the whole operation gives a most excellent result. For a smaller branch on a vigorous tree, where healing may be expected to occur rapidly, a little tar brushed over the wound is all that is really necessary. Tar is superior to paint, which is neither antiseptic nor is it waterproof because it so rapidly cracks. When a branch breaks off close to the stem, it usually takes some of the stem with it and causes a most unsightly gash in the trunk. This gash should be trimmed with a small pruning axe or with a chisel and mallet to a smooth surface, with no places where water could lodge, all loosened bark removed and the clean surface creosoted, and twelve months later covered with Rufmat.

If there happens to be a hole or cavity in the trunk, it is advisable that it should be drained by an auger hole bored from the trunk in an upward direction in a position calculated to drain the lowest point of the cavity. If the entrance hole is left by the falling of a hollow branch, then it can be blocked with a wooden peg, sawn off level, and treated with creosote and Rufmat as before described. If a hole or cavity to which water gains access is in the fork between two large upward-directed branches, it is most difficult and, in some cases, impossible to exclude water, and the only method in that case is to ensure that the auger hole remains open and that the water is able to escape and does not accumulate in the heart-wood. The only use of concrete, which has no adhesive properties, in this connection is as a stabiliser for a tree which has a completely hollow trunk. These trees have been attacked by one of the heart-wood fungi and will live for years provided their stability is ensured by the replacement of heart-wood with concrete. The highest points in the trunk where water might gain admission and flowing down between the napwood and the concrete cause decay, should be waterproofed with Rufmat. To sum up, the essentials to the protection of a damaged tree are disinfection with creosote, waterproofing with Rufmat, and using concrete only as a stabiliser for hollow stemmed trees.—*G. M. A., Redmarley.*

Kennel

Cocker's Tail.—Usually about two-fifths of the tail is left on when docking a Cocker spaniel puppy. The man who performs the operation would be guided by the eye more than anything. As yours comes from an experienced breeder, he is not likely to have made a mistake. You could not get a more informative book than Mr. H. S. Lloyd's *The Popular Cocker Spaniel*, published by *Our Dogs*, Manchester. Price 5/3, post free. —*P. H., Cambridge.*

Miscellaneous

"Legs of a Horse."—Your quotation "Put not your faith in the legs of a horse" is incorrect, and we think you have muddled two other quotations, both of which come from the Psalms. In Psalm 146, verse 3, it says "Put not your trust in princes: nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." And Psalm 33, verse 17, "The horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength." You may also be thinking of Psalm 20, verse 7, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God," or Psalm 174, verse 10, "He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man."—*H. T., Somerset.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Phosphorus Poisoning.—The cause of death of a hen pheasant and of an O.E. Game bantam cock was phosphorus poisoning. Both birds were in prime condition. The usual source of phosphorus is rat poison or "vermin-killer." The laying of poison in the vicinity of farms and coverts is very unwise. Rats appear quickly to learn how to avoid eating poisoned baits, and they will carry the bait, sometimes for a considerable distance, into poultry runs or pig pens. Poisoned bait carried in this manner is a not-infrequent cause of death of birds of all species, foxes and pigs. We deprecate the uncontrolled laying of vermin killers, both those containing chemical poisons such as phosphorus, strychnine and even squills, and those composed of disease-producing germs. We advise those who wish to destroy vermin on their property to consult U.L.A.W.S., or the R.S.P.C.A., for methods which can be kept under the user's control and do not endanger other animals and birds.—*J., Berks; J. H., Sussex.*

Yew Poisoning of Pheasants.—From five estates we received during October the bodies of pheasants which had died of yew poisoning through eating the leaves and berries of yew (*Taxus baccata*). The birds were of this season's rearing and were in prime condition at the time of their sudden death. The poisoning is a very rapid process, and its signs in the affected bird are very rarely observed. Seldom do we learn that more than a few individual pheasants have been picked up dead on the one estate. Almost invariably the poisoned birds have eaten the yew on empty crops, and frequently after eating the yew the birds have eaten corn. It would appear that the birds have eaten the yew while waiting the arrival of the keeper with his feed. Keepers are advised to avoid laying feed in the vicinity of yew, in which young birds tend to take cover.—*S. P., Suffolk; R. M. H., Salop; R. V. G., Dorset; J. P., Hants; F. H. B., Hants.*

Tuberculosis of a Pheasant.—A correspondent, having lost some of his pheasants, sent the body of a Reeves cock which his keeper had picked up. The bird was emaciated, its death being due to the contagious germ infection of the internal organs, tuberculosis. The disease is spread through the germs being excreted in the droppings of the infected bird. The germs of avian tuberculosis are capable of remaining alive on the ground for over twelve months. The germs are also capable of producing fatal tuberculosis, not only in all species of birds, but also in pigs, cattle and horses. Thus ground infected by tuberculous birds should not be grazed by farm animals. Should cattle be kept on property on which the disease has been prevalent among the poultry and pheasants, the owner should inform his veterinary surgeon so that the avian type of tuberculin can be used in addition to the bovine type of tuberculin at the testing of the stock. Whenever emaciated game birds or poultry are picked up dead, owners would be wise to send the bodies for expert examination.—*E. F. W., Sussex.*

Fowl Pox.—We received the body of a three weeks old chicken which had died of fowl pox. The owner reported having already lost several in the same brood from the disease, which was revealed as wart-like growths around the eyes and a cheesy matter within the mouth. Possibly the disease was contracted from the broody hen or other infected mature fowls on the property. The disease is rapidly contagious. The infected pen of birds should be strictly quarantined, or preferably they should be destroyed and their bodies should be burnt. The other fowls on the property should be vaccinated with fowl pox vaccine as a preventive measure. Fowl pox is communicable to wild and domesticated birds; so that the disease is not only endemic in this country and is frequently met with in poultry markets, and is not uncommon in pheasant coverts, but it is also introduced by infected immigrant birds, particularly woodpigeon. We are approaching the winter months when poxed woodpigeon from the Continent are likely to appear. Poultry farmers are advised to prevent the disease by vaccinating their stock at least once per annum as a routine procedure.—*J. G. G., Suffolk.*

Shooting

Size of Shot.—The business of John Rigby and Co. is still carried on at 43, Sackville Street, London, W., and no doubt could supply you with the same make of cartridges you found so successful in Burma. It is difficult, however, to understand how you found No. 8 shot more successful than No. 5 at a range up to 40yds, when so much depends upon density of pattern; the *maximum* effective range of No. 8 shot in cartridges of standard velocity being 36yds. As you mention duck, hare, partridge, pheasant and snipe we would advise you to have at least two sizes of shot. Should you, however, wish to adopt one size for all game, No. 6 might prove satisfactory. As, however, you are thinking of purchasing a new gun, you would be well advised to leave the matter of shot size in the hands of your gunmaker.—*A. P., Lydd.*

Travel

In the Cotswolds.—You would doubtless like the Mill Inn at Withington. It has only four letting bedrooms, two single and two double; but it is one of the grandest, cosiest little places of which I know. The exterior really belies the interior. You realise, of course, that the house must be fairly old to be so thoroughly covered with ivy—besides Cotswold houses have ever been solidly constructed to stand the test of time—but somehow the inside is more romantic than one would expect. You will be warm enough, for the inn is fitted with central heating, and the lounges have large open fireplaces which are a real delight to those who like that sort of thing. Everywhere you will find old beams, with furniture both in keeping with the characteristics of the inn and comfortable as well. Then there is the Old Swan at Minster Lovell. The 20th-century comfort of the Swan has behind it 500 years of tradition. Logs flame on the fires, old oak gleams brown and iron-hard, and you breathe the atmosphere of centuries of quiet ease and well-being. Oak, elm, chestnut and careful stonework, at one time covered by paint, paper and plaster, so that the very heart of the old Swan was hidden, now appear as their craftsmen saw them. The old house, with its neat arrangements and conveniences, seems to link up the ages of English history and relate us to forbears who loved a day in the English countryside and the hospitality of an inn to return to at eventide. In Burford—a charming Cotswold town—there are three very nice inns. These are the Cotswold Gateway, the Bull and the Baytree Hotels. The other hotels which we are sure you would like to visit when you are in the Cotswolds are: The Bull at Fairford, the Swan at Bibury, the Shaven Crown at Shipton-under-Wychwood, the White Hart at Chipping Norton.—*G. E. E., Manchester.*

Hotels in the Sahara.—There is an excellent hotel at Marrakesh, which is Southern Morocco, and although this is not the Sahara proper, it has an excellent winter climate, and is a fascinating place. The hotel is known as Hotel Mamounia. In the Sahara proper there is Laghouat, with the hotel Trans Atlantique. This, of course, is in Algeria. Finally there is Biskra, also in Algeria, which is a good winter resort with a hotel known, we believe, as the Trans Atlantique. We strongly recommend Marrakesh, but Biskra is probably much easier to get to owing to the Spanish war.—*A. A., Hants.*

Turf

The Derby.—The course at Epsom is now 1 mile 4 furlongs 5 yards. The first lady to win it was Lady James Douglas, when it was run at Newmarket in 1918. Here is the list of winners since 1921 which you required:

1921. Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist.
1922. Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle.
1923. Mr. B. Irish's Papyrus.
1924. Lord Derby's Sansovino.
1925. Mr. H. E. Morriss's Manna.
1926. Lord Woolavington's Coronach.
1927. Mr. F. Curzon's Call Boy.
1928. Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's Felstead.
1929. Mr. W. Barnett's Trigo.
1930. H.H. Aga Khan's Blenheim.
1931. Mr. J. A. Dewar's Cameronian.
1932. Mr. T. Walls's April the Fifth.
1933. Lord Derby's Hyperion.
1934. Maharajah of Rajpipla's Windsor Lad.
1935. H.H. Aga Khan's Bahram.
1936. H.H. Aga Khan's Mahmoud.
1937. Mrs. G. B. Miller's Mid-Day Sun.
1938. Mr. P. Beatty's Bois Roussel.

The Derby was run in 2min. 34sec. by Hyperion in 1933, and Windsor Lad in 1934; in 1936 Mahmoud ran it in 2min. 33½sec. —*D. B., Edinburgh.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland.	Canada.	Elsewhere abroad.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/– each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stanford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1938) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Nov. 26, 1938

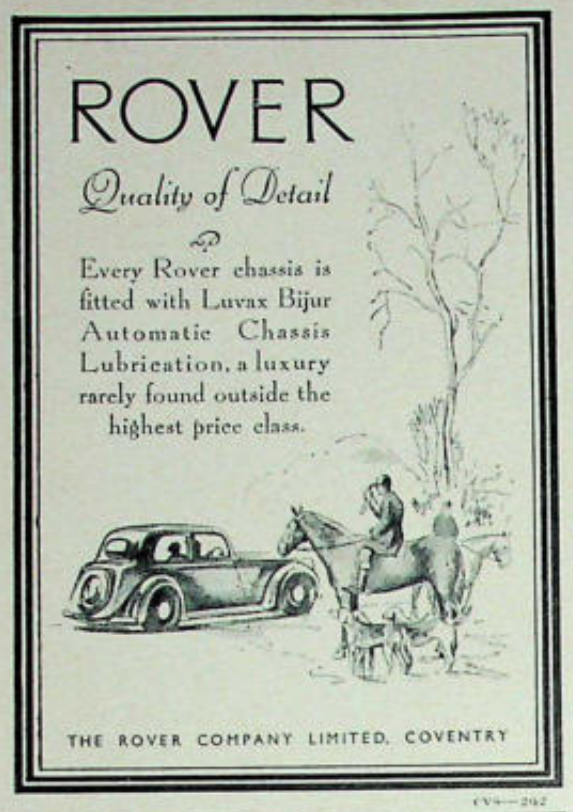
THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4484. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 2D.: CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 4D

H. D. FREAKES, THE OXFORD CAPTAIN AND FULL-BACK

Freakes, although suffering until recently from an injury, is now playing again for the University side and shows every indication of being the mainstay of Oxford hopes for the 'Varsity match. Last season he played as centre three-quarter against Cambridge and full back against Wales, and it is possible that he may return to the English team this season



THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1339
THE DEMOCRACY OF HUNTING 1339
THE NATIONAL TRUST AND THE NATION . . 1340
SPAWNING BEDS IN WINTER 1342
WILDFOWL STUDIES ON THE BROADS . . . 1343
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS 1344
AFTER THE FLAT 1347
ENEMIES OF THE TROUT 1348
PHEASANTS IN THE SNOW 1349
WESTCHESTER CUP PRELIMINARIES . . . 1350
MR. C. V. WHITNEY'S FAMOUS STRING . . 1350
THE ORIGIN OF ARCTIC FAUNA—II . . . 1352
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1354
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1354
IN THE SALEROOM 1354
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1354
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
The Little Owl; "Fish of Great Age" Artificial Hunting, &c. 1355
IN THE CITY 1360
FROM TEE TO GREEN 1361
IN TOUCH 1361
TULIP PLANTING TIME 1363
TREE HOLE BLASTING 1363
DESIGNING A WILD GARDEN 1364
A.R.P. FOR DOGS—II 1364
THE SMITHFIELD SHOW 1366
AIR-COOLED ENGINES 1368
SEED POTATOES 1368
COMFORT IN WINTER MOTORING 1370
LICENSING THE AIRWAYS 1371
AFTER ADDAX AND BARBARY SHEEP . . . 1372
CARDS AND CHESS 1375
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1376

INCLUDED WITH THIS ISSUE IS A CHRISTMAS PRESENTS SUPPLEMENT.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

NEARLY two thousand years ago the most wonderful present ever given was made to mankind. For nearly two thousand years men in their own poor way have followed that great example, and at Christmas give to their friends and relations such presents as they can afford.

No doubt, to begin with, their presents were very simple. And in those days it was the spirit that prompted the gift rather than the gift itself which earned the gratitude of the recipient. Times change, and with them men. We are more material. To-day, unfortunately, it is the gift, the value of the gift, rather than the spirit in which it is given that counts. The change occurred long ago—no man could say just when, but human nature being what it is it seems probable that it was nearly two thousand years ago—and has become progressively more obvious as the years passed. Man, a vain creature, has always been anxious to impress. Man, a lazy creature, has always chosen the easiest way in which to do so.

Some of the blame, perhaps a major portion, must lie with woman. For women have always been vainer than men, and much more acquisitive. Shakespeare touched the roots of the matter:

> "Win her with gifts, if she respects not words:
> Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
> More than quick words, do move a woman's mind."

And what woman respects words? Undoubtedly women cannot escape blame. But the real fault lies in man's desire to impress. It is very difficult to do so with words, very hard work with deeds, but so easy to impress with gifts—be it a mere acquaintance or a rich (and ailing) relative. Yet in the very easiness lies danger. John Boyle O'Reilly, with true Irish cynicism, summed it up: "Take gifts with a sigh: most men give to be paid." Most of us have found that to be true at some time or another. Those of us who qualify as rich (and ailing) relatives know it only too well.

In this number will be found details of many Christmas presents; presents for every conceivable sort of person; presents to suit almost every pocket: presents which prove beyond quibble the vast ingenuity and excellent craftsmanship of the British manufacturer. We will all give presents this Christmas, as we have done in the past, and as we will do in the future. It should not be otherwise. But let us remember the danger inherent in the practice. Let us give not to make a show but because we wish to give, for affection or friendship rather than for possible future gain. In the long run it is the man who does not set out to impress that gains in the worth-while things. The light set under a bushel may not be seen—but it burns more steadfastly than that set in a draught.

"In giving, a man receives more than he gives," said George MacDonald, "and the more is in proportion to the worth of the thing given." You can take that remark two ways. But surely it should be interpreted thus: that the spirit is the thing that matters, not the gift, but that in buying the best that you can afford, with no thought of self, you are helping many beyond the recipient. We live for each other and upon each other. If we do not help each other we fail. Generosity is the dynamic of help.

A.R.P. AND INCOME TAX

INCOME tax interests everyone who has to pay it, and for that reason there should be a good many members of the Income Tax Payers' Society. The minimum subscription is 10/- for private individuals and 1 guinea for firms, companies, &c. This sum entitles members to receive the monthly official journal which is devoted to all aspects of income tax legislation. The November issue points out that as far as expenditure on Air Raid Precautions is concerned, the new regulations are almost entirely confined to certain conditions which affect assessment under Schedule A.

These, it may not be surprising to learn, "will be negative, because so long as a building or a part of a building is used for purposes of air raid protection alone, and no rent or increased rent is payable therefor, the Revenue will not be entitled to tax the annual value or the increased annual value which may be attributable to Air Raid Precautions expenditure; and a taxpayer will not be entitled to any deduction or relief under that Schedule in respect of any such expenditure which he may have incurred on a building occupied or used either as a residence or as business premises."

"WORKING UP"

Truly speaking "working up" is a naval expression referring to the trials preparatory to a ship going into full commission, but it serves equally well in reference to the active preparations at present being pursued for the establishment of a regular transatlantic service by British landplanes and seaplanes. Importance of reliable weather forecasts has not been overlooked, and one school of thought, including in its ranks Captain F. Entwhistle, Head of the Overseas Division of the Air Ministry Meteorological Office, envisages the establishment of a weather reporting service additional to that obtained from existing ships in passage on the ocean. A stationary ship located in mid-Atlantic is considered to be a necessity to efficient weather organisation. Information is particularly required of upper air conditions, which passing ships are not always suitably equipped to observe and report upon. Aerological as well as meteorological information is needed for the safety of passengers and mails on transoceanic journeyings, and the authorities will not leave anything to chance.

END OF THE SALMON SEASON

St. Andrew's Day and its celebration of auld lang syne have been for a generation or more coincident with the end of the Tweed season; the last of the salmon rivers to go out. It is safe to say that this year there will be many anglers who consider that the sooner 1938 becomes verra auld lang syne the better. East-coast rods, taking the season through, have certainly done better than their unfortunate confrères of the west; but even Tweed has failed the back-end fisherman this year. The distressing feature has been not so much the lack of fishing water as the apparent lack of fish. Up to last year there had been signs of improvement in autumn fishing which at one time offered the best chance on most water for recording a catch that pulled the scale into the forties; but hopes of the big 'uns of auld lang syne have had a bitter setback this year.

A PERFECT KNOCK-OUT

On Monday night, at the N.S.C., Ernie Roderick, of Liverpool, a contender for the British Welter-weight Championship, knocked out Gustave Humery, of France, in ten rounds. That bare statement clothes what was a brilliant achievement. Humery is well-known in England as a strong, relentless fighter with no mean abilities as a boxer. Possibly he is a little past his best, but he had shown himself only a few weeks ago to be as tough as ever. Roderick completely out-boxed and out-fought him from the first gong. And the right-hand punch to the heart that ended the fight was perfectly executed and delivered with a force that few middle-weights could have withstood. In Liverpool they say Roderick is the best man at his weight in Britain, if not in the world. He has long sought a fight with Jake Kilrain, the champion, and is certainly more entitled to one than any other British boxer. Kilrain, himself, does not appear over-anxious to defend his title against so dangerous a contender, for which it is difficult to blame him. Dangerous, Roderick certainly is. A better combination of skilful boxing and punishing hitting has not been seen in England for many years.

THE FESTIVE SPIRIT

The extremely strong team which the M.C.C. have sent to South Africa threatens a swift revenge for our defeat in the second Test match at Lord's two years ago and the virtual loss of the rubber. Chiefly instrumental for their most decisive innings victory over the Orange Free State, at Bloemfontein, last week was some very fast scoring on the part of N. W. D. Yardley, of Yorkshire, and H. T. Bartlett, the famous Sussex hitter. The amateurs produced 227 runs in the astonishingly short space of two hours. This is certainly the festive spirit of cricket, a spirit not usually associated with the play of touring teams even at Christmas. It is a spirit which is both welcome and to be encouraged, as it should be one of the chief advantages of a cricket tour such as this, and an encouragement for more attractive play in the future. Let us hope that it is maintained.

AN OLD GATE

I like that weather-worn old four-barred gate
Which no one ever opens. The hedge is old
Each side of it; ash saplings grow behind it,
Their slender boles already ivy-covered
Though they are so much younger than the hedge.
And the gate is ancient, iron-clamped, crooked;
And leads nowhere. That is, leads nowhere now.
Set in an angle of the hedge, it awaits
Final destruction and oblivion.
Its green wood—green with age—will fall apart,
And then be taken to a house for burning,
Or else just left to rot into the ground.
Some more thorn will be planted, the gap closed.
One day bullfinches will be nesting there,
Conspicuous-inconspicuous furtive birds,
Who know the strength of intermatted thorn.
But if I pass alone I shall remember,
When that day comes, that once there was a gate.

N. L. B.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

WHETHER or no finality be attached to the theory of relativity in cosmic dynamics, it is without exception an æsthetic law of the first magnitude upon earth. It is in violating it, as for instance when we roof a house with Welsh blue slates in a stone country, that England has been uglified; in unconsciously obeying it that our ancestors made our land even more beautiful than nature's first hand upon it.

The other day I was crossing Cranborne Chase when I came upon something which owed its "sudden glory" entirely to this law. In the hedge stood a pair of yews and into them and over them the wild clematis, old Gerard's Traveller's Joy, had climbed until it had made a foliated Romanesque arch between them. Through the arch the eye traversed as wild and, in one sense, as forlorn a scene as any in England. Not a house, not a barn, was to be seen from corner to corner of the whole landscape.

Yet the signs of former habitation were everywhere abundant. To the south, the Bokerly Dyke which the Romano-Celts threw up as their last desperate defence against the West Saxons, serpentined across the plateau. To the north, Oakley Down was a vast cemetery of far older people than they. Symmetrical disc barrows, nobly formed bell barrows each with its circular fosse, bowl barrows and long barrows clustered together as thickly as on Normanton Down, where the Early Bronze Age dead slept within comforting sight of Stonehenge.

Through one of the disc barrows of this archaic churchyard, Ackling Dyke, the causewayed Roman highway on its way from Old Sarum to Badbury Rings, cut with that contemptuous indifference which we in our turn mete (and so shall it be meted unto us) to the villages, buildings and country crafts of our forefathers. Between the dark estranging sconce of Pentridge and where I stood, the land was a closely written manuscript of earthworks, Celtic arable fields and Romano-British villages.

Upon the crest of nearly every ridge there lay stretched a long barrow like a lion in sleep. To-day, nothing. The road alone knows the human face; on either side expands the wilderness. Old man's beard is always beautiful in autumn; it is the more so when it climbs a tree; yet more when the tree is a dusky yew that displays the misty silvery awns of the climber; lovelier still when it makes an arch between them. But loveliest of all when the wildness of its growth seems to symbolise and epitomise the wildness of a deserted land.

The next scene was under the heights west of Abbotsbury. In our day, the pampas grass has become as much an emblem of suburbanism as calceolaria and lobelia were of Victorian snobbery and stuffiness. If you see it in a garden, the name of the house is almost sure to be "Sunnymede" or "Mon Abri." What I could see before me was as unlike suburbia as it well could be. On the left, St. Catherine's Chapel, the former shepherd of the wandering mariner, stood on the crest of its conical green mount and looked out to the sea. The tawny Chesil Bank hemmed the ocean's rim, and on that still, vaporous day alone seemed to anchor the sea to the earth. In the sun, that sea was mother-of-pearl; when the sun's rays were diffused from a filmy cloud, it was of molten lead. It appeared as insubstantial as the sky, and even the solidity of earth was compromised by the soft autumnal light that played upon it. Directly in face of me, a large grove of ilexes fronted the baby waves and below the mound on which they stood ran a hedge planted all along with pampas grass.

The effect was entirely perfect; there was not a flaw in it. The tall, feathery tope, silky-white against the olive-green of the ilexes, was of just the right delicacy of substance to be in tone with the melting, dissolving day, the sea that was as evanescent as the clouds and the land suffused with tender light. The tops of the pampas languidly waved, and the semi-tropical vegetation of the warm, sheltered, southern bay, enfolded by the veils of sea and sky and air, conferred upon these plants a beauty and a distinction which are the very last things with which we commonly associate them.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a novel: "She settled herself in her chair with her white skirts gathered round her knees in the moonlight. The voices of the parties on the roof clustered unevenly in little nosegays of talk—English, French, Chinese, Japanese, Italian, German. While Ronnie called the boy and ordered fresh drinks in his commanding Public School manner she could hear the couple at the next table speaking about her, low and clearly in the night air."

The Craven pack moving off

THE DEMOCRACY OF HUNTING

But is it a Sport of the People?

ONE hears and reads so frequently that hunting is a democratic sport that the assertion is accepted as correct. But is it? I am not thinking so much of the pageantry of hunting, which does no harm to anyone, or to the fact that fashionable folk are as particular about their hunting toilet as they are when they attend a wedding. What I am thinking of are the facilities given for sport to the poorer brethren.

In the days of prosperous farming and big landlords, before the era of motor cars, barbed wire and large poultry farms, every farmer had a horse which he used for getting about the farm or seeing his neighbours on business. He may not have used it for regular hunting, but when there was a meet within reasonable distance he or his son turned out for an occasional day's sport. Now, in many hunts, not one man out of ten is a farmer. Often there are less.

At one of the last meets of the season there was not one farmer in a field of over thirty. This scarcity of hunting farmers is bad for sport, and in time will be worse. Hunting people cannot afford to lose intimate touch with those over whose land they hunt, and the intimacy can only be found in the field, where, needless to say, farmers are always received with the greatest of cordiality. Quite rightly, everything possible is done to keep on the right side of agriculture by the attendance of Masters and secretaries of Hunts at agricultural shows, farmers' dinners, &c., and by hospitality at the annual Hunt Point-to-Point meetings. But these occasions do not bring hunting folk into touch with all classes of farmers. The large man who breeds hunters, or, at any rate, has some for sale, can look after himself; the Hunt means a lot to him, providing not only sport but part of his business. It is the small man who counts in these times; the number of small holdings and of small owner-occupiers increasing every year. One man of this class who happens to be rubbed up the wrong way by a member of the Hunt can be a serious menace to sport by forbidding the entry of the Hunt on his land. Every county knows this trouble with a few rare exceptions. Flattery has done much in the past; butter has been laid on with a shovel by hunting folk whenever the word "farmer" is mentioned, and one must admit that farmers, as a whole, have been extremely tolerant of people who follow hounds over their land, breaking fences, riding over meadows recently rolled and chain-harrowed, and often, it must be admitted, leaving gates open for stock to stray. It seems a miracle that farmers should tolerate it, more particularly those who get no advantage from the Hunt.

A friend who lives in a district where at meetings among themselves farmers say hard things about those who take their pleasure in pursuit of the fox, tells me that at public dinners when, under the influence of good food and liquor, the toast of "fox-hunting coupled with the name of . . ." is proposed the enthusiasm is great: a man well known as an opponent to the chase rushes to the piano and bangs out "John Peel," the room, rising to its feet, sings the honours of the Hunt with an enthusiasm not accorded to other subjects. That, thank goodness, is a common experience. But will the spirit last? Surely it is worth the while of those whose business it is to direct the fortunes of the chase to keep this enthusiasm handed down from our fathers alive. Once dead it cannot be revived.

The real necessity seems to be to get farmers and their sons more directly interested in hunting. We want to see them out. Our flattery and their songful praises are well enough in their way, but they are words, mere words. Instead of their buying motor bicycles let them buy or breed horses and ride them. A man with a horse to ride about his farm sees that his gates are in good order; if he hunts he can be of the greatest value to the Hunt committee in giving his views to them on the petty grievances and needs of farmers, and to his fellow farmers on the advantages which the Hunt does or can bring to them if approached in the right way. I go so far as to say that one of the ways of ensuring the continuation of hunting is to get more farmers to come out. The need is urgent.

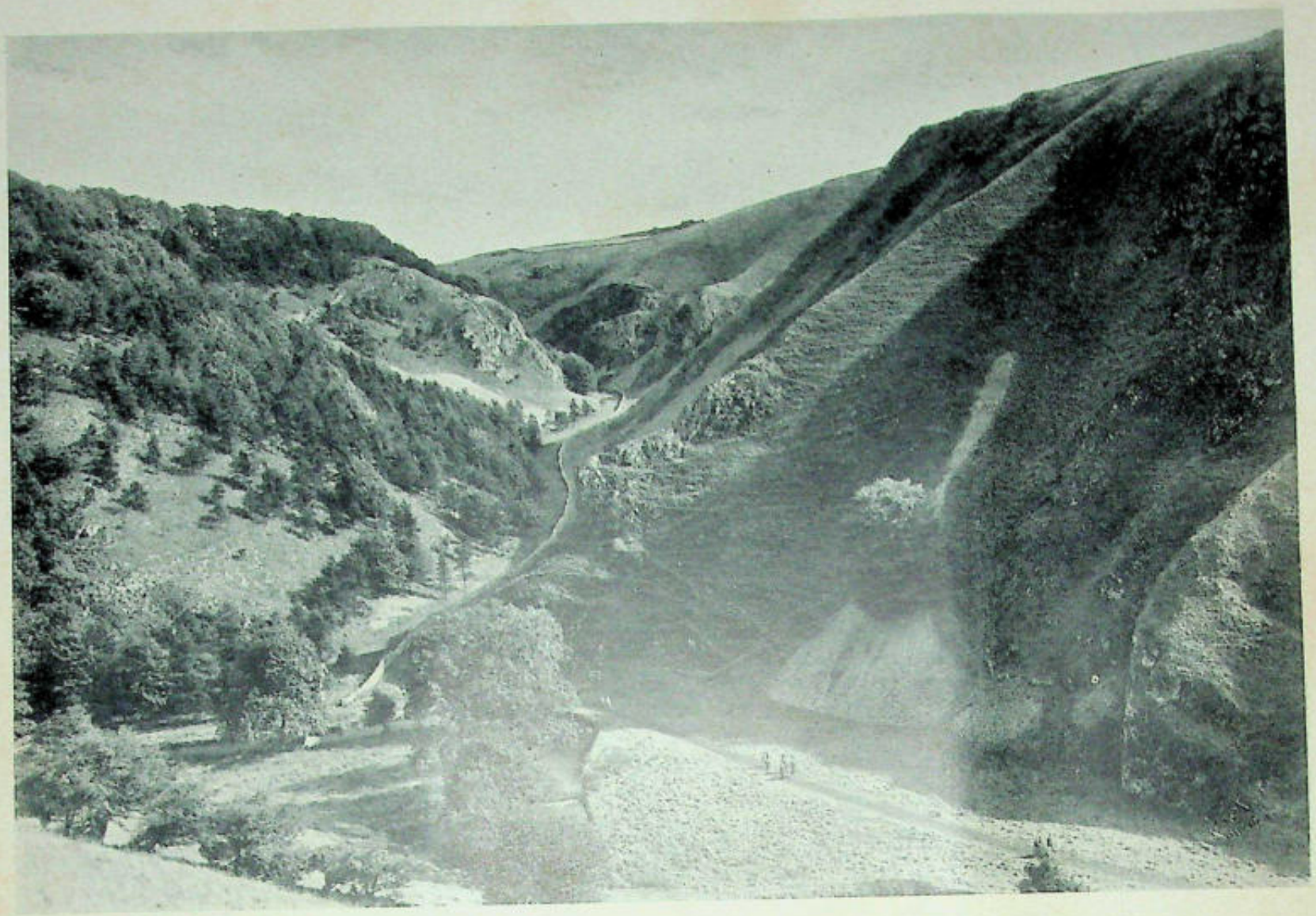
It is for this reason that I take pen in hand to discuss this matter. I myself hunt as a poor man in a mild way, and because I do not wish any particular Master to think that I am trying to make it difficult for him I prefer to keep my name obscure. But my case is typical of many others. I live in one hunting country within reach of the meets of another, but I cannot afford to subscribe to both. I have to rely on one hunt for my sport.

I farm a small grass farm where I preserve foxes and I keep one hunter, but have no horse-box for distant meets or groom to take my mount to and from them while I travel comfortably in a car. I must hack to and from meets, but before and after doing so I have my stock to see to. My carter looks to my horse while I do this. On Saturdays, when I have the best chance of a near meet, my men have their half-day off, consequently I have more to see to myself. My neighbour, who also likes his day of hunting in the week and is just as keen on fox preservation, is his own shepherd and has the sheep to see to before and after his day of sport.

There are many like my neighbour and myself not only in my own hunting country but, I imagine, in most others. To refer to the title of my story, one asks whether in arranging meets the Master is not thinking too much of those who can afford horse-boxes and grooms and too little of those who farm and who preserve foxes. With only one mount, quite apart from our work on the farms, we cannot hunt more than three days a fortnight, nor can we ride long distances to meets. Is it too much to ask the Master to give us one certain near meet in the week? We do not always get it.

Sometimes there are as many as three or four possible meets in the week, at others there is none within twelve miles of us and we get no hunt. There may be difficulties in the matter of stopping, and there may be urgent need for the hounds on certain occasions to be elsewhere. So far as I am concerned my hunting days are nearly over; my thought is for the future of hunting, and what may apply to one or two humble individuals in a small corner of England may apply elsewhere. Perhaps Masters will look into it.

KOTTON.



THE NATIONAL TRUST AND THE NATION

Public Opinion Should Be Crystallised Into Action

ABOUT a month ago, in this journal, I wrote an article advocating the formation of National Parks. The response—in the form of letters—has staggered me. I expected—I must confess—a number of letters for and against the idea. But I did not expect anything like the number I have received, and I did not expect them to be, as they were, almost unanimously in favour of such parks. That surprised me.

I was also surprised to find how many people were ignorant of the existence of the C.P.R.E., and how many were ignorant of the existence of any society or societies for the preservation of rural beauty in this country. I would expect those who did not mind whether the beauty of our countryside, whether the majesty of our old or historical buildings was destroyed or not, to be ignorant of the existence of societies formed for their preservation. But those that wrote obviously did care, and their ignorance is the more surprising for that reason. It reflects somewhat sharply upon the publicity methods of the bodies concerned, but that, happily, is no concern of mine.

It is, however, some concern of mine, as it is of every person who has in him (or her) a love of their country as it should be, to see that the aims for which these societies were formed—namely, the preservation of certain aspects of our civilisation from despoliation at the hands of the ultra-civilised—should be brought prominently before those members of the public still sufficiently cultured to care.

National Parks are, in my opinion, essential for the well-being of the race. But it would be a disastrous mistake to suppose that the movement for the preservation of rural England should end with their formation, or should be concerned only with their formation. There are many places throughout the length and breadth of Britain utterly unsuited for inclusion in any scheme for a National Park which are yet eminently suited for preservation from the hand of the builder or the road-maker. And preservation should not end with the countryside. An old building, whether of historical interest nationally or not, is of vast value culturally. You may have no great knowledge of architecture (my own is infinitesimal), you may have no interest in the architectural genius of the past (you may even prefer the modern concrete square which is so totally unsuited to the English background), but you cannot, having sensibility, look upon an old building and be the worse for so doing. The cultural life of a nation is of as great importance as its economic life—greater, indeed, for it is the cultural that conceives the economic. Kill the spirit—and you kill life. Remove culture and you have but an automaton, a queer soulless, lifeless thing—efficient, maybe, but without creative power.

There are many in this England of ours who would gladly do away with those things that have made us. There are, happily, those who would preserve—that word does not, by the way, imply a static condition blocking progress; if it did, I would have nothing to do with preservation—the land that made us, and the buildings that men built for the love of craftsmanship and not for the love of gain; that men built with care and pride, because they wished to create something of beauty.

STAINFORTH BRIDGE, ON THE LINE OF THE PACK-HORSE ROUTE FROM LANCASTER TO YORK

Pre-eminent among such societies is the National Trust, whose attentions are not confined solely to one aspect of English life. I had thought—and thinking again I do not know why—that everyone knew of the National Trust and its work. I was wrong: an astonishing number of people are apparently completely unaware of its existence—a fact which should interest the Council.

The National Trust was founded in 1895. Clause 4, sect. (1), of the National Trust Act, 1907, reads: "The National Trust shall be established for the purposes of promoting the permanent preservation for the benefit of the nation of lands and tenements (including buildings) of beauty or historic interest, and as regards lands for the preservation (so far as practicable) of their natural aspect features and animal and plant life." Nobody could quarrel with that: and I do not think anybody would wish to quarrel with the way in which that clause has been carried out. In 1895, no doubt, the movement was very small. Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley, who were the instigators of the movement, could not, for all their foresight, have visualised the movement as it is to-day. They could not have visualised the country as it is to-day. They would not have visualised an era in England in which vandalism passed for progress.

To-day we live in that era; and to-day the National Trust is a very large landowner. It has 305 properties scattered over the country from the Farne Islands to the Lizard Downs—covering an area of 45,262 acres. In addition, it holds seven properties, comprising 11,076 acres, on very long leases, and a further 16,489 acres are protected by covenant.

Now all that sounds very good—and very large. And it is very good. But large as the holdings of the Trust sound, in actual fact they amount to about two-thirds the size of our smallest county, Rutland. From a National point of view, I can only describe that as appalling. It is not the fault of the Trust. Though founded ore than 40 years ago, it is no

more than on the threshold of its life. Real public interest has only just been aroused—coincident with the growth of urbanisation and coincident, too, with the speeding up of modern transport—but only the outer skin of public interest (a very thick-skinned and phlegmatic animal) has been scratched. That the Trust holds so small an acreage is not the fault of the Trust but of the public in whose interests it was founded.

Our towns and our countryside are an expression—the expression, really, for all others spring from these two, just as the towns spring from the countryside—of the National life. They must change and develop as the National life changes and develops (if that is the correct word to use nowadays; I am not sure that enlarge is not better). But the change must not be unhealthy. We have planning schemes, to-day; but too frequently a scheme good enough, seemingly, on paper is bad in practice, and much of our countryside is being ruined every day (and for all time) by jerry-building and ill-conceived road-making. The change is morbid; the development warped. We have, here in England, some of the most beautiful scenery in the world—the beauty of copses upon downs, the beauty of hedgerows against chequered fields, the beauty of gentle streams in lush meadows, the beauty—well, the beauty of England; and year by year, week by week, day by day we lose it through lack of imagination, sheer lack of imagination, and neglect.

As a race we are not imaginative. As a race we are remarkably stolid (which is quite different from easy going). As a race we have muddled through so often in the past, that muddling through is part of us. We always believe—deep down in us—that "Everything will come out all right in the end" (which is just another way of saying that we are downright lazy). We explore every avenue; we hope for the best. But it is only the few, the very few, who do anything towards ensuring that the best shall come our way. That is true of every facet of English life. It is true of our attitude towards our countryside and our historic buildings. Most of us love our countryside, or some particular portion of it. We regard it with pleasure. We do not think anything will ever happen to it; to other parts of the country, yes, but not to our own. And then one day we see little pegs in the ground, and then the beginnings of another little red bungalow—and we are annoyed. But we did not do anything about it. We alone are to blame. We cannot, in these days of stress, blame the landlord for making his land pay in whatever way he can—almost certainly it will not pay if he farms it. We alone are to blame; we the public. We regard now with some distress the Sussex coast that was once glorious and is now a nightmare; but that nightmare is our fault. It is there because we, men of Sussex or men of anywhere else, had no imagination, hoped it would be all right, and were too idle to do anything about it.

And that is the trouble with the National Trust. The Trust can do the work *with* public support. It can do only a certain amount of work without public support. The Trust in fact does just as much as the public will allow it to do. It does more every year (which is as it should be) but it could do a great deal more every year.

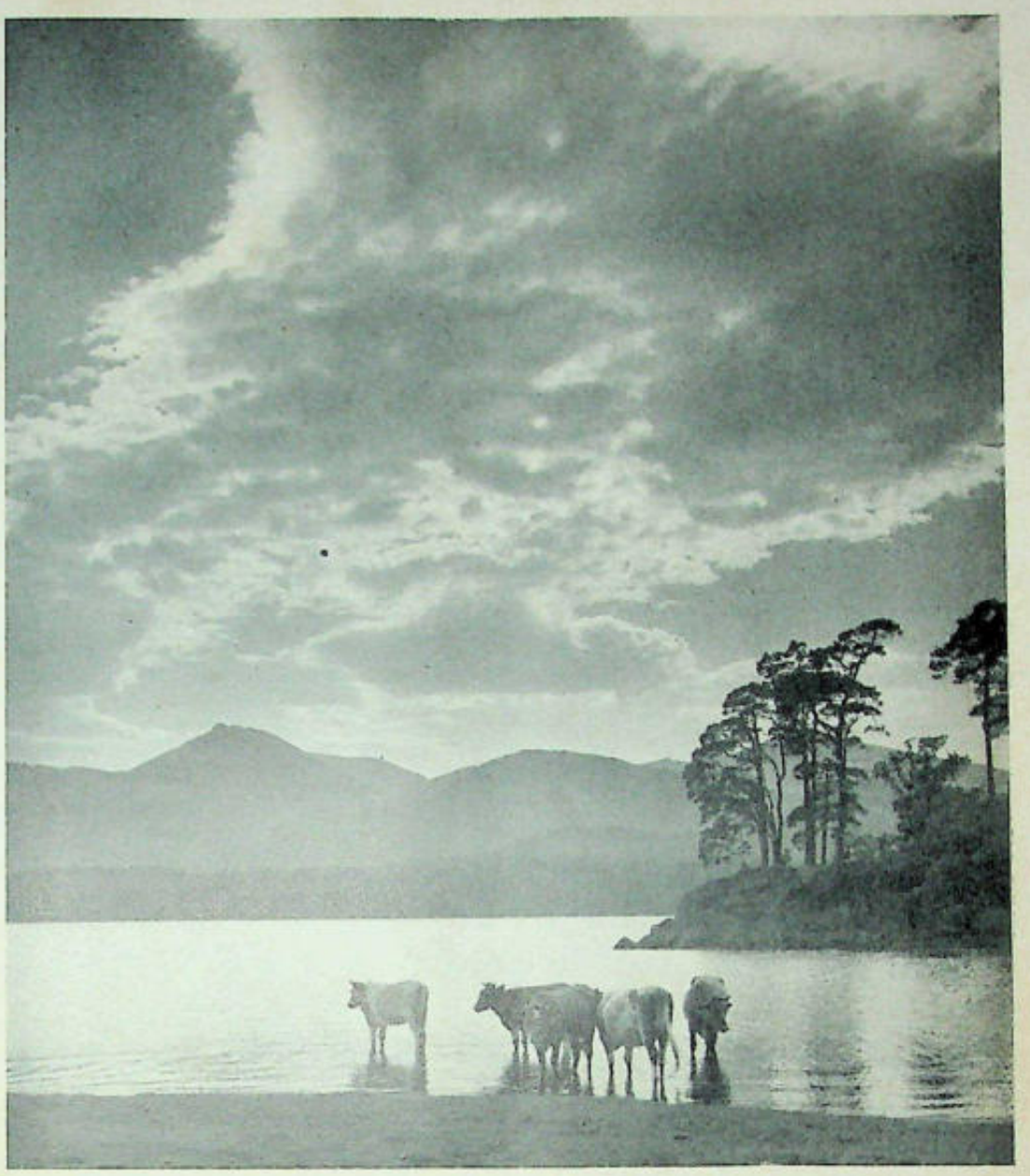
The old tradition that public funds should not be spent on amenities is gradually being worn away. Government Departments and Local Authorities could be forced by the public into doing much more to help. English public opinion when roused is just as near invincible as makes no difference—and no class is more aware of that fact (and more fearful of it) than the Government Department and the Local Authority. But to do all or any of these things public opinion must be roused. That public interest in the National Trust—and other similar societies—has quickened, is beyond question. But it has not been crystallised; it lacks co-ordination; it must be marshalled and guided, made a force on a big scale.

That this could be done I have no doubt. Primarily the duty lies with the National Trust. Indeed, the only fault I can find with that estimable body is in the lack of force (punch as the Americans would say) that characterises their publicity. But a duty rests, too, upon the public. If you love your countryside, or any particular portion of it, if you love some particular building that has historic or cultural value, then it is up to you to do something towards its preservation, by expressing your opinions as forcefully as may be to those in authority and by helping financially. It is no good hoping everything will be all right; it is no good waiting for your neighbour to take some action (he is probably waiting for you). Apathy is the greatest enemy that our countryside and its ancient buildings has got to fight. For example, Londoners are supposed to be proud of their city. The National Trust during the past year have been unable to save several houses of architectural importance and irreplaceably historic interest in London. And I wonder how many Londoners even knew that the Trust was trying to preserve these houses? And how many cared? Apathy is the greatest enemy.

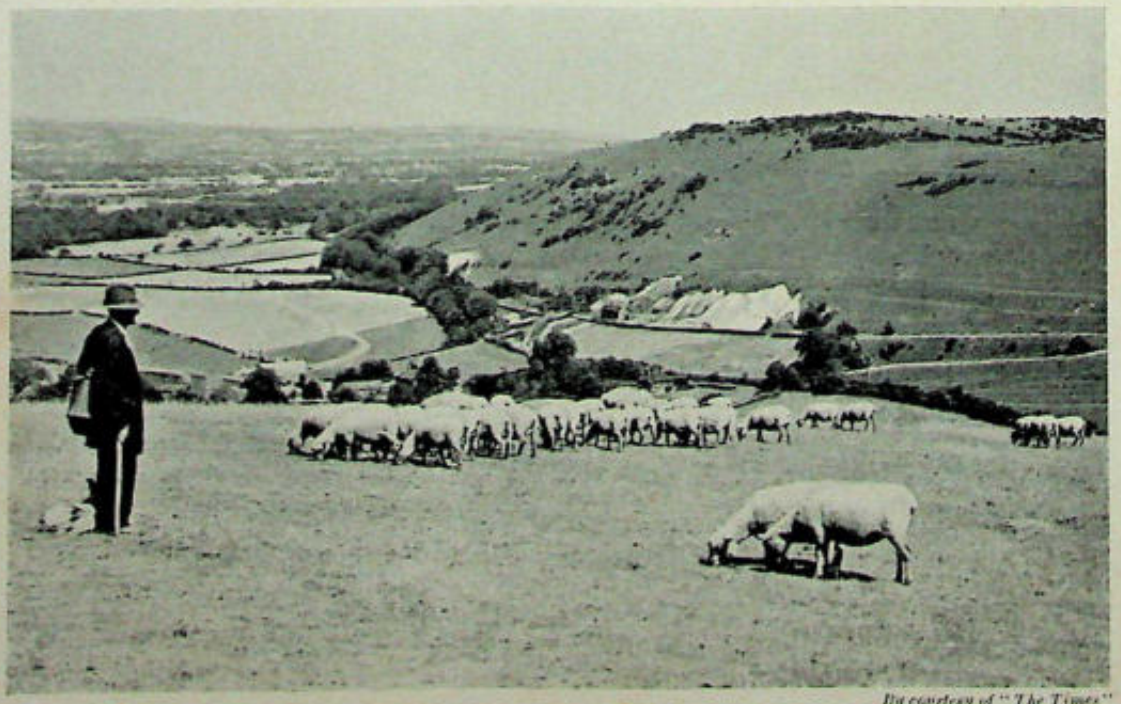
Apathy is the greatest enemy of modern English life, parochial or national. It is conquered in parochial and private life—apparently only when personal gain is the goal; in national life only in times of crisis. So far as the preservation of England's beauty and of the historic buildings of England are concerned this is—and has been for some time—a time of crisis. Many, many people realise this; many, many people would like to do something about it; many, many people really feel very strongly about it. But very, very few people do anything about it—for a variety of reasons (all of which can be defeated); because they are English and do not like making a fuss; because they are not well off, and what they could afford to give would not make any difference (a very common idea which is not always an excuse); because they do not know anything about it until it is too late; because they are lazy; because they do not know anyone personally who feels as they do. Public opinion when roused knows not apathy. Public opinion means the opinion, well directed and well expressed, of many people. A good cause will ultimately arouse public opinion.

The National Trust is doing a noble work. It can, given support, do very much more. But that support must come from the many—not the few.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.



EVENING ON DERWENTWATER
A glorious picture of Friar's Crag in Cumberland



By courtesy of "The Times"

IN ENGLAND STILL
Sunshine and sheep on the slopes of Newtimber Hill

SPAWNING BEDS IN WINTER

A Plea for More Investigation

By H. D. TURING

WITH the recent arrival of December, a change has taken place in the trout stream. Where a month ago the bed was hidden by an olive-green growth of mare's tail stirring gently in the current, with darker patches of buttercup making a shadowy background for bright green celery, now appears yellow gravel which has not been visible these three months past, and the contour of the river bed, its hollows, flats and mounds of gritty silt show clearly in the winter sunlight. What seemed to be a promontory on the bank, where loosestrife was so destructive to flies, until one was pulled gently off it into the water and destroyed something more worth while, now appears as an attractive hollow carved by some wayward current, fit habitation for the 2-pounder which knows it no more. Everywhere familiar landmarks of the fishing season seem to have disappeared. It is as if an old picture had been cleaned, and the line and colour of the master's brush showed up again as when the painting was new made.

Few anglers, apart from the occasional seeker for grayling, see the trout stream in its winter garb, most of us being, I suppose, occupied with our lawful occasions, and hoping, vaguely, that all will be well with the stream until we see it next year, when the pussy willows are already showering gold upon its surface. Possibly this is the reason why spawning beds are so often neglected. There is a tendency, perhaps, to think rather optimistically that "nature knows best," and to leave her the job of attending to her own affairs, with the sort of gentle hope that the trout will find suitable spawning grounds for themselves and are best left to their own devices.

This rather half-formed idea has probably been fostered by a very widely-held view, until recently, that natural spawning was an inefficient affair, decidedly a chuck-and-chance-it business in which most of the milt from the male fish was swept away down stream, and only some very small percentage of the thousands of eggs extruded by the female was ever fertilised. A recent investigation in New Zealand, of which an account was given in these columns earlier in the year, has shown very effectually that, on the contrary, a trout's spawning methods are highly efficient, just as efficient in fact as our most modern system of artificial spawning. The redd is so shaped that an eddying current carries the milt round just where the eggs are laid, and only some trifling 3 per cent. or so escapes fertilisation. Afterwards, they are covered with several inches of gravel and are practically safe until the little alevin has absorbed most of its yolk sac and struggles from its nest to take its chance in the stream. That this chance is not very good is shown by the low survival rate later on; but the original start is good enough for anyone.

It has been argued, and with some reason, that what is true of New Zealand streams is not necessarily true of those at home; that spawning streams at the antipodes are more nearly natural waters, running through comparatively uncultivated country, whereas our own best trout streams run through rich farm land and, at least in the south, have cultivated banks from source to mouth. In consequence, there is a great deal more fine silt carried down, which is one of the great dangers to eggs in their incubation period, for it fills up the interstices between the gravel in which the eggs are lying and stops the flow of water which carries the oxygen to the developing fish. Also, of course, that what is food for the fish is an enemy to the egg and alevin, so that the richer a trout stream in food the greater will be the loss in trout reproduction.

Mr. Derisley Hobbs, who was responsible for the New Zealand investigations, found very little evidence of loss through predatory insects up to the time when the alevins left the gravel for the bed of the stream, so it is possible our fears of damage from enemies in the redd itself are partly unfounded, but it would be useful for a careful investigation of redds to be made in a south-country stream to see whether caddis or the larvæ of large insects do work their way down into the redds. At present there is no really reliable information available in this country as to losses which occur at this stage.

What comes most clearly out of his investigations is that serious damage may be caused by the deposition of silt. It is true that no great loss occurs from this cause in New Zealand, but that is obviously because silt was seldom deposited. In this country silt is a perennial danger, as witness the damage which it caused two years ago (in the memorable winter flood which came down the chalk streams) to the experimental stews of the Hampshire Avon research scheme. What was the loss in natural spawning from this flood in the 1936-37 season? Judging by the damage it did to well-grown fish and the denudation of fly life from the river beds, it must have been appalling.

Present practice, with people who take care of their spawning beds, is to rake the gravel over with a fairly long-tined rake at the beginning of November, care being taken to root up all weed growing in the bed and stirring the gravel up well so as to get it as clean as possible. As far as it goes, this is probably very sound practice, but there are two points which may be worth consideration. One of them is whether November is the best time to do it. It is a rather curious thing that Mr. Hobbs noted in his investigations that fish did not seem to select, by choice, very loose gravel; they inclined to a bed which was partly cemented; easy to "work" apparently, but in itself fairly solid. It may be that there is some advantage in having the bed alongside a redd appreciably more solid than the redd itself, so that the water has a tendency to circulate in the loosely-filled redd surrounded by the partly-cemented undisturbed gravel. So an earlier rake over might give better results, leaving time for the gravel to settle down well again. Or what is, perhaps, more important, to rake only the surface of the gravel very lightly, so as to clean it well, leaving the immediate subsoil undisturbed.

The other point—and a much more urgent one—is how to prevent a deposit of silt occurring after the redd has been made and filled with fertilised ova. In trout streams nowadays, where great care is usually taken to keep as much weed in the water as possible, there are always heavy deposits of silt. All weeds collect silt at their base, though provided the stream is swift enough most of it will be of the gritty kind, composed of fairly large particles in which fly life is often abundant. In the autumn, when the weeds decay, a good deal of fine vegetable matter becomes mixed with it, unless weeds have been cleared sufficiently earlier in the season to keep a sufficient current running; the finer the material the less current it takes to carry it. But in any case, heavy water in winter is bound to carry off the finer particles of silt and as the high water subsides there is great danger that this may be deposited on the spawning bed.

One point to be watched is obviously that the spawning bed shall be as level and as free from any kind of obstruction as possible. Whenever an obstruction occurs a small eddy is formed behind it, and silt is inevitably deposited in the slower current. As the pile of debris increases its edges will be continually washed away and spread over the adjacent gravel since this lower layer of water is impeded by friction against the bed of the stream and will not carry the silt far.

ON THE SPAWNING BEDS: A REACH OF THE DIGSWELL FISHERY ON THE HERTFORDSHIRE MIMRAM

But something else is needed if silt from upstream is to be prevented from getting into the redds. It would seem that either the summer deposit of silt must be washed away early to the non-spawning parts of a stream, or that some method must be evolved of holding it *in situ* during the early months of the year when the danger of it is most apparent. In cases where the water is slow and the risk of deposit greatest, it may be possible to increase the stream by narrowing the river; but otherwise no very effective method of holding back the silt has yet been devised. Low single-log weirs might be worth trying. They have the effect of collecting silt on their upstream side, though the objection has been urged against them that a really heavy push of water will clear out the accumulated silt which increases the danger they were erected to avoid.

However, a push of water heavy enough to do this will also, as a rule, be heavy enough to carry the silt safely past the spawning gravel. It is while the flood is subsiding that the worst of the trouble occurs, and a log on the bed of the stream above the spawning bed may be expected to catch a good deal of the suspended matter which might otherwise get on to the gravel. Anyhow, it may be worth while for an owner to try it for a season and watch the effect. Exactly what constitutes good spawning gravel both in substance and position is a piece of knowledge well worth the trouble to acquire.

WILDFOWL STUDIES ON THE BROADS

PINK FEET SETTLING

MUTE SWANS OVER HICKLING, WINTER

From the exhibition of paintings by Roland Green now being held at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann's, 157, New Bond Street, W.1.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Wet Conditions With the Duke of Beaufort's

THE wet state of the ground is conducive to first rate scenting conditions, but the wild and stormy weather has made it difficult to maintain the high average of sport that water lying in the furrows always betokens in this country. Those that have been out all day and every day have been well rewarded. Saturday at Fosse Lodge was a very bright morning after a rough night with a nip in the air for the first time this season, and there seemed little scent when hounds found at Dunley Gorse, and ran a circle to Cranhill Wood and back. However, when they got their fox away a second time they ran well, crossing the Fosse, and went on to Cranhill Gorse. Here again there was little scent in covert, and after marking two fresh foxes to ground, the Duke held them on over the land and recovered the line of the hunted fox going on by Goulters Gorse and Alderton Grove. Here the second whipper-in got a view, and then the bitches got on better terms and raced away up wind with much improved scent. Few people of the large Saturday crowd out were really well up with them after crossing the railway. They went very fast by Hebden, left both Centre Walk Brake and Allen Grove untouched, and continued as far as Sopworth Cross Roads, where a plough team probably turned this good fox, and he went back by Wick Farm to Allen Grove. Here, in spite of being "whistled away" on the line of a fresh fox, the Duke had the satisfaction of killing his beaten fox in the open in Badminton Park. This was a very good hunt, for the most part over a delightful line of country riding at its best.

On the following Monday the dog hounds with Holland had an excellent day in the Dauntsey Vale. At first there was little scent after a rough night, but there was a good hunt from Miles Gorse to Catcombe, followed by another over the cream of the Vale, also to Catcombe.

Tuesday was a busy wall day, after the meet at Sir Walter Preston's hospitable house. Wednesday a gale raged all day, but quite surprisingly hounds managed to run well when a fox obligingly left Worlocks Covert upwind for Siston. That is a particularly rough and awkward line of country, and several red coats were reported in the brook at the same time! Later from Bean Wood, after lightning and sleet, conditions for hunting became impossible, and hounds had to be stopped.

Friday also started unpleasantly, with the large crowd out getting soaked at the meet, which was the Kennels. A fox from Withmore ran by the Bath Verge, then from Maddon Plantation, a grand light-coloured fox went away in a heavy downpour of rain. He went through the Seven Mile Plantation, between Beech Copse and Grickston Farm, and continued on over the Bath main road, by Sodbury Camp to Little Sodbury Wood, where one expected this hunt to finish in the badger earths. But not a bit of it; this good fox went on—a most unusual line—past the church, back up the hill, over the road (quite clear of followers), straight towards the earths below Horton, but finding these closed he went on by Widden Hill, the Old Camp and Chalkley, to Broad Hill. Here it looked almost as if there were two lines, and a fresh fox jumped up by Hawkesbury Church, but hounds stuck to their hunted fox and went on to Lower Woods—thus far having come all the way upwind. The weather was now much better, and the going too wet to be holding. Hunting beautifully, hounds stuck to their fox for some time in Lower Woods till he turned down wind, and then on a failing scent they turned the line back to Horton Bushes, where, being out of their country, they were stopped. Less than a score of people saw this excellent hunt all through, but for those that could cope with the hillsides and the unexpected line, it was a rare delight to be able to watch hounds hunt so magnificently practically untouched all the way—and not once was the fox headed.

FIELDFARE.

COTTESMORE'S WONDERFUL WEEK

"PRAY for rain," said the Master to me last week. I duly did so, and a lot of others must have done so as well, as on Sunday we had a real downpour which has made the going just perfect now. And what a week's sport we have had. Four clinking good days, two of them red-letter ones.

Monday (21st).—Peckworth. A lovely day overhead and underfoot; a big field for this side of the country. And we had an excellent day's sport, hunting all day over a lovely country and plenty of room to ride each fence where you pleased. The hounds, the mixed pack, mostly dog hounds, work. Beginning with Turnpole, we found and ran very fast through Heath Wood, Newall Wood, into Holywell, where we were run out of scent.

A fox from a root field at Tolethorpe Oaks ran through the covert and very fast into Newall, and, turning back, worked its way back to Tolethorpe Oaks, where we marked to ground after a very nice hunt of 40 minutes. Finding again in Woodhead Wood we ran well in a left-hand circle over a nice line almost to Turnpole, where we turned right-handed and ran slap through Exeter's Gorse up to Tickencote, and, leaving Great Casterton on our right, eventually lost our fox near East Wood, after a really excellent hunt of 65 minutes.

Tilton Village was the venue on Tuesday (22nd); a lovely sunny day, a red-letter day's sport, and by far the best scenting day of the season so far. We began by drawing a small spinney on Mr. Button's farm adjacent to the village. Out of it came one of the biggest dog foxes I have seen for a long time. "Too fat to run far," said some of the knowing ones, and took things easy, and thus lost a very good hunt. Leaving the village on our right we crossed the Coplow Road, and hounds started to run fast down to the Loseby Banks before bearing left-handed and running very fast over this undulating country. They left Lord Merton's Covert on their left and Sludge Hall on their right, recrossed the Coplow Road, and continued on through Oak Spinney, straight through the Coplow into Botany Bay. Hounds sticking to their hunted fox forced him out of this without delay, and two miles farther on marked him to ground in a small spinney a field short of Ingarsby Old Hall, after a first-class hunt of 47 minutes—all in Quorn country.

From Owston Big Wood then came a really brilliant gallop, hounds running at a great pace over a most delectable line of country for 45 minutes. In the first 30 minutes hounds never checked, and then only momentarily. Going away almost at once on the west side of the covert, it was soon evident we were in for a good thing. We ran first towards Knossington. Leaving this on our right, we almost reached Somerby before bearing left-handed over the earths at Allom Banks (long life to the stopper), and crossing the big bottom fence we raced on to just below Owston Village. Here we bore right, and pointed for Marefield. Before reaching this we turned past Stone Lodge and on into Owston Wood, where fresh foxes were on foot and hounds were stopped after a really great hunt of 45 minutes.

Thursday (24th).—Cottesmore Aerodrome, by invitation of Wing-Commander Drew and officers of the R.A.F., who dispensed profuse hospitality to mounted and unmounted, an excellent day's sport was brought off. Beginning with Cottesmore Wood, a good fox went away at once, crossed the Greetham—Exton Road, Mr. Hall's farm, ran slap through Watkin's Gorse, and on across Chapel Farm into Kennel Spinney. Bustling their fox out of here, hounds killed him in the open a few fields farther on, after an excellent hunt of 45 minutes. Finding again on the old Canal Bank, hounds turned left-handed from the Ashwell Road, past Burley Village, and through part of Burley Wood, before getting into the open again, and ran to Catmose, where they swung into Burley Wood, again, and lost their fox, after a real good 67 minutes. A fox from Barrow Thorns ran through Cottesmore Gorse, and on to Market Overton, and then, taking a wide left-handed ring over a good line was killed at Market Overton after an excellent 35 minutes.

Saturday (26th).—Whissendine. We wound up the week with a red-letter day. A very large field out, including a lot of strangers, and after a wild night a lovely day. We started with Wymondham Roughs, which did not hold, but our most popular Chairman, Colonel John Gretton, had a great fox for us in Cottage Plantation. Going away at once, we ran straight through Laxtons, over the Whissendine Brook, and up almost to Whissendine Village, short of which we crossed the Melton—Whissendine Road, and with the Noel Arms on our right, ran straight and fast to Ranksboro Gorse. No delay here, this good fox going straight through the gorse and leaving Cold Overton on our right we ran on past Lady Wood and up to within a field of Cheseldyne, where we lost our fox, after a splendid hunt of 60 minutes, with a point of seven-and-a-half miles. Grief was abundant, as the pace was fast, and we had strongly fenced country to get over. Those who had second horses now went on to Little Owston, from where we had an excellent fox hunt of 67 minutes, though of a rather twisty nature, and so ended a really wonderful week's sport. A very hard one on huntsman, staff, horses and hounds.

FOXY.

USEFUL WEEK WITH THE PYTCHLEY

MONDAY (21st).—Moulton. Reference was made earlier in the season to the aptitude of these hounds for dealing with kale. On the day in question, with not too good a scent, they showed what may be accomplished by using their noses as opposed to their eyes, till, later in the day, they harried the foxes round and about the meeting-place, marking one to ground and killing a brace, in and out of kale continuously. In the afternoon a good hunt took place from more kale near Moulton Grange, which ended between Holcot and Hanmington by the fox being killed. A good day's work, with more resting on it than a somewhat brief description would infer.

On Wednesday, from Barby, the huntsman, hounds and their followers suffered, like all other packs which took the field on that day, from the stupendous gale. A guest who is a good judge of foxhunting replied to the query, "Well, you must have had a horrible day?" with "On the contrary, the day was certainly foul enough *qua* weather, but we had one really good hunt—fifteen minutes of it were as good as you want over a lovely country—and marked to ground. Another and regular member of the Hunt supported the above statement, and so this must be a matter of some congratulation to the executive and the pack.

It seems that after a fox of Mr. Darby's had been lost in Hill Morton another jumped up in a well-known rushy pit on Barby Hill. After a circle round the village the fox sunk into the vale and headed for Willoughby, thereby checking the wind. For fifteen glorious minutes hounds ran hard and over a notoriously fine country. As the fox turned back the pace was slower, but hunting marvellously well with a scent thoroughly diffused, hounds put him to ground short of Braunston Cleeve after 40 minutes in all.

Friday's doings from Harrington were influenced by geographical considerations and an unfavourable wind. The early foxes refused to take to the good country and resorted to the suburbs of Rothwell and Desborough, and Waterloo was blank.

A fox from Suderland Wood was caught just short of Scotland Wood, and another which jumped up in the same patch of thorns was marked to ground at Maidwell, when hounds were running really well. They were then close at him, having crossed Kelmarsh Tunnel and left Blue Covert almost on the fox's brush.

Saturday (26th), at West Haddon, provided a day which was nearly very good after a night of terrific wind and rain. A fox in Winwick Warren took a deal of finding, and was hunted nicely nearly to Elkington and killed. Hounds run hard to the Hemploe with a fox found in the aforementioned covert. He was run hard round these historic hills for 40 minutes but found an open hole when on the point of death.

Then came a great disappointment. The Field-side was the great hope of an attractive draw, but the fox to which the hounds were tied refused to leave and was killed after 20 minutes. The sun was setting, and there was a distinct nip in the air as the pack obtained a rare start with a fox found in some kale near Firetail. They settled to run hard at once and soon had arrived at Naseby Reservoir, where they may have changed foxes as there were two lines. After a momentary hesitation they were running as hard as ever past Naseby Hall, and pointing for Welford. Short of the earths at Sulby Abbey the pack swung sharp right. The Hunt staff and the leaders (and the company was select) were forced to make a detour. The pack raced on, pointing for Naseby Covert, turned back, and touch was regained near Georges Spinney. It seems that a fresh fox had intervened meanwhile, and so a gallop, which in some measure had made up for unavoidable disappointment, collapsed. It has been a useful week.

EMERITUS.

MORE GOOD BELVOIR SPORT

TWO excellent hunts in four days is fair treatment, particularly as the plums were evenly distributed between the two sides of the country, and only the adverse weather prevented further favours. The week started well on Tuesday from Sudbrook: the morning was balmy enough and possibly too bright for the more pessimistic prophets. However, the compact and amenable field which usually foregathers in the Lincolnshire country was soon to be given a treat. Sudbrook Gorse proved blank, but the kale field next door was immediately astir when hounds cast into it, and, almost at once, a fox went away. Going off at quite a stirring pace, the first lap over the jolly cock fences to Normanton put everyone into a splendid temper. This preliminary burst brought the concourse back to the starting place, of which the kale was so tall and well grown that the pack had difficulty in getting about. Individual hounds kept jumping high above the crop in a way which indicated that their fox was still in hiding. Soon he broke again on the Ancaster side and went off with decision; swinging up to the left, he then approached Sparrow Gorse, but did not attempt to go in; instead, carrying on over the flanking stone wall and the approaching lane, he set off as if for Byard's Leap. Root fields, light plough and occasional grass constitutes this region, but hounds

were not concerned with the nature of the ground; on everything they smelt fox, and that was enough. Without let or hindrance they carried on to the bluff above Caythorpe, then turned down the hill below the court. A holloa on brought them back to the high ground, and, after a short ring on the heath had given the scattered retinue a chance of getting up, they saw a brave fox bowled over in the open, with all honour, after a splendid hunt of over an hour.

That night the wind began to rise and welcome-though far from gentle, rain descended. Climatic metamorphosis from the day before was complete when a shivering field arrived at Thorp, Arnold, everyone vowing that it was madness to attempt hunting on such a day. The theory that foxes would be impossible to find in the gale was immediately exploded on arrival at Bouch's Plantation. They went off in all colours, sizes and directions like splinters from a bomb, and the only difficulty was to decide on which to follow. Up-wind was out of the question, and even the hounds nearly got blown over as they hurtled along, not so much on the line of the fox as on that of least resistance.

It was a miracle to have a hunt at all, so violent was the gale, and after drifting from Freeby Wood, through Waltham Thorns, Newman's Gorse and beyond for a few fields, a most attenuated party stuck to hounds when they subsequently had a small hunt on what was definitely the "blasted heath."

district of Gonerby Moor was traversed for the second time in a fortnight. After pointing for Barrowby Thorns, hounds swung round behind Sedgebrook, and, slowing down in the next ten minutes, were defeated after a really delightful hunt which must have measured a point of close on five miles, over country which carries a wonderful scent and is as enjoyable to ride across as any in the Belvoir region. A short dart from the Debdales put paid to the day, and finally banished the baleful memories of the morning. UNBRIDLED.

EXCELLENT SPORT WITH THE BADSWORTH

SYKEHOUSE is a charming and quite unspoilt village in the best of the Badsworth country; and conditions were good when hounds met there on November 22nd. The country had been much improved by the rain, though the going was rather heavy. Only a small field turned out, but they enjoyed excellent sport, and were on the grass all day, and everyone had as much galloping and jumping as they wanted. Oliver's Willows was blank, but a fox was viewed away from Kirkhouse Whin by the second whipper-in before hounds were put in cover. Getting a good start hounds ran hard to Kirkhouse Green nearly to the canal, and with Oliver's Willows on the left they crossed the Clay Drain and skirting Sykehouse Village crossed the line by the railway station for Balne Wood, but lost the fox by the banks of the Went after a very nice hunt of 22 minutes.

secretary, Major Cantrell Habbersty taking that nasty fall last Monday week, right at the commencement of the season, too. Everybody will join me in wishing the gallant major a speedy return to the pigskin.

Monday was a glorious day with a real nip in the air, and it was surprising scent was not better; hounds, after meeting at Wyneswold, having to work hard all day. Congratulations to whoever looks after Willoughby Gorse. Plenty of foxes this season in the beautiful little covert, lying so close to the village, it is apt to be hunted pretty regularly by stray curs and frequented as a happy playground for children—quite a difficult little spot to look after; and it was very pleasing when a burst of music heralded the rousing of the first fox of the day. He proved, however, to be a turning, twisting sort, and after taking hounds round by the Triangle Spinney, returned left-handed into the gorse, going away a second time at the bottom end, he hugged the brook and went on to the outskirts of Wysall Village before turning back left-handed into Thorpe-in-the-Glebe spinneys. Hounds and huntsman persevered through the chain of spinneys back to Willoughby Gorse, when they must have caught up with their fox—a hunted customer—being viewed away, this time over the Wysall—Widmerpool Road, hounds ran quite nicely at times and stuck to their fox, hunting him nearly up to Green Hill before he turned right-handed and made his way back to the outskirts of Willoughby Village, when what must have been a stone-cold

THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL AFTER MEETING AT KIRTLINGTON PARK

Saturday's meet was at Cotham, not a favourite appointment, placed as it is, close to the South Notts border, and with some very fruity ploughs and dykes in waiting on almost every side. As if drawn by a magnet, both foxes found in Cotham Thorns went straight across a slough of despond, and, to add to the indignity, a malevolent hail-storm struck us amidships, making visibility nil and discomfort acute. Better things were to come, and all the misery of the morning was forgotten when, with the sun, a fox emerged from the osiers alongside Staunton Hall. There is one route *par excellence* to be taken from here, and on this he kindly embarked. Top speed to Normanton Little Covert (not to be confused with the Normanton mentioned in Tuesday's hunt), a matter of ten or a dozen fields, all grass, and divided by fences one knows by heart but always welcomes. Hounds stormed into the covert, but were soon away again on the village side. Woe to the motorists who headed the fox from crossing the road at his appointed place; but he was not to be thwarted, and a holloa farther down the street announced that he was successfully over and on his way to Moss and Plumbs. This is also a lovely bit of riding country, and, pushing out without delay, the bitches were soon running on towards Allington. The line grew fainter as the Low Covert was approached, but, almost at once, they were again in full cry across the park; before long, the Foston Beck loomed ahead, if so deep and dank an obstacle can "loom." With infinite tact, the pilot chose to go by the ford, and the usually unfrequented

Finding an outlier in some rough grasses the pack ran very fast through Tune Wood nearly to Bramwith, crossing some biggish fences and dykes and drains, which were unpleasantly full, and, swinging right-handed, they ran on well over a very nice line past Hawkhouse Green, but short of Fenwick Wood hounds again bore right and checked on the railway line at Kirkhouse; a passing train caused a slight delay, but being put right they ran on more slowly, and marked their fox to ground in a breeding earth at Kirkhouse Green after a capital hunt of 50 minutes, hounds having run fast for 30 minutes to the railway. A good many followers now went home, but with a fox from Ell Wood, who incidentally only just evaded being chopped, hounds ran through the high bracken of Fenwick Wood, nearly to the church, the fox being headed on the Moss Road, hounds turned left-handed, and running on well across Mr. Duckett's Farm the fox unfortunately got to ground in a drain by Kirkhouse Green. This was a very nice fifteen minutes gallop. Horses had had quite enough by now, as the going was heavy, and they had been galloping and jumping nearly all day. This ended a capital day's sport, and the bitches showed to great advantage. B.

THE QUORN'S GOOD WEEK

SEVERAL nice hunts took place during last week. Scent was best, perhaps, first start off before the wind rose on Friday, the 25th, and again in the late afternoon after it had subsided somewhat. What bad luck for the popular Hunt fox beat his pursuers after two hours. Ella's Gorse then produced several foxes. Hounds going away with No. 1 at the top end hunted him over a few fields, and then lost him. It was during this short hunt the Hunt secretary came to grief.

Returning to Ella's hounds were quickly away again, and crossing the Willoughby—Six Hills Road, bore round left-handed, leaving Willoughby Village on the right and pointed for Wyneswold, where an enjoyable little hunt came to an end when scent failed on some plough.

Tuesday saw hounds at the Field Head on the forest side, a very enjoyable day following. Scent was very poor in covert in the morning; foxes roused in Hawksworth and Whittington Roughs being masters of the situation. It was a different tale, however, when a fox was holloaed away on the Desford side of Ratby Burrows, hounds hit the line off and ran nicely left-handed back over the lane under the Burrows through Whittington Roughs, crossed the Markfield Road and went down into the valley, pointing for Stanton-under-Bardon. A long way short of the village, however, he bore away to the left and after hunting him nearly down to Thornton Reservoir they lost him, after a nice 70 minutes.

Trotting back the Master gave orders for the Ulverscroft Coverts. Hounds quickly finding at the back of Mr. Lillingstone's house, hunted their fox through Lee Wood right-handed through the new covert and John Lee's nearly up to Covert Cloud, before turning back right-handed into

Stinking Wood. Crossing the road into Stoneywell, scent, although it had somewhat improved in covert, again became catchy, and it was some little time before hounds were able to force their fox away again into the open. Crossing the brook and Newtown Road he went on nearly up to Benscliffe before turning right-handed under Blake's Hayes, and going over the Newtown Road again he made his way back into John Lee's. It was now getting dark, and several fresh foxes being on the moor, hounds were stopped after 65 minutes.

A large field welcomed their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester when hounds met at Barsby. Prince of Wales was drawn first, and no sooner had hounds been thrown in than one or two bitches spoke, a chorus followed immediately, and it was not long before they were streaming away for South Croxton. After running nicely down to the brook they "through up," and George, evidently thinking his fox had been headed, cast along the brook side to the right. His judgment was right, and they hit the line off again back into Prince of Wales. Going away the second time they ran through the New Covert, pointing for Barkby Holt, then right-handed down to the brook again and checked. Their fox had gone on up the hill to South Croxton village, where he was confronted by a dozen foot people, who proceeded to holloa in his face, turning him to the right.

George lifted hounds over a couple of fields, and putting them right the chase continued across the Baggrave Road back right-handed over the brook, and once again into Prince of Wales, where a tired fox was bowled over after 50 minutes. A fox then found in Barkby Holt made straight for an old turf drain one field short of the Queniborough Road, and made his escape. After chopping a fox in Sherrards, the "tit-bit" of the day took place with another from the same place; scent had improved, and they ran beautifully right-handed over the Queniborough Road, and leaving South Croxton on the left crossed the brook and went on under Prince of Wales, through Baggrave Park over the Cold Newton Road and into Quenby Park, when a topping good 45 minutes came to an end.

SCARLET RUNNER.

THE CATTISTOCK SEVEN-MILE POINT

HOW it did blow along the south coast on Friday night! Lying in my bed I wondered if any foxes were abroad, or if we should have a blank day on Saturday and break the record of "never a blank day" which has been true of the Cattistock country for the past 40 years. The Frome had overflowed its banks and three miles north of Dorchester the main road was 2ft. deep in water, and I picked up a stranded soldier from Bovington Camp, whose car had been put out of business. He was standing disconsolate by the roadside in his hunting kit, and was overjoyed at my suggestion that I take him on to the meet at Mosterton, where his horse was waiting for him. At the meet we found a goodly gathering, and, what was more important, hounds found a stout fox scarcely a quarter of a mile away, apparently waiting for them in a little coppice where he had been lying snugly protected from the storm. He was up and away over Mosterton Down, and with hounds close at him he sunk the vale and headed straight for the river. I could not believe that any fox would attempt to cross the flooded river, and waited on the hill above to see which way hounds would swing, but even as I watched I saw them away over the meadows beyond, and rode hard to get to the ford at Blue Button, which I deemed the only way to get across the swollen stream. How the Hunt staff managed to get across, I do not know, but they did, and they were followed by some of the more venturesome spirits; but they told me that the river was full of struggling horses, and I think that those of us who cut round by the ford and caught hounds as they came out of Potwell Covert had the best of it. From Potwell they crossed a nice bit of country, raced through Horn Park, and, coming out on the far side, swung sharp right-handed and ran almost into the village of Broadwindsor, turning back through Potwell again and retracing their line to Horn Park over the heavy going in the meadows. At Horn Park this time they swung left-handed, and, leaving Horn Park House on their right, they drove on over the Beaminster Road to Meerhay, turning left up Whitesheet Hill, and on past Fir Tree Gorse with never a check. Scent must have been very good, for the pace improved steadily, and we had to ride as hard as we could to keep the flying pack in sight, as they sank the valley below Corsecombe Village and drove on into Chelborough Park. Beyond Chelborough scent seemed to fail, and in the cattle-foiled fields that overlook the Benville meadows hounds were brought to their noses, and robbed of a well-merited victory, although they marked their fox to ground—with every hound at the earth—half-a-mile further on. It was just over two hours from the time hounds first spoke at Trott's Spinney to the top of Chelborough Hill, where the first serious check came, and during those two hours horses had been extended most of the time, so that, although the point was only seven miles, I feel sure that hounds covered more than twice that distance. It was a really brilliant hunt, the best of the season so far—and it has been an outstanding season to date, the best November I can remember.

The Cattistock have had very good days this week, two good hunts of 30 and 40 minutes respectively on Tuesday, and equally good sport from their meet at Up-Loders on Friday, when the bitches provided two very good hunts and added a leash to the tally. The last of these is perhaps worth mentioning, although it hardly ranks with the Saturday performance. Hounds found their fox in a little withy-bed below Askerswell Village, and, getting away close on his brush, they raced away over the hills past Stancombe and Brake's (where they had killed their morning fox) to Maltby's hanging, where they rolled over this stout customer after the fastest 40 minutes I have seen this season. Scent was breast high, hounds never checked, the country was all that could have been desired, and in fact it was one of those "quick things" which lives in one's memory for many a long day.

LINCOLN.

FERNIE'S BRILLIANT SPORT

THIS week has been a continuation of the excellent sport the Fernie Hounds have been showing this season. With the wetter state of the ground in contrast to last season, scenting conditions have been good, and the going perfect, two factors, when taken into account with a third, and no less important—the plentiful supply of foxes everywhere—augurs well.

After the gale conditions of Wednesday almost anything might be expected on Thursday. When the dog hounds met at Great Glen, however, bright sunshine and a cold nip in the air made it an ideal hunting day.

Glen Oaks was drawn blank, but Glen Gorse did not leave us long in suspense as hounds found at once, and going away in two lots on a brace of foxes in more or less the same direction made things appear somewhat complicated at the start.

However, joining up in a couple of fields they settled down and ran very nicely with Stackley on their left, pointing for Oadby. Swinging left-handed over the Glen—Stretton Road, they continued through Glen Oaks and turned left-handed along the brook, keeping Burton Overy on their right before crossing the Mere Lane. Here it would seem their fox meant to gain sanctuary in Mr. Williams' earths close by King's Norton, but finding these closed he bore left-handed over the brook and pointed for Norton Gorse. Doubtless he was headed at the road by motor cars and swinging right-handed traversed the length of the village to Bath Spinney. Continuing over that lovely piece of Fernie's Thursday country, hounds bore right-handed short of Ilston, and crossing the Ilston—Carlton Road checked owing to motor cars. However, Peaker's forward cast towards Ilston Grange righted matters. Continuing past Carlton Manor, they pointed for Shagton Holt, but leaving the covert one field on their left bore on over Gartree Lane as though Carlton Clump were the objective. At this point it was obvious their fox was tiring by the many short turns he put in, and it would seem he did not fancy the sharp climb up to Carlton Clump, and instead swung right-handed down into the valley towards Glen, where he tried Mr. Holman's earths. Being unlucky for the second time in that respect, he skirted Burton Overy Village and was rolled over on the outskirts after a brilliant hunt of an hour-and-a-half with a five-mile point and more than double the distance as hounds ran.

A noticeable and highly gratifying feature of this hunt was the way in which hounds ran up together throughout and were "all on" when Peaker handled his fox.

This is the second brilliant hunt this week with the Fernie, as on Monday the bitches excelled themselves after finding at Wistow, and killed in the open near by Walton Holt after 87 minutes. This was a six-and-a-half-mile point and fifteen as hounds ran.

C. D.

ZETLAND HOUNDS SHOW CAPITAL SPORT

THESE hounds met at Stragleton Gate on Thursday and found at once in Moulton Whin. They ran fast through Birch Carr to Halnaby Hall gardens where they checked, hitting off the line in Milbank they ran through Murky Hill and along the Howl Beck before bearing left-handed and running through 40 acres. Here there were several fresh foxes afoot, but sticking to their hunted fox they ran on fast with the Hall on their left, passed the reservoir and crossed the Croft Road. Through Bullmire and straight to Allan's Whin. They never hesitated here and ran on as if for Barton, short of which they turned left-handed, ran through the corner of Inkle straight to Middleton Lodge Whin. Disdaining this sanctuary, they were led over the park and over the Middleton Tyas Road to cross the North Road with Violet Grange on their left. They slowed up a bit here on the ploughs, but on reaching the grass they ran on fast with Merrybent Whim a field on their left and looked like going to Langdale. Short of Melsonby they bore right-handed and crossed the Piercebridge Road and came to a check by the Barton Quarries. The fox was viewed leaving the quarries, and hounds were soon set going again to run over the North Road, through Middleton Lodge Covert, over the park and come to a check short of Middleton Tyas. This was the end of this good hunt, although we learnt some short time after that two-and-a-half couple had run on with their fox only a field ahead into the Bedale country, it was most unfortunate that this information came too late for any use to be made of it. As hounds must have killed their fox and probably this small party did so. This was a great hunt of 1 hour and 45 minutes, with a five-mile point and fifteen as hounds ran, hounds only having to be cast twice.

Scent had deteriorated by the time they found their next fox in Church Whin, and they hunted past Halnaby Hall, through Black Wood, Clervaux, to the thorns where their fox turned back just in front of them, but they could only walk after him on the foiled ground as far as Walmire, where they were stopped after 45 minutes. The bungalow covert was drawn blank which ended the day.

H. A. JAFFEY.

A GOOD WEEK WITH THE CROOME

IT is many years since the Croome met at Upton-on-Severn, until last week when, owing to Lord Beauchamp's death, hounds kept to the east bank of the river (usually reserved for Saturdays), instead of hunting on the Madresfield side. It was on Tuesday, November 22nd, when we met there and, what with ferocious monsters of machinery at work on the new bridge belching forth fire and brimstone, and the incessant stream of main road traffic, we were not sorry when hounds moved off to their first draw. The Brickpits (which are not really brickpits at all, but pools of water surrounded by osiers, invariably providing one otter or more when the Wye Valley Otterhounds come there in the summer) were blank, and a fox from Ryall Bank was killed in covert, rolling down the slope into the river beneath. At mid-day precisely hounds found in Ripple Lakes and, doubling sharply, threw many of the field out as they turned for Towbury and Puckrup, where a fresh fox jumped up in some kale and was marked to ground. The hunted fox circled round to Towbury and was eventually lost there. An outlier from a rushy field below Towbury Hill provided the next hunt, and though he chose a bad line of country, hounds hunted him well, marking him to ground in Ryall Bank at one o'clock. Of three outliers on Mr. Surman's farm, one—a lame fox—was killed, whilst another provided the hunt of the day, with a four-and-a-half mile point, measuring some fifteen as hounds ran.

At first the hunt lay over very indifferent scenting country consisting of much plough and market-garden land, but hounds held to the line remarkably well. From Ryall Village they swung left above the river to Ripple, touching Brockeridge Common before crossing the main Worcester—Tewkesbury Road to the River Avon. They doubled back at Twyning Fleet and recrossed the road to Towbury and Ripple, after which their fox braved the main road traffic yet a third time, going over Brockeridge Common to Hill Croome and the Manor Farm.

They crossed Rough Banks to the Marsh Common, and now it was obvious that their fox was out of his country and did not know where to go, for he made no attempt to enter the Rhidings, but instead kept straight on towards the Salt Baths. Then, swinging round to the east, he made for Woodmancote Rough, beyond which, though hounds carried it for a field or two, scent, like the "old soldiers," simply faded away. Dusk was falling as hounds were called together for home at the end of this hunt of two-and-a-half hours.

The mixed pack had been out on the Tuesday. Two days later the bitches had their turn, and they, too, were on the go all day. The meet was at Bredon's Norton Cross Roads, at the foot of Bredon Hill, and the weather, after the great gale, had become calm and gloriously fine. A fox from Mr. Padfield's osiers made tracks for the hill and was lost behind Bredon's Norton Village, whilst a leash were disturbed from some kale on Clattsmore Farm, and one was killed, whilst another led hounds up the hill to Wellgate Larches. There was a stale line over the top to Fiddler's Nap, above Overbury, and hounds marked their fox to ground there. From Conderton Larches they ran to Ashton Wood and through the whole length of the well-named Long Plantation, to mark their fox at last in an earth in Ebnley Wood. And the day finished with a hunt from Merrell's Hangings, hounds running magnificently, though their fox

seemed inclined to play "Here we go round the mulberry bush." At last, at the end of an hour, he too got to ground between Elmley Wood and Batten's Wood, and daylight was on its last legs as hounds started on the long road back to kennels.

Saturday, the 26th, was a perfect autumn day, with a brilliantly blue, rain-washed sky, and just that "nip" in the air that made us glad to keep moving. There had been raging wind and rain during the night, and it was not surprising that foxes were hard to find, but at 12.45 a fox was away from Croome Perry, and a good hunt followed. There was a little "lepping," as hounds ran to the Park, where they jumped the high wall and ran through the Oaks nearly to Salt Baths, then back through the gardens of Croome Court to the Home Farm and Croome Perry again. Crossing the railway they hunted up to Deerfold and back once more to Croome Perry, from which, without dwelling, they drove their fox out for Defford Common. Halfway to Porter's Ashbed he suddenly lost his nerve, and evidently seeing in his mind's eye the comparative security of the Park, he swung sharply to the right for Salt Baths, and hounds overhauled him as he came back down the Oaks. The hunt had occupied 90 minutes. A tree fox from the top of the Park promptly got to ground in the Shrubberies, and a diminished field followed hounds to the Menagerie, which was, as usual, prompt in supplying a fox.

Hounds broke with him for Cubsmore, then came left-handed under Kinnersley and ran a ring from Pheasant Wood over the Standings and back. They were close behind him as he crossed the road to Red Deer Farm and Dunstall, going towards Earl's Croome, near where he was headed and doubled back short to a flooded drain beneath the road at Baughton. How he escaped drowning is little short of a miracle, but he was bolted apparently none the worse for his immersion, and proceeded to set a cracking pace, going by Old Ground Brake and Dunstall, then as if for Woodley's Brake, before he turned for his original quarters at Menagerie. Scent was breast high, with an oncoming frost, and hounds raced through the gathering darkness, their cry rising and falling eerily in the gloom, whilst the small remnant of the field followed by the light of the crescent moon. At Boat House Covert the line faded out abruptly, and as by now "it was so dark . . . that thou couldst not see thy hand," hounds were cheated of their due reward. Slowly they walked across the two intervening fields to the kennels, where their companions on the benches awakened the echoes with their welcoming clamour and the horn sounded its mournful call of "Home—home—home."

D. M. M.

SOUTH CHESHIRE'S VARIED LUCK

QUITE a large field met Mr. Clegg at Bickley Smithy on Tuesday. Finding at Barmere, hounds hunted well, and pointing for Maesfen, swung left-handed to Tusshingham, marking their fox to ground when pointing for Hinton Hall Farm after 30 minutes over a difficult country.

Having hunted Cholmondeley Mosses well and thoroughly, Neviles Wood was unfortunately drawn blank, but with a fox from the Mere hounds hunted slowly to the Coronation Covert, and pointing for Ridley, swung left-handed to lose their fox near Ridley Bache.

From Ridley Moss a fox went away towards Cholmondeley. Swinging right-handed, hounds crossed the Cholmondeley drain and ran to Bulkeley Hall, where hounds were stopped in the dusk short of the hills.

A small field met Mr. Barbour at Hankelow. Hounds, however, accounted for one, and with another hunted over a neglected line of country, pointing for Stick Covert, swung left-handed to cross the river, railway and canal, marking their fox to ground after 50 minutes.

Later, from Broomhall, a fox crossed the Whitchurch—Nantwich Road. Hounds, hunting slowly, crossed the railway and hunted to Dorfold, forcing their fox through Bulls Wood, the long Plantation, the Admiral and Tally-ho!

Scent by this time had vastly improved, and only after the utmost difficulty were hounds stopped in the dark.

Saturday, a big field met Mr. Barbour and Mr. Clegg at Tattenhall Road Station, and it will be a long time before the hospitality shown by Mr. Leslie Jones, of the Aldersey Arms, is forgotten.

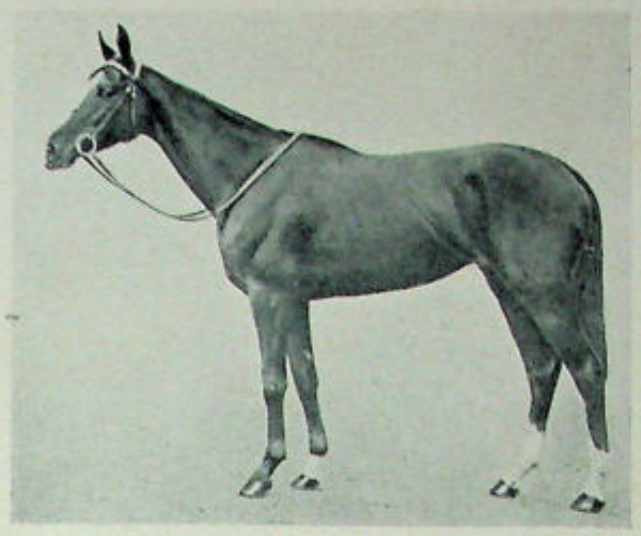
Hounds quickly accounted for an outlier before going to Hoofield. Going away with a fox towards Huxley Village hounds crossed the road, swung left-handed to recross the road and pointed for Iddenshall. Swinging right-handed, hounds ran fast past Gardenhurst, marking their fox to ground at Tilstone Bank.

A fox from Crow's Nest was quickly killed, and with another hounds ran, keeping Tattenhall Road Station on the right, parallel with the canal, crossed the River Gowy, killing their fox below Beeston Castle after 25 minutes.

J. D. H. S.-M.

AFTER THE FLAT

Runners at Aintree



W. A. Rouch

ROCKFEL, THE BEST FILLY OF MODERN TIMES

THERE can be no doubt that Rockfel was not only the best three-year-old of the season, but that she is also one of the very best fillies of modern, and it may be of all, times. The manner in which she won the Aintree Derby of a mile and five furlongs was one of the most impressive things of the recent Jockey Season. She made all the running, and won by three lengths from Bombay Duck, another filly, with Challenge third, and Foxglove II fourth and last. After the race there were quite serious critics and good judges of racing who alleged that other riders in the race, apart from H. Wragg, who rode the winner, had ridden badly. Why, they asked, did not Challenge and Foxglove II go with Rockfel from the start and test her stamina?

The answer is she went too fast for them. Richards was continually trying to force Foxglove II up to the filly, but each time that he got anywhere near her she went away again without Wragg ever asking her to do so. In the end, Rockfel was going away again from the other three, and if the race had been two miles she would have won by many more lengths. She was received back in the paddock after the race with a reception which is generally reserved at Aintree for only Grand National winners. Rockfel looked many pounds better than she looked at Newmarket when she beat Pasch. Her coat then seemed to be breaking, but there was very little sign of that at Aintree. She will remain in training for another year, and if she keeps her action she will go through the season unbeaten. It is her wonderful action that counts, and I can see no reason why she should lose it, but such things have happened.

The only flat race horse that we need to write about who ran at the last Liverpool Autumn Meeting is Mr. Rank's Black Speck, a five-year-old gelding by Black Watch out of Little Mark. Until the beginning of this season it was thought that Black Speck was a sprinter pure and simple. Even when, in April of this year, he ran for a little mile race at Bogside, it was doubted by his owner and trainer whether he would really stay home. He won with ease, and then it was found that he was a genuine stayer who was still able to retain his original speed. It was hoped even then that he might win a Cesarewitch, and it will be remembered that only a few weeks ago he was one of the two favourites for that race. He started slowly, and then half jumped a path, so that he did well to finish fourth. It was at once stated that he did not, after all, stay the two miles and a quarter over which that race was run.

It was also considered by many, when they heard that he was to go for the Liverpool Cup, that the mile and a quarter of that race would be too short for a horse who had been prepared for the Cesarewitch, and that, after so severe a preparation, he could not possibly be back at his best. And that argument would have been successful in 99 cases out of 100, but this time it was wrong for, ridden by Weston, Black Speck won by a head from the bottom weight, Lone Mount, with Moody third. The truth is that when Carslake found out that only by riding the horse as hard as he could, and perhaps thereby ruining him, he eased him in the Cesarewitch, so that the horse really had a comparatively easy race. He was as fresh as he could be when he got back to Druid's Lodge after that long gallop, and was indeed so much above himself that what he needed before retiring for the winter was a race as soon as he could have one. He was on his toes at Liverpool, and will win more races next year.

So much for the horse, and now for a few words about the trainer, Noel Cannon. For a long time it seemed that this member of a famous racing family would never get a real break. Other Cannons were heard of as trainers, but hardly a word about Noel until he started to train at Newmarket for Mr. Clayton and some of his friends. He won a race early in his first season with a two-year-old owned by Mr. Rank, and it may have been that, and other things, which caused Mr. Rank, when he bought Druid's Lodge and divided his stable into two, to appoint him as his private trainer of the flat race horses. It was a brave thing to have done, for Cannon had never, so far as I know, had the highest class of horse to train before. He has shown that he has inherited to the full the ability of his ancestors. He has won the St. Leger, and he has been second in the Two Thousand Guineas and in the Derby, and he has placed Mr. Rank second in the list of winning owners for the season—no mean achievement. But even a greater achievement than that was his training of Black Speck. He has kept that horse fit and winning races almost since the season was begun, and here he is at the end of the year with the horse better than he has ever been before. He has earned his holiday in the South of France.

And now let us turn for a moment to the steeplechasers and hurdle race horses who ran at this meeting at Aintree, where the programmes are mixed with flat racing and steeplechasing. Airgead Sios was one of the most talked about National Hunt horses last season when he began the season by winning the Becher Steeplechase. He won that famous race again last week. He was always in front, and he jumped delightfully, literally flying over the water jump, while the famous chair fence had no horrors for him. Then when he reached the racecourse he did what he does when he feels that he will: he gave himself an easy without any permission from McNeil, who rides him to perfection by merely sitting still on him. At once it was thought by the riders on the stands that Airgead Sios had had enough and was beaten, but as soon as Savon and Royal Mail reached him he went away, sailing along in front. He took off much too soon at the last fence but one, and hit the top of it, but never faltered, and as soon as he landed was away again as if nothing had happened. Royal Mail did what other horses would have done; he took off at the same time as Airgead Sios, but he is not the cat-like jumper that Airgead Sios is, and although he did not fall he had all the stuffing knocked out of him and that was the end of him. For a moment, coming to the last fence, Savon threatened danger, but Airgead Sios went away from him on the flat.

Still, Savon put up a fine feat for a young horse. At the same time he has done himself no good from a National point of view, for he will have to be handicapped in that race with Royal Mail and Airgead Sios. He was receiving only 7lb. from Sir Francis Towle's horse. I had once come to the strong conclusion that Airgead Sios would never make a Grand National horse, but I am not certain about that now. He is so much heavier and stronger this season than he was even at the end of last. He would certainly be entered if he were mine, and he would also be started if all went right with him between now and March.

Rocquilla is another nice National horse. He won the Grand Sefton of almost three miles and seems to me to be a National type. Further, he is trained by Beeby, who, although still a very young man, is to be classed with the Anthonys and Hartigans as a trainer of Aintree horses. Rocquilla is owned by Lord Bicester, one of the greatest supporters of National Hunt racing that we have. Macmoffat, who was second in this steeplechase, is useful, but hardly the class of Rocquilla; but he suggested by this running that he will have to be considered next March. He comes from up on the Border, where many a good steeplechaser has come from.

The Valentine Steeplechase was won by War Vessel, owned by Mrs. Marion Scott, the owner of Battleship, who won the Grand National last spring. Both horses are by Man o' War, and I understand that their owner has sent Hobbs several more similarly bred. War Vessel is small, but likes the Aintree fences. He was ridden by yet another Morgan, Dick, who rode a fine Morgan race. What a family of born horsemen they all are. Bruce Hobbs, who would have ridden the horse, is, it is to be feared, in for a long illness. Everyone hopes that he will be able to ride, but even if he cannot go round Aintree again, he has already won the National. "How sad," said a sweet young thing last week at Liverpool, "to have such an accident so soon after you have ridden the winner of the Grand National." "How much sadder," said an experienced old man, "to have had the accident before you have done that." GNOSTIC.

E. A. Barton

"LIKE THE SENTINEL AT POMPEII, HAVING NO ORDERS TO MOVE, HE STANDS VIGILANT, A MENACE TO ALL THAT DO EVIL

ENEMIES OF THE TROUT

Some Suggestions for Protecting a Water

By E. A. BARTON

IN these days of intensive pisciculture, where every river and stream capable of holding trout is treated with respect, not only as a potential source of angling but also of income, every possible means is taken to ensure that the fish shall be molested as little as possible against the time when they meet their ultimate destiny. Hence it is that all streams and hatcheries are guarded by eagle-eyed keepers ever watchful for marauders—winged, finned or quadruped. And here I may say that I have always a qualmy anxiety when walking with a fishing keeper armed with a loaded gun. Shooting is not his job, and he generally carries his weapon full cock on his shoulder by the barrels as he gets over a wooded stile or pushes through a hedge. No, I do not like a fishing keeper carrying a gun.

Perhaps of all winged fish thieves the heron and the kingfisher head the list. The very early morning is the heron's hour, when the pale dawn is breaking and it is just light, when a thin night mist is yet on the water and all is still. Then it is that against the sky the grey thief grows larger and larger as with ominous silent wings he volplanes down to the bank, settles his wings comfortably, and then with deliberate steps—like "Tarquin's ravishing strides"—he enters the water. For no heron settles on the water even when it knows that it is shallow. No webby feet has it by which to break on water the impetus of its descent; and it hates getting its stomach wet, though, on urgent occasions, it has been known to swim. This I have never seen. But the small fish do not seem to mind a heron, for all that they see are its stiff motionless legs like growing water flags, above which is a silhouette rigid in immobility. Thus they swim in and out between them till the silhouette jerks forward its head a few inches and again remains motionless. After half a minute or so the head shoots forward again a few inches and remains rigid. The whole bird seems made of stone, till there is a flash downwards, too quick to follow, and up comes the head with a fish between the mandibles. It is a dirty trick, but pretty to watch.

However, there is no great difficulty in making shallow stews heron proof by stretching transverse wires across the water every few yards. A heron needs a few yards to take off from the water before rising, and the intervals between the wires are too short to do this, and the bird knows it. "Five bob for every heron" is a rule on many fisheries, but it is often hard-earned money when the keeper has to get up long before dawn for some days before he gets a chance of a shot. For in these days the heron has become a most timorous bird, and an efficient scarecrow, if nicely made, is often most effective in keeping herons away from shallows which may be difficult to protect. The bogey should be altered from time to time, a different cast-off hat placed on him and his position moved about lest the heron, becoming accustomed to him, looks on him as part and parcel of the landscape, and so neglects him.

I know one keeper who tells me that since he made a personable scarecrow he has not seen a heron where there was always one or two when he came along. Also our dummy keeper is ever on duty. He is no Trade Unionist and has no eight-hour day. He has not to go back to his dinner or for his matches. His belly is full of straw, and his pipe is always cold. But there he stands from dawn to dark, from dark to dawn, calm, resolute, inflexible. Like the sentinel at Pompeii, having no orders to move, he stands vigilant, a menace to all that do evil.

The kingfisher, however, takes no heed of such things, and is in consequence a far more serious problem. The wires which kept away the heron have no terror for it. Its stance is an overhead branch. I have known one settle on an angler's rod when quite still, legering for barbel. No overhanging branches, therefore, should depend over a hatchery or shallow where fry are put out. For the kingfisher likes to sit on a twig above the water it fishes, from which it can dive down on its quarry and to which it can return; where, after flogging its prey to death, it can throw it dexterously into the air, whence it falls head down into an open beak. Abroad, in places where the trees are few and far between, the kingfisher hovers in the air over its prey with fluttering wings, and then drops like a stone on to the fish. I have seen this only twice in my life, once on the Kennet and once on a tributary of the Test.

On the old Denham Fishery, on which Sir Humphry Davy wrote his classic *Salmonia*, I recall the ancient keeper telling me he had killed over 50 kingfishers in a year. Sentimentalists may grieve, but one can have either kingfishers or fish, one cannot have both in any quantity. As to moorhens and coots, I am far from certain that either of these birds really do any great damage to a fishery. The great crested grebe, of course, lives on nothing but fish, but they are rare on most waters.

Far more dangerous is the pike. Eternal war must be waged against this curse of a fishery. I believe that it is not so much the great pike—which are usually spotted by keepers or anglers and so killed straight away—as the small pikelets which escape the nets. These small vermin devour enormous quantities of fry and small fish, and grow with alarming rapidity; but they are not easy to catch till they have grown to such a size that they can be taken in the nets. I am sure that these small jack do much more harm than any bird, except perhaps the kingfisher.

Perhaps even more destructive to small trout than jack is the presence of eels in the water. Fry and small trout are eaten in great quantities by eels, and this can be shown by anyone sufficiently interested if he examines the contents of the stomach of an eel taken in water where there are trout fry. But to remove eels from a trout stream becomes almost impossible, and their number can only be lessened by sufficient number of eel traps placed at the hatches and in the deeper parts of the water.

The question as to the evil effects of grayling in a trout stream is an everlasting source of dispute. I think that much of the dislike to grayling arises from the annoyance and disappointment caused by them when angling for trout. I confess that after carefully stalking a trout and rising it, to find it a grayling becomes very irritating if it occurs often in a day. Therefore, I feel that much of the resentment against grayling in a trout stream is largely psychological and due to one never being sure that a rise is that of a trout. But when coldly considering any evil effects caused by the grayling, I am pretty firmly convinced that there are none, provided always that food is plentiful for all. And this generally is so unless the weed cutting is cruel.

The real cause for uneasiness arises when grayling grow large, for then, as they far outnumber the trout, they trench on the commissariat to a degree that may endanger the trout's food supply. But with careful netting out the bigger grayling every year this anxiety should not weigh.

The last and by far the worst enemy is pollution, and as the population increases and the land becomes utilised for factories with tarred roads leading thereto, so in a short time from now our lovely rivers must of necessity become poisoned unless drastic steps are taken to protect them.

A FINE MEMENTO OF THE SEASON

A salmon of 33½lb. caught from the Gare d'Oloron by Colonel W. Lawrence. He gaffed it himself

STRATEGY ON THE TROUT STREAM

BIG fish, which, when they are feeding, move up from the body of a hatch pool and ensconce themselves alongside the stonework in the middle of the actual hatchway, are always rather a problem. They are certainly wise in their generation, for, in the runway, a great deal of food passes through a small space, and a high percentage of it can be garnered in the passing with a minimum of effort on the fish's part.

How to put the fish in a less advantageous position is the core of this strategy. Its strength lies in possible invisibility, when the fisherman must strike by sound, by sight of change in the current, or by unusual movement or hesitation of the cast and line in their downward journey. Another source of strength in its position is the ease with which it can dive through the hatchway, and so on upstream, and, in any case, if the fisherman is at an angle from the lateral line of the hatchway and the fish merely splashes in it, his cast is likely to be frayed by the stonework, and perhaps broken.

My plan for circumventing these difficulties has worked several times, so that I feel it is worth relating.

Cast a big nymph or North Country wet fly, up to close behind the fish, but, if it turns, do not let it have it. After several casts you will, with luck, be able to entice it down into the top of the pool. As it turns to work its way back into the hatchway cast your fly into the hatchway mouth, to get it into the right current, and let it swim down to the fish. If the trout takes it, and is hooked, you will have turned disadvantage into advantage, by a very simple strategy.

WET WICKHAM.

The Gun Month by Month

PHEASANTS IN THE SNOW

DECEMBER—the month of Christmas cards and covert shoots, of crackers and snow and woolly scarves. We still preserve this grave superstition, though Christmas after Christmas goes by in lashing gales and rain and never a snowflake to cover the sodden nakedness of the fields. Only in the hills there is real snow falling silently day by day until the hill roads are blocked and the deer become as tame as sheep. In England it takes the synthetic snows and cardboard skies of Hollywood to show us what an English Christmas should be.

But real covert-shooting weather still happens occasionally, and when it does one thinks that, after all, there is no sport to compare with the shooting of the pheasant.

Overhead there is a pale sapphire sky and a low sun, and underfoot the snow is crisp and white. Outside the covert the guns are waiting. Breath steams in the cold air, every little sound is clear and brittle—the click of a gun breach, someone talking in a low voice to his loader, the impatient whimper of a young dog. Far back in the covert a whistle trills. Long before the first cock is in sight you may hear the rattle of his wings climbing up and up into the frosty skies. Over the high trees he sails on stiff wings, then sees the guns and begins to climb again. The sun lights multi-coloured jewels on his breast and neck. He is to be yours; no, Colonel Allweather's. But he does not like the look of the colonel, and high and curling he swings right over you. Somewhere behind you he splinters a sheet of ice with a tremendous crash and a puff of coloured feathers. Soon the whole line is shooting and barrels are hot. Major Herring, on the left, is busily counting his cartridges and his birds as he fires, so that there may be no mistake about his average when the stand is over. When he is off his day, which is more often than not, he maintains a continual covering fire on other people's birds. Any bird within 70yds. is fair game for him. With really perfect timing he will get off his gun at the exact moment that his neighbour kills the pheasant, and will be able to claim anything from a 50 per cent. to a 75 per cent. share in it when the drive is done. To-day he is a little out of form, and his gun is constantly going off when the pheasant has been dead for nearly a second, thus unavoidably reducing his share in it to a mere 25 per cent. or so. "Major Herring a bit late with his covering-fire to-day," chuckles the irreverent loader. Meanwhile pheasants stream unnoticed over the head of the major, who is vicariously engrossed in the sport of the neighbouring guns. On the flank the young host, who is a really good shot, is smoothly and accurately picking off birds that are apparently out of range of anybody. He has no need to count his cartridges, and has been known to reduce the major to frenzies of ill-concealed jealousy.

Right at the end of the drive, when the last beater is squeezing through the fence of the wood, a roving spaniel flushes a cock pheasant on the right flank. High, and a little wide of the guns, he flies straight down the covert side, receiving eight ineffectual barrels without so much as a bob of the tail in acknowledgment. Higher and higher he rises, heading straight for the major, who, to the amazement of the spectators, has withheld his covering-fire and now has the bird entirely to himself. He misses with the first barrel, but with the second the cock comes crashing into the high trees. There are incoherent cries of wonder and appreciation from the other guns, and the major, at some pains to conceal his own astonishment, waves his cap in a slightly dazed way. "The eye-wipe of a century," a voice inside him is quietly singing. Behind him, just round the corner of the covert, the young host is reloading his gun. He slips quickly out of sight before the keeper comes to pick up the miracle pheasant. The major's one perfect piece of covering-fire has been entirely innocent and unconscious.

As the guns move on to the next stand nailed shoes crackle on the frozen puddles and scrape on mud as hard as rock. There is a good deal of chatter and speculation about Major Herring's wonderful shot, but Major Herring is out of earshot. He is a solitary figure in a field of white snow and little scattered piles of red cartridge cases, making a last confirmatory count of his own pile. The first count showed fifteen pheasants killed with fourteen cartridges, and while not doubting the accuracy of the figures he is a little nervous of mockery when the story is retailed at lunch.

At the next stand old Mr. Strakes comes into his own. Never much good at a high pheasant overhead, give him birds rising from the edge of the covert and he is the original William Tell. The end gun on the right, his beady eye is fastened greedily upon the hen pheasants who scurry nervously about over the pine needles in the corner of the covert. At last, a flustered hen takes the plunge and flutters upward through the wire fence.

She ascends almost vertically, and is heading straight for Mr. Strakes's neighbour on the left, but she is unmercifully cut down before she is 12ft. off the ground. Strakes is in his element, and only misses six pheasants, all of which are killed some 80ft. up by No. 5 gun. Altogether, Strakes kills 22 pheasants at this stand. They lie in front of him, near the edge of the covert. He is delighted, and keeps up a quiet chatter of self-congratulation with his loader. Colonel Allweather approaches when the beaters are out of the wood. At length he controls his rage sufficiently to remark: "It seems rather stupid to have had four of us on this side of the covert when one could have done all the work, does not it?" But Strakes sees no insult, and beamingly agrees with him. The colonel snorts and turns away, almost swallowing his cigarette in his excitement. At the other end of the line a meek little gun is being towed about by a retriever on the end of a long string. Finally, he overhauls it hand over hand and there ensues a babel of beating noises.

After lunch Colonel Allweather vanishes heavily in the direction of the brake, where he can be seen routing about amongst a variety of strange packages. Presently he reappears dressed from head to foot in uncouth mackintosh garments, which caricature the rotundity of his figure. A sou'-wester is perched rakishly on the back of his head. "He's forgotten his moustache covers," says someone in a very audible voice.

In the afternoon there are more pigeons than pheasants. They swirl over the bare trees in huge droves, against a sky banking with snow-clouds. In endless streams they come, lifting and swaying on a rising breeze, clouds and clouds until the air seems full of them. The shooting is continuous, and several pheasants pass over almost unheeded, but very few pigeons fall. The major is at a loss with so many birds in the air at once, and has fallen back on discharging his gun more or less at random whenever his neighbours are shooting.

On the way back to the house there are yellow lights in the blue snow dusk and underfoot the snow is hard with a fresh frost. The beaters are dispersing—a voice strikes up a snatch of raucous song and is cut short by a loud guffaw. The voices and the chatter grow fainter and die away in the dusk.

After tea, in the dark and the grey slushy snow, there is the hum of motor engines and little clouds of exhaust smoke lit red by the tail lamps.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

MOVING OFF TO FRESH GROUND

". . . *in the hills there is real snow falling silently day by day* . . ."

WESTCHESTER CUP PRELIMINARIES

American Selections, Hurlingham Ponies, and Some Comparisons

THE announcement that the Defence Committee of the United States Polo Association has selected thirteen players from whom the defending four which will meet us for the Westchester Cup, in June, will eventually be chosen, has again directed interest to the American situation.

As I have stated, there seems no great likelihood of their team being other than Mr. M. R. Phipps (No. 1), Mr. Cecil Smith (No. 2), Mr. Stewart Iglehart (No. 3) and Mr. Tommy Hitchcock (back), who are all 10-goal players, Mr. Phipps having been very properly promoted; but in addition to these they have invited the following to prepare themselves and their ponies, possibly at Aiken, in South Carolina (where some of the Hurlingham ponies are wintering in the care of Mr. William Post), for intensive practice at Long Island, which is to be begun on May 1st, just over a month before the series is due to begin. The names of the remaining nine, with their handicaps in parentheses, are as follows: Eric Padley (7), Elmer Boeseke (7), Raymond Guest (8), Winston Guest (7), G. H. Bostwick (7), William Post, jun. (8), Elbridge Gerry (7), Robert Gerry (6) and C. V. Whitney (6).

What they need with so many I confess I do not know, but possibly this invitation is some sort of

Of these ponies 47 are now in America, and already several of them have been seen in action under Mr. Gerald Balding and Mr. Tyrrell-Martin, as has been narrated. It is hoped by the New Year that a few really outstanding ponies may be added to their number from India and, in addition, Lord Cowdray, our non-playing captain, is taking out sixteen for his own use and Mr. Lakin's during the practice, which he intends to bring home. The Duke of Roxburghe, too, is shipping his own string for his own use, one or two of which, notably Brocade and La Vétie, will probably be available for the internationals. All told, there are about 68 ponies available for the challenging squad (to whom I imagine will be added Captain "Pat" Roark, who is now in California, and whose American form clamours for admission) and that is no excessive number for practice and hard polo through a period of three months.

Moreover, some of these Hurlingham ponies, for some reason occult to the common mind, have not yet had the opportunity to show their quality, and it is only by severe test you may divide the real top-class pony from the merely good animal. As I have pointed out, the International Field at Meadow Brook is a peculiar test, owing chiefly

MEADOW BROOK CLUB HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF UNITED STATES POLO

The building, in the Colonial style, is of exceptional simplicity, and the atmosphere is that of a country house, with all its comfort. The building was originally a farmhouse, but from time to time has had additions made

a compliment to distinguished players, and the fact that all will be playing their best ponies at Meadow Brook will give the selectors a further opportunity to study the form of these ponies and decide which of them may be needed for the final test. And the fact that all of these gentlemen are "in the swim" may make it easier for them to obtain the loan of such ponies as they may desire.

The American player enjoys many advantages over his British counterpart, and when it comes to the matter of mounting an international team their lot is singularly happy. With two exceptions those named by the Defence Committee can more or less mount themselves, the other two, being of the greatest, have never any difficulty in obtaining what they require, and in any case there seems never to be much difficulty in borrowing ponies, especially at home, for these great events (the value of a pony is obviously raised by such a distinction), and so they in America are spared the Herculean task that confronts our Selection Committee for each succeeding challenge.

The Hurlingham Polo Association, by means of a fund contributed by "gates" at past International matches, and by private guarantors, has contrived to collect a string of ponies to mount their selected challenging "squad" of seven during practice, first in California, later at Aiken, and finally at Meadow Brook, and for the International series, and a number of these are equal to the best they have in America. Unfortunately, these official ponies will have to be sold at the conclusion of the series to liquidate some of the expense of this enormously costly venture, otherwise it would be impossible to undertake, considering, in addition, the cost of transportation and maintenance.

to its size, from which many a promising pony fails to emerge successfully. However, we rest satisfied that everything that could be done has been done conscientiously to give our team every chance that they can be given. After three months of hard practice and training—and the latter is especially important owing to the enervating atmosphere of Long Island—both men and the selected ponies should be fit for the task, and whatever the outcome, should give a good account of themselves. Though the American team is enormously strong, probably aggregating 40 goals, I do not believe they are invincible, and I look forward hopefully to a break in the run of American successes that, until 1936, threatened to remove all interest from the series. At all events, that is with the future.

There is no question of the present superiority of American polo over what we can produce in England or India especially, nor what they can show in the Argentine. To be sure, they have advantages climatically (though even we cannot produce such a hurricane as burst over Long Island during the Monty Waterbury Cup this summer), and to the American player his polo is his chief pastime in his leisure hours. Though he may hunt and shoot, race and play other games, he is all the time a polo player. He can, moreover, if he is rich and idle, play the game in his own country all the year round.

Though I doubt whether there are more really rich men in America than in England, they certainly do spend more on their ponies than we do, and some of the prices they have paid for outstanding ponies (mostly Argentines) are truly staggering, so that they have contrived to skim the cream off the produce of that country at least, and of course they do breed over there many magnificent ponies such as Bonny J., who delighted us in London last season. But that they "buy" their supremacy I hotly deny. Rather, recognising the advantage gained by playing the game well, they arrange to do so and undertake training and practice more rationally, and certainly more efficiently, than we do.

They bring on their young players, who, unlike our young ball-games players, are not immediately absorbed in such school games as cricket and the like, and so you find in the ranks of American polo players many young men who could (some of them do) gain distinction at many other games. The result is that at the age of 20, when most of us are just beginning our polo education, they are finished players and often of international class. The work of the late Mrs. Hitchcock at Aiken and with the "Meadow Larks" on Long Island, has been of inestimable value to American polo. Would that we in England could find a like benefactor, for, despite our short season and our unreliable climate, very much could be done to improve our standard. This is becoming a necessity since the Army is ceasing to be a prolific forcing ground for British talent.

It deserves mention, too, that in America they have far fewer tournaments than we see fit to inflict on our all-too-short season. Accordingly, the "star" players have the time to devote themselves to helping the young idea in "members' games," which are invariably played at absolutely top pace, and perhaps it is this fact that they play every single game they take part in at the full 16 annas more than any other that has sent them on ahead of us. Their grounds, though of inferior turf judged by our standards, are far truer, if slower, than ours, and there are so many of them, especially on Long Island, that you never suffer from that ghastly cutting-up that ruins our London grounds and our polo year after year. This, indeed, is an inestimable advantage and the thick sole of grass encourages long and accurate hitting.

Before going to America I was told that the umpiring over there would be an eye-opener for me, and I went there prepared to be impressed. I was not; and, indeed, I am prepared to affirm that the umpiring, especially at Roehampton these last two seasons, was distinctly superior in every way. The control of the games was often lax, the practice of disputing decisions and appealing for fouls, both of which are allowed, were not edifying, and they over there fully realise it.

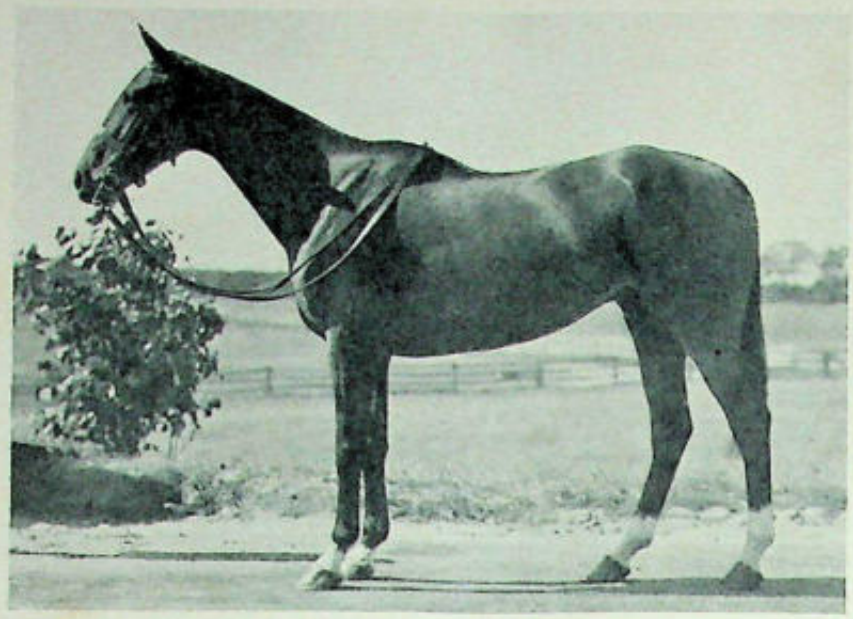
The suggestion to employ an umpire-in-chief available at any of the three London clubs during the season is an admirable one, and I hope it will be possible to carry out the scheme. Mr. S. V. Brady, a licensed indoor polo umpire, was the best I saw at Meadow Brook. For the rest they relied in the main on active players, and these seldom make the best umpires. JEMADAR.

MR. C. V. WHITNEY'S FAMOUS STRING

THE success of Mr. C. V. Whitney's Old Westbury team, for the second year in succession, in the American Open Championship at Meadow Brook this season was due at least as much to the splendid quality of the ponies played by the team as the magnificent polo played by his team. Apart from their obvious merit they were produced trained to a hair for the psychological moment by Mr. Ivor Balding, who is Mr. Whitney's "Master of Horse." Mr. Balding has inherited his family's gift of horse-mastership and to him no less than to Mr. Whitney and his team, is honour due for their very impressive victory. In the polo pony show held at Meadow Brook after the "Open" and Monty Waterbury Cup, Mr. Whitney's string not very surprisingly swept the board and his bay Estilista was adjudged the champion pony of the show, to which none could take exception.

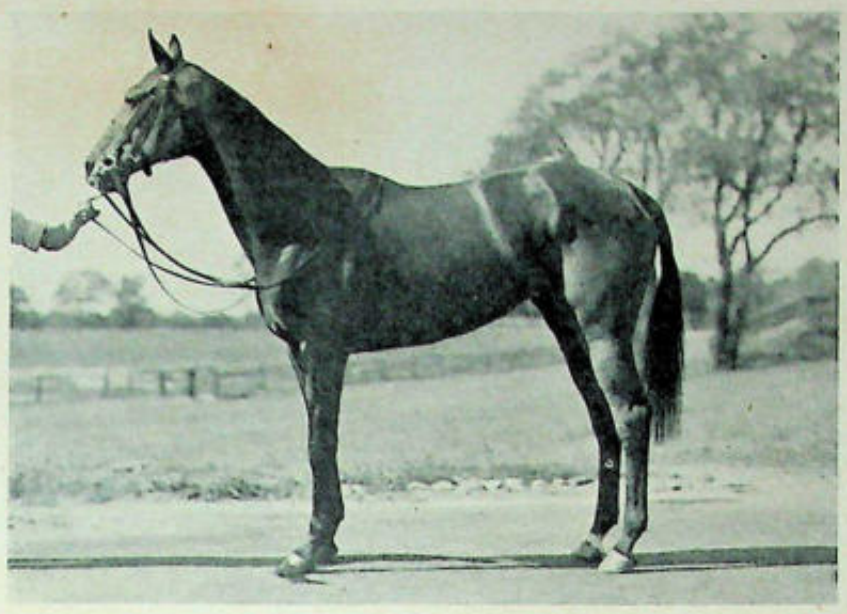
In view of the recent agitation in favour of American-bred ponies it is interesting to note that most of the successes were gained by Argentine-bred horses. A notable exception was that grand mare Fuss Budget, who won in the light-weight class, and was also awarded for the second year in succession the Prince Friar Stone Cup, awarded to the best playing mare, judged on her performances in the Meadow Brook tournaments, who is regarded as likely to produce a polo pony.

It is probable that five of the ponies at least whose portraits appear opposite will be playing against us for the Westchester Cup at Meadow Brook next June and from them we can judge the strength of the probable opposition. Mr. C. V. Whitney, on the strength of his personal performance this year, has, as already remarked, been included in the "squad" from which the defending team will be selected.



ESTILISTA, THE CHAMPION PONY, A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD ARGENTINE GELDING

Bred by Mr. Duggan, by that prolific and successful sire Morfeo (by Craganour) out of a mare by Monoculo. This pony was played by Mr. Cecil Smith two chukkers in the final of the American Open Championship this year. Estilista is a really outstanding performer in addition to being a real beauty to look at, and has furnished splendidly in the last year. Mr. Whitney paid £1,500 for him. He was also the winner in the Heavy-weight Class



A GREAT MARE: FUSS BUDGET, A BAY BY ST. GERMANS OUT OF QUARREL

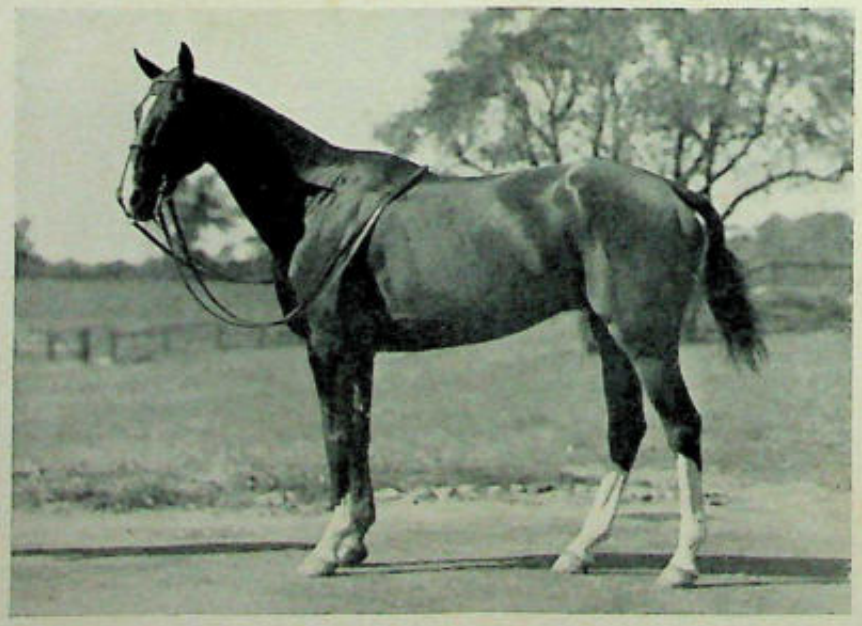
She won, for the second year in succession, the Prince Friar Stone Cup given for the best playing mare suitable to produce a polo pony, the judging being done during the Open Championship and Monty Waterbury Cup, on playing ability. She was a winner on the Flat before turning to polo, was bred at Lexington, and was played this year by Mr. Whitney. She was also the winner in the Light-weight Class

ANOTHER GRAND ARGENTINE: MR. WHITNEY'S BAY GELDING TORNASOL

Bred by Mr. Duggan in Argentina. He also is by Morfeo, out of Sweet Briar. He was played three chukkers in the final of the Open Championship in both 1937 and 1938. On sheer looks he is perhaps the best looking pony in this magnificent string and his action is the sheer poetry of motion. He was the winner of the Middle-weight Class in the Meadow Brook Polo Pony Show this year

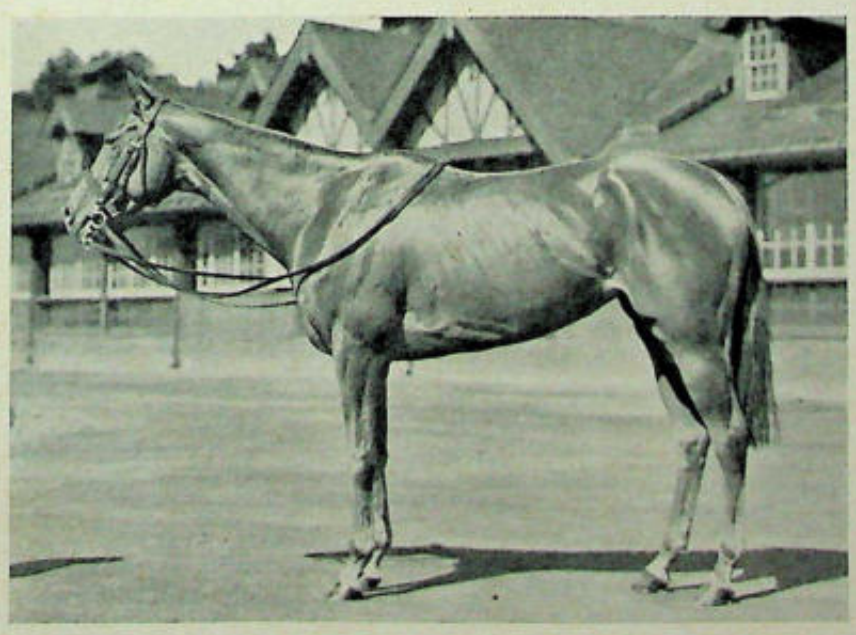
BAY MARE RUBISELA BY COLLAR STUD OUT OF ESTELLA

Bred by Mr. Nelson in Argentina, she was played throughout the Open Championship by Mr. Stewart Iglehart, and in the last two years she has played three chukkers in the final tie. Like all ponies played by Mr. Iglehart, she is amazingly handy and is as fast as the best, as is suggested by her enormously powerful quarters and well let-down hocks



CACIQUE, A CHESNUT ARGENTINE GELDING WITH A FINE RECORD

Also bred by Mr. Nelson. He is by Zaragatero out of Mumps (by Killrane) and won in the Heavy-weight Class at the Hurlingham (Buenos Aires) Show before he was purchased by his present owner. He also played three chukkers in the last two "Open" finals by Mr. Cecil Smith, and although he gave his rider a nasty fall in the fifth chukker, which resulted in a badly damaged elbow, he also gave him a glorious ride all through



HONU: A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CHESNUT MARE OF DISTINGUISHED DESCENT

Honu is by Thunderer (sire of the Duke of Roxburghe's famous gelding La Vêtie) out of Belle of All, Mr. Louis E. Stoddard's Kentucky-bred mare (by Cunard out of a mare by Star Shoot), who was one of the greatest American polo playing mares that ever was foaled. Honu has not yet quite fulfilled the promise she gave, but she has "quality" written all over her. Her half-brother, Capsheaf, by Blondin, bred by Mr. Whitney himself, is also a member of Mr. Whitney's string

THE POLAR BEAR

Probably the best-known of all Arctic fauna on the familiar Mappin Terrace at Regent's Park Zoo

THE ORIGIN OF ARCTIC FAUNA—II

Discoveries of Russian Zoologists

By MALCOLM BURR, D.S.C., F.R.Ent.S.

PROBABLY the most interesting result of the recent study of Arctic life by Russian zoologists is the discovery that of all the thousands of kinds of animals, despite the most exacting conditions, there is no common feature. There is no "Arctic fauna" as such. There is no adaptational character that can be recognised as common to the Polar bear, daddy-long-legs and planarian worm. There is in fact no homogeneous, ecological unit to mark the extreme north, nothing that can be regarded as the result of Arctic conditions, nothing resembling the distinctive faunas of the desert or savannah forest.

We are, in fact, faced with a paradox. The only unity in the Arctic is disunity; the only homogeneous character the very fact that the fauna is highly heterogeneous. This complexity is evidence of descent from a heterogeneous original.

At the same time the very fact of their existence under such severe conditions points to adaptation of long standing. The common view that this adaptation is mainly due to low temperature is superficial. It is not the cold, but the food factor that matters, and Arctic animal life is ultimately based upon the plant life, and that is dependant mainly upon the illumination. This is the chief difference between the conditions governing the Arctic and the Alpine floras, which are so often confused. The second, which is not fully appreciated, is the difference in effect upon the organism of thawed water and fresh water respectively.

The Euarctics are regarded by Kuznetsov, in a remarkable article, as survivors of the pre-glacial and glacial faunas. He agrees with many biologists who feel that the severity of the glaciation has been exaggerated, that the ancient fauna and flora were never wiped out of existence, but that numerous relics survived in favoured spots. We have many such instances in England and Ireland, while in the Arctic the author quotes the endemics of the islands.

We do not generally realise how varied life may exist under the severest conditions. On the Northern Coast of Grant Land, at Lat. 82° 27′, there were collected no less than 75 species of vascular plants, two of bumble bees and five of butterflies. On *nunataks* protruding from the Greenland ice-sheet, 80 kilometres inland and 1,600 metres above the sea, Ilinsky records 27 species of flowering plants with a relatively rich insect fauna. The famous Arctic moth, *Dasychira rossi* Curt., has been taken in Greenland as far north as 82° 45′, where the larva feeds on a saxifrage protruding through the snow.

Such instances can be multiplied. The existence of so many species of insects and plants upon the scanty ground exposed in Greenland shows that an ice-sheet does not necessarily exterminate life, and is strong evidence in favour of the opinion that we have in Britain many survivors from our old Tertiary fauna and flora.

Still, there is no doubt that the greater part of the survivors were driven southwards by the advancing glaciers, and that on the recession of the ice they slowly followed it back to their original territory. The main region of this recovery is to-day covered by forest, especially by the *taigá* of Siberia, but it does not seem likely that the details of this recovery will ever be worked out.

These return movements must have taken place during each interglacial interval, and the last is no doubt still in process, for in Siberia we are separated from the retreat of the ice probably by not more than 6,000 years. In Britain it is usually considered that the Arctic tundra phase came to an end about 10,000 years ago, and that we were separated from the Continent some 6,000 years ago. If that view is correct, there was a very short interval for the re-population of our country.

In Siberia the ice-sheet reached as far south as Lat. 60° only in few places, for it had so much vaster an area over which to spread itself, and so the destructive influence of the glaciers was less. I have myself, in the Lena-Olekma plateau, about Lat. 60–61°, experienced a temperature of −72° F., which was certainly not fatal to life, and seen pieces of ice embedded in ancient gravels at a depth of some 150ft. Kuznetsov thinks that the boundaries and movements of these ice-sheets will eventually be marked out by the detailed study of the discontinuous distribution of the fauna and flora. He considers that the average temperature of Central Eurasia was lowered throughout the Pleistocene, in witness whereof he quotes the huge areas under loess in Europe and Asia, that desert and steppe conditions prevailed to the south of the ice-field, which barred the escape of many of the animals and plants. While the greater part of Central Asia passed directly from steppe to tundra the great belt of forest did not exist. Areas of refuge survived at the extremities, as proved by numerous instances of discontinuous distribution. He accepts the chief refuges for sylvan life in Europe south of the Alps, south-western Asia, Manchuria-China-Japan, and the Iranian-Turanian country, which offered a refuge for steppe life. These principal refuges and some more restricted faunistic islands he considers permitted the survival of animals and plants through all four glaciations. In the Far East the outstanding instance of Ussuria is of extraordinary interest, which is little realised in our country. There the "Arcto-Tertiary" life survives almost intact, and the tiger preys on elk and wapiti.

The original fauna of these refuges was enriched by the newcomers. The repeated changes of climate, affecting the refuges at least indirectly, the arrival of refugees and departure of the returning elements, all tended to stimulate evolution, with the formation of new species in the real sense of the word, and perhaps even new genera. One result is that the faunas of these islands now differ markedly from each other, so much so that many of them are now regarded as distinct "provinces." We find closely related species widely separated, cousins so to speak, which Semenov-Tian-Shansky calls vicarious species. Bey-Bienko has called attention to the existence of vicarious earwigs in Szechuan and Western Europe.

Like most biologists, Kuznetsov accepts the hypothesis of continental drift, with its corollary of the shifting of the poles, due to disturbance of equilibrium through the accumulation of ice-caps. He suggests also movement also at angles to the equator, and is prepared to assume a gradual progression of glaciation from west to east.

The problem is rendered especially difficult owing to the absence of proof of synchronisation of the glaciations. The author finds no help in the accepted glacial chronology of Europe, and that of Siberia he considers doubtful. It seems likely that the glaciation over a broad area was not simultaneous, but progressive, and that the advance and retreat of the ice-sheets took place, and is still taking place, not in a meridional direction, but from west to east.

This is an important deduction, because it implies that the glaciation of Asia was subsequent to that of Europe, and consequently also its recovery, with the result that we have in actual process a gradual invasion from the west towards the east. This explains the European element in the fauna of western Siberia, and the invisible frontier of the Yenisei. About a hundred miles to the east of that river and running north and south is the line of change of fauna and flora. Here the marten yields to the sable, the hooded crow to the black, and the change is marked in the molluscs, the beetles, the fish, the trees and ground flora. Yet I could detect no outward visible sign from the train, either in vegetation or scenery. This invisible frontier is the limit reached by the European life. To the east of it we find the Manchurian. Kuznetsov also suggests that the general eastward migration may explain the invasion of North America by the Palæarctic fauna and flora by the Behring Straits, which were till recently dry land.

He points out that many species of Arctic Lepidoptera extend their range not in a southerly direction, but towards the south-east, and from the far east towards the south-west, these lines converging to a common centre. This points eloquently to the connection of the Arctic fauna of all Europe and Asia, and even of North America, with that ancient horst called by Suess Angará Land, after that violent and crystal stream that dashes out of Lake Baikal, to-day marked upon our maps as Pri-Baikal, Mongolia and part of Tibet.

That is to say that all or the greater part of the whole Arctic fauna, including Euarctics, are representative, and to a great extent relicts of that ancient Angará fauna, which spread in remote times, possibly during the Miocene, throughout circumpolar lands, and was severely impoverished by later glaciation, the divisions of which in Asia did not coincide with those in Europe.

This view is confirmed by studies of the mammals beetles, caddis flies and flora.

He does not extend his Angará theory to the whole of the Palæarctic fauna, but the Angará element is greater even in our British fauna than is generally supposed. Our grasshoppers, for instance, must be regarded as the result of evolution on those grassy steppes, where they had time since the Palæozoic in which to adapt themselves to such conditions.

Kuznetsov, as we have seen, discards the view that the Arctic fauna is merely an impoverished fragment of the Palæarctic, or that it is an autonomous region in itself. He finds that it falls into four distinct portions—the European, the West Siberian, the East Siberian and, as a surprise, the Chukhot-Anadyr, for the entomological fauna of that remote north-east corner of Asia, though imperfectly known, shows marked peculiarities.

He proceeds to point out that the world can no longer be regarded as falling into clearly-marked regions and provinces. The statistical must yield to the historical and geological methods, and to the ecological consideration of biological facts. The old terminology does not satisfy contemporary philosophy and must be modernised. The first steps in this direction were made by Reinig (Holarktis, 1937), and attempts have been made in the U.S.S.R. by Martynov, working on caddis flies, and by Bartenev, upon dragonflies.

Finally, we may note that Kuznetsov quotes, in non-committal fashion, the extreme views of Kolbe (1928), that Central Asia is the cradle from which arose the parent stem of the entire animal world.

This England . . .

Over the Weald of Kent

ROMAN and Jutlander and Norman have passed this way upon their unconscious mission of making the English. So if the soft beauty of Kent and the gentle speech of the people charm you, do not be misled; beneath lies English character of the sturdiest sort. The Dauphin took Rochester and the Dutch sailed up the Medway—to their regret. And Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and Thomas Wyatt expressed the will of Kent to the discomfort of authority. Now are the people become gardeners, famed for a flower that you rarely see—the hop, that flavours such great beer as Worthington. Indeed, this ancient brew has somewhat the qualities of these Englishmen—mellowed by much experience, strong, yet kindly in its way with you.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

IN all matters of taste there are bound to be more exceptions than rules, and this is particularly true in the case of food and wine since we are all entitled to our own taste, in the first place, but we have also to consider the likes and dislikes of a number of inarticulate but highly sensitive friends of ours, meaning our organs, safely tucked away below the belt; it only too frequently happens that what we like best does not suit one or the other, and we are soon called to order.

Even after making full allowance for personal idiosyncrasies and liberty, we are bound to recognise that certain general rules do exist, and that they can be of assistance as a guide in the selection of the wines to choose with different kinds of food that they may help one another. Everywhere in nature there is harmony out of contrasts, be it land and sea, the hills and the valleys, the forest and the plain. And so it is in the case of the harmony of solids and liquids, food and wine.

One of the first general rules which the student of gastronomy has to learn is that white wines are best with fish or white meat and red wines are best with butcher's meat and cheese. The next is that the drier wines should be served before sweeter ones. The third is that lighter wines, that is, wines of lower alcoholic strength and less fragrant aroma should be served before wines of greater "body" and "bouquet." There are many who also claim that those should be served before older ones, but it is chiefly because older wines should be also better wines, with greater "bouquet" and "breed." Not that age is by any manner of means a virtue in itself. By far the greater quantity of all the wines made throughout the vinelands of the world are quite incapable of improving with age; they are drunk when very young, some before they are a year old and others before they have reached their third or fourth birthday.

But there is an élite among wines which gather charm and virtue as they grow older; they are an aristocracy among wines and they are aristocrats from birth, because of the soil of the vineyards from which they come; they take longer to mature, but when they have reached their full measure of excellence they are truly magnificent, and they must be served last.

Unfortunately, there are many wines which are kept much longer than they were ever meant to be; they are old and weak and poor; they may be still fit to drink, but they should not be kept to be served last, after younger and better wines which would simply add to their confusion.

The right age for a wine to be drunk differs with every vintage; the right age is the age when the wine gives pleasure. The Clarets of 1875, for instance, were delicious when they were five years old, and still delicious 50 years later; but the 'seventies were hardly fit to drink when 20 years old, and they did not reach their apogee much before their 50th birthday. Both, however, were exceptional vintages.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of December 1st, 1888.

GAME Licences. "In the House of Commons Mr. Howard Vincent asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer if the Board of Inland Revenue had considered the desirability or otherwise of issuing short-time game licences—daily and weekly licences, in fact . . .

"At present a full game licence costs annually only £3; if it expires at the end of October, £2; when taken out on or after November 1st, £2; and, moreover, a licence can be had at any time for a fortnight at the moderate cost of £1. . . . If a man cannot pay £1 for the right to shoot game he is not in a pecuniary position which entitles him to indulge in the sport."

Blackmailing Foxhunters. "The name of Mr. E. C. Burton, of Daventry, will be familiar to hunting and racing readers. That gentleman is an owner of coverts, and a well-known rider to hounds in the Pytchley country. In the same town resides a surgeon, Mr. C. N. H. Johnson, who takes a philanthropic interest in the acquisition of a local recreation ground. Both Messrs. Burton and Johnson were members of a local committee for promoting such a recreation ground, but they were not of one opinion as to the choice of site. Mr. Johnson, in order to put pressure on the purses of hunting men for the benefit of their recreation scheme, adopted a course of proceeding which put him within the pale of criminal law. He threatened vulcipede unless £200 were paid in to the treasurer of the recreation scheme. He addressed letters on the subject to Mr. Burton, and enclosed therewith the brush of a fox, threatening that foxes should be destroyed unless the required sum were subscribed before November 1st. He also threatened to publish in the sporting papers his 'reasons' for this line of conduct, and that Mr. Burton's name should be 'coupled' with this publication. Mr. Burton took prompt steps in the matter, by instituting a prosecution for an attempt to extort money by menaces." There were two indictments and the defendant was sentenced to a month's imprisonment on each.

IN THE SALEROOM

MR. JOHN MORTIMER SCHIFF and his advisers have confirmed the now generally realised fact that London is the most important market for the sale of antiques and works of art by placing the whole of his father's famous library in Messrs. Sotheby's hands. The third and final portion is being offered in a four-day sale commencing December 6th. The catalogue contains 2,493 items, and is beautifully illustrated. It includes nine plates in colour, and 32 in monochrome, and will no doubt be cherished by bibliophiles and lovers of beautiful bindings. It is difficult to pick on any particular items in such a galaxy of book treasures, but, perhaps, the Elzevir Series, with its handsome old bindings, including as it does the finest copy in existence, the marvellous Pastissier François from the Carnarvon Library (uncut), is remarkable. There are actually over 200 of Voltaire's works, including the Œuvres of 1738 39, and of 1751 with eight of Eisen's drawings, also some of his autographed letters.

On December 8th, in the same rooms, will be sold Mr. Claude W. Heneage's Collection of English and Chinese pottery, porcelain and works of art. There are some very beautiful Meissen figures and groups of extraordinary interest and quality, better than any that have come on to the market for some time. A typical figure of this famous factory is "The Grape Picker," by Kaendler, a similar figure of which was illustrated in *Apollo*, in August 1934, in an article on "Early Dresden Figures, their Origin and Evolution," with illustrations from Lord Fisher's Collection. Amongst the English porcelain, a pair of Worcester plates by James Pennington must be mentioned. They are from a service made for the Duke of Clarence in 1792, and afterwards in the possession of the Earl of Munster.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

LAST week—on Wednesday to be precise—I went to the Trocadero. I went to see Trocabaret (a horrible perversion that word, and one that makes me feel quite faint). I do not as a rule go to cabaret shows—for the matter of that I do not as a rule go to the better restaurants of an evening—and I was pleasantly excited, not because I was to see a cabaret show, but because I was to see one turn (if that is the right word—I'm not up in these matters) which is utterly different from the usual.

* * *

I went to see and hear Eric Hosking. Every reader of the *Field* probably knows Eric Hosking by name. If you do not, he is a bird photographer of outstanding ability and a more than competent ornithologist. And he was to talk about birds and show lantern slides of birds.

* * *

I think you must admit that that is an unusual item to find in a cabaret programme. To my mind a most refreshingly unusual item. And a most courageous one. It cannot be easy to talk about birds to a crowded room of diners who probably know nothing about birds; it must be very difficult to do so when that talk is limited to ten minutes and fitted in between a beautiful young lady singing love songs to rhythm and an oriental conjurer, who produces live chickens from nowhere. Mr. Hosking, I submit, is an extremely brave man.

* * *

Even more courageous, I think, is the management of the Trocadero. People go to such places to eat and be amused, rather than instructed. Few people, I imagine, would regard a talk on birds as amusing; most people would regard it as instructive even if they did not consider it boring. The Trocadero management must have known that, and knowing it, took with an initiative and courage and belief in their own judgment that is refreshing for any modern English business, the chance.

* * *

They and Mr. Hosking have been well repaid. The room on the night I went was full. I spent some time—in the intervals of eating an extremely good dinner—in regarding my fellow diners. They were with possibly two exceptions townsmen to all outward appearance. Next to me was a party of Frenchmen; not very far away an American with two Germans. The room was not, obviously, of an ornithological turn of mind. I feared rather that Mr. Hosking was going to spend an uncomfortable ten minutes.

* * *

Applause greeted his first picture. His talk was punctuated throughout by applause, which was pronounced when he showed kingfishers and which was enthusiastic when he finished. He was, beyond doubt, a success.

* * *

By the time this appears in print a new programme will be on. Trocabaret will be cabaret on the accepted lines. But I hope and believe that the Trocadero and Mr. Hosking have done something that will have repercussions throughout the cabaret world, that London will in future be amused and instructed over its dinner.

* * *

Birds are interesting things—even when you know little about them—and they do interest most people to some extent, even those whose normal round of business and pleasure is governed to a very large extent by hard pavements and bright lights. That was proved to my satisfaction on that Wednesday night. I hope Mr. Hosking will be given further opportunities of ramming the lesson home.

* * *

The lesson, of course, is that the general public are not nearly so unintelligent as those who endeavour to entertain them believe. Give a man a good dinner and you can do anything with him; but you cannot. If Mr. Hosking had bored, the room would have been silent—the room was not. A lecture on birds, sandwiched between song and conjuring, went well. The lantern slide of a barn owl was examined with just as much interest as the young lady who sang about her loves. The barn owl, of course, is also beautiful; but nevertheless I regard it as a heartening sign.

* * *

There is room for the pioneer even to-day, even in the after-hours life of London. There is room everywhere for a return to simple things. I congratulate the Trocadero on their dinner, on the courtesy of their staff, and particularly on their initiative and on possessing the courage of their convictions (in a world which seems now to have little of either) and of Mr. Hosking on his adventurous spirit. But I want more.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—With regard to the diet of that worst of winged vermin, the little owl, I can speak from experience that it is not butterflies, moths and beetles that they principally live on, but our singing birds. About two years ago my son was riding round the land and saw a little owl tearing something to pieces on the ground. On going up to see, away flew one of these pests from eating a freshly-killed blackbird. Two summers ago we found a little owl's nest with the remains of six or eight young pheasants in it. The other day, when driving to the station, a little owl with a cock blackbird in his talons flew across the road. You could hardly see the owl for the blackbird's plumage. He flew just across the front of my car and it was with difficulty, owing to the weight of his prey, that he managed to clear the two high fences in and out of the road.

We always used to have a nice lot of nightingales about here. For some years they got less and less as the stock of little owls got up, and now we have not had one for several years and they have entirely disappeared. I have no doubt these owls are the cause of the entire disappearance of these delightful songsters.

The beak and the talons of the owl would show they were not meant for catching insects!

Yours faithfully,

Brent Pelham Hall, ED. E. BARCLAY.
Herts.

"FISH OF GREAT AGE"

SIR,—With reference to the above article by Mr. T. C. Bridges, in the *Field* of October 22nd, it is worthy of interest that the majority of modern ichthyologists appear to be of the opinion that "centenarian" carp are non-existent; that, in fact, they never have existed. According to the *Fishing Gazette* of May 25th, 1935, a German scientist, Professor Rochner, who has studied carp for many years, states that they "live twenty-five to thirty years only. The ancient carp of Fontainebleau are a legend . . . for the ponds there were emptied in 1789, in 1825, and again during the Commune. The monster carp there, 90 centimetres long and 60 in girth, is only twenty-five years old."

In his *History of Fishes* (pages 425–6), Mr. J. R. Norman quotes Dr. Regan's comment that the statements concerning most of the very old carp "rest on very unreliable evidence," and adds that, "although there is good reason for believing that under artificial conditions this fish may attain to a good old age, it is doubtful whether it exceeds fifteen years in a wild state." This, I think, aptly sums up the position in the case of carp, since these placid fish take very easily to a domestic life.

Both authors are equally sceptical about the alleged great age of certain pike, though Dr. Regan concedes "it is probable that fish of sixty or seventy pounds weight are at least as many years old." Mr. E. G. Boulenger (*Angling*, October–December, 1936, page 7) states that "no pike of over fifteen years is *definitely recorded*" (my italics). Ireland, as is well known, produces some superb pike; yet, so far as I am aware, scale readings, where practicable, have not revealed any evidence of notably long-lived individuals. One of the heaviest Scottish pike netted in recent years—a female fish weighing 35lb., and measuring 4ft. in length (Loch Ken, 1935), was estimated, from examination of scales, to be eighteen to twenty years old (*Fishing Gazette*, June 29th, 1935).

Unfortunately, numerous discrepancies are to be found between various authors' accounts of "long-lived" carp and pike. In some cases even the metal of which the marking ring was composed differs in different stories, some writers having that it was brass, others copper, and yet others insisting on gold! Gesner's marked pike, taken (*circa?*) 1497, was supposed to have been placed in a lake by the Emperor Frederick II in the year 1230, but, as Mr. Norman has pointed out, ". . . they (*i.e.*, other authors) cannot agree as to which of the Fredericks was responsible for marking the fish, or as to the exact locality at which it was finally captured. Its length has been stated to be 19ft., and its weight *five hundred and fifty pounds*" (my italics).

Incidentally, it would appear that the Teutonic sense of humour was more pronounced in those times than now; for we read (I really must apologise to Mr. Norman for quoting him so extensively!) that the actual skeleton of this monster pike is said to be preserved in the cathedral at Mannheim, but "a celebrated German anatomist" who studied it during the last century "found that the vertebræ in the backbone were too numerous to belong to a single individual—in other words, that the skeleton had been lengthened to fit the story!"

Yours faithfully,

"Davena," PETER MICHAEL.
56, Cranmore Lane,
Aldershot,
Hants.

ARTIFICIAL HUNTING

SIR,—As the writer of the article to which your correspondent refers in his letter in your issue of November 5th, may I seek once more the hospitality of your columns?

I must reluctantly admit Mr. Liversidge's implication that people do not ride to hounds in their thousands simply for the purpose of exterminating vermin! A Master of Hounds is something more than a glorified rat-catcher; nor can it be claimed that the sports of shooting and fishing are carried out solely for the purpose of augmenting the nation's food supply. To this extent, therefore, it may be said that all forms of sport have an element of artificiality, from the purely utilitarian standpoint. I feel, however, that to expound the ethics of field sports in the pages of the *Field* would be to preach to those who are presumably converted.

Foxhunting, however, may always claim to have been the least artificial and most democratic of sports. No "engines" are employed, beyond a pack of hounds, whose natural instinct is to hunt their quarry, while in support of its democratic character, I cannot do better than quote the late Captain Pennell-Elmhirst, possibly the finest hunting correspondent the *Field* has known.

"Foxhunting," he wrote, "is in truth the well-loved sport quite as much of the agricultural classes as it is of those mounted and scarlet clad. A day upon which the 'hoonters' are about to give vivid pleasure to a ten times larger number of working people . . . than of rich folk who ride a-horseback. Old men to little children all accept the pageant with gusto, and view its operations with keen delight, being never so happy as when they can share it by screaming at a fox, however distant!" My submission is that only when foxhunting ceases to be the natural sport of the whole countryside will it become artificial, and this was the purpose of my article.

As regards the "crime of preservation," this merely amounts to an effort at saving from extinction by trap, gun and poison bottle, an animal that, in reasonable numbers, performs a useful function in the destruction of vermin a good deal more harmful than himself; one, moreover, that plays a not unimportant part in our national life.

Yours faithfully,

Great Budds, RALPH GREAVES.
Shipbourne.

ENCOURAGING ATHLETICS

SIR,—The Scottish Athletic Federation wishes to encourage a more general participation in athletics of those who do not reach an exceptionally high standard, and especially of the youth of the country. One of the proposed methods is to give certificates or badges to all who attain a recognised standard in three or four events; another is to start inter-school and inter-club competitions on the basis of points to every competitor, or even of every member who attains a recognised standard; the winning club or school would then be the one with the best average performance, and not the one with one or two outstanding athletes.

A similar system is in force in some schools for inter-House competitions: the winning House is the one in which the greatest proportion of the boys or girls attain a given standard. But unfortunately it is found that at present there is no recognised standard either for boys and girls of any given age, or for adults. Standards vary from school to school, from club to club; sometimes only one standard is recognised, at other times two or more (such as high, medium and low). It is therefore impossible to compare the performance in one group with that in another group.

The S.A.F. is consequently anxious to collect as many as possible of the standards already recognised (and so proved to be of real use) and if possible to work out a set of standards which may be generally acceptable.

The standards will take into consideration the age of the competitors and their sex, the track used in races (grass or cinder, &c.), the height of hurdles, weight of shot or javelin, and other circumstances. According to some people, allowance must be made in the case of juveniles for the height and even for the weight of the competitors; but in many events this might introduce unnecessary complications.

If standards can be worked out which receive general acceptance, comparisons of performances in different areas or groups may provide very interesting data; one area may show greater ability than another, one group in an area may show greater ability than other groups in the same area. Not only will the average person be encouraged to improve his or her all-round ability by attaining the recognised standards in several events, but also attention may be drawn to groups who require special efforts (owing to lack of facilities, nutrition, hours of work, unemployment, &c.) to bring them up to the general average.

The S.A.F. would be greatly obliged if any of your readers who are interested would send us any relevant information and statistics in their possession.

Yours faithfully,

J. B. T. MACKAY
(Hon. Recorder).

Scottish Athletic Federation,
22, Stafford Street,
Edinburgh 3.

WEIGHT OF AFRICAN GAME

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter on the subject of weight of African game, in the *Field* of October 1st, has prompted me to submit the weights of a few species. Although the list is very meagre, it is forwarded in the hope that the figures may be of interest and will help to supplement existing information. My only regret is that I did not weigh more of the species which I obtained during a seven years' sojourn in Tanganyika Territory. The weights are as follows: Warthog, 178lb.; another of which measured 4ft. 1in. from the snout to the base of the tail, 140lb.; impalla, males 75lb. and 80lb., female 100lb.; waterbuck (height at shoulder 4ft.), 260lb.; spotted hyena (4ft. 11in. from nose to base of tail), 160lb.

Yours faithfully,

Department of Agriculture, N. C. E. MILLER.
Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.

GAME OUTSIDE AFRICA

SIR,—With reference to the letter on "Weight of African Game" on p. 785 of your issue of October 1st, 1938, you have referred to African game only. Might I, however, refer to other game outside Africa, for, in my opinion, after the elephant there does not appear to me to be any animal in the world to beat, so far as weight is concerned, or even in height for that matter (leaving out the giraffe), the Indian or Burmese gaur, miscalled bison (*Bibos gaurus*). Old bulls sometimes run up to 21 hands at the shoulder and are, moreover, exceedingly bulky. I may be wrong, but I do not think either of the two rhinoceros of Africa approach anywhere near the gaur in weight, or even in height for that matter. The American bison and the African buffalo are puny animals compared to the Indian and Burmese gaur. The next largest land animal in the world, therefore, in my opinion to the elephant is *Bibos gaurus*, the so-called Indian bison or gaur.

I would say that the eight heaviest animals in the world are perhaps as follows: (1) Elephant; (2) gaur or bison (*Bibos gaurus*); (3) black rhinoceros; (4) white rhinoceros; (5) hippopotamus; (6) giraffe; (7) tsaien (*Bibos banteng birmanicus*), the true wild cattle of Burma; (8) the single-horned rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros sondaicus*) of Burma and the Malay States. I should say that a gaur standing at 21 hands at the shoulder was heavier than any Clydesdale horse.

Yours faithfully,

28, Rock Hill, W. S. THOM
Kalaw, (Imperial Police, retired).
Shan States, Upper Burma.

PONY VICTIMS IN THE NEW FOREST

SIR,—I have only just seen the letter from the Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A. on the above subject. May I crave space to explain that I in no way intended any reflection on the methods of the R.S.P.C.A. in this matter? Their inspector showed himself on the occasion mentioned keen and efficient under very difficult circumstances. It was impossible to approach the injured colt, though with a broken fetlock, near enough to destroy it without expert assistance, and this was difficult to obtain.

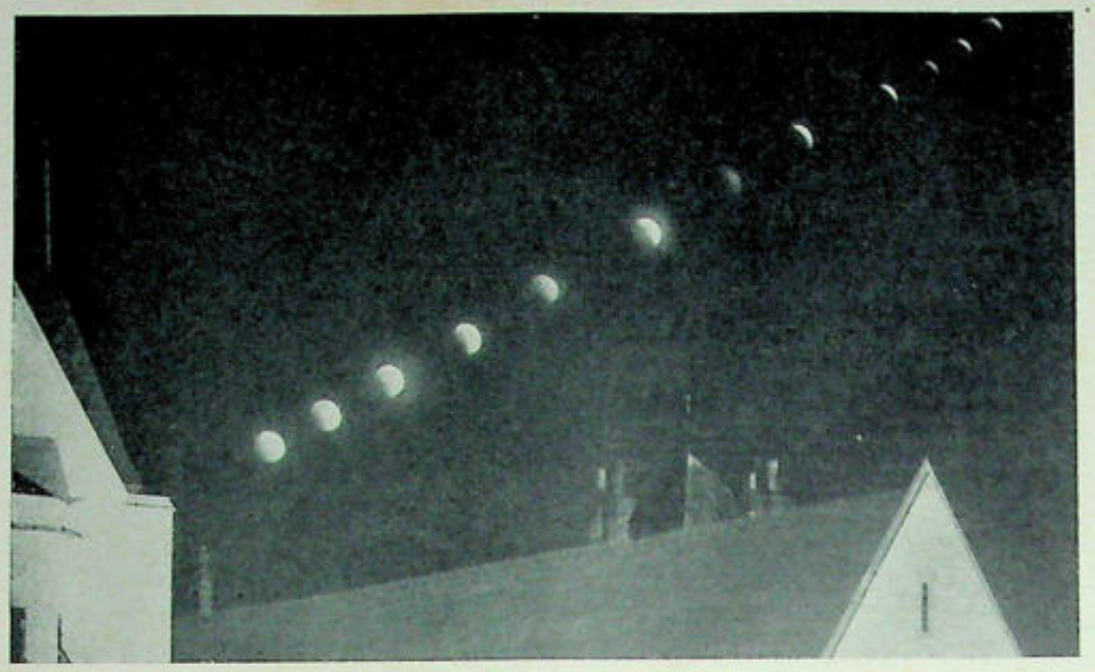
I fail, however, to appreciate Captain McCunn's argument against setting up a speed limit in the Forest. The same objections were raised when speed-limits in built-up areas were first suggested, and everyone knows that in these areas accidents have since decreased by nearly 50 per cent.

As long as motorists are allowed to drive madly along the unfenced Forest roads at 40 to 60 miles an hour—cutting in and overtaking—bad accidents will occur and these semi-wild ponies will continue to be killed and injured.

All over England—all over the world—animals have to pay the penalty for our mad lust for speed. Let us see to it that the toll of their suffering is not greater than we can reasonably prevent.

Yours faithfully,

Ashill House, EVA DUNBAR.
Ilminster.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECENT ECLIPSE OBTAINED BY A SERIES OF EXPOSURES
(See letter "The Eclipse of the Moon")

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the recent eclipse. It was taken in the grounds of Howell's School, Denbigh, the buildings of which appear in the foreground. Exposures were made at approximate intervals of 7 minutes, between 8.35 p.m. and 10 p.m., on November 7th.

Yours faithfully,

Denbigh. RONALD THOMPSON.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN"

SIR,—Not long ago in a wood near here I picked up a stormy petrel (*Procellaria pelagica*), otherwise known as "Mother Carey's Chicken." It was only a short time dead and had no marks of violence on it. I at once noticed a peculiar oily smell off the bird, and on looking it up in the book found this smell was one of its peculiarities. Its other markings, white upper tail coverts, web feet and sooty black feathers tinged with grey, helped me to identify it I have sent it to Messrs. Williams, 2, Dame Street Dublin, for preservation and setting up. This locality is over 90 miles as the crow flies from the nearest point of the Atlantic from which the bird could have come, and I believe the nearest known nesting places of the stormy petrel are on the islands off the west coast of Ireland some 100 miles from here. This place is situated practically in the exact (?) centre of Ireland. About October 8th or 9th there was a terrific gale blowing over here from the south-west. I have seen these birds many times topping the waves of the Atlantic, but never at close quarters before. Was it blown inland by the storm or was it migrating to other shores?

Yours faithfully,

Ettagh, EVAN LLOYD.
Brosna, S.O.,
King's County, Ireland.

HUNTERS AT GRASS

SIR,—This engraving arouses hunting thoughts every time you look at it, and the individuality of the three hunters recalls many memories of equine friends. It would be a great pleasure to have the opportunity to see the original painted by Landseer, and one often wonders where it now hangs and what is the size of the canvas? From the official record it appears Landseer painted the picture for Mr. W. Wigram in 1833, the price being 300 guineas, and it was exhibited in the Royal Academy.

All three hunters were bred by Mr. Wigram from a favourite mare, Elizabeth, by Waxy, by Pot8os. The first in the group, a chesnut by Osiris, is the youngest, foaled 1819, though he shows the most wear. The middle horse is a brown; and the last horse, Algiers, a bay by Salamanca, foaled 1816, is our pick for a day's hunting.

Yours faithfully,

Folkingham, CUTHBERT BRADLEY.
Lincolnshire.

A FOWL DIET

SIR,—In West Africa—at least, in the arid towns on the coast—the rearing of poultry is a chancy matter, and the amateur, particularly if he is otherwise engaged for the greater part of the day, finds the care of his birds quite a problem in the dry season. There is hardly a blade of grass to be seen, and it becomes necessary to scour the countryside to find green food for the birds.

When I was last in West Africa, some years ago, I kept a pen of Black Leghorns, which did very well for most of the year, but they had to be kept in a wired run to protect them from snakes—and not always of the crawling variety either—for the two-legged snake, who would lift one's poultry at night, was far from unknown.

During the dry season, there were frequent swarms of locust "hoppers" which settled everywhere, even in the fowl run, and they were greedily snapped up by the fowls, which throve on the unusual diet—and why not? Although there was precious little green food in the immediate vicinity, the locusts had, in the recent past, eaten and were gorged with, green vegetable matter. In any case, I can vouch for the excellent results derived from a diet of locust hoppers, for the egg yield very materially improved thereafter.

Yours faithfully,

Sonning Common, Oxon. H. BROOKS.

CYCLISTS AND ROAD ACCIDENTS

SIR,—A cause of road accidents which so far has received little attention is the inability of drivers to see what is *behind* them.

The mirrors used in over 90 per cent. of cars are of the internal pattern, that is, fitted above or below the windscreen and reflecting through the rear window.

Useful as this type may be, it is inefficient because it has a blind spot caused by the rear quarter of the saloon body. This blind spot does not obscure large vehicles, but it *does* obscure that most vulnerable and ubiquitous danger, the following cyclist, who, in traffic, is often in that very area where the motorist's mirror cannot reflect him.

This applies particularly when a car is stopped and the driver gets out. Dozens of cyclists are knocked off their machines every day by the sudden opening of off-side car doors.

In the interests of road safety I suggest the use of an additional mirror on the off-side wing, which shows the motorist that part of the road which is hidden from the internal mirror. The cost of a wing mirror is small, for Lucas's now make one for a few shillings, but its use may prevent accidents of a serious, if not fatal nature.

Yours faithfully,

Coxfolly, L. R. HANCOX.
Wood Lane, Earlswood,
Warwicks.

THE DEATH OF A KITTIWAKE GULL

SIR,—Recently I was walking along the road with fields on one side and fields and a rookery on the other side when I suddenly heard a great noise made by a flock of eight to ten rooks returning home.

In the centre of the flock was a kittiwake gull, also giving tongue very freely. I did not see that the gull was being pecked or struck at, but my attention being diverted for half a second I heard a thud about 25yds. away and I saw that the gull had dropped like a stone, evidently struck dead at once, as there was not even a flutter of a wing.

I went up to the bird and found it lying with the head bent underneath and its bill stuck into the ground "up to the hilt." The bird was in perfect condition, and not marked by any injury.

The rooks, after the gull had dropped, ceased their squawking and went home in silence.

Yours faithfully,

Filey, JOHN P. COLLIER.
East Yorks.

DUST IN THE NEST

SIR,—It is surprising to find that your correspondents "G. B. F." and C. Nicholson are unaware of the source of the fine bluish grey dust left in nests after the young have left. It is nothing whatever to do with the mud lining as suggested by Mr. Nicholson, but consists of the disintegrated fragments of the cases in which the quill feathers first appear on the young birds, and which breaks up rapidly as they develop and is trodden into dust by the nestlings.

Yours faithfully,

Whitekirk, F. C. R. JOURDAIN.
Southbourne, Bournemouth.

UNORTHODOX MANNA
(See letter "A Fowl Diet")

As Christmas approaches, your friends will say:

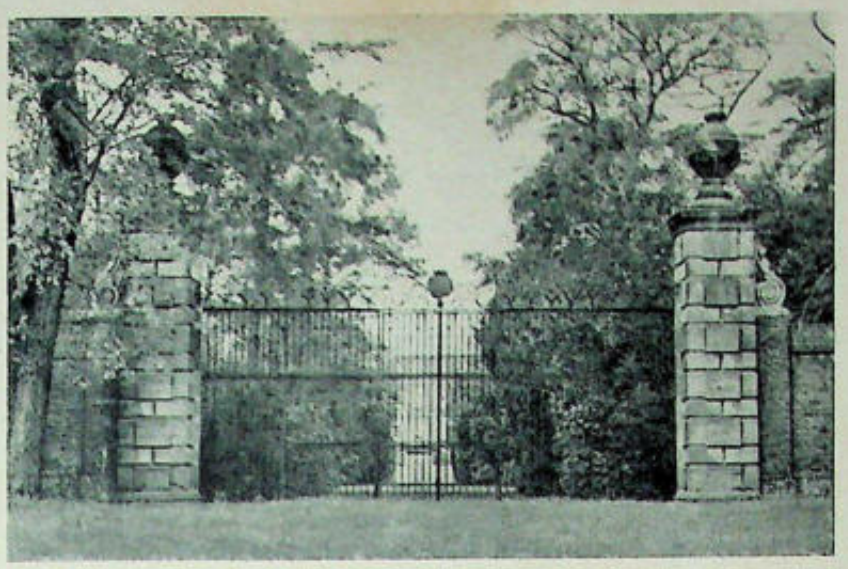
"I hope Mr. Walker will walk my way!"

Don't merely wish your friends a happy Christmas. Make sure they have a happy Christmas by sending presents of Johnnie Walker.

JOHNNIE WALKER
walks away with it!

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

AN HISTORIC BUILDING
(See letter "Ham House")



HAM HOUSE

SIR,—Three hundred years have passed since Charles I acquired Sheen Chase—giving in exchange compensation that was wholly inadequate—and, having added about 750 acres of land from Ham and Petersham, with smaller tracts from other parishes, enclosed what we now know as Richmond Park. It seems strange that the palace at Richmond was never a popular residence with the Stuart kings, despite its convenient situation for the favourite royal pastime of the day, seeing that the new park, well stocked with deer, became a famous hunting centre. There is little doubt that Ham House, Petersham, remembered chiefly to-day as the residence of John of Lauderdale, became of far greater account than its near neighbour, and if the park grew in importance, the palace became neglected and almost forgotten.

Ham House dates from 1610, and though possibly not the oldest, is certainly the finest Jacobean mansion in outer London. But little alteration has been made in house or grounds since the Cabal met here in secret conference, and some of the more ancient trees would appear to date from about that time. The stately avenues of elms with which the house is surrounded make their own contribution to the appearance of age which the mansion itself conveys.

The river front is seen in the first photograph. The oval niches seen in the brickwork contain lead busts of Roman Emperors, and on the lawn below may be seen a colossal figure of Father Thames, in stone.

The avenue gates, shown in the second photograph, are flanked by tall piers surmounted by urns, and date from the time of Charles II. Over the centre can be seen the Lauderdale Arms, surrounded by the Order of the Thistle with its pendant badge.

These gates bear a curious legend dating from the time of Charles. It is said that the fallen monarch spent his last night in the environs of London at Ham House, coming down by way of the river. When he continued his flight by road the following morning, the avenue gates were closed after him, never to be opened again, so the legend runs, until such time as the Stuart dynasty be restored. Though this restriction can scarcely have been put into effect, the gates have seldom been used since.

"THE CUP KILLS MORE THAN THE CANNON"
(See letter "Pot and Kettle")

Ham walks are as yet unspoiled—possessing a charm that is independent of season. They may be seen to advantage, as the writer saw them first, at haymaking, and again in late autumn, but better than either is the summer evening—with the drone of distant traffic hushed, and the lights dim above Petersham Hill—when one can enter into the spirit of Henley's beautiful lines:

"The dusk grows vast; in a purple haze,
While the West from a rapture of sunset rights,
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

. . . . .

"In the stilly fields, in the stilly ways,
All secret shadows and mystic lights,
Late lovers murmur and linger and gaze—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!"

Yours faithfully,

122, Kenilworth Court, Putney, S.W. 15. E. P. OLNEY.

POT AND KETTLE

SIR,—A curious inscription is to be seen on a stone on the outside wall of the vicarage at Kirdford, Sussex. It runs as follows:

"Degradation of Drunkenness."

"There is no sin which doth more deface God's image than drunkenness; it disguiseth a person and doth even unman him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine, and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, and the murderer of conscience. Drunkenness is hurtful to the body; the cup kills more than the cannon; it causes dropsies, catarrhs, apoplexies; it fills the eye with fire, and the legs with water, and turns the body into an hospital."

Tradition says it was put up as a warning to the village toper; tradition also says that the parishioners of the time said it should have been put on the other side of the wall!

Yours faithfully,

The Hill House, Lindfield, Haywards Heath, Sussex. G. PENNETHORNE.

MOVEMENTS OF PINK-FOOTED GEESE

SIR,—In a certain West Country goose haunt, "pink-foots" began to arrive this year on September 15th, and all of them, up to about 600, departed about November 7th. This, approximately, is what happens in this place, as regards this particular species of goose, every year. They stay in numbers sometimes up to 1,000 or more for some two months only. It would be very interesting to know where they go. There are probably not very many regular haunts of pink-footed geese in England, and if anyone noticed an influx into any of these about November 7th it might help to solve the problem.

Yours faithfully,

Dyrham Rectory, Chippenham. F. L. BLATHWAYT.

CAN DOGS COUNT?

SIR,—Recent articles in the *Field* on the subject "Do Dogs Reason?" have caused me to ask "Can Dogs Count?"

A few years ago I had two black cocker spaniel bitches. I lived six miles out of Durban, but went in almost daily. I never took the cockers with me except on Saturdays, when I used to take them sailing. They never attempted to get into my car on any day except Saturdays, but every Saturday morning, when the boys opened the garage to clean the car, they would immediately go in and sit on the running board and wait for me.

I can imagine they might have recognised white flannels and a yachting cap as a sign of the day, but I was very careful not to give any indication in that respect.

I now have a daughter of one of them which does precisely the same thing, although both her mother and aunt died before they could have taught her the trick.

How did the bitches recognise Saturday? There was nothing done about the place to distinguish it from any other day.

Yours faithfully,

Durban Club, Durban. R. G. P. WOOD.

PELHAM BITS

SIR,—The fashion of putting the curb chain through the ring of the Pelham seems to be coming to these parts.

I first noticed it a year or so ago in a frontispiece of the *Field* depicting a smart well-turned-out Lady Something. I imagine that is the kind of way fashions spread. I wrote to the man who, in my opinion, used to be the best saddler in London, and asked him what the idea was. His reply was that it might be a fad, or the outcome of groom-chauffeurs, but that it was certainly wrong, as it put the leverage all wrong.

I loathe a Pelham anyway. What "hands" with a plain snaffle or double bridle will not do is, to my mind, not worth doing.

Yours faithfully,

Hants. X. Y. Z.

Obtainable from all leading Hotels, Restaurants and Wine Merchants.

A PONY'S JOURNEY

SIR,—I send you a snapshot, which I hope may be of interest to your readers, of a small pony which made a rather remarkable journey last month. I bought it in Gulmarg, Kashmir, at the end of the summer for my small son, and as there is no railway to this part of the State, and it happened to be inconvenient to box it from Sealkot to Saugor, it was decided to march it down. The distance is 262 miles, and the pony stands about 13 hands, but the small Kashmiri syce said he would take sixteen days for the journey. He accordingly left Gulmarg on the morning of September 10th, and actually arrived in Sealkot on the evening of September 21st, having done the journey in twelve marches, and most probably riding the pony most of the way. The train journey from Sealkot to Saugor took the best part of three days, and the snapshot was taken when the pony arrived, in perfect condition, and not having turned a hair.

Yours faithfully,

Equitation School, Saugor, C.P., India. C. CALDECOTT.

UNUSUAL QUAILS' EGGS

SIR,—I enclose an extract from a letter I have received from my son, who is out on a tea garden in Upper Assam, which perhaps some of your readers can answer for him :

"This morning in a section of the tea, Y. came upon a quail's nest which had recently hatched. There were four chicks, minute little creatures not yet dry ; the old bird was there as well, and promptly got in an awful fluff, fluttering round and pretending that she had got a broken wing, whilst the chicks lay absolutely flat.

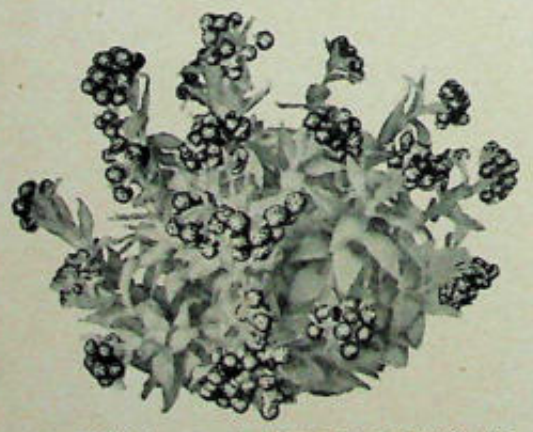
"This evening we went down there, and Y. showed me the nest, a few bits of grass, not even as much as a partridge makes. The eggs, one of which a plucking (tea) coolie woman had trodden on, were very interesting in that, instead of being broken in the irregular way that eggs that have been normally hatched usually are, all four of them have the blunt end neatly cut round, leaving a quarter as a hinge, the lid, if it can be termed as such, being pulled down inside.

"I am now wondering if this is always the rule or whether this clutch is the exception. All four eggs were the same, and three of them are on the table in front of me now. Maybe the *Field* could throw some light on this point ?"

Yours faithfully,

London C. J. TWIST.

The
CAPE COUNTRYSIDE
is *ablaze*
with WILD FLOWERS



THERE can be few more magnificent spectacles than the South African countryside when the wild flowers and shrubs are in bloom and the landscape is decked in a mantle of riotous colour.

The orchards and vineyards are now laden with fruit, and their sun-ripened crops add new significance to the pleasures of the table.

Visit South Africa and lay up a store of memories you will cherish throughout your life.

Consult your Travel Agent or the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Special steamer fares apply by certain sailings during Winter.

South Africa

A REMARKABLE RIDE
(See letter "A Pony's Journey")

FRENCH POODLES FOR SHOOTING

SIR,—Can any reader inform me how French poodles are used ; that is, whether as spaniels or retrievers ?

I have been given a French Poodle/Labrador cross puppy, and would be glad to know any reader's experience of this cross.

Yours faithfully,

Melrose. "LEX."

A GOOD PURGE

SIR,—The other day, walking along a lane in Hampshire, my curiosity was aroused by the sight of two men beating the hedgerow. They were collecting the berries from the purge buckthorn, which they told us they sent to the laboratories for use in an animal purge preparation. They assured us that two or three berries taken before a meal made a good human purge and that they were still used in the country for this purpose. It is peculiar that they should advise the dose before a meal.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton Scotney, Hants. PETER WHITE.

A STRANGE CASUALTY

SIR,—Some weeks ago we suffered a curious casualty while hunting. A bitch, still hunting keenly, was observed to be bleeding from the mouth and, when we managed to catch her, we found that her tongue was completely missing. No one witnessed the accident, nor did we find the tongue, which had been torn or bitten away at the roots. As she was quite unable to lap water or swallow food, we had to destroy her.

I should be interested to know whether such an accident is without precedent.

Yours faithfully,

Hon. Sec., Down House Beagles. C. L. GREENEP.

BIRDS IN LONDON

SIR,—Some of your readers might be interested in the following list of 48 species of birds observed within 300yds. of this house.

As this is but a bare ten miles from Charing Cross, I feel that it might be worth recording.

Mistle thrush,* song thrush,* blackbird,* redbreast,* chiffchaff,* willow wren, hedge sparrow,* long-tailed titmouse, great titmouse,* coal titmouse,* blue titmouse,* nuthatch,* wren,* pied wagtail,* spotted flycatcher,* swallow,* house martin,* tree creeper,* goldfinch, greenfinch, house sparrow,* chaffinch,* linnet, yellowhammer, starling,* jay,* jackdaw,* carrion crow, rook, skylark, swift,* lesser spotted woodpecker,* green woodpecker, kingfisher, cuckoo, barn owl,* little owl, tawny owl,* sparrow hawk, kestrel, heron, mallard, mandarin duck, woodpigeon,* moorhen, woodcock, black-headed gull, herring gull.

The mandarin duck established itself on the pond after the Crystal Palace fire.

Those birds marked with an asterisk have nested or fed in the garden.

Yours faithfully,

9, Edward Road, Bromley, Kent. E. JUSTICE.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for your help for an invalid lady of 80 years, and her sister. Born and brought up in comfortable circumstances, they little thought they would have to throw themselves on the mercy of charity in their old age. Three years ago the elder lady underwent a very serious operation at Guy's Hospital, and the small guest house in Kensington, from which they had for several years derived a bare living, had to be given up as the invalid required constant nursing by her sister. At present one old-age pension (10/-) and 12/6 from a charity is their only income, which is wholly inadequate. Their struggle is gallant but pitiful, for the pride, which only too often prevents gentlefolk from asking for help until at starvation's door, has blinded their neighbours to the real extent of their misery. Please send us £13, that we may continue the 5/- weekly we have been giving these two sad sisters.

IN THE CITY

BY THE CITY EDITOR

MEMBERS of the London Stock Exchange have been experiencing a particularly lean time. Their year ends in March. Unless business expands a good deal over the next four months most firms, whether brokers or jobbers, will show losses instead of profits this year.

It is generally known that many firms, large and small, have been unable to cover their office rents for months past. Still members are accustomed to take the rough with the smooth. They naturally hope for better times. Now and again there is a gleam of hope.

More often than not this disappears under the clouds of adverse political conditions on the Continent of Europe. The recent news of the Anglo-American Trade Pact brought definite encouragement to markets, but it proved short-lived. It is highly probable, however, that as time goes on the friendly relationship between the English-speaking countries will have a material effect upon trade.

There has been speculative buying of various Lancashire textile shares. Many such issues are to-day standing at prices which may be described as "option money." Bleachers £1 ordinary are about 3/6 with Bradford Dyers around the same price. In fact, prices for the shares of textile companies, which some years ago were financially strong and paying good dividends, are now at rubbish prices.

It will naturally take a long time before shares holders in such concerns can again participate in dividends under the most favourable trade conditions. Many of the companies will probably have to reorganise before they are again financially strong. Better trade with America will help, but it must be remembered that we have lost very good trade with China. I am of the opinion that those buying textile shares will have to wait a long while for any substantial return.

I believe there is more scope in other directions. I have previously drawn attention to engineering shares. That section of markets has been tolerably good. Reports and dividend statements coming along indicate continued prosperity. Many companies are able to say that they have work on hand to keep them fully employed for at least two years.

A share which I regard as having very reasonable prospects is Burnell & Co. 5/- ordinary. This share can be bought around 11/6. The company is of old standing and has a good dividend record except for the world depression years. In the last three or four years, distinct progress has been made.

The company manufactures galvanised sheets, the demand for which is very keen. It paid a 10 per cent. and a 5 per cent. cash bonus for the year to December, 1936. Dividend for 1937 was 15 per cent. and a 5 per cent. cash bonus making 20 per cent. in all. Earnings were about 66 per cent. on the ordinary. Distributions in recent years have been most conservative.

The report for the current year will probably be available before the end of January. I find market dealers very confident that the total distribution will not be less than 20 per cent. Many are, indeed, looking for more. Even on a 20 per cent. basis the shares look to me as worth picking up.

Reverting to the Anglo-American trade pact, there is to be a reduction in the duty on the imports of bicycles into the United States from this country. That should naturally benefit cycle manufacturers. In this connection, Wright Saddle Company 2/- ordinary standing around 3/- each have possibilities.

This company manufactures cycle saddles and general leather goods. It is believed that very good contracts were secured quite recently from some of the most important cycle manufacturing firms of the country. The saddle company paid two dividends totalling 12½ per cent. for the year to August 31st last.

SNAKES FROM THE STATES

"They come not single spies, but in battalions," wrote Shakespeare, and although he can hardly have been referring to the arrival of snakes at a London menagerie at the time, the remark may very well apply to present circumstances. America believes in doing things in a big way, and as the result of a statement by the London Zoo that they were rather short of rattlesnakes the authorities of the Philadelphia Zoo dispatched well over 100 of these reptiles to the "Old Country." Their arrival has proved a trifle embarrassing, for although they are very welcome, reptilian accommodation hardly extends to adequate quarters for so many. It is probable that some will be sold, and any *Field* reader who feels able to give one of these little fellows a nice kind home might be able to obtain one at a sale price.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

V.—The Mashies

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE old adage, "The man who can putt is a match for anyone," is frequently heard, but miraculous putting is not the slightest use if too many shots are wasted before the greens are reached. I think most golfers will agree that the man who is an adept at laying his approaches consistently near the hole is the one to be feared.

For most approach shots the mashies should be used. As the incomparable Bobby Jones has said, whenever possible it is better to "play a straightforward stroke without attempting any difficult cut or backspin shots." The two mashies are friendly clubs, and so for the majority of golfers are the most popular in the bag. They can be used for many varied shots and are not difficult to handle.

As the ball must pitch within a confined area accuracy is essential. The player has to be able to gauge not only the flight of the ball but the subsequent run. This is acquired by practice, and by nothing else, for each individual has his own capabilities so far as hitting the ball is concerned.

The powerful mashie, the No. 5, is used a great deal by the average player. Short holes measuring up to 150yds. can be played with it, but, as one famous professional has repeatedly said, never attempt to force a shot with it. If you think you cannot reach the green, take a No. 4 instead. When you are positive you can obtain the necessary distance you can concentrate on accuracy. When you press anything can happen—and the worst usually does.

The grip and stance should be the same as used for the irons, and, as with those clubs, care should be taken not to overswing. Cotton believes in keeping the face of the club at a right angle to the line of flight, turned neither in nor out. He says the left arm should be kept straight and the club taken back to just beyond the vertical position without bending the left arm. "Thus," he says, "you will be able to control your swing and therefore your shots." To hit down and through when playing a mashie is, of course, imperative, just as one must not help the loft of the club to do its work. As Cotton puts it: "It is far better left to the clubhead than your arms; just carry the club through the ball."

For a full shot with the No. 6 the player will have to stand nearer the ball than he does when using the No. 5, because the shaft is shorter. Many professionals have told me that a common mistake their pupils make is to reach for the ball. That is to say, they stand too far away and bend down, arms outstretched, so that they can put the club behind the ball as they address it. There is no need for me to say that such a method is wrong. Adopting it the player cannot use his weight to advantage, and, what is more important, at least two loops will appear in his swing.

The two mashies can be used for the short approach shots, and personally I think they are easier to control than the mashie-niblick. Particularly is this the case during the winter months when fairways are soggy and full of worm-casts. A pitch-shot from a bad, muddy lie calls for great skill and few of us can play it with any degree of confidence. A mashie with less loft and a smaller face is the best club, and with it you are less liable to make a destructive stroke. Some mis-hits with a mashie look quite good shots, and the results are rarely as bad as a mis-hit pitch.

Many experts call the pitch-and-run the dullest of all golf shots. It may be, but it is both simple and effective, and results count. The open champion suggests, "The general rule-of-thumb idea is, whenever possible, to pitch just on the edge of the green and let the ball run the rest." That advice is sound and should always be remembered. The club should be held with a short grip, wrists firm and the feet fairly close together. It is generally agreed that the length of the back swing is determined by the length of the shot to be played.

Some experts say the ball should be at a point midway between the two feet, others believe that it should be nearer the right foot. The individual can choose for himself which method he adopts. I have noticed that the leading professionals all turn more towards the hole in the address, stance open, and there is little weight movement.

The pitch-and-run shot must be played firmly. Any slackness is fatal. Walter Hagen, the greatest exponent of the art of turning three shots into two, always made a habit of keeping the blade of his club pointing in the desired line; he never turned the head on the backswing. And he always gave the ball a decisive blow. Whatever else you forget, be firm—firm grip, firm wrists and a firm short swing.

When approaching a green it is essential to make up your mind what kind of shot you will play and where you want the ball to pitch. Remember that spot, and concentrate on it, forgetting where the flag is and what the green is like. Study the nature of the ground. A soft patch will prevent the ball running on as planned. A little care before the shot is played will save many of those approaches that finish well short of the objective. Always try to get a clear mental picture of the stroke you want to play.

R. A. Whitcombe suggests a helpful plan for approach shots. Imagine "the flag as being the centre of a circle and make up your mind to get the ball into the circle . . . and as your confidence grows with success so can you decrease the size of the circle." When playing a pitch-and-run he agrees with Hagen in believing that the club face "should be left-turned towards the target all the way on the backswing by the simple expedient of not letting the forearms turn outwards away from the line of flight . . . the club must not be snatched up towards the sky. It should be taken back quite slowly and kept as parallel with the ground as the natural bend of the right wrist allows."

Particularly in a wind is the pitch-and-run a useful shot. When winning the Open Championship in the gale at Sandwich Whitcombe, hole after hole, saved valuable strokes by laying his approaches close to the flag. It was an object-lesson to watch him. And all golfers can do likewise if they take the trouble to practise these shots and learn the correct method of playing them. I am convinced that we are apt to make matters more difficult for ourselves by attempting trick shots instead of playing a simple straightforward pitch-and-run. Always select the easiest shot and the easiest club with which to play it.

Furthermore, most golfers would be wise if they did not use such a variety of clubs for the short game. Whitcombe, whose views command respect, says, "Until you are much advanced and have very definite ideas of your own about clubs, I recommend you to play all your short game with a No. 6. I do myself, and am quite certain that by sticking to the one club I'm far better off than trying to employ a variety of clubs. There are some very good 'chippers' on the market, but they all mean more clubs in your bag and more clubs to learn to play with." That is sheer commonsense; no wonder he has called his new book, from which I have taken the quotation, *Golf's No Mystery!*

IN TOUCH

'Varsity Match Prospects

THREE days more and the stands of Twickenham will hold the largest crowd so far this season, for Tuesday brings with it the 'Varsity match. How a large proportion of the crowd manage to leave their offices on a mid-week-day I do not pretend to know, unless there is a mass slaughter of relatives over the previous week-end.

The 'Varsity match always brings a large crowd and great enthusiasm regardless of both the weather and the form of the contending teams. What sort of Rugby football we are going to see on Tuesday is open to question, though I fear that, in all probability, it will be bad.

A few weeks ago both Oxford and Cambridge were playing very indifferent football. Their packs were pitiful, and those behind them were very similar—the 'Varsity match was going to be a "flop." Players came and went, others were crocked, and everything appeared discouragingly embryonic. Indeed, the only really consistent players seemed to be the full backs. K. I. Geddes (Loretto and Caius) showed himself to be a ready-made back right from the start, and the Oxford captain, H. D. Freakes (Rhodes University College, S.A. and Magdalen), although out of the game at the time owing to an injury, was well tried in the past and known to be absolutely sound when the time came.

A fortnight ago Oxford played the Harlequins at Twickenham, and it proved a dismal match, though at times there were brilliant patches, notably R. M. Marshall's (Giggleswick and Trinity) grand dash down the field in all his old glory. Against such things as this, however, have to be set the painfully numerous occasions when the wing forwards, H. H. Pennington (Upholland G.S. and St. Edmund Hall) and I. W. Sutherland (Merchant Taylors and Magdalen), found their way off-side. To infringe as often as this suggests a lack of real shoving in the scrum as well as a contravention of the laws.

Freakes, of course, played as well as ever, and I. H. Watts (Sutton Valence and St. Peter's Hall) took some queer passes from the scrum-half remarkably well, but he was beaten by his opposite number more often than not as the game progressed, and, on the whole, the game was unintelligent, or to use a phrase I overheard, what was needed was "a bit more Balliol."

After it was over, a well-known authority remarked that, in his opinion, neither University deserved to play in the 'Varsity match. All the same, I should have chosen Oxford as the probable winners had a choice to be made. To my way of thinking, their forwards were better than those of their opponents, and in this, subsequent events appear to have proved me correct.

Last week Oxford played their match against Major Stanley's team and won handsomely by scoring two goals and two tries to one penalty goal and one try. Now Major Stanley's team was a nut of undoubted toughness, looking more like a united international side than anything else—Davies, Obolensky, Candler, Dick, Young were typical of the whole team.

Frankly, I thought Oxford were going to receive a terrible hiding, but they played a great game and quite deservedly won. It is significant that their forward play was of a very high standard, a standard which, if it comes forth on December 6th, will undoubtedly rout the enemy. In the tight they were generally out-pushed, and it was in the loose that they excelled. R. M. Marshall, probably the finest forward in the game to-day, was a tower of strength, and so, too, strangely enough, was H. H. Pennington, though he still does not understand the off-side rule it would seem.

Last Saturday Oxford again played well and beat the London Scottish by two tries to nothing; the Light Blues, however, played the United Services at Cambridge and lost by three penalty goals and a try to three goals and a try in a game which would have made an angel weep. Even the usually imperturbable Geddes was off form, while the backs fumbled their passes in a most disturbing manner. The tackling was bad too, and if it does not improve on the great day Cambridge will soon be in trouble with such persons as Marshall, Watts and Pennington.

If—and what a lot that little word implies—Oxford produce current form at the 'Varsity match, they are bound to win, but they are a mercurial team and to dogmatise is a risky business at best.

The game will be a high scoring one I think, and is likely to produce plenty of excitement even if science is somewhat lacking.

I will write no more. Time must now prove whether I be a prophet false or true. L. N. R.

A new flat box

Specially convenient for pocket or handbag

15 for 1/-

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

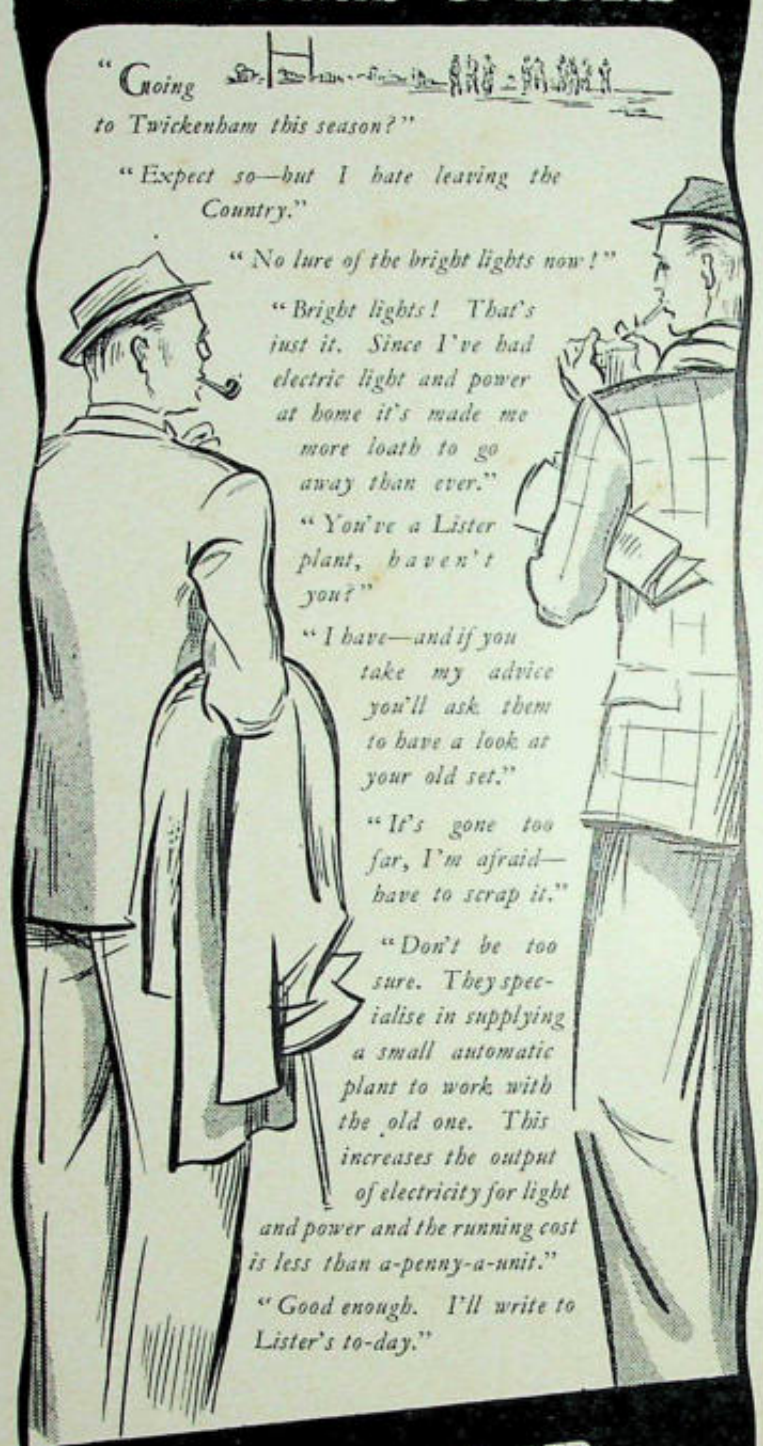
10 for 8D
20 for 1/4D
50 for 3/3D
100 for 6/4D
Handmade:—20 for 1/6

T.T.192ER

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Water & Electricity
IN THE COUNTRY - BY LISTER'S



"Going to Twickenham this season?"

"Expect so—but I hate leaving the Country."

"No lure of the bright lights now!"

"Bright lights! That's just it. Since I've had electric light and power at home it's made me more loath to go away than ever."

"You've a Lister plant, haven't you?"

"I have—and if you take my advice you'll ask them to have a look at your old set."

"It's gone too far, I'm afraid—have to scrap it."

"Don't be too sure. They specialise in supplying a small automatic plant to work with the old one. This increases the output of electricity for light and power and the running cost is less than a-penny-a-unit."

"Good enough. I'll write to Lister's to-day."

R. A. LISTER & CO. LTD.,
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. PHONE DURSLEY 177

will send, without obligation an Advisory Engineer to report on an Independent Electric supply or water pumping.

Largest manufacturers of small Diesel Engines in the World

R.S.V.P.

A PROVED WEAR RESISTING PROCESS

For some time all Lister Diesel Engines have been supplied fitted with Listard (Van der Horst Patents) cylinders. This process of chromium hardening increases resistance to wear by 400%.

Owners of Lister Diesel Engines not treated with this process can, when requiring a rebore or new cylinder liner, have existing cylinders Listard processed.

"Martsmith" Write for Catalogue

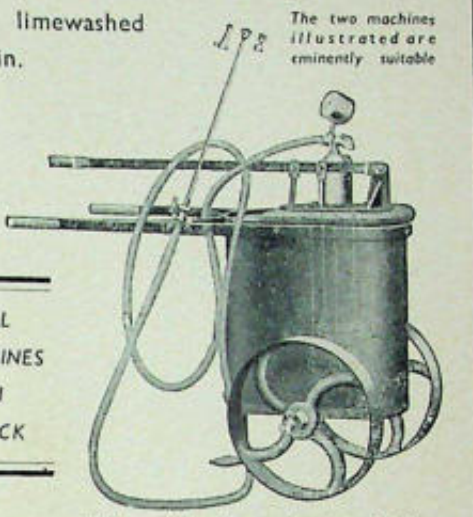
SPRAYERS
FOR AUTUMN & WINTER SPRAYING

There is a lot of work to be done. The fruit trees must be well sprayed if you want the best results next year. Then there are the cowsheds and fowlhouses to be limewashed before the winter sets in.

The two machines illustrated are eminently suitable

"Martsmith" S.42 Pneumatic Knapsack Sprayer. 3 sizes
1½ galls. - 68/-
2½ galls. - 95/-
4 galls. - 113/-

ALL MACHINES IN STOCK



"Martsmith" Devon Spraying Machine, Capacity 18 gallons. Complete with pressure gauge, &c. Price £19 : 0 : 0

Jas. Southerton & Son, Martineau & Smith

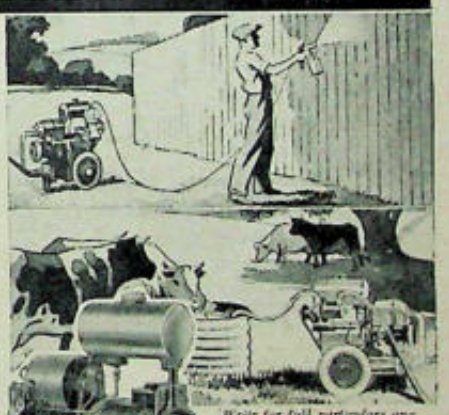
'Phone: SUTTONCOLDFIELD 2243/4

Martsmith Works, SUTTON COLDFIELD

'Grams: "MARTSMITH" SUTTONCOLDFIELD

THE TARPEN WAY IS THE IDEAL WAY—IF THE JOB IS

Spraying or Pumping



You not only save hours with a Tarpen—you not only save labour and cut costs—you get the job done more successfully. Tarpen means power where you want it—without cables or mains. One man wheels it with ease. Ideal for spraying, pumping, milking, hedge-trimming, sawing, lighting, &c. Drives by electric power or direct pulley from engine.

The Tarpen Engineering Co., Ltd., 4 Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C. 2 (National 1510).

Also Melvin Bros., 20 West Nicholson St., Edinburgh

Write for full particulars and details of accessories

400 Watt model as illustrated, £35

Other models, 1, 2, 3 Kw.

TARPEN *Portable Generator*

ROBIN HOOD BOILERS

FOR CENTRAL HEATING WITH
BEESTON RADIATORS

ROBIN HOOD ROYAL BOILERS are suitable for fixing in scullery or kitchen and will give warmth in every room when used in conjunction with BEESTON Radiators

Through all Heating Engineers
PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE BEESTON BOILER Co., Ltd.
BEESTON, Notts.
MAKERS of BEESTON DOMESTIC BOILERS

THE TULIP GARDEN AT ABBEY CHASE

The Country House

TULIP PLANTING TIME

The Glory of the Spring Display

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

TULIPS are amongst the few bulbs that should be planted as late as possible in autumn, and one well-known Tulip expert says that the ideal date is the last day of the year. In most gardens, however, May-flowering kinds are put in in late November or early December. The April-flowering kinds can be planted at this time also, but they are usually put in rather earlier. The drawback to the April-flowering kinds is that on very heavy or very poor soils they rarely do well after their first year.

The most charming effect I saw last season with the April-flowering kinds was in a small garden where they were massed in mixed colours with an edging of Polyanthus, also in mixed colours, and Forget-me-nots alternating with the Polyanthus. The effect was suggestive of a Kate Greenaway picture. The May-flowering kinds also look best in mixed colours, but I think that in a large spring garden the best effect is obtained by having a central bed with Tulips all of one colour, with a good carpeting and edging, and the surrounding beds with the Tulips in mixed colours. For the central bed the Tulips could be associated with Wallflowers in mixed colours and surrounded with an edging of *Dicentra formosa*. I cannot imagine why the last named is not more commonly used as an edging for spring, for it is in flower from April till well into July, and the pretty feathery foliage is then an effective edging for the bedding-out plants, such as Antirrhinums, that usually succeed Wallflowers.

This *Dicentra* is not suited to heavy soils nor very bleak parts. Pansies or Violas make a delightful edging for a Tulip bed, but they only look effective in a good broad edging, say 18in. broad. For instance, a bed of Pride of Harlem Tulips with a carpeting of a fine tall Forget-me-not such as Royal Blue, and an edging of Pansies or Violas in mixed colours, would be a lovely display of colour. Blue or mauve Violas always look well with cherry or rich pink Tulips, and one of the best blue Violas is Pickering Blue.

The addition of Pheasants Eye Narcissi to a bed of Tulips and Wallflowers is invariably good, because the Narcissi give just the necessary touch of white to lighten the effect. Without a little white the most gorgeous mixtures of colours are apt to look heavy. This year I am planting a large bed for spring effect with Pride of Harlem Tulips (to my thinking, the richest and loveliest of the cherry-coloured kinds), associated with Wallflowers in mixed colours, with Pheasants Eye Narcissi in small clumps at intervals of 3ft., and with an edging of Violas in mixed colours, Forget-me-nots and Double Daisies.

The modern demand to have everything in flower at the earliest possible date is responsible for a good deal of trouble with various Tulip diseases. Cottagers in old days planted their Tulips deeply and left them for years, with the result that the bulbs worked themselves down to about 2ft. The plants did not flower so early, but that worried no one in those placid times, and there was little or no disease. May-flowering Tulips ought to be planted quite 6in. deep. The best manure for them is bone meal, allowing 2oz. to every square yard. To secure first-rate Tulips it is of the utmost importance, as soon as the leaves show through, to keep the ground round them well hoed. The difference between a bed that has been kept aerated and one that has been neglected in this respect is remarkable. It is not easy to hoe between Tulips inter-planted with other flowers such as Forget-me-nots, but with care it can be done. I do the job with a small hand-fork. Laborious, perhaps, but it is worth the trouble.

The Darwin and Cottage Tulips are the glory of the spring display, and if it is possible to plant them with a background of Apple trees the effect is enchanting, especially with a thick border of Royal Blue Forget-me-nots in the foreground. The Dutch Tulips are grand, too, and some of them have the additional virtue of scent. Broken or Rembrandt Tulips are still a craze with some people simply because they figure so conspicuously in pictures by the old Dutch masters, but these Tulips are in reality diseased and never very strong growers. Parrot Tulips invariably attract considerable attention at shows, but they should be avoided for growing in the open. They are weak stemmed and can stand hardly any wind, and need a very sheltered spot. The right way to grow them is in hanging baskets. They droop perfectly over the sides, and their gorgeous colouring can then be seen to perfection. Unlike so many flowers grown in hanging baskets, they require no artificial heat, and make a delightful effect in the covered ways or verandahs that are so marked a feature of modern houses.

Tulips are accommodating plants, and succeed in almost any soil, but it is not sufficiently realised that they are greedy feeders. Here again we learn from the old-fashioned cottagers, who always enjoyed feeding their plants. They trenched deeply, put natural manure in the bottom spit, and then left well alone for perhaps 20 years. On no account must manure, even if well decayed, come in contact with the bulbs. It is not cold that affects the bulbs adversely, but cold and damp combined in the long bleak spells of early spring. This type of weather encourages the fungus of Tulip fire, and it is the plants that have been planted too early, and consequently appear too early above the surface soil, that suffer. From March onwards a careful watch has to be kept, and if the characteristic grey mould appears on any leaf the plant should be lifted and destroyed. Tulips should not be planted in infected soil for three years. As usual, it is a case of prevention being better than cure, and if the bulbs are put in at the right depth and not planted too early there should be no trouble.

TREE HOLE BLASTING

Some Safe Methods

MOST operations on fruit farms have been speeded up in order to save time and money, for although the farm worker still receives a comparatively poor wage in this country the labour bill on most farms is usually very heavy. The planting of new trees, however, still entails a great deal of expense for fruit growers. Apart from the cost of the young trees, a good deal of the initial outlay is accounted for by the labour bill, most of which is connected with the actual digging out of the planting holes.

On some soils this is, of course, more expensive than on others. On land which is very wet and heavy in fact it is not advisable to dig holes at all. The roots of the young trees should be spread on the surface of the soil and earth heaped up over them.

But on those soils overlying chalk it is impossible to dig deeply enough without the use of a crowbar, for although in some cases the young trees roots are not very long, the subsoil must be broken up to a sufficient depth to allow for the penetration of the roots later on.

On a deep light soil the cost of digging holes for one- or two-year-old bush trees is approximately 5/- per 100. These trees are usually planted 12ft. apart each way, so that the number required per acre would be 300, bringing the cost of hole digging to 15/- per acre. It is obvious that the same item on a soil with a rocky subsoil could hardly be less than £2 per acre, and would probably be much more.

Explosives have been used for some years to blow up the stumps and roots of old trees, and there seems no reason why this method should not be adopted more extensively for the opening up of holes for new trees.

There is bound to be a certain amount of prejudice against it, however, partly because it is new—and farmers are apt to be suspicious of new methods (although they are improving in this respect since they have been in touch with the research stations and the county advisory officers)—and partly because one or two deaths have occurred as the result of explosives being used carelessly by inexperienced people.

Several years ago a fruit grower was killed while blowing up an old tree stump, but it was proved that he had put his box of fuses, detonators and explosives too near the holes which he was charging. Also, he was using fuses with detonators already fixed, and probably some of the spray of the ignited gunpowder from the fuse blew into the box on to the detonators, and so caused the explosion.

There should be no danger so long as the detonators or capped fuses are kept away from the explosives in a separate closed box, and if the explosives are not anywhere near when the actual lighting is taking place.

When planting trees up to three years old a sufficiently large hole can be made as follows. Insert a crowbar 18in. into the soil, and into the hole thus made push 2oz. of gelignite. This is usually sold in 4oz. cartridges and can quite safely be cut in half with an ordinary knife.

The operation is quick, and once the men become accustomed to using the material their speed will increase. Those who have tried it say that it is possible to blast 30 holes per hour, and the cost of 2oz. of gelignite is only 1½d.

Apart from the saving in labour, this method of taking out the holes can easily make all the difference between a good and bad start for young trees. Often the soil and weather conditions are just right for a few days only and the trees are waiting to go in. If there are a large number to be planted it might take several weeks to get out the holes, and by the time this is finished the weather might have changed—the soil might be too wet or might have frozen hard. Thus, planting would have to be delayed still longer until conditions were suitable again.

If, however, the holes could be blasted out, they would be ready in a few days, and the young trees could all be planted during the spell of good weather. It seems, then, that even if this method were not cheaper, it would be worth considering because of being able to get the job done at the right time.

It may be that this new method of hole blasting will also be of value to those who are responsible for reafforestation. Very often young forest trees have to be planted up mountainous hillsides where there is little soil. The blasting method would come in very useful in such conditions.

Growers who have carried out tree hole blasting are delighted with the idea, and providing they never allow familiarity to breed contempt the scheme is quite safe, but the usual warning regarding special risks must be given concerning a workman's compensation policy. PEVERIL FARTHING.

DESIGNING A WILD GARDEN

The Best Types of Trees, Shrubs and Plants

DO not the very words "wild garden" seem to imply a garden that is easily made, easy to look after and cheap in upkeep? It certainly is by no means as expensive to care for as more formal parts of the garden, but it is not as easily made as it seems.

The plants selected should be those which are at their best when growing naturally, shrubs which need little or no pruning, and herbaceous plants which need no protection during the winter. The plants grown in wild gardens are not always those which grow wild naturally in England, and if left to themselves they may encroach or be encroached upon. Very often rampant growers such as nettles, thistles, brambles, docks, &c., cause havoc in the wild garden, and must be kept down in consequence. They are, unfortunately, easily introduced by seeds, and will increase rapidly if steps are not taken to control them.

The design of the garden will be largely influenced by the trees which are already there, and by any natural slopes or depressions. A river or stream running through the garden will greatly increase its possibilities, since a larger variety of plants can be used. More interest may be created by the use of overhanging trees to produce reflections in the water. It may, of course, be necessary to remove some of the trees already in existence, as well as some of the undergrowth, but this must be done with care, for it will affect the light and shade of the woodland. Some shrubs, too, may be required to act as screens or windbreaks.

The paths should wind easily in large curves, trees or clumps of bushes being on the insides of the curves. The sense of space and distance may be increased by the use of false perspective. For instance, part of the garden, or even of the surrounding countryside, may be viewed between an avenue of trees or bushes, and if these are planted nearer together at the far end of the avenue it will appear to be much longer than it really is.

In the moderate-sized wild garden it is not advisable to plant too many large trees, and certainly not many of those which cause such a dense shade that few plants can live beneath them—*e.g.*, beech, and many of the conifers, such as cedars.

The silver birch is one of the best, though it does not like chalky soils. The whole appearance of the tree is graceful, the leaves are small and change to a beautiful golden-yellow colour in the autumn, and the bark is streaked with patches of silvery-white. These trunks and the dark tracery of twigs seen against a dull wintery sky have a strange unreal effect. Maples, sycamores and oaks colour well in the autumn, the leaves of the oak often remaining on the trees until well after Christmas.

Trees with showy flowers should also be included, pink, white and red hawthorns, horse chestnuts, and mountain ash, as well as some of the decorative cherries, plums and apples. The hawthorns and mountain ash, having red berries in autumn and winter, are well worth introducing.

Some dark-leaved evergreens should be planted for contrasts with the golden-leaved and glaucous varieties, as they will give colour in winter. Holly, with yellow or red berries, may be obtained with green or variegated leaves, while there is a golden cupressus, the variety *Marcocarpa lutea*, and a golden Scots pine, *Pinus sylvestris aurea*. The latter has leaves of a dull green during the summer, but in autumn these begin to turn yellow until they are the colour of polished brass. Among trees with bluish-grey leaves are *Abies lowiana glauca*, *A. nobilis glauca* and *A. pinsapo glauca*. These are but a few: there are many others from which a selection may be made.

The selection of the kinds of shrubs to grow is difficult because there are so many. Gorse, broom and several berberis species are useful as screens or windbreaks, and are seen to best advantage if they are planted so that they get plenty of sun to show up their bright flowers.

Many rose species are at their best if allowed to grow naturally. *Rosa Moyesii* is undoubtedly the best, with its flowers of a peculiar shade of red, followed by large, red bottle-shaped fruits. *R. hispida*, *R. hugonis and R. xanthina* have yellow flowers.

Such shrubs as Rhododendrons, Azaleas and Ericas may be planted among other specimens, but if possible a special bank should be set aside for them, since they enjoy a soil rich in leaf mould and peat more perhaps than most of the other plants. Naturally it is easier to cater for their preferences if they are all planted together. This bank will be most effective if it can be so placed that it can be seen from a distance. The common *Rhododendron ponticum* is most effective when planted in a mass. Some of the coloured hybrids, however, need careful choosing and are better placed singly.

Some of the true climbers are at home in the wild garden and should be allowed to follow their natural habits. Nothing is more lovely than a mass of purple or white clematis blossoms seen against the dark background of a conifer. Honeysuckle, too, likes to scramble over other shrubs, and dead tree stumps may be clothed with one of these climbers.

No wild garden is complete without plenty of ferns, which give a very natural "woodland" effect and make a good background for flowers. If there is a stream, ferns which prefer damp conditions should be planted in drifts along the banks. There are, however, a number of species which will grow quite well in rather dry conditions, providing they get a certain amount of shade from the sun.

It is a good plan to plant some bulbs in clumps between drifts of ferns. Daffodils are best for this purpose, since they will be in flower just at the time when the fresh green fronds of the ferns are beginning to unfold. Other spring bulbs may be planted in large drifts. For instance, winter Aconites and

DRIFTS OF PRIMROSE AT THE STREAMSIDE IN THE WILD GARDEN AT TRENT PARK

Snowdrops are out about the same time, and may be planted together so as to have splashes of gold and white. Bluebells are effective when massed under trees, and arranged so that some are in shade and some in the sunlight. Scillas, Chionodoxas and Crocus may be grouped on banks or beneath trees, sometimes mixed with primroses and violets. Lilies-of-the-valley are quite easy to establish, and enjoy being left to themselves. Here and there Daffodil and Narcissus bulbs should be planted singly.

Spring is not the only time for bulbs. There are also the autumn Crocuses, Colchicums and Sternbergias, which flower in October. Some may object to the idea of Crocuses in autumn, and say that it is wrong for them to be in flower when "leaves are falling," but to the true gardener they are as much a part of the autumn as daffodils are of the spring. There are a number of species which may be grown. *Crocus speciosus* is violet and orange, *C. zonatus* is rosy-mauve, with a golden centre, and *C. pulchellus* is lilac-blue.

The Colchicums prefer rather damper conditions, and may be planted on the banks of a stream. *C. autumnale* has flowers of a soft shell pink, lilac white or pale wine colour; and *C. giganteum* is a rosy-pink. Some of the dwarf hardy Cyclamens are easy to grow on partially-shaded banks. *C. Neapolitanum* flowers in autumn, and is pink or white, while an easy spring flowering variety is *C. coum*, with pinkish-crimson flowers.

The best types of herbaceous flowers for the wild garden are those hardy perennials which do not object to partial shade or annuals and biennials which propagate themselves easily from seeds. These include the hardy Cranesbills, plants which will tolerate a semi-wild life with little or no attention, and there are several varieties—*e.g.*, *Geranium ibericum*, *G. pratense*, &c.

W. E. SHEWELL COOPER.

A.R.P. FOR DOGS—II.

IN the event of war, it is reasonably certain that the earlier types of poison gas as used in the war of 1914–18 will be replaced with new and more lethal gases. By this I do not suggest that vesicant or mustard gas, for instance, is now deemed out of date or inefficient. Far be it from that, for vesicant gas only appeared in 1917 as a result of much research, and is an extraordinarily persistent liquid agent. It is probable, however, that some of the first lung irritants used in the last war, such as chlorine, chloropicrine and a few others, will not be used again, as their persistency is slight, whilst their concentration needs to be heavy if they are to be at all efficient.

Of the innumerable chemical agents available it is more probable that those used will be diphenylchlorarsine, a very fine powder which can penetrate an ordinary charcoal respirator, causing acute irritation of the eyes, nose and chest; ethyl dichlorarsine and diphenyleyanarsine, two more gases of the sternutator—chest irritant—group which were used only by the Germans during the last year of the Great War; hydrocyanic acid, which in high pressure is a deadly paralysant; phosgene, an old favourite of chemical warfare better known as prussic acid and obviously lethal, and finally the persistent vesicant or mustard gas.

I cannot in such space treat other gases which may be used, but it may be mentioned that activated powdered charcoal as at present used in gas-masks and filters will, in any case, absorb almost all of the known poison gases. The filters of the P.D.S.A. shelter which I described last week are of this type and as each shelter has two such filters, it is clear that they are extremely efficient. In addition to charcoal there are numerous other antidotes, including solutions of sodium thiosulphate and sodium carbonate, chloride of lime, &c., but, as I said earlier, activated powdered charcoal is undoubtedly the best for general purposes.

In the event of a sternutator like diphenylchlorarsine being used on a wide scale for attacks on Great Britain it would be advisable to prepare well beforehand by obtaining a quantity of cellulose, as small pads of this will prevent the finely-powdered fragments of this harmful agent penetrating the common charcoal filter. Your chemist will be glad to advise you further on this point, no doubt, as it would be disastrous to "spoil the ship for a h'ap'orth of cellulose."

Another precaution I would advise taking well in advance is to purchase several tins of anti-gas ointment (No. 2) for use when a dog has been burnt from splashes of vesicant liquid gas. It is the capacity for causing really severe burns through the least contamination that makes this mustard gas so dangerous. Moreover, mustard gas is far more likely to be sprayed over here than on an actual front line of warfare, because being liquid it collects in puddles which may splash and burn pedestrians and their dogs, and if it becomes absorbed into the earth it will, in a favourable temperature, continue to give off a dangerous gas for weeks on end.

Last week, I recommended that in cases where too many dogs are maintained to find the P.D.S.A. medium or even large gas-proof shelter of sufficient size, that a separate room be allotted for the purpose of a gas-proof sanctuary. Since then, I have been asked why, in the event of the P.D.S.A. shelter not being convenient, dogs could not share the refuge room already set aside for the benefit of the occupiers? Frankly, I see no reason why dogs should not share a room with humans, as they would there be under one's eyes, so to speak, and therefore better behaved, but obviously their inclusion or exclusion is entirely dependent upon their number and the cubic area of the room.

If a refuge is theoretically sufficient to hold five humans with comfort, and you introduce during the warning time prior to an air attack, say, just two medium-sized dogs, then your theoretical sufficiency becomes an inadequacy instead, as two dogs of spaniel size will require as much breathing space as an adult human. Therefore, if you simply must bring your dogs with you into your communal refuge, count each two dogs as an extra full-grown person.

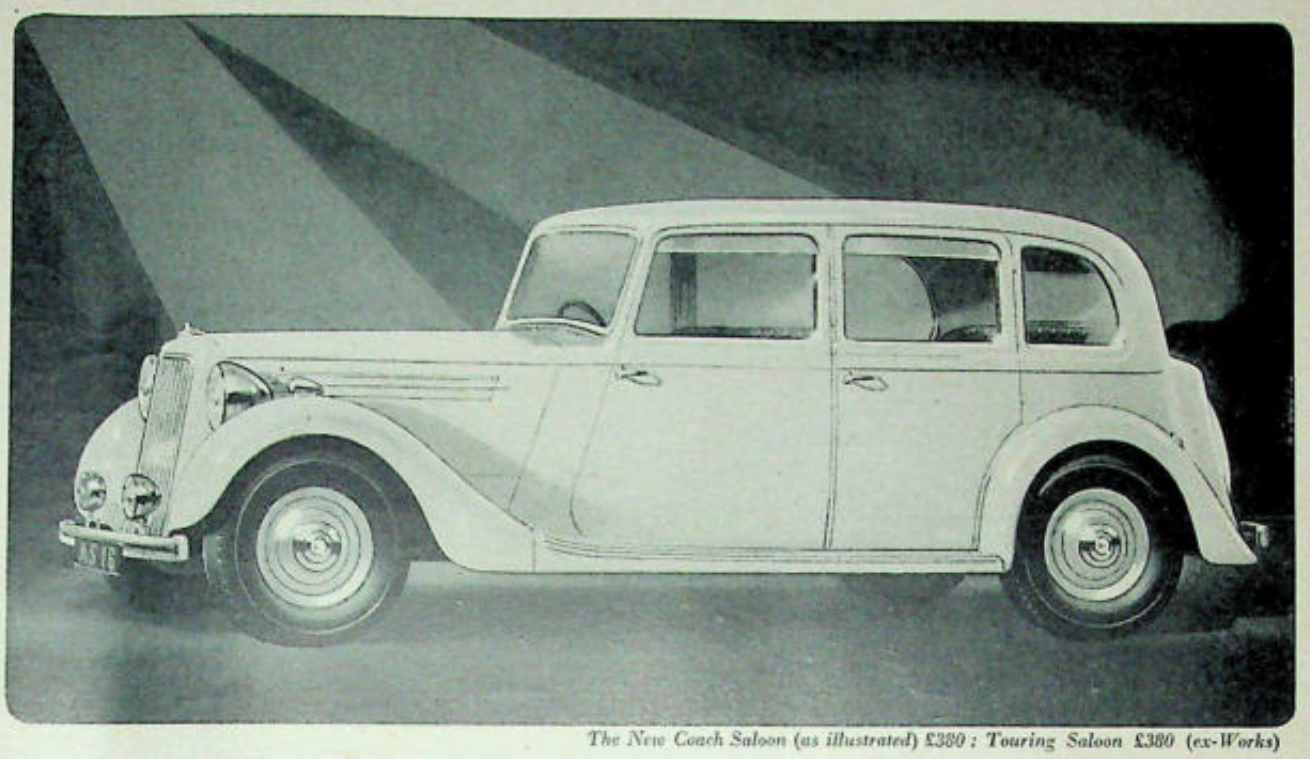
Three six-months or five two-months old puppies should be counted as one extra person. With cats it is almost a different matter as they need very little oxygen—these I would count as five cats, or ten or even a dozen small kittens to one human.

Remember, however, that whether your dogs are to be housed in a P.D.S.A. shelter, a refuge-room of their own, or to share your sanctuary, they should have a substantial bone or some of the larger biscuits to gnaw as a means towards quietude and contentment.

CANIS.

Performance and Comfort

In the new Armstrong Siddeley '16' the performance which has surprised the experts is combined with smoothness, silence and flexibility; while its well designed, spacious coachwork gives a new conception of restful motoring.



The New Coach Saloon (as illustrated) £380 : Touring Saloon £380 (ex-Works)

The New ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY '16'

You are invited to write for our illustrated catalogue and our new booklet, "How Balanced Ride is achieved." Please mention The "Field"

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 *Agents in all Centres*
BRITISH CARS ARE BEST — in the long run

ASG138

CHERRY BRANDY SNAPS

"EAT, DRINK, BE MERRY SEIZE THE PRESENT HOUR DEEM NOT THE FUTURE HOLDS A FAIRER FLOWER"

Why be profound, when you can call for glasses and drink, in this cherry brandy, a toast to the joy of living? As you taste its mellow flavour on your tongue, feel it tingling through your veins, you haven't an enemy in the world. For two hundred years De Kuyper's have been making peace on earth and goodwill possible—your first glass of this glorious cherry brandy will show you what we mean. 'Phone your wine merchant, and get him to send you a bottle.

FOURTEEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE

DE KUYPER
CHERRY BRANDY

"ALL Kind Thoughts and ALL Good Wishes for Christmas, The New Year and ALL Time to ALL from HALL."

Estd. over 40 years

HARRY HALL LTD

Highest Awards 12 Gold Medals

GOVERNING DIRECTOR—HARRY HALL

"THE" TAILORS FOR RIDING KIT

COAT, BREECHES, HABIT & COSTUME SPECIALISTS

ONLY MAKERS of the "HALLZONE" IDEAL GOLD MEDAL

RIDING BREECHES

The *Field* says: Messrs. Harry Hall's RIDING BREECHES are most DISTINCTIVE in CUT, STYLE and FINISH

"HALLZONE" HANDCRAFT CLOTHES are distinctively Tailored from Finest Quality Materials, are of Irreproachable Cut, Fit and Style, and of Utmost Value, and are Hand Finished in every Essential Detail.

(As sold elsewhere from 3 to 4 gns.) In Cavalry Twills, Bedford Cords, Indian Whipcords or Saddle Tweeds, Sheppards Checks, Split Falls or Fly-Front, Laced or Button knees. From **42/-**

Military, R. A. F. & Naval Service Outfits a Speciality

From ACTUAL PHOTO

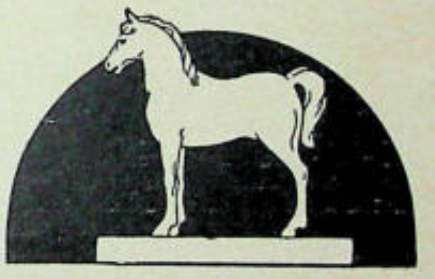
Visitors to London can Order & Fit same day or leave record measures. American & Overseas visitors specially catered for.

LADIES' SALON
181, Oxford St., W.1
Riding Coat from 4 gns.
Jodhpurs from 2½ gns.
Astride and Side Saddle Habits a speciality.
Costumes from 7 gns.
Long Coat from 5½ gns.

Hallzone Ideal RIDING LOUNGE from 4 gns.
Suits from 6 gns.
Overcoats „ 5 gns.
Plus Four Suits „ 6 gns.
Dinner Suits „ 8 gns.
Dress "Tails" „ 10 gns.
Suits & Overcoats can be made to measure in 24 hours

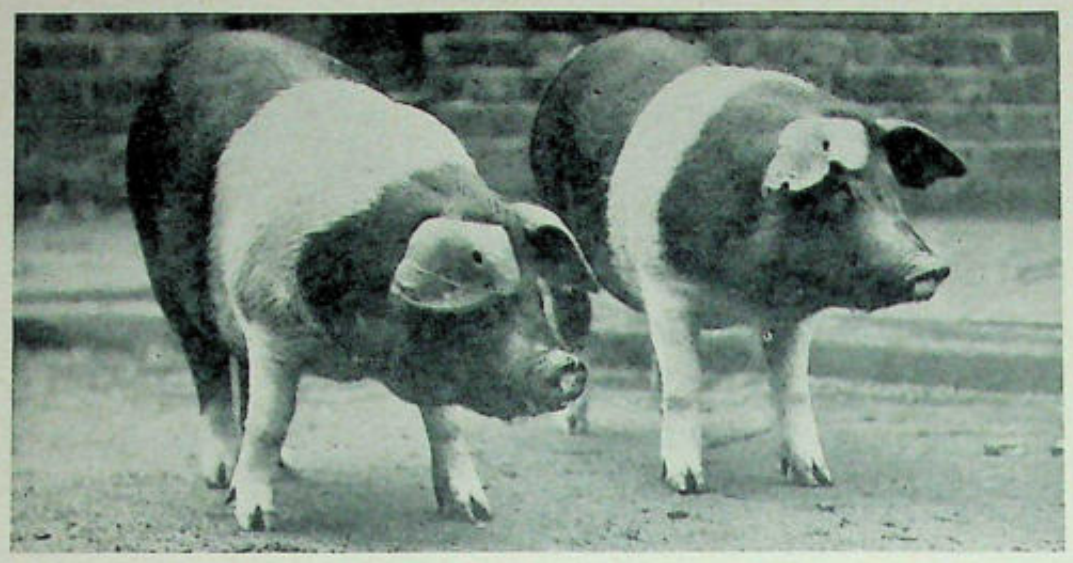
PATTERNS and Simple Self-Measurement Form from which a PERFECT FIT is guaranteed, POST FREE

181 OXFORD ST. W.1. & 149 CHEAPSIDE E.C.2
NEAR OXFORD CIRCUS TUBE NEAR SAINT PAUL'S



Ask for WHITE HORSE as a matter of course

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere



TWO OF MESSRS. W. DENNIS AND SONS' ESSEX PIGS
First prize and reserve breed champion last year

THE SMITHFIELD SHOW

"A Time to Build Up"

IT is impossible to avoid a comparison of the Smithfield Show, which opens at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday with the Dairy Show, which was held at Earls Court some few weeks ago. For the Dairy Show was conducted under the threatening shadow of war, and it could not be maintained that the Smithfield Show will take place in circumstances of international tranquillity. How far these disturbing exterior elements affect these agricultural shows it is probably impossible to say, but it is certain that they have a very direct bearing on their nature, or rather, on their implications.

The Dairy Show was celebrating its Diamond Jubilee, and the Smithfield Club will, on the 17th of this month, celebrate its 140th anniversary. It is no less interesting to recall the many changes which have occurred since the first exhibition in 1799 than it is instructive to reflect on their meaning. For at the first show, which was held at Smithfield, there were four classes in all—two for steers and oxen and two for wether sheep. Some years later there were eleven classes for cattle, sheep and pigs. When the show was held in the Horse Bazaar in Baker Street, the numbers of classes had risen to fourteen, and in 1862, when the show was held in the Royal Agricultural Hall for the first time, there were 29 classes for cattle, seventeen for sheep and four for pigs. This year the classes reach the impressive figures of 58 for cattle, 35 for sheep, 34 for pigs and 15 carcass classes. It is satisfactory to see that a successful attempt to increase the pig entry has been made by the introduction of three classes for Essex pigs. The King will be the largest individual exhibitor, and is sending stock from Sandringham, Stoke Climsland and Windsor, and this show will, as in former years, be the final test for other contemporary fat-stock shows, including those at Norwich, Birmingham and Edinburgh.

This is a numerical record on which the Smithfield Club may well look back with a pardonable pride and satisfaction. Yet the real triumph lies elsewhere. In the early days of the show the age of the exhibited cattle was five or six years. Some ten years ago baby beeves of fifteen months were on view. How much money has been saved for the farmer, and incidentally for the consumer, by this growing insistence on early maturity, it is impossible to imagine. The evolution of a 6lb. joint is a commentary not only on the wholly peculiar week-end customs of the present age, but also on the laudable determination of farmers to humour them. If returning sanity, in the shape of peaceful habits, were ever to be restored, the position of farmers might be very awkward.

It is rightly held that one of the most valuable features of this show is the opportunity to see the cattle when they are alive and when they have been slaughtered. By this comparison it is possible to visualise what a satisfactory carcass should look like when it is alive—and more may be learnt from that comparison than might at first be supposed. The result cannot fail to impress on all buyers that home-bred is infinitely better than imported meat. Yet comparatively few buyers, taking into consideration the potential number, are present at this show, and a very large number of people will not have the advantage of this comparison. I cannot help but feel that sufficient steps are not taken to bring this truth home in a universal manner. Many buyers at present regard the appeal to purchase home-bred beef as a device simply to increase the prosperity of the home market, and, human like, assume that on that account imported meat is as good if not better. This is a problem on which fat stock producers would do well to ponder.

The beef industry as a whole is not to be classed among the many apparently hopeless aspects of modern agriculture. There are, it is true, difficulties in price and production, but they appear to be of a passing nature. It would be a good thing, from every point of view, if the number of beef cattle could be greatly increased, and not least from the international crisis aspect. An industry which is even moderately healthy can always be expanded with advantage, and it should never be forgotten that in the last war the supplies of home beef cattle ran out, and dairy cattle had to be slaughtered for food. It is certain that a food convoy would not be among the most difficult targets at which an enemy bomber might test its skill, and therefore every effort should be made to reduce imports to the minimum and to help the beef industry vastly to increase its output. So, an increased peaceful prosperity would have its advantages in time of war.

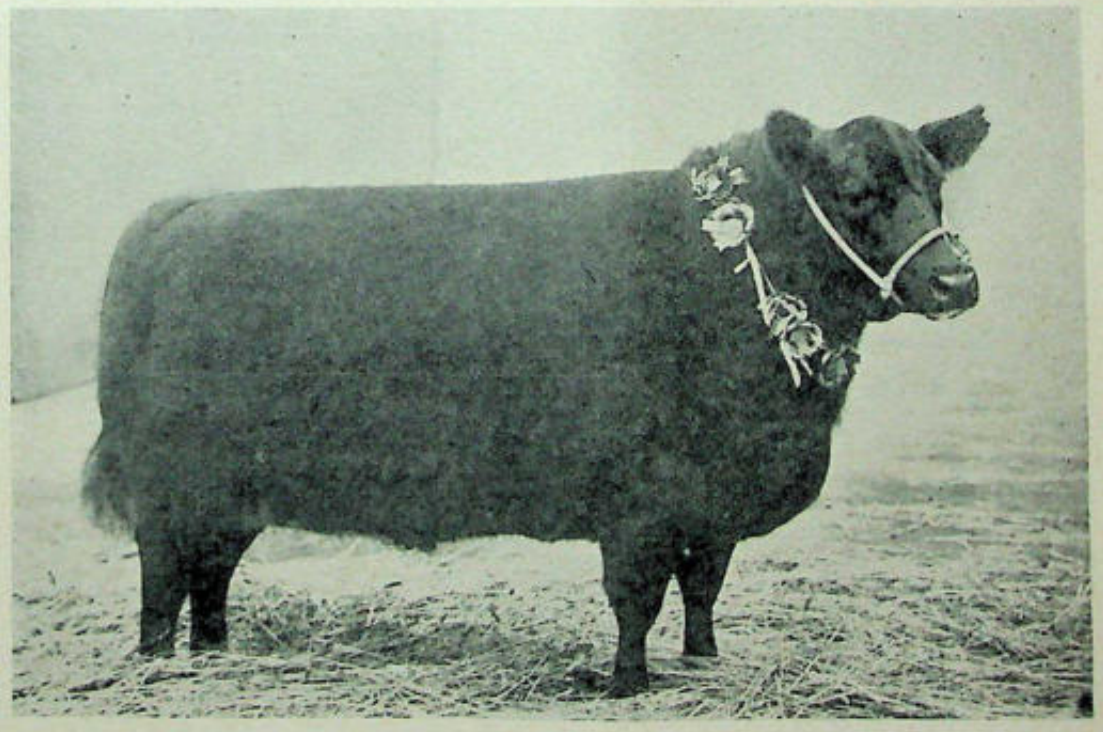
Agricultural machinery will occupy a large place in this year's show, and many improvements and new devices will be on exhibition. Yet one cannot but deplore, as at the Dairy Show, that so much of technical and industrial advantage should be quite beyond the reach of many farmers. The benefits to be gained, for example, from a tractor fitted with pneumatic tyres are incalculable, yet how many farmers have the capital to purchase one, or the confidence to risk it if they had? The innumerable machines which would do a great deal to increase the efficiency and to lessen the work of the fat-stock farmer must remain an ambition for the majority. This is a very serious position, as, in addition to these aspects of the question, the economy to be practised with these machines is not to be reckoned.

The increase in the beef industry which is so desirable is not to be brought about as an isolated section of farming, and it is on that account a thousand pities that the average farmer should be able to give the reply which the ancient cynic intended to his question: "What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?" The beef industry, and farming as a whole, can be expected to succeed only if sufficient men are on the farms to enable it to succeed. Yet no steps are being taken to stop the drift from the land, and not one farmer in ten would willingly allow his sons to work on his farm if they could possibly find any urban occupation. The machinery which has been devised, and which is on exhibition, is not to be understood in a moment, yet comparatively few steps have been taken to form instructional classes, and still fewer of these are compulsory. Nor is it possible to answer the new claim which is slowly, but inevitably, beginning to be made, that a farm labourer who is also a skilled engineer should receive a higher wage than his forerunner. It is true, of course, that his forerunner was equally skilled, but his knowledge was picked up in the school of actual experience and was in no way connected with the examination hall. Yet the question of increased rates of pay for such workers is far from being officially considered.

One of the most pleasant features of the Smithfield Show is the way in which the club realises the important duties of the stockmen. It has been recalled that even in 1840 oxen were brought to London by sea or by canal. Now, this transportation has become, like most other things, a question of time—a consideration which has done much to increase its efficiency. It is, however, a relief to know that these stockmen are more than excellent lorry drivers, for they have a competition of their own. Previous to the opening of the show they have an opportunity of judging the carcass class, and a comparison of their awards with those finally made by the judges does much to reassure those whose confidence in the modern farm labourer was waning.

I have before emphasised the importance of compelling a public interest in agriculture. The lessons of the crisis and the fears for the future have done much in this direction. One of the most valuable opportunities is provided by these agricultural shows, and the Smithfield Club is to be congratulated for realising that modern farming is beyond the grasp of all but those immediately concerned. They have, therefore, provided a competition in which competitors are to be invited to estimate the weight of a gigantic bullock, 6ft. high, 11ft. in girth and 12ft. long.

The importance of the Smithfield Show is twofold. It is a record of useful achievement in itself, but its wider implication consists in the fact that every effort should be made to take advantage of the measure of success which at present attends the industry to increase it to its fullest possible dimensions. It is, in fact, "a time to build up," and it is very much to be hoped that the show will be the occasion of an official realisation of this truth. CREAGHT.



MR. J. J. CRIDLAN'S "PRIDE OF MAISEMORE 63rd"
The best Aberdeen Angus and best heifer in last year's show

"We intend to replace our iron-tyred carts with those of your make"

J. MASKELYNE. CHERRINGTON GRANGE, WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE.

TELEPHONE GREAT BOLAS 8.

Messrs. J.H. Jennings & Son Ltd.,

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to express my appreciation of the rubber-tyred cart you recently built for me.

The claims made for rubber, as opposed to iron tyres, we find to be fully justified. The rubber tyres, with ball-bearings, have made it possible for much larger loads to be hauled by one horse than could be attempted in the old-fashioned iron-tyred carts.

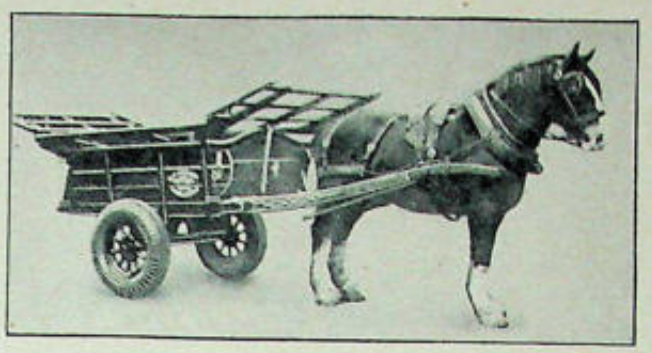
Neither on ploughed land nor grass do the tyres cut into the ground as do iron tyres. We are so pleased with the cart, that we intend to replace our other iron-tyred carts with those of your make.

Your cart-body is excellent, strong, capacious, and easily tipped. There is nothing about it to get out of order.

It has been much admired locally, and you will probably receive orders for several, from this district.

Yours faithfully,

J. Maskelyne



No claim was ever made by DUNLOP as to the greater economy and efficiency of DUNLOP Pneumatic Tyres and Wheels for horse-drawn vehicles, which has not been confirmed by users in all parts of the world.

Further endorsement—now a daily occurrence—is afforded by the accompanying letter from Mr. J. Maskelyne to Messrs. J. H. Jennings and Son Ltd., of Sandbach, Cheshire, who supplied him with his DUNLOP-equipped cart.

Effect these economies for yourself by following Mr. Maskelyne's example.

Full details and estimates on request.

DUNLOP are exhibiting at STAND No. 7 at the SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, December 5-9.

DUNLOP

PNEUMATIC TYRE and WHEEL EQUIPMENT for HORSE-HAULAGE

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, Fort Dunlop, Birmingham. *Branches throughout the World.*

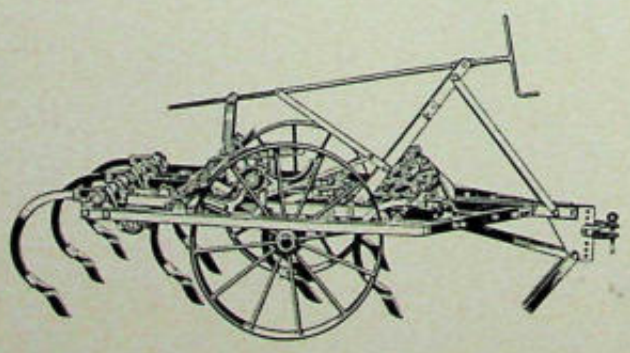
8L. 43 C.F.H.

Mechanical Treatment of Grassland

RANSOMES' "EQUITINE" CULTIVATOR

WITH the special tines and turf-cutting blades that are now available, this implement becomes an ideal grass rejuvenator for aerating the land and severing the matted and fibrous roots of grassland.

NO CHOKING — PERFECT PENETRATION



Write for special "Equitine" Turf-cutting Leaflet.

STAND No. 3, GROUND FLOOR, SMITHFIELD SHOW

Ransomes

RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, LTD.
ORWELL WORKS - IPSWICH

CASE PLOUGHS ONE FURROW MORE AT A LOWER FUEL COST

OUTSTANDING FEATURES

HIGHEST GRADE MATERIALS.
EASY HANDLING.
NARROW TURNING RADIUS.
HAND CLUTCH.
SEALED AGAINST DUST.
ACCESSIBILITY AND EASY STARTING.

SMITHFIELD SHOW. SEE THE CASE FOR YOURSELF. STAND No. 30

THAT extra plough saves time and cost. Yet the Case will pull it and consume less fuel in doing so. Why? The Case O.H.V. "Constant Torque" engine is especially designed for tractor work and no other. Case transmission absorbs less power. To you this means more power at the draw-bar. Every nut, every rod is made for the job. That explains the remarkable long wearing qualities, low depreciation, high second-hand value and outstanding reduction in repairs and replacements

CASE

ASSOCIATED MANUFACTURERS CO. (London) Ltd.
Palace of Industry, Wembley, Middlesex.
Telephone: Wembley 3163-6 (4 lines).
Telegrams: Amanco, Phone, London.

THE *Quality* TRACTOR THAT NEVER WEARS OUT!

AIR-COOLED ENGINES

Examples at the Smithfield Show

AIR-COOLED engines, ranging from 1 h.p. to 16 h.p., and offered at attractive prices, will be one of the exhibits of special interest at the Smithfield Show, which opens in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on December 5th.

They are being shown by Messrs. R. A. Lister and Co., Ltd., of Dursley, Glos., who are exhibiting air-cooled engines at the show for the first time.

The value of the air-cooled engine has been conclusively proved by the experience of the United States, where the majority of small industrial engines in use to-day are air-cooled.

During recent years there has been a tendency in this country to replace radiator-cooled engines with air-cooled engines, but so far these have been available only in a very limited range.

The new Lister engines are produced in four sizes, three being single-cylinder engines varying in horse-power from one to seven, the fourth being a four-cylinder engine with a horse-power of from eight to sixteen.

Agricultural Items

Other new Lister lines of interest to the agriculturist at the show will include :

1. The Lister Grass Comb (self-cleaning harrow). A demonstration model will be working on the Lister stand, showing how well and effectively this tool can deal with grassland, and how well the tines clear themselves.

2. The Lister Market Garden Hoe, which was introduced for the first time at the summer shows, claims to be the only hoe which hoes between the plants in a row, as well as doing side hoeing and pull hoeing.

3. The Lister Tractor Trailer Mower, which has not yet made its appearance on the general market in this country. It has been tried out for two seasons under very strenuous conditions.

4. The Lister-Cockshutt Tractor Plough, which has earned for itself the title of "the plough that is a furrow lighter." This tractor plough has always had a name for lightness and strength. It is coming more and more to the fore as the use of light tractors tends to increase.

A display of Diesel and petrol engines, the former fitted with Listard cylinder blocks or liners ; cream-separators with stainless steel bowl plates ; pumps, and sheep-shearing and horse-clipping machinery will also be included on the stand.

SEED POTATOES

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact that about 90 per cent. of the potatoes acreage grown in Great Britain is still planted with varieties which have been on the market for 20 years or more.

Potato growers, who are considering the purchase of seed for next year's planting, will be well advised to take into account the possible advantage of growing some of the newer kinds. A number of the old varieties not only show faults such as poor shape, indifferent cooking quality and proneness to second growth, but are susceptible to wart disease.

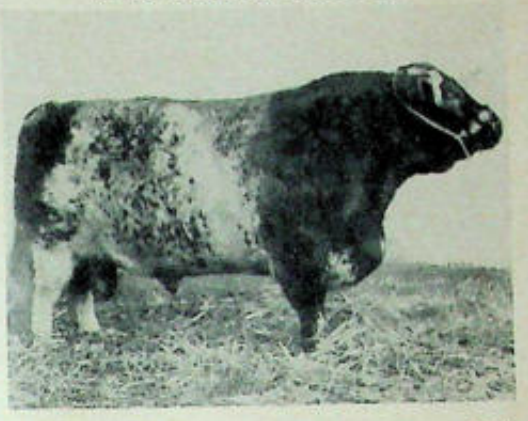
The National Institute of Agricultural Botany has, for the last eighteen years, been carrying out careful trials of all the new types as they have appeared during this period, full attention being paid to yield, cooking quality and other desirable characteristics. No new variety is recommended by them which is not immune from wart disease and satisfactory in other ways.

The institute issues a leaflet, revised from time to time, describing the best of these newer types and making recommendations as to which of the older varieties they might profitably replace. A new edition of this leaflet is expected to appear in a few weeks' time. As, however, some growers are requiring advance information at the present time for guidance in making their purchases of seed, the following notes on some of the newer varieties, based on the fuller information which will be contained in the leaflet, are given.

In the first early class Arran Pilot is confidently recommended as a substitute for Epicure, Ninety-fold, Duke of York and Sharpe's Express. The flesh and skin are white ; the tubers are of an excellent kidney shape and not prone to cracking or second growth ; the eyes are shallow and cooking quality good. It is a good cropper and early bulker. It is, however, somewhat susceptible to virus disease, and it is essential to obtain healthy seed. To maintain healthy seed in England, growers should obtain details of the work carried out by the National Institute of Agricultural Botany at Ormskirk on the production of reasonably virus-free seed in Lancashire.

Doon Early is recommended as a substitute for Epicure. It has a white skin and white flesh and is blunt oval in form. It bulks several days earlier than any other variety in commerce and is an eminently suitable variety to grow for the opening of the first-early trade. Dunbar Rover, a recent introduction suitable for lifting in mid-season, can be recommended to replace the old variety British Queen.

A BOVRIL CHAMPION



The magnificent bull illustrated above, "Esther Bletchley," is a typical example of the quality which is used to improve the herds of Shorthorns that range the vast Bovril pastures. For more than 50 years the Bovril Company has been improving the quality of its stock, and many show champions are imported into the herds.

The Bovril Estates comprise more than 10,000,000 acres, including those situated in Australia and the Argentine, and the paddocks range from 1,000 to 50,000 acres in area. There are many single enclosures in which it takes a day to round up the cattle.

MASSEY-HARRIS and BLACKSTONE

TRACTORS · TILLAGE · SEEDING HAYMAKING and HARVESTING MACHINES . . .

Speed up Farm Work —and do the Job Well!

MEET US AT SMITHFIELD DECEMBER 5th to 9th MASSEY-HARRIS STAND No. 20 BLACKSTONE STAND No. 33

This Massey-Harris Tractor Drilling Outfit will seed over 60 acres a day.

Get your copy of the Handy Pocket Booklet which describes the full range of Massey-Harris and Blackstone Modern Farm Machinery.

By Appointment to the late King George V

MASSEY-HARRIS Associated with BLACKSTONE, TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER, and at LONDON and STAMFORD

New & Better Methods on the Land

may be learned from the Bulletins of the Ministry of Agriculture

British Breeds of Live Stock
The Ministry's Handbook gives a general account of the principal characteristics of British breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and goats, with a brief history of their origin, and some of the principal animals which have formed the foundation stock of the pedigree animals of the present day. Other valuable information is also included relating to Shows, Breed Societies, &c. No. 86, 6th Edition. 4s. 6d. (4s. 8d.)

Weeds
Three companion Bulletins deal comprehensively with an ever-present and often urgent agricultural problem
WEEDS OF GRASS LAND—No. 43 5s. (5s. 6d.)
WEEDS OF ARABLE LAND—No. 108 4s. (4s. 6d.)
POISONOUS PLANTS ON THE FARM—No. 75 2s. (2s. 2d.)

Pig Keeping
A complete guide to capital requirements, breeds, feeding, breeding and maintenance. No. 32 2s. (2s. 2d.)

Some Diseases of Farm Animals
Valuable live stock may often be saved if farmers are able to recognise the symptoms and are aware of methods of controlling common diseases, over 30 of which are described in Bulletin No. 1, 8th Edition. 2s. (2s. 3d.)

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

Follow the progress of Research in Agriculture in the attractive monthly JOURNAL OF THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE. Each Issue 96 pages, illustrated, with contributions from recognised authorities on the land. It will be sent to you each month throughout 1939 for six shillings post free.

His Majesty's Stationery Office

LONDON: York House, Kingsway, W.C.2
CARDIFF: 1 St. Andrew's Crescent. BELFAST: 80 Chichester St.
EDINBURGH, 2: 120 George St. MANCHESTER, 1: 26 York St.
or through any bookseller.

Morris Angel & Son, Ltd.

HUNTING AND SPORTING TAILORS

Ready for Wear HUNTING, RIDING and SPORTING KITS
ALSO
LADIES' JODHPURS and BREECHES

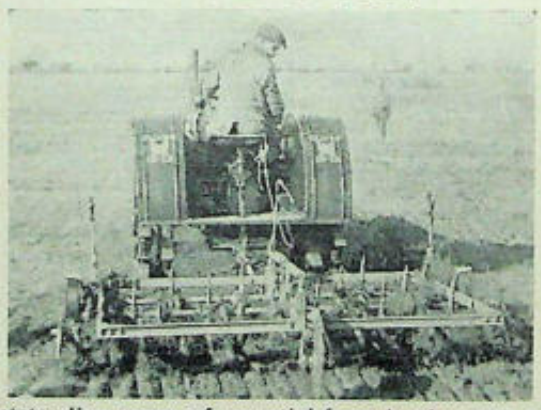
A large selection of Lounge, Dress, Dinner Suits and Overcoats always in stock.

117 & 119 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Telegraphic Address: THEATRIDIO, LONDON.
'Phones { Tailoring Dept. - - TEMPLE BAR 5181. / Film Dept. - - „ 6497. / „ 8694.

SMITHFIELD SHOW ANNOUNCEMENT

WILDER



An outstanding range of essential farm implements are on
STAND 228
THE PITCH-POLE, NEW "TONIK" GRASS HARROW, 190 GALLON WATER CART
JOHN WILDER LTD., READING
Also Makers of the famous CUTLIFT and TRAILER CART.

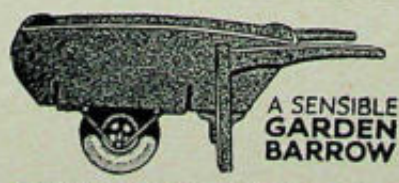
TRACTORS & TACKLE
for Hire for
Farm & Estate Work

CULTIVATIONS
TIMBER HAULING
LAND CLEARING and RECLAMATION
Also PREPARATION OF PRIVATE LANDING-GROUNDS

Schemes prepared and Estimates given for Jobs in any part of the country.

P. J. EDMONDS
Itchen Abbas, nr. WINCHESTER
Contractor to the Air Ministry

The WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back. The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) — — — 64/- (Top 6/- extra)
CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.
Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING
THERE'S NO USE TALKING

TASTE IT!

Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKY
Established 1820

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

AUTUMN AT PENSHURST CASTLE. A 25/30 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE WRAITH WITH A SPECIAL BARCLAY DESIGNED SEDANCA DE VILLE BODY BY JAMES YOUNG APPEARS TO GIVE RISE TO LITTLE EQUINE ENTHUSIASM

COMFORT IN WINTER MOTORING

Sensible Extras Which Are More Than Mere Luxuries

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*First to achieve* 300 *m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

ABOUT this time last year I recall writing in these columns concerning preparations for winter motoring; but this, unfortunately, was not until after I had been forced to walk a couple of miles uphill, as a result of being caught on icy roads without wheel chains. After that unenviable experience I resolved not to be in such a predicament again if it could be prevented by a little foresight. Now my chains are ready in the car locker awaiting the first really bad spell.

If preparations are made I believe winter motoring can be divested quickly of its terrors now that so many really useful accessories are marketed at reasonable prices.

Many motorists never carry wheel chains perhaps on the score that they are too bulky or because business rarely takes them driving far out of town. Nevertheless, some sort of precautions should be taken on slippery roads for the safety of others, and to avoid inconvenience to fellow motorists. For occasional light use I notice that the John Bull concern manufacture emergency wheel grips of toughened rubber which can be strapped around the wheel at regular intervals. While not designed for prolonged wear like heavy chains, they will overcome immediate difficulties, prevent bogging and wheel spin. For the small car owner these grips should prove invaluable, since they are both light and portable.

For the motorist who must drive through the country during the winter, however, chains are still the thing, since they are made to withstand exceedingly rough usage in any conditions.

At this time of the year it is a good plan to have the brakes examined to see they are not operating unevenly, causing the car to pull up crabwise and probably to skid. On slippery surfaces badly adjusted brakes are a menace to drivers and pedestrians alike.

Interior comfort can be improved upon by the installation of one of the many car heaters now available. These are easily fitted to any car not specially constructed to take such equipment, and can be mounted either beneath the dashboard or in the rear compartment. The heater is in circuit with the water-cooling system (in the majority of cases) and a small electric fan is situated behind a small radiator which serves to circulate the warm air inside the car. As well as warming the atmosphere, these heaters also obviate the use of any de-frosting or de-misting apparatus, for the heated current of air can be deflected on to the windscreen thus preventing interior condensation and frost formation. Another commendable feature is that during the summer the water supply to the heater can be shut off and the fan used as a cool air circulator. Current consumed is remarkably low while warm air is available within a few minutes of starting up.

Prices are from about £5, and fitting is not an expensive undertaking, since all the connections are supplied, and it is only necessary to drill two holes in the bulkhead of the car. In a large saloon such heaters are particularly useful, because in cold weather the rear seat passengers do not look forward to long journeys in comparatively frigid atmosphere, no matter how well they are equipped with rugs and coats. Incidentally, the fact that heaters afford clear vision does, to my mind, take a great burden from the shoulders of the driver, relieving him from anxious moments and considerable eye strain.

I cannot stress too strongly the necessity for maintaining the batteries correctly throughout the winter. They are subjected to a vast amount of additional work, while the shortness of the day hardly gives an adequate chance of charging the batteries to meet new demands. Lights are used far more frequently, extra equipment means more work for the battery, while the starter makes the heaviest drain since starting is usually more difficult in cold weather. However, it is a simple matter to keep the batteries in good fettle if a home charging unit is employed—the trickle-charge type being particularly useful.

These work from the mains, are not expensive to purchase, while the current they consume is almost negligible. Most modern cars have the batteries in an accessible position, and connections are made in a matter of seconds and with complete safety. In the long run, these home-charging units save money, because batteries that are constantly run down deteriorate rapidly and replacements or repairs are apt to be quite expensive. Furthermore, anxiety about starting and leaving the lights on while waiting becomes non-existent.

Sump heaters, both electrical and oil types, are sufficiently well known, so that I need not refer to them here. Their advantages are manifold, and I regard a safe heater as an excellent investment.

A device marketed by the S.U. Carburettor people this year is an interesting development in the use of upper cylinder lubricant, the value of which is enhanced in the cold weather. When the engine is started this accessory—which is attached to the induction—provides an immediate supply of lubricant and ensures that during those first few critical minutes after starting when the cylinder walls lack oil and the necessary rich mixture further complicates things, excessive wear will not take place. When a certain temperature is reached the supply of lubricant is automatically shut off. This can easily be fitted to existing cars, although several manufacturers this year supply it as standard equipment.

The expenditure of a few pounds on various sensible "extras" puts winter motoring in a new light and makes a marked difference to the amount of enjoyment and satisfaction derived from a car.

Of the demands I make from my motoring, two in particular stand head and shoulders above the rest. They are safety and comfort—which, quite often, are interdependent. Sensible accessories increase both these factors immeasurably as well as saving time, trouble and mental strain. Considered in this light they become necessities instead of luxuries. Motor manufacturers realise this, and each year we see all sorts of fittings supplied with the car which, in other years, have only been supplied to de-luxe models or had to be obtained from various factors. There are innumerable examples of this such as dual windscreen wipers, easy jacking systems, passlights and fog lamps, and even radio.

Incidentally, car wireless is increasing in popularity every day. Sets with wide range, free from outside interference and rendering the fitting of suppressors on sparking plugs unnecessary, are being produced in ever-increasing numbers now that the pioneer stage has been passed and prices have dropped to more moderate levels. Progress in this direction should be encouraged because in times of national emergency, universal car radio has much to commend it.

CARAVAN REGULATIONS.—Owners of motor caravans and other trailers are reminded by the R.A.C. that new regulations affecting trailers came into force on October 1st of this year. Regulation 57 of the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations, 1937, provides that "As from October 1st, 1938, the owner of a trailer which . . . is fitted with over-run brakes, shall cause the unladen weight of the trailer to be painted or otherwise plainly marked upon some conspicuous place on the left or near side of it." Another important Regulation (No. 53) concerns mudguarding, and provides that "As from October 1st, 1938, the rear wheels of every trailer, except a trailer drawn by a locomotive, shall be provided with wings or other similar fittings to catch, so far as practicable, mud or water thrown up by the rotation of the wheels, unless adequate protection is afforded by the body of the trailer."

LICENSING THE AIRWAYS

The New Authority and Its Work

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

A NEW phase in the development of our internal airways has been entered by the recent inauguration of the Air Transport Licensing Authority, which began its work in the middle of September. The need for a system of licensing all internal routes was, it may be remembered, recommended by the Cadman Committee, and power to set up a licensing authority by Order in Council was, in fact, given by the Air Navigation Act, 1936. Actually the order establishing the present authority was made this year, and came into force on September 16th.

Broadly speaking, the function of the Authority is to license the internal airways on lines analogous to those which have become familiar in connection with road transport. The aim would seem to be to restrict unnecessary and wasteful competition and to ensure that those desirous of operating services should possess both the technical and financial resources to ensure their proper conduct.

The Authority is given power to control flights within the British Isles on which "passengers are carried for hire or reward at separate fares," or on which "goods are carried for hire and reward," and thus brings aircraft into line with motor omnibuses and lorries. No operator may now make flights of this kind unless he has been granted a licence by the Authority. In this way, the freedom hitherto existing as regards commercial air transport in this country is restricted and a measure of co-ordination promised without any scheme of compulsory amalgamation.

In most of its details, the procedure of the new Authority is similar to that which applies to road transport. Operators who wish to maintain services have to apply to the Authority on the prescribed form, giving full particulars of the services it is proposed to fly. The Authority then makes a public announcement to the effect that a licence has been applied for, and it is open to certain bodies and persons specified in the order to make objections if they desire. The right of objection is not, however, general; it is confined to local authorities, other operators of air transport, aerodrome owners, and public departments. If conditions justify it—as, for example, if objections are brought forward—the Authority has power to conduct a public inquiry at which evidence by both the applicant and the objectors may be brought forward and examined.

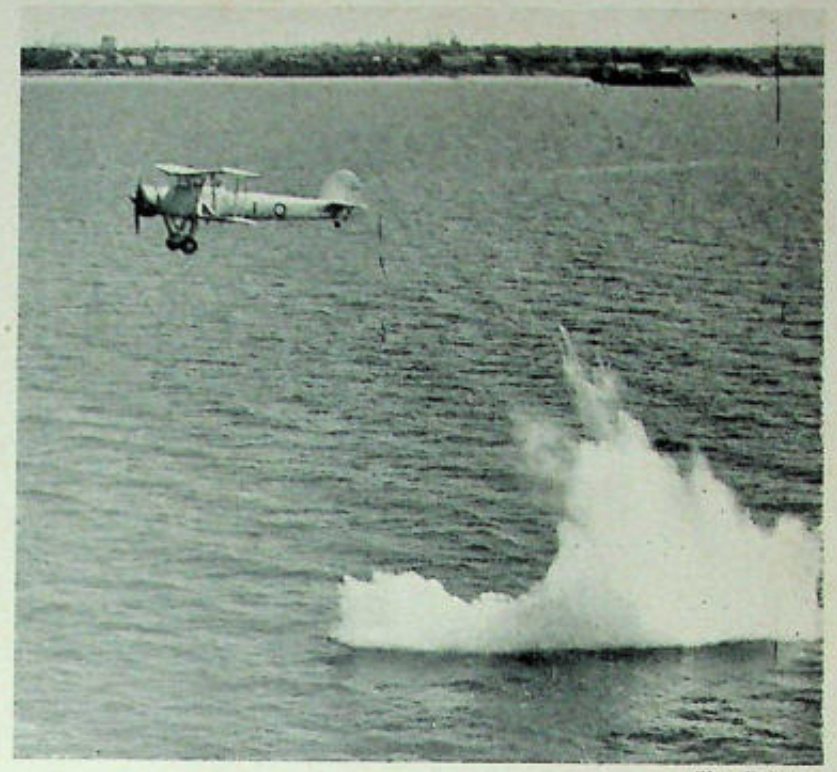
Apart from the hearing of objections and assessing their weight, the Authority has to take into consideration various other factors before granting a licence. Such questions as co-ordination and future development, the interests of the public generally, the existence of other services, and the financial backing of applicants, must be taken into account, and the Authority is empowered to impose at its discretion conditions in respect of licences granted. It is to be noted that the licences will not only regulate the actual routes flown and the number of flights made, but lay down rulings on the wages to be paid by the licensee to his employees.

While the foregoing are the main points of the scheme, they are by no means exhaustive, and much remains to be learnt from practical experience. It does appear, however, as though the Authority is given absolute power in regard to licensing; for while an applicant may demand reasons in writing from the Authority when a licence has been refused or is granted on different terms from those of the application, there is no right of appeal. The same conditions apply when a licence is subsequently revoked or suspended by the Authority for alleged breaches of its conditions. Moreover, there seems no course open to the licensee who wishes to have his original licence modified but to apply for it to be cancelled and then start the formalities for a new one all over again. Since licences may be granted for periods up to seven years, this would appear to make little allowance for the rapidly changing conditions of aviation.

As has been said, however, much depends on practical experience, and, in particular, the manner in which the regulations are interpreted by the Authority. The composition of the Authority, which includes both wide legal and aviation experience, suggests that everything possible will be done to ease the transition from freedom to control.

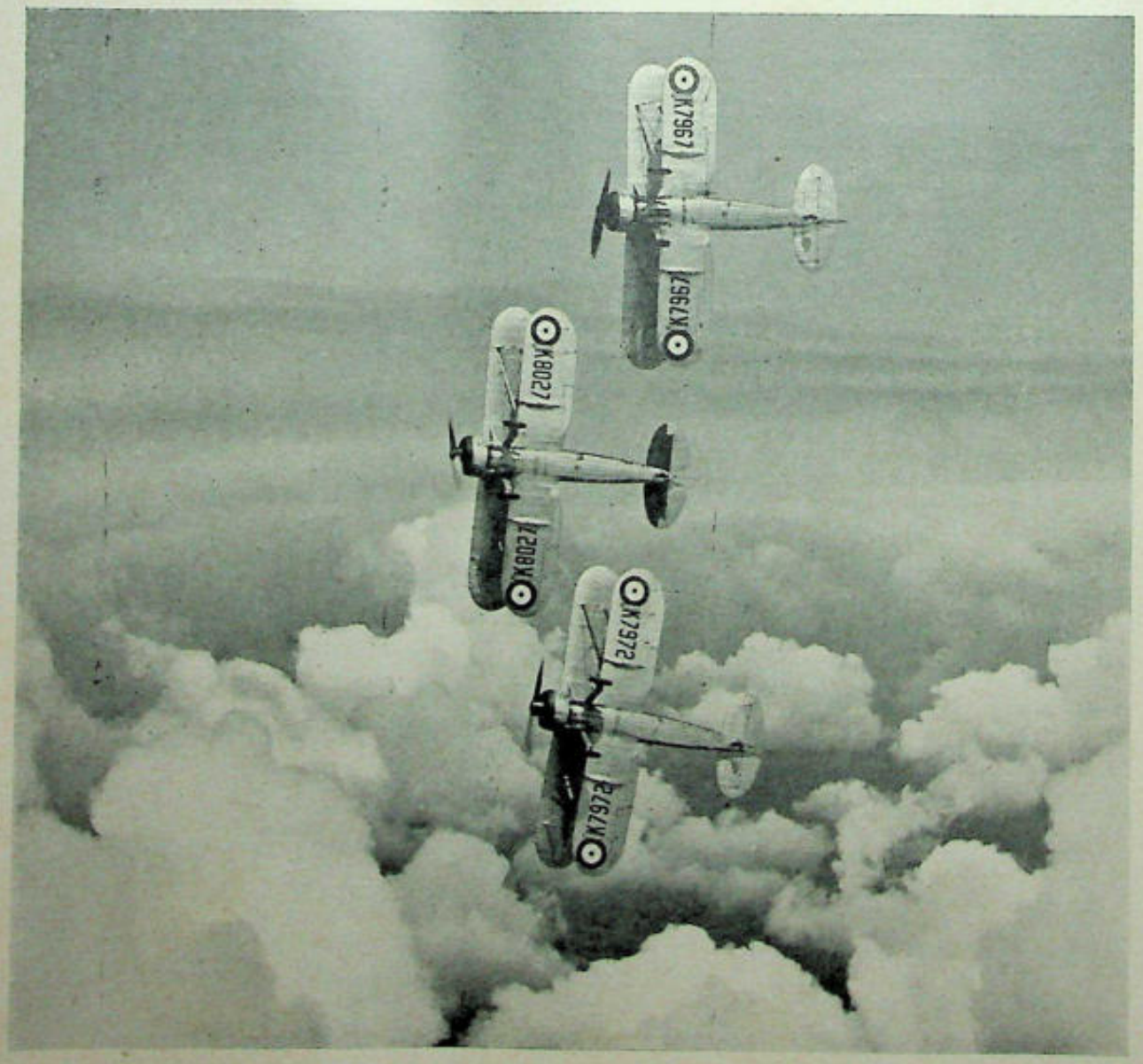
That some such scheme as this was needed was established by the Cadman inquiry, and, indeed, it has been obvious to most observers for a considerable period that aviation had little to gain by a continuance of unrestricted competition and mushroom services that collapsed after a short initial period of operation. The established concerns have, of course, largely recognised this fact and by a process of voluntary amalgamation and co-operation anticipated to some extent the ends for which the Authority has been established.

The work of the Authority will have to be closely studied by all concerned for the future of commercial aviation in this country. While there will be general agreement that some form of control is necessary in the interests of all—operator and travelling public alike—the fact remains that internal airways are still to some extent at least experimental in this country. Development must not be checked by the imposition of rigid rules adapted from other forms of transport, and it is essential that full freedom for expansion and for incorporating the lessons of experience in day-to-day working must be allowed. If these important aspects of the matter be satisfied—as there is no reason why they should not—the principle of licensing may well prove of the greatest benefit to our internal flying system and lead to the gradual extension of air facilities to the whole country. Co-ordinated development cannot but prove more stimulating than uncontrolled and wasteful competition over a few busy routes.



Chas. E. Brown

AERIAL TORPEDOES
A Fairey "Swordfish" launching a torpedo at the R.A.F. station at Gosport



AERIAL ACROBATICS
Gladiator Fighters rolling in formation 10,000 feet above the earth

MOUNTING AT DAWN ON THE TENÉRÉ SANDS
The picture clearly shows the Rahalla or Tuareg saddle which makes comfortable riding

AFTER ADDAX AND BARBARY SHEEP

Sport in the French Niger Colony

A BARBARY SHEEP SHOT AT TERMITT. THE RAM CARRIED A 28½ INCH HEAD

THE French Niger Colony lies immediately to the north of Nigeria, between that territory and the Sahara. Across it, from east to west, there lies the thorn bush country, the pastoral zone, which separates the desert from more southern regions where regular rains permit of agriculture. These "fertile lands of the Western Sudan," as the latter were called in earlier days, furnished corn and slaves for the huge camel caravans which regularly crossed the Sahara northwards to the Mediterranean coast, a trade which has now been replaced by a steady southward flow of groundnuts, skins and hides to the seaports of Nigeria.

The desert itself cannot fail to exercise its fascination upon any traveller who can allow himself the leisure to enjoy it; the blue-veiled Tuareg on his camel, further south the leather-aproned Fulani watching the long-horned cattle whose requirements rule his wandering life, and south again the Hausa horsemen in flowing robes, their dusty fields and mud-walled cities, must interest the tourist. But it is the grey-green thornbush along the desert edge, where umbrella-shaped acacias are scattered sparsely over short, bleached grass, which will appeal to the sportsman, the country of white oryx and dama gazelle, with addax in the dunes to the north, and Barbary sheep on the Tiguiddi cliffs and amongst the Termitt hills.

No longer cut off from the world by the hardships of a Saharan caravan journey, this region is now easily accessible. Three days by 'plane, a regular service, will take the traveller from France to the capital, Niamey on the Upper Niger, or on to Zinder. For the greater part of the year, a "desert bus" service, operated by a French company, crosses from Algiers, through the Hoggar, to Agades and Zinder, and even on to Kano in Nigeria, from which the railway runs south to Lagos on "the West Coast."

In these days, too, it has become quite an ordinary matter to cross the Sahara by car. And granted the ordinary precautions enforced by the French authorities, a reliable car, and a reasonable knowledge of the eccentricities of cars, the journey should be accomplished without the slightest danger, if not, perhaps, without discomfort. At Agades there is a hotel and a mud-built fort of the "Beau Geste" type. The desert has been crossed, and the traveller passes into the northern fringes of West Africa; but this is still "the bush," and he must be equipped accordingly, and self-supporting.

From Tegida N'Tessoum, an ancient salt-making village, west of Agades and the Air Mountains, the hard clay flats extend, waterless and dead level, as far as the eye can see, the mirage, like some great marsh, all round at mid-day, and there is little game, beyond an occasional ostrich and the little dorcas gazelle. But the traveller will be astonished to learn that these flats are flooded knee deep for a couple of months each year, even if no rain falls locally, a freak of drainage from other areas, which is more common in low-lying desert country than is generally imagined.

Some 30 or 40 miles south of Agades, however, the bus route climbs the curiously worn grit cliffs of Tiguiddi, the northern edge of the low Tegama plateau, and on past the big pool of Aderbissinat. There are Barbary sheep along these cliffs, while dama gazelle, white oryx, and dorcas are common in the thorn bush of the Tegama. The addax are further east along the southern fringes of the Ténéré, a vast desert of sand dunes, across which lies the road from Agades to the famous Saharan oasis of Bilma. Eastwards along the southern edge of the Ténéré is the Termitt massif, reached in the writer's case by car from Nigeria on a shooting leave, through Kano and Zinder, and then branching off the sandy Zinder—Lake Chad road to Gouré, on northwards to the Taskeur Well and thence four days by camel. The low black plateau is much broken up by gullies and covered with a jumbled litter of ironstone blocks and scree. South of it the tufty sand steppe is dotted with the acacia bushes which mark the northern limit of the thorn parkland. To the north lie the Ténéré sands, with only the pale Saharan *had* in widely scattered grey-green clumps like moorland gorse, or tifts of spiky desert grass.

The great troughs of the ancient dunes run parallel, north-east south-west, and here and there, on the "live" crests, the sand is drifted like snow into sweeps and knife edges, or rippled like the seashore. The air is clean and utterly dry, a strong cool wind all day, a burning sun at noon, and bitter cold at night. Discomforts are easily forgotten in a climate so magnificently invigorating, and this cool season lasts from November to the end of February. There were several big herds of addax near Termitt, certainly not less than 70 beasts in each; and they were not really difficult to approach amongst the dunes; a head of 36in. at all events is sure. Luck had probably more than good judgment to do with the bagging of two Barbary sheep, rams of 32in. and 28½in., but time and careful work should be rewarded by a record.

The beautiful dama gazelle, like the dorcas, allow no liberties amongst the thorn scrub, and this adds to the pleasure of getting a pretty head of either. No more than two or three small parties of oryx were seen at Termitt, the herds having moved south, as the Tibu camelmen said they always do in February, although, of course, they never go beyond the sub-desert thornland. Like addax, sheep and gazelle, they are independent of water, and go without drinking for ten months of the year.

If personal experience is any guide, a most delightful holiday could be spent in the region by anyone who is prepared to cope with the difficulties which must always be encountered where the traveller is a rare bird and especially where the requirements of the sportsman are not understood by a sparse and inexperienced native population. The nomadic Azzur hunters may not understand the aims of the European sportsman, but they are capable of doing a great deal of damage amongst the game, and particularly the addax, by cleverly organised drives towards lines of nets.

BARBARY SHEEP MAKING FOR THE ROCKS AT TERMITT
The leading ram must have a head close on 32 inches. The sheep were caught out feeding late in a sandy korri, on a cool morning with a strong Harmattan haze

The French authorities have, fortunately, and without any question, established over these men's activities a great measure of control, the practical difficulties and successful results of which are far from being generally realised. The French officers whose work carries them into these *subdivisions nomades* are the most interesting of men, and without their unfailing help and friendly courtesy, the visitor would be lost indeed.

F. COLLIER.

Peaceful Switzerland

THE LOVELIEST HOLIDAY LAND IN EUROPE IS UNDISTURBED

Everything favours a winter sports holiday in Switzerland this year. Your £ buys around 21 francs — no currency restrictions whatsoever. Instruction can be had inexpensively at the Official Swiss Ski Schools which are to be found at all centres. Hotels to suit every pocket and offering at very reasonable rates the finest value in comfort, service and "Gemuetlichkeit," await you. Hurry with your plans. Find out about reduced fares, the direct rail and air services, the comfortable motor coach connections of the Swiss Post Office, the concessions to motorists, and the many other advantages Switzerland offers.

BERNESE OBERLAND Snow-sure Sports Region. Cheap tickets for Sports Rlys. Adelboden 4450′—Grindelwald 3468′—Gstaad 3450′—Kandersteg 3936′—Lenk 3510′—Mürren 5415′—Wengen 4264′—Zweisimmen 3100′—Eigergletscher 7619′—Griesalp 4934′—Grimmialp 4133′—Gsteig 3700′—Jungfraujoch 11340′—Kleine Scheidegg 6770′—Lauterbrunnen 2615′—Rosenlaui 4364′—Saanenmoser 4173′—Schwarzwaldalp 4650′—Wengernalp 6160′.

GRISONS/ENGADINE Sunny and snow-sure from December to April. Ideal Ski Grounds. Modern Sports Equipment. International Competitions. Cheap Season Tickets for Sports Railways, Ski-lifts, etc. Over 70 centres. Hotels to suit all pockets in : DAVOS (5250′), ST. MORITZ (6000′), AROSA (5900′), PONTRESINA (6000′), KLOSTERS (4000′), LENZERHEIDE (4800′), FLIMS (3620′) and neighbouring mountain districts.

VAUDOIS ALPS & JURA Centres between 3000 and 5000 ft. Sports, railways, etc. Villars-Chesières-Gryon, Les Diablerets, Leysin, Château-d'Oex, Les Mosses, Caux, Les Avants, St. Cergue, Joux Valley, Ste. Croix-Les Rasses.

VALAIS ALPS Sunshine stronghold amidst the Highest Alps. Easy access by the main Simplon line. The choice of centres includes : Morgins, Champéry, Crans, Montana, Leukerbad, Zermatt, Saas Fee.

CENTRAL SWITZERLAND Engelberg/Andermatt/Rigi, 3000′-6000′. Sunny centres with Sports Railways. Direct access by Gothard line.

Southern Gothard Region — Airolo, Bedretto, Ambri-Piotta, Ritom, Rodi.

SUMMER 1939 — See the Swiss National Exhibition at Zürich, May to October.

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau—Mailing Dept. 7—Carlton House, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (WHitehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices, and Travel Agents.

SUDAN

A Perfect Winter Climate

KHARTOUM, OMDURMAN, WHITE NILE, via **EGYPT** or direct from **PORT SUDAN.** Through route to **UGANDA, KENYA COLONY** and the **CAPE.**

HOTELS at **KHARTOUM, PORT SUDAN, WADI HALFA** and **JUBA** all under the management of the **SUDAN RAILWAYS.**

The journey from **PORT SAID** or **ALEXANDRIA,** via **CAIRO,** to **MOMBASA,** or vice versa, can now be performed at an inclusive cost of about £65.

Big Game Shooting

The **SUDAN** is one of the most easily accessible countries in which **BIG GAME** abounds. Expeditions can be arranged through the Game Warden, Khartoum.

For particulars of INCLUSIVE TOURS, THROUGH INCLUSIVE FARES AT REDUCED RATES, HOTELS, &c., apply:

SUDAN RAILWAYS

Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1
(WHITEHALL 9921)

FOR SOUTH OR EAST AFRICA

Facts at your fingertips!

1939 EDITION *Now Ready*

By G. GORDON BROWN, F.R.G.S.

1,164 PAGES OF TEXT AND 64 PAGES OF MAPS IN COLOUR

From any Bookseller, or from any Office or Agency of

THE UNION-CASTLE MAIL STEAMSHIP CO., LTD., *Head Office:* 3, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3

2/6 (By Post, 3/-)

TRUTH

WEDNESDAY - - SIXPENCE

is a weekly which has a special appeal to those who are interested in politics, the arts and investments. Its name has become famous all over the English-speaking world for its independence of judgment and comment on all the many topics with which it deals

Obtainable at all booksellers, or from

THE MANAGER, TRUTH BUILDINGS, CARTERET STREET - LONDON, S.W.1

by postal subscription at the following rates:

3 months, 7s. 6d. 6 months, 15s. 0d.
12 months, £1 10s. 0d.

WHERE TO STAY

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

Grand Peace

In these abnormal times, when those who normally migrate abroad after Christmas are hesitant, we offer them a generous slice of our grand peace. A bedroom, with private bathroom if need be, overlooking the blue and tranquil waters of Tor Bay. A grandstand position *on the level*, a Sun Lounge to cheat the occasional wind and to capture the warmth of the sun. The comfort within of an even temperature and the feeling of wealth around you. A chef who practises to perfection the culinary arts of four continents, yet can, if need be, cater for the simplest taste. In short—an hotel where personal whims are studied and satisfied.

Above all, we offer a tempting all-in price with a sliding plan whereby the longer you stay the less you pay. For further information write to R. Paul, Manager

THE GRAND TORQUAY

Telephone: 2234

5-star hotel. A.A. and R.A.C. 200 bedrooms and suites. Under the same direction: The Headland Hotel, Torquay.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales.
1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1527

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY — Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

If you are keen on **WILD FOWL SHOOTING** write to The Manager,
Chequers Hotel, Holbeach, Lincs.,
for particulars. Moderate Tariff. Exceptional Comfort. H. and C. all rooms. A.A. and R.A.C.

AT THE CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON, SOMERSET, you can find warm and friendly COUNTRY QUARTERS. Hunting with five packs, stag and fox hounds. Good horses from our own stables. Rough shooting and billiards. Write for booklet.—Wire NELDER, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

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

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartnoll" Country House Hotel Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; hacks and rough shooting; centre of stag hunting; good stabling.—Box 3392, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—CORDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

TRUST HOUSES

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

"THE SHIP HAS A FRIENDLY WHITEWASHED FRONT"

IT was only by sheer chance that I came upon the Ship Inn at Alveston, but it was not sheer chance that took me inside. It was curiosity, and, unlike the cat, I was not killed; rather enchanted. Standing just aside from the noisy traffic on the fairly new road joining Bristol and Birmingham, the Ship has a friendly whitewashed front which cannot fail to attract you as you approach.

Ten miles from Bristol, the inn was the first stage out of the town or, if you will, the last coming into it. The spirit and romance of those old coaching days was, to my mind, so admirably caught in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Do you remember how the young hero of that grand yarn made his first trip to Rugby by stage coach? After travelling all night they begin at last to see the countryside in the early morning light—"men in smock-frocks going to their work, pipe in mouth, a whiff of which is no bad smell this bright morning. The sun gets up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet, at the heels of the huntsman's hack, whose face is about the colour of the tails of his old pink coat, as he exchanges greetings with coachman and guard.

"Now they pull up at a lodge and take on board a well muffled-up sportsman, with his gun-case and carpet-bag. An early up-coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary. . . ."

Such was the England which our ancestors knew. While some of the romance of travelling has disappeared we still have our old-established inns, among which we number the Ship, to remind us of more spacious days. You can still see to-day, by the side of this 300-year-old inn, the fine coaching stables, and in the loft above are two ancient machines, an oat crusher and a bean kibbler, that were in use to prepare fodder for the steaming teams that came rattling down the road.

Since the first cock strutted out of the Ark and, letting fly his war-whoop, set an eternal fashion of defiance to humanity asleep, much has changed, of course. In those days, people really did sleep and there was no constant hum of traffic to keep them awake at night as in this twentieth century of ours. Some people, in fact, are lucky if they get to bed *before* the cock proclaims the dawn. They are known to their friends, I believe, as "night owls," yet it seems an odd way to spend one's life. However, each to his own desires; mine are with the folk who wish to go to a quiet country house hotel.

And in that category I would place the Ship. An attractive old house is this wayside inn with its whitewashed walls, old gables and bay windows. To see it at its best go there when the Berkeley Hounds—as they have done for years past—meet at the inn. Then you will see the place in its right setting with all the romance of a quieter past clustered thick about its sturdy walls, while only a mile or two away is the wide estuary of the Severn from which the smugglers came who once congregated at the Ship.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

WINE AND FOOD

A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY

To all who wish to cultivate the art and enjoyment of good living this official journal of the Wine and Food Society will prove of inestimable value.

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

QUARTERLY
Price 2/6

Welcome in Switzerland

ZERMATT The Hotels Schweizerhof National and Bellevue
are offering to English visitors a real home. All comfort; exquisite cooking; moderate charges. Winter sports, Summer season.
H. ZIMMERMANN, Managing Director.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AROSA, SWITZERLAND. 7,000ft. BERGHOTEL PRATSCHLI. Hotel of high standard. Participant at Arosa-Ball in London. Full arrangement for seven days, all included, from £7.

AROSA, SWITZERLAND (6,000ft. above sea level).—EXCELSIOR, first class, 18/- to 26/- daily.—Man.-Prop.: SIEBER. Repr.: HANFORD, 12, Henrietta Street, W.C. 2.

HAUS ISLA, AROSA (SWITZERLAND).—Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking; fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs.13.50, during winter from Frs.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

PAYING GUESTS

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish Country House. Very moderate terms, especially for parties or for long stays; three packs. Hiring easy and reasonable.—Apply Miss JOHNSON, Ballinapierce, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN, Castle Hyde, Fermoy, Co. Cork. Hunting three packs, rough shooting; every home comfort, electric light, central heating.—Apply MANAGERESS.

IRELAND.—PAYING GUESTS welcomed. Comfortable modern house; free rough shooting where British Isles record bag snipe, duck made this season.—Major WHITE, Chesterfield, Birr, Eire.

LOUGH CORRIB, CO. GALWAY.—Best Free Fishing, also Rough Shooting. Excellent accommodation. Special winter terms.—For particulars apply Mrs. E. DISKIN, Hillside House, Cornamona, Co. Galway.

PUPILS AND SCHOOLS

BRANKSOME-HILDERS, Haslemere, Surrey. BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings.—Prospectus Y.

CHARTERED LAND AGENT AND SURVEYOR, Berkshire, has VACANCY for PUPIL; nine estates and three home farms managed; also extensive general practice; wide and varied experience offered.—Apply Box 3358, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

FARM PUPIL (resident) can be TAKEN on a Nobleman's Estate in Yorkshire, where good all round experience can be obtained and instruction given. Terms reasonable.—Inquiries should be addressed to Box No. 3387, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

HOME TUITION (postal)—Economic scientific Mixed Farming. Pig, Poultry, Fruit. Colonial Farming, Estate Management.—FIELDING, D.S.O., N.D.A., P.A.S.I., Agricultural Correspondence College (Sec. K), Bath.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

VACANCY FOR FARM PUPIL on large mixed FARM, all crops grown, all descriptions of stock kept, including dairy and pedigree flock Oxford Down sheep; good hunting and shooting.—HUGH STILGOE, Adderbury, Banbury, Oxon.

VACANCY FOR PUPIL.—Thousand-acre mixed FARM; world-renowned pedigree Dairy Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep; clean milk dairy, good hunting, shooting, fishing.—HOBBS & DAVIS, Kelmscott, Lechlade, Glos.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance.

BRIDGE

SENSATIONAL HAND AT DUPLICATE

Points in Bidding and in Play

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

A READER in Barbados has written asking my advice. He says that he has been particularly interested in the articles in defensive play and "End" play, and he wants to know whether the examples given are manufactured to illustrate points or whether they actually occurred. "Do players," he writes, "make these brilliant coups or do you invent them?" And he continues: "Do experts never make mistakes or are they superhuman?"

Taking this second question first, I would give him the comforting answer that the experts are not by any means infallible. In fact they make frequent mistakes, and in these columns I have from time to time drawn attention to them. The perfect player does not exist, and the expert may be described, as Napoleon said of the best general in war, that he is the one who makes the fewest mistakes.

The hands I give are seldom concocted. They are taken from observed actual play or from records of Duplicate matches, which are generally the most valuable source of information. As an illustration of a battle between accomplished tournament players consider the following hand, which occurred at a recent Congress and which will probably be new to most of my readers.

	♠ J, 4, 3, 2 ♡ A, K, Q, J, 7 ◇ 10, 9 ♣ A, 6	
♠ Q, 9, 7, 6, 5 ♡ None ◇ A, 8, 5, 4 ♣ K, J, 9, 8	Y A B Z	♠ 8 ♡ 10, 8, 5, 4, 3, 2 ◇ 7, 3, 2 ♣ 7, 4, 2
	♠ A, K, 10 ♡ 9, 6 ◇ K, Q, J, 6 ♣ Q, 10, 5, 3	

Score love all. Z the dealer.

At seven of the eight tables the hand was played in contracts of Four Hearts by Y or Four No Trumps by Z.

At one table, however, the bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One No Trump	No bid	Two Clubs	No bid
Three Clubs	No bid	Four Hearts	No bid
Four No Trumps	No bid	Five No Trumps	No bid
Six Clubs	Double	Six Hearts	Double
Six No Trumps	Double	No bid	No bid
No bid			

The bidding is somewhat peculiar. Y's bid of Two Clubs was, we are told, of the "mark time" order. His next bid of Four Hearts suggested a slam, and Z's subsequent bid of Six Clubs was based on the belief that Y held the Club suit. It is suggested that A was wrong to double Six Clubs, but B was right to double Six Hearts and A to double Six No Trumps. You may not agree that a little slam should have been called on the joint holdings.

But mark now the play! A opened with the 6 of Spades—the fourth highest of his longest suit—a lead which the commentator on this hand considers wrong in the circumstances. He holds that his correct lead was the Ace of Diamonds. While the 6 of Spades made things easier for Z, the making of the little slam is by no means apparent. As the Hearts do not break, Z, it would seem, must lose a trick in Diamonds and one in Clubs. Yet he contrived to achieve his contract. This was how it was done.

Winning the first trick with the 10 of Spades, Z led a small Diamond, won by Dummy's 9. The 10 of Diamonds was returned, and Z's Knave was won by A's Ace. This, it is stated, was A's third mistake. If he refuses to win the second Diamond but takes the third the contract is defeated, as A then plays another Diamond to get rid of the lead. I think if you work this out you will find it is so.

As it was, after A had won the second Diamond trick, Z claimed the remainder on a squeeze. Whatever A led Z must make the rest. If he leads a Club at trick 4 a finesse produces the contract. If he leads a Diamond or a Spade Z makes four Hearts and the "End" play is:

	♠ J ♡ None ◇ None ♣ A, 6	
♠ Q ♡ None ◇ None ♣ K, J	Y A B Z	♠ None ♡ 10 ◇ None ♣ 7, 4
	♠ None ♡ None ◇ K ♣ Q, 10	

When at trick 11 Z leads the King of Diamonds A is squeezed and must part with the Queen of Spades or a Club. Very pretty and spectacular. And poor A got all the blame for his bidding and his play.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

THIS important tournament has ended in a triumph for the younger generation, the first prize being shared by Fine, who is 24 years old, and Keres, who is 22. Each scored 8½ points out of 14. The other scores were Botwinnik 7½, Dr. Alekhine, Dr. Euwe and Reshevsky each 7, Capablanca 6, and Flohr 4½. We shall comment on the result in detail next week, when we shall publish a table showing the results of all the games played in the contest.

A very good game by Keres.

(French Defence.)

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

(a) This move was introduced by Dr. Tarrasch nearly 50 years ago but abandoned by him after a short trial. In the last few years, however, it has made a reappearance in tournament play. The object of the move is to avoid the blocking of White's Queen's Bishop's pawn, and so allow P to Q B 3, if necessary. It has, however, the disadvantage that at Q 2 the Knight does not bear upon Black's Q 4.

(b) Until just recently this move was almost invariably played. However, in two games played in the Noordwyk tournament last June—Fine v. Eliskases and Keres v. Eliskases—it was shown that Q takes P, by which Black avoids getting an isolated Queen's pawn, can be played with quite a satisfactory game.

(c) This does not appear to us to be good. Black should, instead, make a developing move, *e.g.*, Kt to B 3.

(d) White is ahead in development and Black has an isolated Queen's pawn.

(e) A good move.

(f) Played to free his Knight from the task of defending the King's Rook's pawn.

(g) Here Black has, we think, a better move in P to Q R 4, threatening P to R 5.

(h) White has the superior position. He has the better pawn formation and his pieces are much better placed than his opponent's.

(i) If, instead, 21. . . . R to Q 4 (which Capablanca, perhaps, intended when he played 18. . . . R to Kt 4), then 22. Kt takes P with advantage to White, *e.g.*, 22. . . . R takes R, ch; 23. R takes R, Q takes Kt; 24. R takes B.

(j) A very good move. If now 22. . . . P takes Kt, then 23. Q takes P, ch followed by 24. Q takes B wins a pawn. If, instead, 22. . . . B to R 7, ch; 23. K to R sq, P takes Kt, then 24. Q takes P, ch, followed by 25. R to Q 7 and wins.

(k) Not 23. Kt takes P because of 23. . . . B to K 4 for after 24. B takes B, Q takes B the Knight has no escape.

(l) Threatening R takes B followed, if Q takes R, by Q takes R, ch.

(m) A mistake. Black should, instead, play B takes Kt, although he would still have the inferior position.

(n) A good move. If now 26. . . . K takes Kt, then 27. R to Q 7, ch, Kt to K 2; 28. Q takes P, ch and mate in two more moves.

(o) If 27. . . . K takes Kt, then 28. R takes B, ch, K to Kt sq (if Kt takes R, then Q takes P, ch, followed by Q to B 6, mate); 29. R to Q 7 and wins.

(p) If Kt takes R, then R takes P, ch.

(q) White has now a winning game.

(r) If 38. . . . K to B 4, then 39. P to R 5 and wins for, if 39. . . . Kt to K 2, then 40. B to B 8, K to Q 3; 41. P to B 6.

The following game was played in the second round.

(Queen's Gambit.)

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

(a) A well-known position in the Queen's Gambit has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) This is new. Either Castles (followed by Q takes R P) or Q takes B P at once is usually played.

(c) 9. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 10. Q takes B P would avoid the weakening of White's pawn position which results from the exchange at his K 5 (see move 10).

(d) An interesting position. White's pawn at K 5 gives him chances of a King's side attack, while Black has a formidable majority of pawns on the Queen's side.

(e) P to B 4 is better. If, in reply, B to B 4, then Kt to K 4, followed by B to K 3.

(f) Not 12. . . . P to Kt 4; 13. B to K 3, Kt takes P because of 14. B to R 7.

(g) An ingenious move. If now (1) 14. . . . Kt takes P, then 15. P takes P, P takes P; 16. Kt takes P with advantage to White, or, if, instead, (2) 14. . . . P to Kt 5, then 15. Kt to Q 5, P takes Kt; 16. P to K 6, Kt to K 4; 17. P takes P, ch, K to B sq; 18. Q takes Q P, B to B 3 (if B to Q 3, then K R to Q sq); 19. K R to B sq and White has good attacking chances.

(h) Not Kt takes P because then Q to Kt 3 wins a piece.

(i) If 16. . . . Kt takes P, then 17. K R to B sq, P to B 5; 18. Q to K 3 with good attacking chances for White.

(j) This is decidedly not good. In view of Black's advantage on the Queen's side for the end-game White should avoid lines of play leading to simplification. Q to K 3 seems his best move.

(k) Not Kt takes P because of Q to Q 6.

(l) White is playing to keep his two Bishops, but after the text-move the one at Kt 2 has little freedom of action.

(m) A good move.

(n) If 32. P takes P, then 32. . . . P to Kt 6; 33. Q to K B 5, B to K 5 and wins.

(o) Q to Q 8 is decisive.

INSTRUCTIVE POSITIONS

WE have received for review a copy of a book containing 125 positions from master games, the subsequent play being annotated by the well-known veteran master, J. Mieses. The positions are all extremely interesting, and the author's comments are very instructive. He is to be congratulated on having produced a very entertaining little book. We heartily recommend it.

Instructive Positions from Master Chess. By J. Mieses (Published by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C. 2. Price 2/6 net.)

PROBLEM No. 3990

By R. RINDOIEN.*

WHITE (11 pieces): King at K R 7, Queen at K Kt 4, Rooks at Q Kt 5 and K 8, Bishop at K Kt 2, Knights at K 4 and Q B 5, Pawns at Q B 4, K Kt 5, K 6 and K B 6.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at K 4, Rook at Q R 2, Bishops at K B sq and Q Kt 8, Knight at K B 4, Pawns at K 2, Q 5 and K 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Arbejdermagasinet*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3989

1. Q to R 7, Any move; 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.

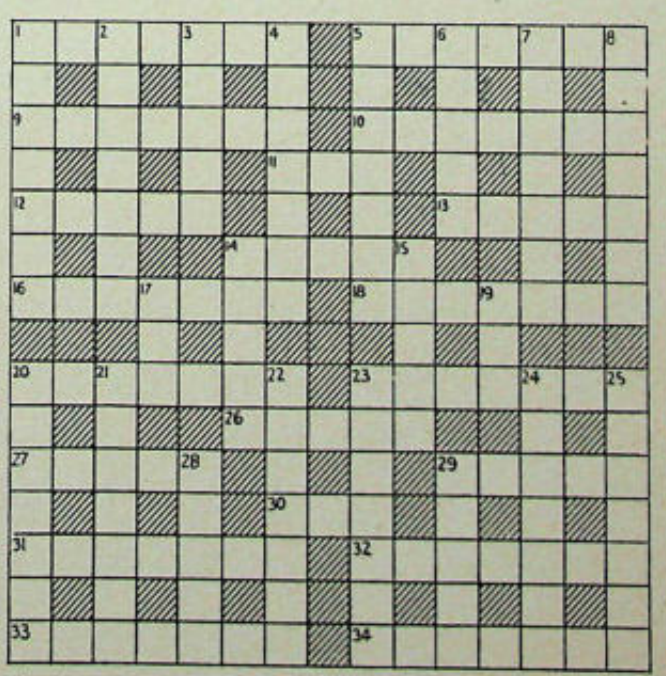
THE LATE P. F. JOHNER.—We regret to hear of the recent death of the well-known Swiss master, Paul Johner, who during the last 30 years took part in a large number of international tournaments.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 493

ACROSS.—1, Wild fowl rising in a London street, 5, Add less to the harness. 9, Father is in the middle of an unlevel path. 10, Gave an entertainment to eat at the centre. 11, This marriage portion is but a speck. 12, Sheepdog's has judge but no jury. 13, I am in the middle of a maze. 14, Does the stock want to be red? 15, Do the Dutch fish from this stone? 18, These dogs may be planters. 20, The wagons age, perhaps. 23, Rained lolly upon Ted's eel! 26, Falls in flakes at present. 27, This part of the shoe is more than pate. 29, Motor begins the seasonable song. 30, All you need is here. 31, Greeted with a musical instrument. 32, Don't bark your shin on this log; it's somewhat extended. 33, Schemes arranged to place a manuscript last. 34, We are stern in this part of the globe.

DOWN.—1, A broken nut in fashion got on the horse. 2, Wing for a backward friend? 3, There is nothing in the smith's block. 4, A weed totters. 5, Let Tess compose herself on the benches. 6, "To sleep! perchance to . . .: ay, there's the rub." (*Hamlet.*) 7, Lace round a bird at the window. 8, Melancholy lairs. 14, Boasts of fashions. 15, Measures in the valleys. 17, This gorge gets you nearly to the gate. 19, Bit of the alphabet on the links. 20, So cures on the routes. 21, Waves, though not permanent ones. 22, Hastes, with reference to lands. 23, A sow goes round the wall. 24, Insect causes torn tie at the end of term. 25, Hold a pin for the Dorado. 28, The R.A. is early. 29, One at the centre of the fruits.



SOLUTION TO No. 492

Published November 26th

	H	A	R	E	A	N	D	H	O	U	N	D	S	
S		R				O		E		R		R		S
P	O	A	C	H	E	R		L	O	U	T	I	S	H
O		B		A		M		T		S		V		A
R	E	L	A	Y	R	A	C	E	S		B	E	E	R
T		E				L		R	O	V	E	R		P
I			G		S				L		A			S
N	U	L	L	A	H	S		G	A	R	N	I	S	H
G			E		E				N		O			O
O		F	A	U	L	T		A				R		O
F	O	R	M		F	A	L	S	E	S	T	A	R	T
F		E		S		R		H		K		T		E
E	J	E	C	T	O	R		P	O	I	N	T	E	R
R		Z		U		O		A				E		S
	M	E	A	D	O	W	A	N	D	P	A	R	K	

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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Country House

Fungus from Plaster Wall sent for Identification.—This is *Pezica tectoria* Cooke, a harmless fungus belonging to the group Ascomycetes, which is not uncommon on damp plaster. It has nothing whatever to do with wood-destroying fungi such as *Lentinus lepidus* or *Merulius lacrymans*.—"*Research*."

Construction of Swimming Pool.—It is difficult without knowing more details to advise you on the best size for your garden plunge pool. The length of the pool, however, should not be less than twice the width, assuming, of course, that the construction will be of the formal rectangular type. A good size, should you have the room, is 50ft. by 25ft. As you will realise, there are many considerations to think of when building a swimming pool. Such as cost, construction, orientation, water supply, adjacent surroundings and its relation to the landscape.—*E. W., Sherborne.*

Farm

Plague of Rats.—As you cannot use poison, the methods of getting rid of them are rather limited. One of the most effective preparations is Liverpool Virus—the makers of which are Messrs. Evans Sons, Lescher & Webb, of Liverpool. Although poison to rats, it has the advantage of being entirely harmless to domestic pets. You might, however, in the circumstances, prefer to use a trap, and one of the most effective is the "Mortis" Tunnel Trap which is manufactured by Messrs. Gilbertson & Page, Hertford, Herts. If you combine these two you will, we are sure, get rid of the rats in a comparatively short time.—*R. A. D., South Queensferry.*

Garden

Apples Sent for Identification.—King of the Pippins, but the specimens sent are poorly coloured.—*W. S., Penrith.*

Mushroom Sent for Identification.—*Psalliota villatica*. Yes, this is one of the edible fungi.—*G. F. C. F., Budleigh Salterton.*

Beech Coccus.—If the white powder appears on the trunk of the beeches and looks like driven snow, then the trees are being attacked by the beech coccus. So far as the trees themselves are concerned, this insect is perfectly harmless. Nor does it affect the value of the timber in any way. If the appearance is objected to, the best remedy is to scrub the trunks with paraffin, which treatment may have to be repeated if there is a fresh attack.—*E. P., Woodstock.*

Kennel

Treatment for Tapeworms.—The dose of areca nut in 2 grains per pound body weight, to that 28 grains would be that for a dog weighing 14lb. The glucose is added to disguise the taste and to prevent nausea, and is better than ordinary sugar.—*Mrs. B., Norfolk.*

Hysteria in Foxterrier.—Try the effect of giving him a 1 c.c. capsul of tetrachlorethylene (Nema P. D. & Co.), three times in one week, twice in the next, and once in the next or third week. During this time keep the dog as quiet and as free from excitement and fatigue as possible.—*G. E. T., Sussex.*

Excessive Salivation.—The excessive flow of saliva is due to some cause of irritation within the mouth, and the offensive smell is suggestive of a tooth being at fault, and possibly the jaw bone. The teeth most likely to be responsible are the last molar and the large carnassal tooth.—*J. C., Ceylon.*

Treatment for Eczema.—You could not do better than send him to the Royal Veterinary College Hospital, Great College Street, Camden Town, London, where there are ample facilities for the most modern treatment of this intractable skin disease.—*R. P. C. S., Cornwall.*

Basset Hounds.—Unfortunately, the number of breeders of basset hounds is few. Your client is in the United States would probably be able to get some from Mrs. Elms, Fyfield Grange, Andover, Hants; Viscount Chelmsford, Ash Platts, East Grinstead, Sussex; or Mrs. Grew, Tamarisk, Midanbury Lane, Southampton.—*F. H. R., Southwark.*

Treatment for Chorea.—There is no specific treatment for chorea, but some improvement may occur with the improvement of the general condition. To effect this a teaspoonful of codliver oil may be given with the food every day, and half a teaspoonful of Parrish's Food in a little water, every morning and night, for about a month.—*C. C. M., Bibury.*

Treatment for Worms.—There would be no objection to extending the period of treatment, unless it affects the appetite, when it should be discontinued for a few days. He might also be given a teaspoonful of cod liver oil twice daily with advantage. The heaviest meal of the day should be at night time, and the vegetables would be best omitted from the diet.—*K. D., Horrabridge.*

Dose for Dog.—Syrup of iodide of iron deteriorates slowly with keeping, and it is not desirable to give it for longer than ten to fifteen days at a time as it may impair the appetite. The dose ranges from 10 to 30 drops, according to the size of the dog, but, as it is its action on the worms that is required, half these doses is usually found to be sufficient. It may be given diluted with a little water, or milk, or mixed with the food, if the dog will take it.—*E. S. C., Kesh.*

Cleanliness in the House.—We can only advise you to have patience with regard to the training of your Cairn terrier puppy. When he misbehaves, scold him well, but do not whip him. If he is sensible he will soon come to understand the meaning of an emphatic "no" and a rating. If you whip him and then turn him out, the chances are that he will not do what you want, because he has not grasped the idea that what may be wrong in one place is right in another. There are few puppies that *cannot* be house-trained, but some take longer than others.—*Jumbo, Sherborne.*

Lawn Tennis

Davis Cup.—Of the 20 contests that have taken place for this cup since the War, America have won nine. We give the list below:

1919.	Australasia beat British Isles..	4—1
1920.	U.S.A. beat Australasia	5—0
1921.	U.S.A. beat Japan	5—0
1922.	U.S.A. beat Australasia	4—1
1923.	U.S.A. beat Australia	4—1
1924.	U.S.A. beat Australia	5—0
1925.	U.S.A. beat France	5—0
1926.	U.S.A. beat France	4—1
1927.	France beat U.S.A.	3—2
1928.	France beat U.S.A.	4—1
1929.	France beat U.S.A.	3—2
1930.	France beat U.S.A.	4—1
1931.	France beat Great Britain	3—2
1932.	France beat U.S.A.	3—2
1933.	Great Britain beat France	3—2
1934.	Great Britain beat U.S.A. ..	4—1
1935.	Great Britain beat U.S.A. ..	5—0
1936.	Great Britain beat Australia	3—2
1937.	U.S.A. beat Great Britain.....	4—1

While last year, of course, it went to U.S.A. as well.—*J. S. H., Lincoln.*

Miscellaneous

A Good Brand of Paint.—A brand of paint which we find entirely satisfactory is Nine Elms, although it is perhaps a little more expensive than other brands. The lasting properties of the paint depend very largely on the method of application. The old paint work should be sandpapered really thoroughly and the new paint applied in thin coats. If the paint is diluted too much with thinnings (linseed oil and turpentine), or if too many driers are added it will not last and will rub off in the manner to which you refer. The paint should be applied in quite a thick state, and the thinness of the coat obtained by hard brush work, a tiring occupation and one generally avoided by modern painters. With regard to fading the greens and the blues are the worst offenders, and we have not been able to find a brand which will keep its colour. Browns are much more reliable. Imperial Chemical Industries have been conducting extensive research into paints, and, if you require a fast blue or brown, it would be well worth while getting into touch with them.—*E. C., N. Wales.*

Shooting

Gun Barrels.—The particulars you ask for are as follows: (1) Damascus barrels are usually finished a rich brown colour. (2) Damascus barrels have a curly pattern, the size of curls depending upon the number of strips employed in welding the ribbon which is later welded into a tube (barrel in the rough state). (3) Osborne guns were made with all types of barrels, *i.e.*, steel, Damascus of all grades, iron twist, &c. (4) It is possible to purchase hammerless guns, both new and secondhand, with Damascus barrels. (5) Owing to various causes the Damascus barrel industry has practically ceased to exist; improvement made in the manufacture of special gun-barrel steel has resulted in it being adopted for all classes of guns from the plainest to the best. (6) In common with universal practice, Belgian gunmakers employ steel barrels in practically all guns. It is understood, however, that a limited number of damascus barrelled guns are still being made.—*J. F. W., Londonderry.*

Reblueing Barrels.—We regret being unable to advise you as to the best means of employing the solution you mention, which is unknown to us. The reblueing of barrels is certainly not an easy matter to be undertaken by an amateur, and we strongly recommend you to adopt one of the methods as adopted in the trade, and suggest the following: 1½ pints of water, 1oz. corrosive sublimate, 1oz. potassium chlorate. Mix these ingredients in an earthen bowl and heat by immersing bowl in hot water until the solution is hot. Before the solution is applied the barrel should be well heated, and the best way is to boil it in a sheet metal pan 3ft. long by 6in. wide by 6in. high. If this is not available the next best thing is to pour boiling water over the barrel until it becomes hot. Apply the hot solution by means of a sponge or several thicknesses of Canton flannel held in a split stick or clothes pin. The sponge should be squeezed out fairly dry so that no runs will be apparent when the solution is applied. Then place the barrel in boiling water for seven to ten minutes, withdraw, hold in vertical position and allow to dry quickly. As soon as dry, rub to gloss with a dry cloth. Repeat operation until colour is satisfactory and we should say that five to eight coats would produce a good colour. At last, when colour is acquired, wash the barrel very thoroughly with boiling water to remove all further rusting action. Do not be afraid to use plenty of boiling water. Then go over it evenly and gently with soft, dry cloths until the surface is bone dry. Now, while the metal is still hot and the surface dry, apply liberal quantities of linseed oil with woollen cloths, covering the barrel evenly with long, gentle strokes and light pressure. It is quite easy at this stage to remove the blueing in spots by hard rubbing. Note.—You would require to remove the present blueing with fine emery cloth, leaving the metal clean and bright. It is most essential that the ends of barrels should be tightly corked to prevent the solution getting inside the bore.—*W., Darlington.*

Cartridge Tests

Your 12-bore 2½in. cartridges contained 33.4 grains of Emerald powder and 1⅛oz. No. 7 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,072ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns (30in. circle 40yds. choke barrel) were even and averaged 60 per cent.

Your 12-bore 3in. cartridges contained 35.5 grains of Emerald powder and 1¼oz. No. 2 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 975ft. with heavy recoil, which, however, would not be excessive in your 8¼lb. gun. Patterns were even and averaged 75 per cent. It is noted that the weight of powder charges do not quite agree with your stated loads.—*P., Walton-on-Naze.*

Your A cartridges contained 33½ grains of Empire powder and a full ounce of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,068ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns (30in. circle 40yds. choke barrel) were even and averaged 69 per cent.

Your B cartridges contained 33½ grains of Empire powder and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,046ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns were regular and averaged 73 per cent.

Your C cartridges contained 34 grains of Empire powder and a bare ounce of No. 6 shot. Velocity averaged 1,054ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns were regular and averaged 70 per cent.

Your D cartridges contained 35 grains of E.C. powder and a bare ounce of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,122ft. per second with rather irregular patterns varying from 46 per cent. to 68 per cent.

Above cartridges have apparently not deteriorated by keeping, all should prove effective against game, A, B, C being classed as most reliable.—*H. K., W.2.*

Stable

Children's Ponies.—The question as to how much hay two children's ponies will require during the winter if they are turned out into a rough grass field, is rather difficult to answer without knowing more about them. If they are moorland, forest or Shetland ponies, they will naturally require less hay than otherwise. The question whether they will be working also arises, and their size and weight must also be taken into consideration. We think that an average amount of hay necessary for each pony would be two trusses a week, but you must watch them carefully and increase this diet with corn and oats and possibly linseed cake, as you think fit.—*R. P., Piccadilly.*

Travel

Hotel in Madeira.—Although we have only stayed at Reid's Hotel in Madeira, we have some very exacting friends who have stayed at the Savoy and the Belmonte Hotels. The Savoy is exactly opposite to Reid's, and the Belmonte is at the head of the mountain railway. Undoubtedly it has a better view, except, of course, when the mountain tops are covered with mist when there is nothing to be seen at all. However, if you are going to Madeira again, especially for some time, we advise you to stay at the Belmonte, but whichever you choose, we are sure you will find it to be socially pleasant and in a good environment.—*S. P., Upton.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland.	*Canada.*	*Elsewhere abroad.*
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1938

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No 4485. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3½D

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL

Hunting with the Bramham Moor when Hounds met at Harewood Village

THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1391
THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY 1391
THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM HOUNDS . . 1392
AT HENLEY AND AT ELY 1394
EARLY IRISH SALMON 1395
SALMON IN THE SEA 1395
TWO BIRD ARCHITECTS 1396
MINOR TACTICS FOR PIKE 1397
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS 1398
THE NATIONAL HUNT SEASON 1403
FIELD GAME FARM CERTIFICATE . . . 1404
IN TOUCH 1406
FROM TEE TO GREEN 1406
HOMAGE TO ST. VINCENT 1409
"GENTLEMEN, THE KING!" 1410
COMMONSENSE ABOUT SHERRY 1413
A MEMORY OF CHAMPAGNE 1414
QUALITY IN BRANDY 1416
WINES OF BORDEAUX 1418
WINES OF ALSACE 1419
WINES OF ITALY 1420
FROM HOUSEHOLD RECIPE TO WORLD FAME . 1422
RHINE AND MOSELLE WINES 1425
"THE SOFTEST CONSOLATION" 1426
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 1428
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1428
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1428
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Rabbits and Agriculture; Canalising the Avon; Song-birds and the Little Owl 1429
IN THE CITY 1432
NEW BOOKS 1433
FIELD TRIALS 1434
A PLANT OF PICTURESQUE LEGENDS . . 1437
BLOODHOUNDS FOR SPORT AND SHOW . . 1437
DESIGNING A ROSE GARDEN 1438
AGRICULTURAL CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA 1439
A ROLLS-ROYCE PAR EXCELLENCE . . . 1441
REORGANISING THE AIRWAYS 1442
A HAPPY JAMAICAN SETTLEMENT . . . 1445
CARDS AND CHESS 1447
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1448

RABBITS AND AGRICULTURE

FROM time to time in the past—and with increasing frequency of recent years—the *Field* has drawn attention to the very grave menace to agriculture from rabbits. We are, therefore, very pleased to see that a Bill has been brought before Parliament; that something is apparently going to be done at last.

The Bill—*Crops (Prevention of Damage)*—makes provision for the prevention of damage by rabbits; and also provision for the amendment of the law relating to the use of poison, the prohibition of night shooting, and the use of spring traps above ground for the purpose of killing hares or rabbits. It gives to local authorities power to require prevention of damage by rabbits; power to local authorities to assist occupiers of land to destroy rabbits; it imposes a duty upon rabbit breeders to fence warrens; and it prohibits night shooting and the use of spring traps above ground. That, very briefly, is the purport of the Bill at present before Parliament.

It is a Bill which deserves the widest support—not only from those whose livelihood is directly concerned with agriculture, but from all who have at heart the interests of the English countryside and who believe that agriculture is one of the mainsprings of English life.

That agriculture has suffered much from the rabbit is beyond question; that grass farming has suffered untold damage from rabbit farming is beyond dispute. That should, of course, be sufficient to ensure proper control of the rabbit. But this question of the rabbit cuts across many private interests, and it is, unfortunately, true that in all too many cases to-day private interest outweighs national interest.

The rabbit has some value—some considerable value in many cases—to shooting men. It has also some value—and again considerable value in many cases—to the rabbit producer. The latter lives, more or less without charge, on agriculture. That he should be controlled in the same way that certain aspects of agriculture are controlled should not be regarded as unjust.

The shooting man does not live upon agriculture to the cost of that industry. Furthermore, the majority of shooting men are good countrymen, and having a knowledge of the manifold difficulties and hardships involved in the pursuit of agriculture are more than willing to meet the farmer half-way. The majority: there is, however, a minority (a minority to be found in any form of sport) which has no hesitation in sacrificing the farmer to its own purely selfish interests.

Self should have no part in this—or any other national question. We are, all of us (though we forget too frequently that we are) dependent the one upon the other, and we are all (though few of us will acknowledge the fact) dependent, to some extent, upon the well-being of the agricultural industry. If that is true of the individual—and nobody will dispute its truth—it is true in far greater extent of the community as a whole.

The wild-rabbit industry, a misnomer, flourishes only because it has not got to pay the real cost of producing wild rabbits. The agricultural industry has to pay that. If the true cost had to be borne by those concerned in the industry, then there would be no wild-rabbit industry. There should be no need to say more.

We welcome this Bill. We welcome, since we have the interests of the countryside as a whole, rather than any particular section of it, at heart, any measure which will help to right the handicap under which agriculture is at present struggling.

NATIONAL SERVICE

THERE is a strong feeling in the country that voluntary measures will not meet modern war conditions. In the last war there were examples of "Untouchables" who profited by escaping service, so that it may not be surprising if the would-be volunteer to-day wants to know what the other fellow is going to do. We are told that a National Register will be compulsory if the country should become involved in war. Then why not save valuable weeks, days, hours and minutes and have it properly organised and ready to be put into operation in peace time? It would only be fair to everyone to know and be prepared for the service demanded of him or her. It looks at the moment as though the Register will go off half-cock, as did our recruiting campaign. In the latter it is not realised that youth's enthusiasm needs stimulating and encouraging. One of the troubles with the Army from a political point of view is that it suffers from being "military."

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

Len Harvey, at the age of 31, regained the Heavy-weight Championship of Great Britain when he defeated Eddie Phillips, the latter being disqualified in the fourth round for a low blow. Harvey, by then, had the fight well won; he has never fought to greater purpose. Phillips had taken one long count and was obviously fighting in a dazed condition. There is, in the gymnasium, no better boxer than Phillips; in the ring he is at the start of every fight the victim of nervous strain. He defeats himself. And so it was in this fight. The result, while recognising to the full the magnificent qualities of Len Harvey, is something of a tragedy from the point of view of English heavy-weight boxing. Harvey is nearing the close of a long and honourable career. Phillips has shown clearly that the big occasion is altogether too big for him. The best British heavyweight has incurred the displeasure of the Board of Control and fights in America. It is altogether a sorry state of affairs.

ENNION OF THE MUDFLATS

The exhibition of bird paintings now being held at the Greatorex Galleries in Grafton Street is one quite out of the ordinary. Dr. Ennion is an extraordinary person. He is one of those rare beings a combination of technical knowledge and technical skill. It is one thing to know the exact colourings of a pheasant, and how ducks and geese fly, and quite another thing to know how to get that knowledge on to paper in pencil and paint. Dr. Ennion's technical skill is unquestionable, and the atmosphere of his pictures is convincing in the extreme. This latest exhibition of his proves that beyond all doubt. But there is something fresh creeping into these latest paintings of his, and that is that quality sought by all artists—originality. And it is a quality very difficult to achieve indeed when nature is the subject and herself the origin. Nothing can be invented and nothing left to chance. It is because Dr. Ennion has managed to introduce this quality into his painting that this is indeed an exceptional exhibition.

A COMPETITION FOR COUNTRYMEN

The British Field Sports Society—an altogether admirable institution—is running a competition for countrymen (and anyone else who is interested) and we feel that this one, which carries gratifying prizes with it, will appeal particularly to readers of the *Field*. It is not an easy competition. We do not imagine that any competitor will give the correct answers to every question. But it is a very fair competition designed to probe the knowledge of each entrant, and at the same time to give each a chance. Entry forms may be obtained from the secretary at 3, St. James's Square, S.W. 1. You will, by the way, want more than one entry form. Your family will certainly want to enter.

WINTER COARSE FISHING

It would seem that the official popularly known as the Clerk of the Weather views the drainage boards with no more favourable eye than the angler, and is determined to give them something to drain. For a month past high water has hampered the spinner for pike and perch, and high winds have rendered a good half of the efforts of the light-float caster, that most delicate of the arts of the coarse fisherman, abortive. The exhilaration of bright frosty weather, too, has been almost entirely lacking; altogether a disgruntling autumn. Last year, while the autumn was good enough for most men of robust constitution, the real winter, which sets in after Christmas, made something of an *amende déshonorable*. So perhaps this winter "the best is yet to come." There has been one palliative, perhaps: the boisterous weather has aroused pike to dash savagely at glittering seductions.

THE OLD SQUIRES

In the dining halls of the ancient manors
The horsemen look down from their gilded frames,
Their scarlet aglow like a challenge of banners
Blazing the pride of their sporting names.

There stands a Master, hounds around him,
Dappled beauties that wait his word;
Smiling just as the artist found him,
Ready to tackle it booted and spurred.

There sits a thruster, lean, hard-bitten,
Backed by a bank of purple cloud,
Over his features plainly written
Fine contempt for the slow-coach crowd.

Grandsire and great-great-grandsire fronting
The glittering room, keeping watch and ward,
Seeming to shout from their frames "Good hunting!"
When glasses clink at the festive board.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE village was introduced by the normal post-War adjunct to all villages—a row of council houses like an ill-conditioned and incompetent set of prefatory verses to a book of poetry. Pay no heed; they will soon fall down.

What I was not prepared for was the village beyond them. With melancholy grace, in silent resignation, it was in the act of falling down. It was an old and, therefore, a soundly-built village, as I could see not only by the cottages and the seventeenth-century manor masked by a Georgian façade, but by a weatherboarded barn on staddle stones. It was roofed by corrugated iron, leprous in the sunlight. Next door was a stone outhouse roofed with moss-covered red tiling. It stood knee-deep in nettles. Two more barns succeeded; the roof of one was a skeleton of rafters; of the other the void, and even the brick walls were gashed with open wounds. Opposite it and flanked by two of the tallest ilexes I have ever seen, stood a thatched cottage of colour-washed brick, half-timbered, with a semi-detached brick chimney rising like a tree from wide shoulders of stone capped with red tiling.

This thatched cottage, with its materials all in loving partnership, rode like Noah's Ark amid a sea of wreckage. Its deeply recessed dormers were like sunken eyes looking over the flood of ruin for rescue. There was a trim box hedge round it, dense and compact as though to keep the wolf, decay, from the door. Box hedges enclosed other cottages in the village, but they had shot up such rank, dishevelled sprays that they concealed the gardens. Not that there was anything to conceal; like the arable fields in the neighbourhood they had been put down to grass. Grass also grew high up in the air, sprouting from the hayricks so badly protected from the rain that some had collapsed and lay sprawled like drunkards.

I walked through the dead, brittle stalks of some yellowish weed that covered a farmyard into a fine open barn that had once been a creditable achievement in early nineteenth century Gothic. It housed agricultural machines all red with rust, and the stone walls between it and the road were so laced with ivy in full flower that they were invisible. Even the posts of the fences were draped in ivy. Trees of great stature and lusty age gave the village a leafy seclusion dear to the contemplative mind, but their massive trunks, too, were coiled, clutched and enfolded with the life-sucking weed. Their foliage screening the village was like rags that half concealed the sores of decay.

A little way on, a large richly-timbered outhouse roofed a number of abandoned farmer's gigs, dung carts, governess carts, dog carts and disembowelled wagons. The dilapidation was the more distressful from the many signs of former pride and craftsmanship and solicitude the village revealed on every side. Here was a small outbuilding whose windows were all paned with bulls-eye glass, intact. The principals, trusses, struts and purlins of some of the barns stood as strongly against time as when they had stored good grain and lustrous fleeces instead of the litter that I saw.

I was surprised to see children playing in the street and housewives busy among the mouldering walls. It was a village that might have been deserted for a hundred years, its inhabitants all dead or scattered, its very name a memory. It was a place of ghosts, not of men.

Outside the village I met a labourer. He swept his arm round the empty fields. "I remember," he said, "when that was all golden corn and forty-three men worked on one farm. I'm the only one left." My heart was not less sore than his. If an army, a pestilence or a famine had swept through that village, the tragedy of it would have been comprehensible. But that England should thus devastate her own countryside and turn and rend the very stuff of her being, that I could not understand. The westering sun struck the autumn trees into a sudden glory; man only curses and smites himself in the name of progress.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

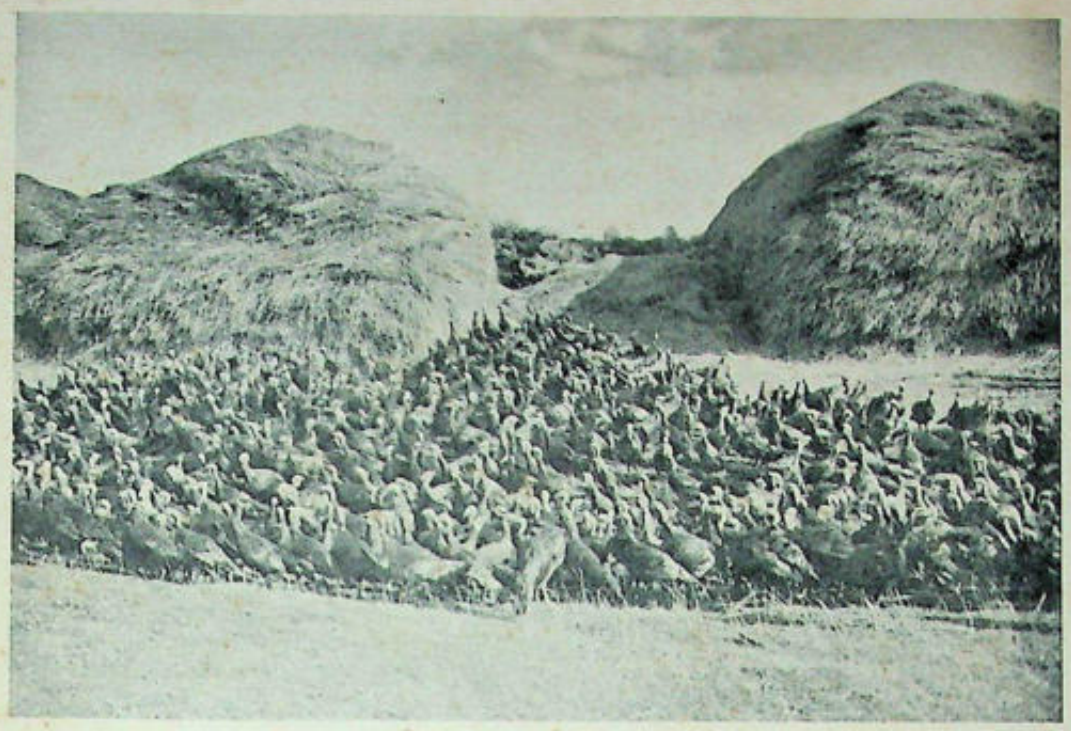
WITHOUT COMMENT

From a paragraph on an owner of field trial dogs: "Mr. —— goes in more for the shooting than the exhibiting of dogs."

Overheard in the hunting field:

A well-known thruster disappeared into a deep ditch the other day. As nothing could be seen of him, a fellow called out "Where are you? Are you all right?" And the reply came back in rather lurid language, "Must be in some local A.R.P. works."

From a daily newspaper: "His tiger skins—his record bag is 150—have been left behind to be made into a carpet and rugs for the Durbar Hall of his palace."



Rearing turkeys for Christmas *Photo: Horace Grant*

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY

A Seasonal Industry

ABOUT the beginning of December a quietness falls on many districts in the country, for many thousands of turkeys, chickens, geese and ducks are killed to provide a traditional meal without ever having realised—possibly until that moment—the reasons for the kindness of the world towards them. Turkeys have now passed out of the hands of the producer, and, until Christmas, pass successively under the care of the packer, retailer and consumer.

The turkey industry has become a highly technical undertaking. The feeding problem is now a scientific one, and great emphasis is being laid on the importance of the correct time a bird should be starved before being killed and delivered. The time depends on the duration of the journey which the bird must make—either to a local buyer or to a poulterer in London. One of the most important duties of the producer is to take care, when killing a bird, that all the blood should be allowed to flow to the cavity, otherwise the colour of the turkey will be unsatisfactory. All birds which are going some distance are allowed to cool completely before being packed in their wooden boxes. The producing and packing aspects of the turkey industry have reached such a satisfactory condition that it cannot be regarded as other than a great pity that a certain amount of seemingly avoidable confusion should reign in the settling of prices.

The prices obtained for turkeys this Christmas will be less than last year. This is largely, but not, I think, wholly, due to the very large number of birds produced. The official figures give the number of turkeys on agricultural holdings in England and Wales of one acre or more this year as 948,000. This figure does not necessarily represent the actual state of affairs, as the September census, unlike the one in June, is not compulsory. It is difficult to see why it should not be made so, as several advantages would obviously follow. But it seems clear that this year will be satisfactory.

But the smaller prices obtained for turkeys cannot be attributed wholly to the increased number of birds being marketed. For there is a tendency on the part of retail buyers to pick the latest killed birds, and to base their offers, not on quality, but on the number of birds available. This is clearly not fair on the producer, and, although steps have lately been taken to prevent these practices, there can be no doubt whatever that the question of prices for turkeys should come under official consideration and should be placed on such a basis that last minute alterations of opinion should become impossible.

Much of this unsatisfactory condition dates annually from the end of the Attleborough Turkey Sale in October. For it is assumed, quite without reason, that the prices obtained at that sale will be approximately the prices for Christmas. There is no inductive line of reasoning for this supposition, but it is very unfortunate that such an assumption should be made, for it gives rise to all manner of unfounded rumour and unwarranted decision. It would be much better if some arrangement could be made whereby, early in November, the retailers could agree on a price with the producer. Nor is this all. At present the price is fixed largely on the number of the birds: it would be to everyone's advantage if quality were accepted as the standard. If this were to be done, and an unalterable decision made as to price, there would be an end of rumour and conjecture, and the financial aspect of the industry would be placed on a sound footing.

Nor is the attitude of some wholesalers conducive to the benefit of the industry. Naturally they wish to make a profit, and therefore they wish to handle turkeys all the year round. But this is not the best way to success, for turkeys must be regarded mainly as a seasonal industry. It is true that they appear at banquets and dinners well on into the new year, but no advantage is to be gained by trying to make them a permanent source of income.

And this consideration leads to a larger question—the place of the turkey in modern farming. No one would wish to deny any possible profit to anyone connected with farming to-day, but I cannot think of it as being otherwise than unfair that the intensive producer of turkeys should be in a position to oust the general farmer who raises turkeys as part of his farming scheme. It must be confessed that such a man is more than entitled to his profit, for he has made the subject his own, but it does not seem right to me that those whose financial resources allow them to produce numberless turkeys should profit at the expense of the general farmer. For he is, after all, the backbone of agriculture, and if he includes turkeys in his scheme of rotation, it should not be possible for him to suffer for it. No difficulty is experienced on the general farm till stubble time, and then the situation has been expected and prepared for. Many small farmers now follow turkeys with sugar beet, and reap excellent results from this practice, yet a financial gain is not to be numbered among their advantages. Probably this intensive attitude has gone too far to be checked, or rather to be incorporated into any scheme of rotation, and this may have the very undesirable effect of closing a possible annual means of profit to the average farmer.

If, however, means could be devised whereby the small farmer could continue to produce turkeys at a profit, or some method of balancing the intensive producers' and farmers' birds in the marketing could be thought out and accepted, it would be far easier to keep the industry as a seasonal one—and this is to be desired on every ground. If turkeys could find a place in the general scheme of agriculture, the producing and selling of the birds would become very much easier and would be to the advantage of the industry and the public alike.

There are, therefore, several aspects of the turkey industry which need attention. There can be nothing but praise for the thought with which the birds are reared, for the care which attends their killing and packing, and for the general excellence of the English turkey. But, undoubtedly, steps should be taken—and it should not prove very difficult—to regularise the price position and to see whether something cannot be done to retain the production of turkeys as a part of the farm rotation.

CREAGHT.

A FROSTY MORNING

THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM HOUNDS

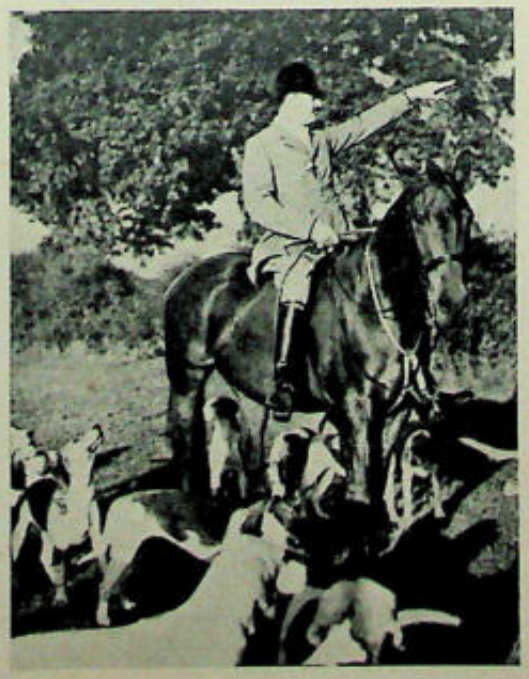
Hunting on the South Downs

THERE can be few hunts in Britain whose country is more close to industry and commerce yet which has been, since time immemorial, the scene of agricultural and country pursuits. For the South Downs, a great part of which is hunted by these hounds, are the most anciently inhabited district of England, and no one can see the dykes of Cissbury Ring or the heights of Chanctonbury without being impressed by their atmosphere. I must confess that in writing this article I confine myself entirely to hunting on "the Hill." My appetite has, as yet, merely been whetted by what I have heard of the difficulties of the Weald.

It is generally possible to point to a definite date as the year in which a hunt originated. But it has proved impossible to ascertain such a time with the Crawley and Horsham. Hunting has existed in this country since 1675, though the fox has not always been the quarry. Mr. Lee Steere took over the hounds in 1832, and hunted them—he owned three other packs—at his own expense. The name "Crawley and Horsham" emerges for the first time in 1840, and ten years later Mr. Edward Stanford, of Warninglid, was the first Master to appeal for a subscription from his followers. Some few years later the joint Masters were Sir Robert Loder and Colonel A. M. Calvert, whose son may be said to have saved the pack during the difficult days of the War. It is interesting to note in passing that the present Lady Loder is a most successful breeder and exhibitor of Red Poll cattle. Colonel C. B. Godman followed this joint Mastership, and he will long be remembered for his courage and originality in the breeding of the right type of hound. Later, Colonel McKergow was Acting Master under a committee, and in 1928 he was joined by the Hon. Guy Cubitt, who, in the season of 1933, became Acting Master.

The huntsman is C. Denton, who came from the Warwickshire in 1928. The first whipper-in is George Knight and the second R. Hiron, who came last season. Hiron must surely have one of the most melodious, far-carrying and unmistakable voices in the hunting field to-day. My horse has heard it only four times, yet, being a most knowledgeable animal, he is at once eager to be off as soon as he hears that lovely cry floating across the valleys to the hilltop. There are 50 couples of hounds, and the kennels have been moved successively from Warninglid (where they were in Mr. Stanford's day) to Staplefield, and finally to their present position at West Grinstead, where a great deal of money has been spent in making them a worthy home for so fine a pack.

The Crawley and Horsham country lies wholly within the boundaries of Sussex: The most northerly point is Ockley, and the most southerly the sea at Worthing. Often, during the extraordinary November heat this year, it has been most refreshing, if only in a negative kind of way, to look beyond the sweating horses to the coast, and to see the cold sea glittering under its golden mist. Yet nine out of ten of the men on the ships I could see long for work ashore! But I certainly envied them after the meet at Sullington Manor recently, when, after a brilliant gallop of some 47 minutes, we looked down from High Salvington.



THE HON. GUY CUBITT, M.F.H.

The most easterly point is Haywards Heath, where I imagine building activities must be having their usual effect, and the most westerly is the ancient village of Pulborough, a boundary which adjoins Lord Leconfield's country—a noted and experienced foxhunter and hound breeder to whom the excellence of the Crawley and Horsham hounds is in no small measure due.

The history of the hounds themselves is a long and interesting story, and those who would care to go into it thoroughly should consult the admirable Notes compiled by the present Master. As early as 1867 Colonel Calvert determined to breed hounds suited to the country, and he realised that he was really faced with two countries—the Hill and the Weald. He started a most successful line from Chieftain '77, and then when Colonel Godman was Master there was introduced fresh blood from the Warwickshire and Berkeley countries. During the War the pack suffered a great deal, and it was fortunate that Colonel McKergow consulted Lord Leconfield when peace was proclaimed. Lord Leconfield knew better than anyone the type of hound required for the country, and soon the Crawley and Horsham pack regained its old excellence. Later, fresh blood was again introduced from the late Lord Yarborough's hounds.

It is important to note that in the whole history of the breeding of these hounds, each Master has continued the work of his predecessor to this extent—the evolution of an essentially working pack. To this end many different parts of the country have been brought into service, and the remarkable results are obvious even to the stranger who watches these hounds working.

The nature of the Crawley and Horsham country is largely one of bank, ditch and timber, and no one could describe it as an easy country over which to ride straight. I believe that in the Weald the scent is apt to be catchy, though when it is good it provides many a brilliant day. On the Downs it is more consistently good, and a strong, well-bred and short-legged horse is necessary. He must also be sure-footed, for some of the slopes on the Downs remind one of those alarming pictures which invariably seem to bear the caption: "Italian officer going down a steep place." Last time I was out I was relieved to find my horse cantering down them with every evidence of enjoyment and

aplomb, yet there have been occasions when, on the top of a hill, I have mentally bade farewell to everything for which I cared.

Yet these steep hills provide one of the chief joys of hunting with these hounds, for often one may stand on a hilltop and watch them working out their line below in the valley. There is a strange fascination in watching them as they now cross a field, break through a hedge and circle a wood. And these heights are also the setting of some unforgettable pictures. I well remember one November afternoon on the very steep hills above Storrington. A grey mist lay in patches over the village, the three clumps of trees and half-way up the Downs. On a promontory stood the second whip, and as his voice came across to us the sun fell on him so that he seemed to be clothed in fire. Of course, he would not be thinking of that himself, but it is a picture I shall never forget.

The undulating Downs with their clumps of gorse and occasional woods are no less pleasant, and on a grey winter afternoon the Hunt takes on the appearance and atmosphere of an old sporting print. I well remember one such occasion when Arundel Castle stood out above a sea of mist, and three shafts of pale sunlight fell on its ancient battlements.

Wire must once have presented an almost insoluble problem on the Downs, for it is used very extensively by the local farmers. But this obstacle has been overcome by the energy and kindness of a member of the Hunt, who saw to it that wooden jumps were provided in the wire fences. The skill with which these jumps have been placed is a great tribute to his knowledge of the country, for whichever way hounds run it is always possible to be with them. Since the jumps are strongly made up one naturally clears them or takes a purler—and "a fall's a hawful thing." But these upsets are considerably lessened by the fact that the take-off is usually from firm ground. The only other kind of obstacle I have encountered on the Downs is the typical Sussex gate. These can be quite high, and the take-off is sometimes a sea of mud in wet weather. It is as well to accustom one's horse to the knowledge that he cannot brush through these jumps—a valuable piece of advice which was given to me some seasons ago both in theory and in practice.

Anyone who has any doubts as to the desirability of exterminating rabbits should most certainly spend a day hunting on the Downs. This is not the time or the place to enter into this controversy in an agricultural sense, though I believe one might be pardoned for such an intrusion at any time. I suppose one gets used to the sort of place where rabbit holes generally exist, but it is not always possible to judge. Only a few weeks ago a galloping horse put his foot into a well-concealed hole and the result was broken limbs for both horse and rider. It is a problem which can be met only by a determination on the part of every farmer in England to get rid of these costly and dangerous pests completely.

A MEET AT HOOKLANDS PLANTATION

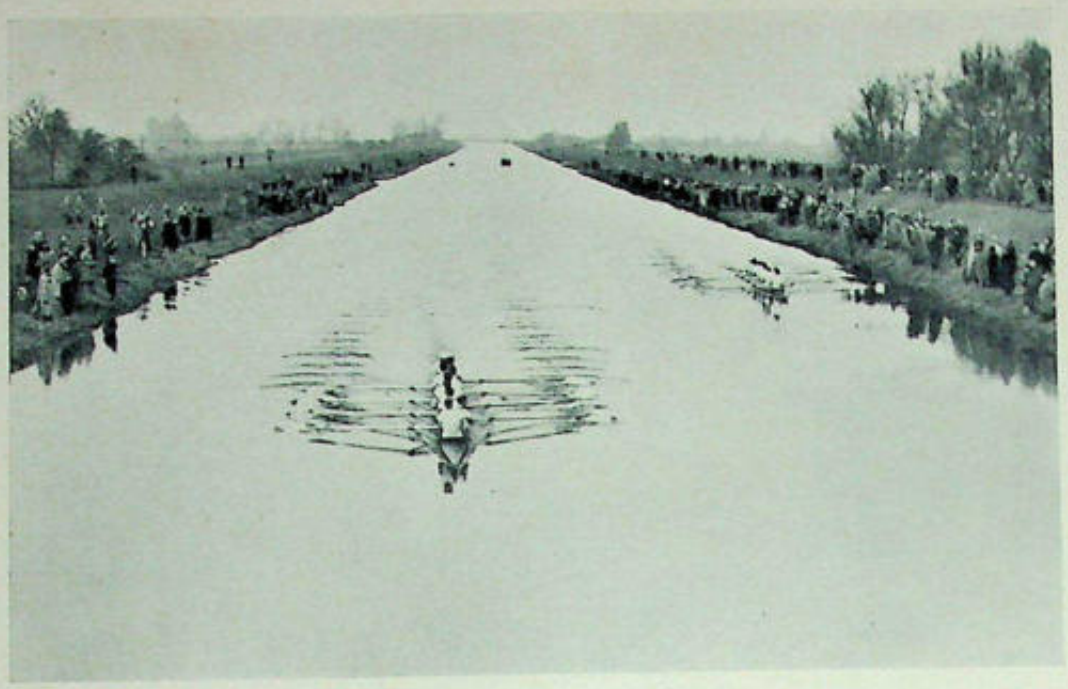
While on the subject of farmers, it is most pleasing to note the friendly relations which exist between them and their local hunt. One farmer of 80—the oldest, I believe, in Sussex—is out regularly, and it is good to note the number of young farmers who still find it possible to hunt despite the general plight of agriculture. It was no idle rhetorical flourish on the part of the Master when he said: "Nothing can be finer than the fact that the local hunt races are looked upon by all living in the countryside as the greatest gathering of the year; somewhere where farmers, keepers, ploughmen and their wives will be sure to meet their friends, and something that each will remember as a subject for jolly conversation during the next twelve months."

Without doubt the atmosphere of hunting on these Downs is not to be assimilated in a day or even in several months. During the season proper hounds meet here only once a week, and it is possible to have a succession of stormy days. Such was the case two years ago when for six weeks or so at a stretch every Thursday was wretched. Gales blow the thick and icy mists in from the sea and only a love for the sport tempts one out at all. Nor is this the only difficulty, though here I speak entirely for myself. I yield to no one in my ability to become completely lost. I have been lost in the uninhabited forests of Finnish Lapland, in the dangerously inhabited regions of the Atlas Mountains and among the deceptive tors of Dartmoor. But I know of no feeling of helplessness comparable to the one which frequently descends on me when hounds have been taken home and no one is going my way. The prospect of a night on the Downs is not a pleasant one, yet always some familiar object comes into sight and home is just on the other side of the hill.

But there always remains the fascination of hunting on the South Downs. When hounds are running well there is the excitement of the chase which often develops into a kind of battle, and when, though rarely, covers are drawn blank, one is still surrounded by some of the most beautiful and pregnant scenery in England. I have hunted in many parts of the country, but never have I experienced more truly the essential joys of the sport than in those days spent with the Crawley and Horsham.

R. C.

THE MASTER TAKES ADVICE BEFORE MOVING OFF ON A CUBBING MORNING



THE FINISH AT QUEEN ADELAIDE BRIDGE
"B" crew, stroked by E. B. N. Mitchell, gaining a somewhat surprising victory

AT HENLEY AND AT ELY

The Cambridge President Has the Harder Task

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

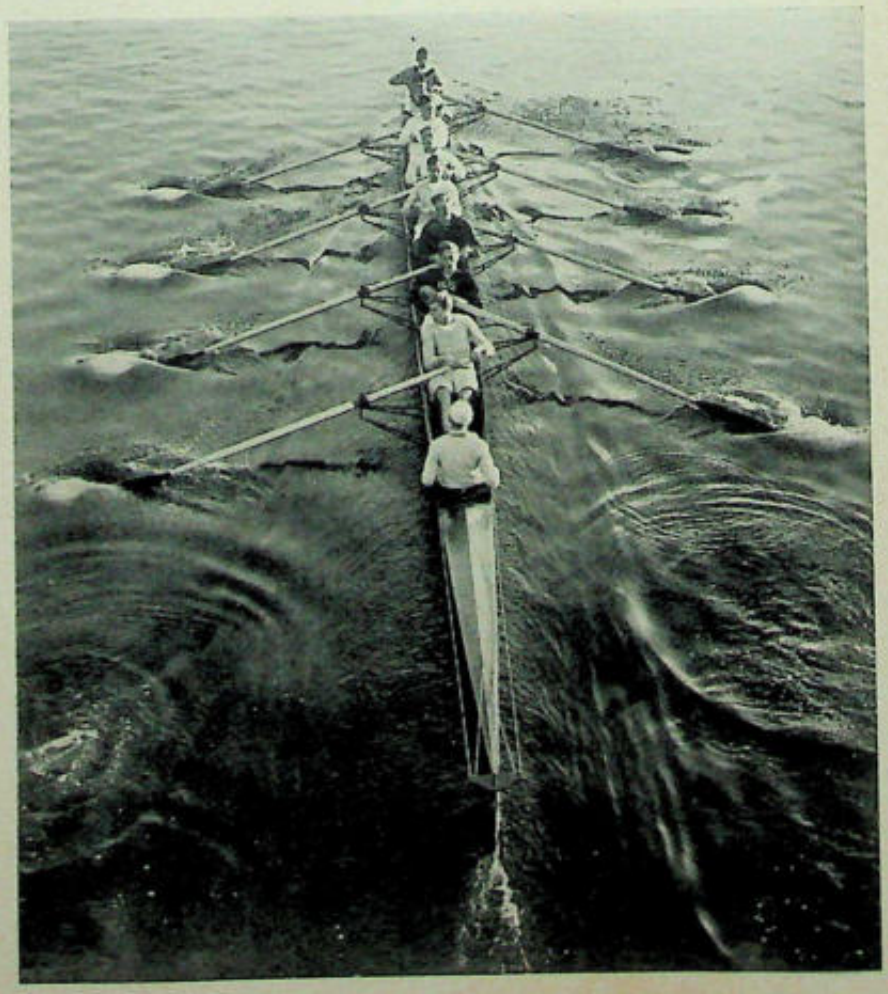
ABOUT this time of year I am always on the look out for the man who will tell me about next year's Boat Race. Yet even although I may never meet him, I know perfectly well what he has got to say. After all—he will point out—here are Oxford and Cambridge. They have their huge boat clubs, their various races on the Isis or Cam; their "Old Blues" whose ability is fairly well ascertained. And then come the trial eights; where you have sixteen picked men (to make things easier) racing against each other over a distance somewhat approaching that of the Boat Race course in length, and watched by as representative a selection of expert oarsmen and coaches as one would wish to find on any day of the week. And yet sometimes right up to a short time before the race the crew isn't decided. Good gracious! And this is his parting shot—when all is said and done, it should be the easiest thing in the world to choose a good crew for the race. Precisely. When all is said and done. And here we are, after Oxford and Cambridge have both rowed their trial eights races; with so little said, and still less done; and so if I do not attempt any serious forecast of either University crew I have my excuse ready to hand.

This year whereas J. L. Garton, the Oxford President, brought two very evenly matched crews to Henley for the lock-to-lock course, Burrough's crews at Ely exhibited certain differences in style which were obviously the result of design on his part, and it is interesting to see what effect the policies of the respective Presidents may have on the serious training early next year. Take Oxford first. It is clear right away that there is still no likelihood of the "Tideway" or "Jesus" style finding much of a place there yet. Garton has produced material trained on principles which are definitely orthodox, and his two crews showed a refreshing drive with body and legs in the strokes they rowed. Bourne's crew, which won a close race, gave one the impression of greater drive, particularly at the finish of the stroke, but on the other hand Esplin's eight was often the more lively combination. Clearly the immediate problem is to find a stroke. While Hodgson was available that sort of question did not seem to arise to any great extent. But there is quite a good choice of experienced men for the job. Garton himself has stroked many fine crews at Oxford and Henley, yet is almost too good an oar to risk loss of form as the result of the added responsibility of stroking a University eight. There are not many people who can touch him as a neat quick bow. Waldron, Forbes, and Stewart, the three available Old Blues, have all had experience, too, and Stewart in particular has made a fine reputation as a racer. But here again I feel that to put any one of these experienced men at stroke is to leave a serious gap in the rest of the crew. In the trial eights this year, Bourne, Esplin and Bingham all revealed possibilities. Bourne is very long in the water, quick off the stretcher, and, although seemingly of frail proportions, has astonishing stamina. He seems to follow closely the principles which made his father so famous as a stroke. Esplin is smoother and more collected, yet does not appear to exercise so much control over his crew, while Bingham, although light, has stroked many successful crews, very largely through his great dash and racing power.

Of the other trials men this year, Huse, Burnell, Nelson-Edwards, Slemeck and Stockton were outstandingly good. Of these, Huse, this year's secretary, is probably one of the most successful Oxford men who has, as yet, not got his Blue; while Burnell promises well as a heavy-weight despite a certain lack of control of his slide at the beginning of the stroke. He rows a really fine blade. Nelson-Edwards is likely to be a fine, orthodox oarsman, and his style is very reminiscent of that of Forbes, when he was a freshman last year. Both Slemeck and Stockton are men who use their bodies and legs together—something of which we see less and less in the rowing world as time goes on; more's the pity. There is plenty of good material at Oxford this year, although the loss of Cherry and Hodgson is likely to be keenly felt.

At Cambridge I think Burrough has a harder task than Garton has at Oxford. On the Cam the Jesus style is supreme, and justly so, because there has been nothing to touch it there for years. But somehow things have not proved so good on the Boat Race course, and after two defeats—albeit after magnificent races—Cambridge this year seems to be on the brink of important decisions. The position has not been made much easier by the fact that two of the finest freshman oarsmen either University has had for many years—Buxton and Magniac—both come from Eton, and thus do not take too readily to the "Jesus" style. Further, the crew which won the trial eights race at Ely, although stroked by Mitchell, a Jesus man of great experience, and containing all the other Jesus trial caps in Hamilton and Wooll, yet at the same time included Buxton, Sanford and Parker, whose hearts are surely still lost to the more orthodox style? So very little seems to have been determined about the mere question of rowing technique. On the other hand, it seems that the choice of stroke is less of a problem here than at Oxford. Turner, this year's secretary, might well have stroked last year's Cambridge eight, while Sanford was also in the running for a time; and of the two trial eights strokes, Mitchell has further enhanced his reputation after his convincing win at Ely last Saturday. What is a puzzle, however, is the fact that each one of the three men already named inherently favours a different style of rowing. What a task for Burrough!

The outstanding men at Burrough's disposal are undoubtedly Turnbull, Magniac, Wooll, Sanford, Buxton and Mitchell. Of these, Turnbull and Sanford are the most experienced—Turnbull, indeed, has rowed in the successful crew which London Rowing Club sent to Australia early this year, and also in the four which won the Stewards Cup, at Henley, this summer. Sanford's performance in winning the Colquhoun Sculls, in the fine Goldie crew early in the year, and in numerous others at Cambridge and Henley, should make his claim for a place very strong indeed. Neither Buxton nor Magniac seems quite at home with the new style yet, but should be able to adapt themselves a little more readily after further practice. On the other hand, Wooll, though a Jesus man, has many of the qualities one looks for in the orthodox oar—notably a good long finish. Mitchell's reputation as a stroke stands high even outside Cambridge.



OXFORD "A" CREW
The winners of the race shooting Henley Bridge on their way to the start

The Oxford order of rowing was:—

"A" Crew.

A. G. C. Whalley (Bishop's College, Canada, and Oriel), bow; J. R. Bingham (Bedford and Pembroke), R. C. Furlong (Wellington and Trinity), G. H. Nelson-Edwards (Shrewsbury and Brasenose), J. M. Blair Fish (Dauntsey's and New College), R. D. Burnell (Eton and Magdalen), G. Huse (Upper Latymer School and Oriel), R. M. A. Bourne (Eton and New College), stroke, and D. L. Smithers (Downside and Pembroke), cox.

"B" Crew.

W. S. Atkinson (Radley and Hertford), bow; R. H. Hillary (Shrewsbury and Trinity), J. Milburn (St. Paul's, Minnesota, and Lincoln), K. H. Robertson (Wellington and Corpus Christi), A. G. Slemeck (St. Edwards and St. Edmund Hall), D. W. Gieve (Shrewsbury and New College), J. S. Stockton (Shrewsbury and Trinity), I. G. Esplin (Sydney and University College), stroke, and H. P. V. Massey (Upper Canada College and Balliol), cox.

The Cambridge order of rowing was:—

S. M. King's Crew.

C. N. C. Addison (Roxborough and Pembroke), bow; I. R. Fraser (University College School and Lady Margaret), J. B. Massy Greene (Geelong and Clare), P. Bradley (Shrewsbury and Pembroke), A. C. O. Magniac (Eton and Trinity Hall), J. Turnbull (Geelong and Clare), J. J. Holden(Geelong and Clare), S. M. King (Marlborough and Pembroke), stroke, H. T. Smith (Eton and Magdalene), cox.

E. B. N. Mitchell's Crew.

G. I. Hamilton (Shrewsbury and Jesus), bow; A. E. Wooll (Monkton Combe and Jesus), H. Parker (Tabor Academy, U.S.A., and Trinity Hall), J. C. Gosse (St. Peter's, Adelaide, and Trinity Hall), E. G. P. Sherwood (Marlborough and Christ's), C. B. Sanford (Eton and Trinity Hall), M. Buxton (Eton and Third Trinity), E. B. N. Mitchell (Shrewsbury and Jesus), stroke, W. E. S. Bain (Loretto and Jesus), cox.

EARLY IRISH SALMON

A Chance for a Fish in January and February

By H. D. TURING

SALMON rods have one advantage over other anglers: they do not have to wait so long between seasons—provided, of course, that, like the wind, they can blow where they list. Indeed, it is quite possible for a salmon angler by fishing out the season on Tweed and starting a new one in Ireland, to leave his rods idle for no more than one month in the year, and that month December, part of which at least may be passed in Christmas festivities; little more than time to have the necessary repairs and replacements made to his tackle.

Ireland, or Éire, to give the Emerald Isle its official title, holds more attractions for the spring salmon fisher than it did some 20 years or more ago. In the first part of the century the bulk of its salmon came into the rivers in the summer months, from June onwards. They were, in technical language (and can there be any better sign of anglers' interest in the natural history of their sport than the growing tendency to adopt technical terms?), "grilse and small-summer fish," those fish which only spend a few months in the river before they spawn, in contradistinction to "springers," which arrive during the winter and spend practically a whole year in fresh water.

A recent report of Mr. A. E. J. Went of the Fisheries Department in Dublin shows that the average number of fish caught in February between 1930 and 1936 was more than double the average of 1900–1909; and in March for the same comparative periods more than two-and-a-half times as many. Those, of course, are market figures, taken from the net catches, but it shows very well how many more spring fish get into the Irish rivers nowadays.

What are the prospects for next year? Eire, like our own western seaboard, has been suffering from a shortage of salmon this year, and it has been freely mooted that "something has gone wrong in the sea." It is a safe kind of opinion to hold, since no one can prove it to be wrong, but the Scottish Fishery Board's marking experiments cast some doubts on its correctness. Most of the fish, even on the west coast, which have been caught and marked run back again to the north and east coasts; and some of the grilse went to Irish rivers. If they all come from the same sea-feeding grounds it would be inexplicable that some accident in the ocean should affect Atlantic coast rivers and not those which empty into the North Sea. So the idea that Atlantic rivers are necessarily a poor speculation for fishing is not really well founded.

Anyhow, most rivers ought to have seen the bottom of their slump, and without there being much real hope of a bumper year in 1939 there is at least a hope of something better than this year has provided in the west. For most anglers—apart from a few fortunate proprietors—Ireland certainly offers the best chance of making a beginning in the New Year. Actually, one of the free rivers opens on January 1st—the Lennan—though the best bit of it is privately owned, and another, the Bundrowes, which connects Lough Melvin with the sea, also opens with the New Year. Here the Hamilton Hotel at Bundoran has some fishing.

For the best chances of early salmon fishing, for rods who have not the entrée to strictly-preserved waters, one must wait until February. Then there are half a dozen among the early rivers from which a choice can be made. On the south coast there is the Suir, not so famous as it was in "the old days," but it has been fishing better lately. It has a run of large-spring fish, which come in early, and there is a ticket water at Clonmel. The famous Blackwater, a little further west, has also a good spring run, but there is little chance here for a man unless he is prepared to rent a beat. The Maigue, which runs into the Shannon estuary, opens on February 1st, and has fish in it from the opening day onwards. The Dunraven Arms, at Adare, has about a mile of water on one bank. Northwards up the west coast there is the Sligo, where the fish run very early, though they are mostly small fish, averaging about 9lb. The salmon fishing available to visitors at Sligo is, I believe, in Lough Gill, and is restricted to two days a week. It is obtainable by becoming a member of the Sligo Anglers' Association, but there are probably possibilities of getting more days fishing by local enquiry.

Those, of course, do not exhaust the possibilities for anglers who are prepared to rent a beat for themselves. The Lee has an early run. Particulars of lettings could be obtained from William Haynes and Sons, the well-known tackle firm in Cork. There is a record of a 45lb. fish from the Lee caught by Sam Haynes in 1902. Such a weight is quite exceptional, but there are occasional 30-pounders to be caught. Short-term tickets are not often available, but there are half a dozen fisheries between Cork and Macroom which are let by the month.

There is even free spring fishing to be had on the Nore, at Kilkenny, where the fish run early and are big, what there is of them. A 40-pounder from a free water is not an impossibility. Most of the fishing is spinning, but whether it would be worth anyone's while to go to Ireland for it is another matter.

SALMON IN THE SEA

OWING to the marking of salmon in the sea on the Scottish coast in recent years, much light has been shed on the migrations of the fish in salt water, but in addition to the long-range movements and the migrations of lesser extent when within range of their own river, salmon in the sea, wherever they be on the coasts, have certain characteristic movements in common.

The usual conception is that they approach the shore at some point on the way from the feeding grounds back to their own river, and then swim straight along the coast-line until they reach the river mouth. The very extensive series of nets situated all along the east coast of Scotland shows that this cannot be the case. The nets are so thick that fish moving from any point in one direction parallel with the shore would very quickly all be caught up; and at certain places there would not be room for such a movement even to start. Some bays are full of nets, some of these ranges of nets may be within 100yds. or 200yds. of each other, and may extend for half a mile beyond low-water mark. For such nets to fish well, and they commonly do fish well, it is essential for the salmon to adopt an on-and-off movement, first towards the shore and then away from it; with each on-shore move some at least will run the risk of capture.

Marked fish have been known to move between points from 5 to 50 miles apart along a thickly netted shore, and if they performed this migration in any but the erratic way indicated all would be caught up by the nearest nets.

An indubitable controlling factor which brings the fish close to, or takes them far off, shore is the wind. If it be blowing from the open sea then the fish come in to the lee shore, but if, on the other hand, it be blowing off the land then the fish move out into the deep. The reason for this is obscure. If the fish were feeding, then one might think that they were following small food organisms driven before the wind, but they have ceased to take food before they come into shallow water.

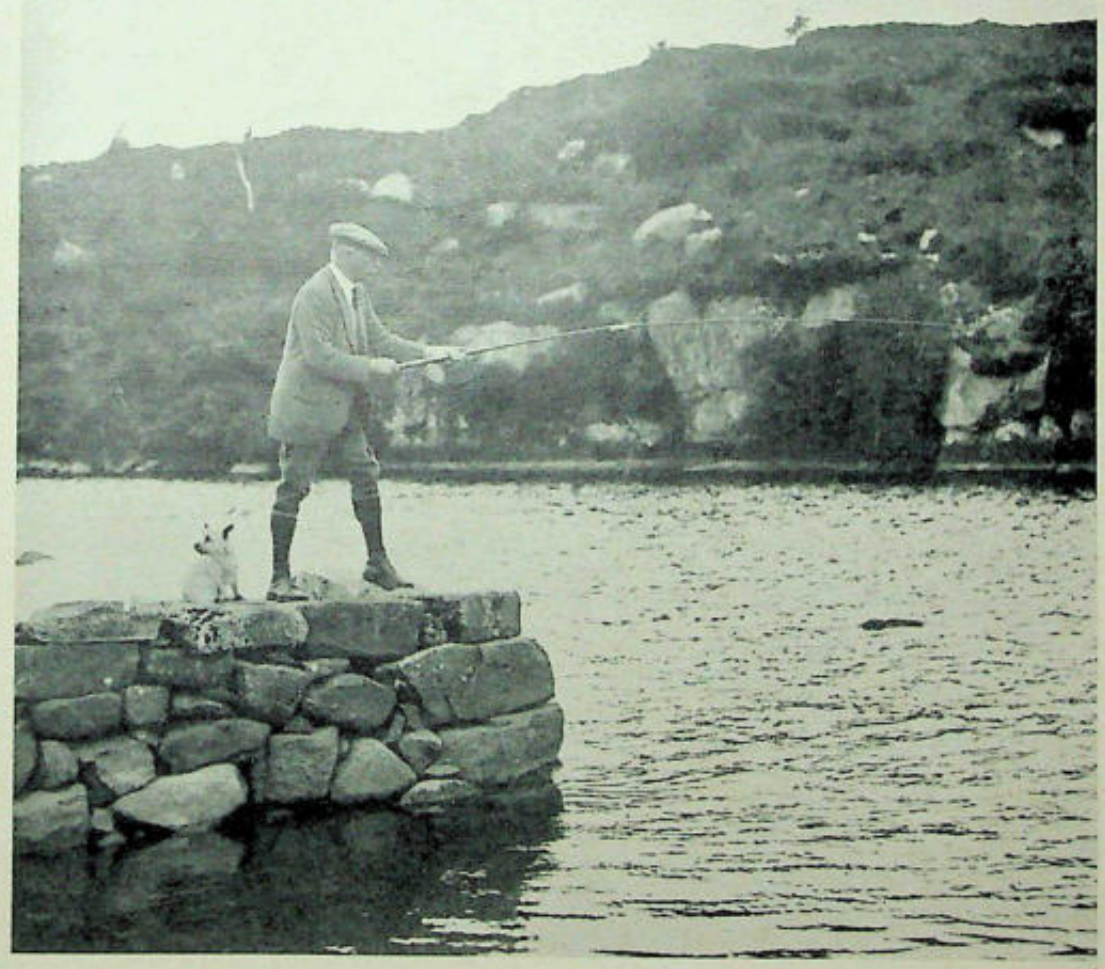
If they were seeking oxygen, one can also think of them as finding it in the breaking waves, but again sea water is normally fully aerated. The only thing that does keep them off a lee shore is a sufficient amount of wind and sea to bring a great deal of sand into suspension, and this, owing to the obvious chance of irritation of the gills, is understandable.

This on- and off-shore migration is of practical importance to those in charge of rivers down which there is a possibility of letting an artificial flood. Of such a flood the fish have no warning such as they seem to experience in the case of a natural flood, and if, when the water reaches the sea, they have been driven from the shore by a wind off the land, then they are not at all likely to feel the influence of the artificial flood water; such spates should be timed to arrive in the tidal waters, if at all possible, when the wind is blowing into the mouth of the river.

Salmon in the sea undoubtedly realise when there is, or is about to be, a natural flood in the rivers, and they then hasten from salt towards fresh water. In some situations they can undoubtedly realise the presence of fresh water, at least in the upper layers, if not at all depths, where they are. In other situations, far removed from the mouth of any river, it seems to be at least doubtful if they can possibly feel the influence of any fresh water, and that it must be some other factor which warns them of favourable conditions for the ascent of the river which they are seeking.

This characteristic is shown quite clearly throughout the season by reason of the fish which are known to ascend the rivers during flood conditions, and particularly during the time when the waters are falling, after the peak of the flood is past. In the earlier months this movement is to some extent masked in the sea by reason of the fact that fresh relays of fish are approaching the coast from the outer ocean, but it is more clearly demonstrated in July. By the middle of the month few fish remain to come in from the feeding grounds, except in one or two favoured districts, and a flood at any time after that practically denudes the whole coast of both salmon and grilse.

PISCATOR SENIOR.



A NEW YEAR'S DAY SALMON RIVER

On the Lackagh which shares with the Lennan the merit of opening the season

TWO BIRD ARCHITECTS

Their Private Lives and Types of Technique

A PENDULINE TIT PUTS SOME FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE NEST

THE wonder of the delicacy of construction to be found in birds' nests is a theme almost trite. Yet it would be difficult not to feel the fascination of this branch of bird behaviour. Dullard, indeed, is he who can pass unconcernedly by a long-tailed tit's remarkable globe nest. What, too, are we to say of him who can blasély ignore such marvels of bird architecture as the reed warbler's deep cup slung in the waving reed stems, or even the song thrush's mud-lined home? The theme may be trite, but the interest of the subject must always remain.

Nevertheless, for all that I enjoy as much as ever the beauty of British birds' nests, it was a very real delight to find during a visit to the Camargue two new (to me) bird architects of note—the fantail warbler (*Cisticola j. juncidis*) and the far-famed penduline tit (*Remiz p. pendulinus*).

Neither of these two species finds a place on the British list—not even as members of that great group of birds which by reason of isolated occurrences we are pleased to call our own. Nor, indeed, is their appearance to be expected, for the fantail warbler is a sedentary Mediterranean species, and a weak little mite. Remiz, too, is a resident, and does not move far from its native haunts. "Straggling on migration"—our usual method of adding these rarities—is therefore ruled out in the case of these two birds.

From the point of view of plumage, the fantail warbler is not at first sight a very striking bird. Light on the underparts, brown on the back streaked with darker brown—such it is, or little more. If it must be likened to any of our better known birds, it is in plumage reminiscent of a light coloured grasshopper warbler, but with the habits of a sedge warbler and with many of the mannerisms of a bearded tit—a strange mixture indeed! Yet those were the varying impressions I received as I watched it from a hide at a few feet away from its nest.

Along the Mediterranean littoral, where I have watched it in Andalucia and Provence, it is a bird of the marsh country, and here it chooses for itself a very typical habitat. It is not a bird of the big reed beds nor of the salt marsh. It prefers the rank marsh grass, and particularly where this begins to alternate with the true rushes and the boggy vegetation. Wet ditches seem by choice to be rarely far away from its nest. In such environments it is a common bird, yet one which by its very insignificance is easily overlooked, unless the ear is ready to pick up that incessant "seep-seep," which is the fantail's alarm note. Once this call is heard, the eye will not be long in finding the "songster," for these oft-repeated alarm notes are uttered in the air, as the bird flies in weak undulating circles round the intruder.

This call note denotes the presence of a nest and, difficult though it is to find, this is indeed well worth a prolonged search, for if the fantail is an insignificant little bird to look at, as a bird architect it is in the highest class. For building material it uses spiders' webs. These it skilfully weaves round the grass stems to form a nest of a type which we associate more with insect cocoons than with birds. In shape, when completed, it is like an electric light bulb or a Chianti bottle. The bottom half is a beautifully neat and symmetrical globe of growing grass amazingly woven together with the spiders' webs. This gives on to a long funnel similarly constructed at the top of which is a small entrance hole about the size of a florin. It is as much a marvel of camouflage as of construction, for it can readily be imagined that so natural a conglomeration of grass stems easily passes unnoticed. So inconspicuous, indeed, is it that it defies the eye of the camera even at the closest quarters. The illustration below shows the entrance hole clearly, but utterly fails to reveal the true nest that lies beneath it. This is no fault of my lens, but merely a high tribute to the fantail's sense of camouflage.

The nests vary quite a little in their shape, size and construction. In all I saw five, and all were different. Some were really quite large in the globe; others so small that it seemed impossible for six chicks to fledge successfully. In some the funnel was quite long; in others it was short and the entrance hole was almost on top of the globe. These nests were in all stages. In the one photographed the bird had chicks; in three others were eggs. Two I saw building. It appears that the globe is first woven together, the living grasses being lashed together with the web. This done, the birds concentrate on making the inside cup of solid webs, and then gradually extend their binding up the grass stems until the funnel is formed.

Naturally I was much intrigued to see how the fantails would contrive to get in and out of the tiny entrance hole. When it came to the point—as one would expect of course—it was achieved with perfect ease. Indeed, at the nest, the fantail did little of interest, but no bird I have ever watched, not even the bearded tit, has so frequently "done the splits" up and down the grass stems.

Remiz, the penduline tit, can only be coupled with the fantail warbler by virtue of its equally remarkable architectural ability. As its name implies, it is as a bird entirely different. It loves the trees as the fantail loves the true marshes; it is by no means drab of appearance. Yet it favours marsh country, and its nest, if lacking perhaps the superb camouflage of the other, is in no way wanting in delicacy of construction.

Like the fantail, the penduline tit must be hunted for, for tame though it is, it keeps to the tops of the trees and does not advertise its presence—save only, once again, by its note. How often, indeed, do ornithologists have cause to bless the calls of birds for their discoveries! In the case of remiz the call is a thin, double "tsee-tsee," very characteristic and easy to identify if the ear is ready to pick it up. It will usually be heard amongst the lines of tamarisks which line these southern marshland dykes as pollard willows do our own ditches. Remiz, indeed, does not confine itself to the tamarisk, and it may be found in almost any tree, so long as water is close by, and

". . . IT WAS ACHIEVED WITH PERFECT EASE"

preferably right underneath it. Hence the penduline is a marshland species.

At first sight it is not, perhaps, a very inspiring little bird, for, as it is watched at work in the tree tops, it appears a dull brown. But at close quarters it is possible to appreciate to the full the delicacy of its plumage—the lovely soft grey of the head and the rich brown back. And, to be sure, few birds can so easily be watched at a few feet range. Find a nest, and remiz will permit an approach of within 4ft. or 5ft. without taking fright. The bird, indeed, is absurdly confiding and almost contemptuous of man. My photographs were taken at 4ft. range, myself standing on a ladder and my head only covered with a sack. I do not really think the latter precaution was even necessary!

The nest is a very beautiful piece of construction. As the bird's name implies, it is pendent, neatly built into some downward hanging sprig of tamarisk or poplar. In shape it differs little from our own long-tailed tits, but in the penduline the entrance hole has sometimes a small funnel attached to it. The material used, however, is not lichen but the "down" of the fluffy reed tops. Here, again, I had the good fortune to watch the whole process of nest construction. The first stage is to build a complete hoop of reed down round the sprigs selected for the site. The top of this hoop is then strengthened, and the birds thereafter turn their attention to the lower half. This they gradually build up, equally on either side, until finally the whole globe, save the entrance hole, is blocked in. The photographs show a nest about half completed.

The building of this complex nest is done by both cock and hen in equal divisions, and the greater part of the construction is done from inside the cup. One of the photographs shows a bird in the normal building position. At times, however, adjustments to the outside are necessary and the birds then come out of the growing nest to add material where they think it is needed. I was greatly struck by the vigour used in the building. The down was pushed and rammed into place with the beak with great force and persistence. These nests, indeed, need to be strongly built, for in Provence they have to stand up to the blasts of the fierce Mistral—and many are the penduline victims.

G. K. YEATES.

FANTAIL WARBLER REMOVING EXCRETA

MINOR TACTICS FOR PIKE

Some Suggestions for Fishing on an Off-day

THERE are times when the capture of pike is little more than kindergarten play—when pike are really on the feed. It is by no means such a simple matter when pike are not feeding, but they can, even at such times, be induced to take a bait, on occasion, by adopting "minor tactics." In summer their coloration, blending so naturally with the surroundings, pike lie amid their weedy and reedy lairs, whence they dart out upon passing prey. In winter, however, the season which mainly concerns us, it is not so easy for pike to satisfy their "inner man." Their lairs, too, have mostly disappeared. Spurred by hunger, solitary fish, they now go out a-roving for food, under which conditions one might happen upon them anywhere.

PIKE FISHING AT SUTTON COURTENAY WITH A SHORT STEEL SPINNING ROD

The more likely spots, however, are known to be in deep, quiet water, holes, eddies, slacks, backwaters, off beds of reeds and rushes, in reedy bays, weirpools and millpools, near roach swims, and off the tails of weirs, islands and mouths of side streams; also in the still water formed in deep corners.

Towards the end of the season, about February, one may look for sport up the smaller side streams, drawns and drains where pike, now paired up, are getting ready for spawning, at which season, too, it is worth remembering that where one pike is caught one may reasonably expect to find the mate.

But though pike may be present in any or all of such places they may not be feeding, and one may have to play upon the outstanding physiological characteristic of the fish—its great voracity. True, if pike just are not "feeding," it would be useless to appeal to their real physical hunger. One can, however, appeal to their innate greed, their weakness to resist food, through their "hungry" eyes which are renowned for being bigger than their stomach. One can arouse their interest, their curiosity, with a view to arousing thereafter more active participation and connection.

I suggest that an attractively-spun artificial is as likely to arouse curiosity as anything. Indeed, given normal and equal conditions, I have yet to be convinced that live baiting will secure more pike than spinning. I have often picked up pike by spinning when live baiters have not had a single "run." Then again, as Partick R. Chalmers puts it in his *At the Tail of the Weir*: "Indeed it is no bad plan to spin first where you will presently swim a dace. I think that, even if *Esox* does not, without more ado, run at you, a spun spoon puts a potential taker on the *qui vive*, and that the live bait will do business with him anon."

And here are one or two other observations. One can put a spinner over a pike half-a-dozen times, yet tempt it at the seventh time of asking. In fishing for pike, there is always hope. Leave a live bait tethered on snap tackle in front of a pike, and it may completely ignore it, yet begin gently to draw it away and it is odds the fish will find it cannot bear to let it escape.

It is a not uncommon experience that pike, although not actually feeding, will be found "playing" with prey. Roach are often caught bearing fresh teeth marks of pike. Those roach, although seized by reason of a pike's natural instinct to seize, were not eaten. If one can arouse a pike's interest, curiosity, or "playfulness," there is always a chance that an angler may also be playing something very shortly.

WHEN PIKE ARE OFF THE FEED THEN IS THE TIME TO AROUSE THEIR INTEREST, CURIOSITY OR "PLAYFULNESS"

How, then, to arouse this interest further? I remember an occasion on which I was spinning in the Hampshire Avon and had tried all kinds of artificials. I had compromised with a nice dace on a natural dead-bait flight. Finally, still in exactly the same area of water, still with the dead bait, I resorted to "sink-and-draw." Fishing from behind what remained of a clump of reeds, I had in this manner drawn my bait to within some 3ft. of the bank when suddenly a pike appeared, enticed up seemingly from nowhere. Motionless, its quivering, stream-lined body remained poised, its eyes riveted upon the bait, apparently debating whether or not it really wanted it, or perhaps whether or not there was anything "fishy" about it. Slowly I began to draw the bait away, and in a moment its great jaws closed firmly across the bait's back.

Another most important point in pike fishing is the question of depth, the depth at which the bait is set or works, and this is, of course, linked up with the question of where pike habitually lie. The answer, surely, is near the bottom. There are, of course, exceptions. For instance, when pike are out a-roving for food, one may pick them up almost anywhere. Sometimes they bask near the surface on a sunny day. I well remember, too (for, alas! I had not my spinning tackle with me), one day last summer on a lake in Norfolk when a monster pike of upwards of 20lb. was swirling about on the top scooping up small surface-feeding rudd.

But when they are not feeding one will see them lying stiff, motionless on the edge of the stream, alongside or just under a patch of trailing weed, head upstream, or else across stream at an angle, head slightly lower than the tail, but always close to the bottom. Pike, then, being more habitually near the bottom, the bait ought likewise to be set or worked correspondingly deep, at least within easy range of vision of the quarry, particularly in cloudy water, but remembering that a pike's eyes are so placed in its head that its direction of vision is rather upwards than forwards. Personally, I am a great believer in spinning deep. Incidentally, too, I have also come to acquire a certain (or perhaps an uncertain!) reputation among one or two of my angling friends for the number of pike I have foul hooked. In one morning alone I achieved the "hat-trick," which at any rate should show that I really do get among the fish!

There remain two more points: One concerns spinning. A more interesting and attractive action can be given to a bait by what I will term a check-cum-sink-and-draw action, achieved by every now and again raising and lowering the rod tip during recovery, and a slightly different direction of travel can be given every now and again to the bait by pointing the rod tip to left or right like a natural fish, darting hither and thither in its efforts to escape. This, of course, is for use when spinning a dead bait, not an artificial, which must be kept constantly on the spin.

My remaining point concerns live baiting. Observation has, I am afraid, shown me that many live baiters will persist in confining their activities to one particular swim hour after hour, and I would suggest that their chances of success would be far greater if, instead of waiting for pike to find their bait, they themselves periodically set out a-roving to find the pike, now trying here, now there, and not just waiting for something to turn up.

NORMAN L. WEATHERALL.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Sir Harold Nutting to Resign

ONE met with whole-hearted and widespread regret at the decision of the Master to resign at the end of the season. What an awful pity! What a calamity! Isn't it possible for the "powers that be" to persuade Sir Harold Nutting to carry on, if only for another season. Leicestershire Masters are hard to find; and everything running so smoothly, too. It is unthinkable that a Master of the type of Sir Harold with the true love of fox-hunting and real knowledge of the sport, shall be lost to the Quorn. How many young men are there that even show promise, with the necessary knowledge, &c., capable of taking on a pack of hounds in the shires? May heaven preserve the Quorn from the likes of a few I have seen.

Although scents have been indifferent up to the beginning of last week, foxes have been killed most days, great credit being due to both hounds and huntsman. On Monday when hounds met at Saxelby, a decided change had taken place, conditions improving, and hounds ran really hard the whole week through, some excellent sport being enjoyed. It was very bad luck when their first fox from Welby Osiers was headed by motor cars on the Wartnaby Lane after he had threaded his way through and braved a line of foot-people who, to a man, bellowed in his face. Bewildered, he turned short right and went on into Cant's Thorns, where hounds killed him.

The second fence from Welby Osiers towards the top road usually claims a victim or two, a week last Monday being no exception. One day last season I remember, a little higher up, there were no less than six down. It is not the sort of place you can jog up to and prick over. Wartnaby Fish Ponds, the next draw, held a brace. Settling down on a line pointing for the stone pits, hounds had barely crossed two fields when two or three wandering horsemen turned their fox to the right under Captain John Player's house. Crossing the gated road, hounds skirted Ab-Kettleby Village and ran on nearly up to the Melton main road before bearing right-handed back. Just touching the osiers they ran fast to Asfordby sand holes; whether the fox was again headed here I do not know, but, at any rate, hounds swung back right-handed along the ridge leaving the osiers on the right, went between Cant's Thorns and Taylor's Spinney to the outskirts of Kettleby Village, where the fox again went to the right down the valley to Hollwell Works, hounds marking him to ground close by the slag heap after a very nice hunt. There is no doubt he only just saved his tired old body, hounds having stuck well to him throughout the gallop.

Rain was falling in torrents when they found next. Hounds, slipping away, ran very fast with a fox below Saxelby Wood by Wartnaby Fish Ponds, over the Wartnaby Lane up to the sand holes on the left of Ab-Kettleby Village, where he got to ground. Going back to Saxelby Wood they found, and would have gone over the Six Hills Road had not cars headed him into the top end of Grimston Gorse. Going away on the other side, leaving Grimston Village on the left, he went back right-handed over the road into Dalby Old Wood, hounds being stopped at the top end of Old Dalby Village, thus bringing a topping good day to a close.

The next day they met at Copt Oak on the forest, and after two hours of good hound work and a fox killed in Bardon big Wood, hounds were taken on to Charlie Woods. Finding in Borough Wood, they broke away on the bottom side, the dog hounds hunting with a grand cry in the Charlie Vale left-handed back again into Cat Hill. Going away again scent was catchy, and George went on to a holloa over the Shepshed Road, hounds hitting the line off for Lub Cloud. Turning short to the right they went on by British Piece up to Charlie Knoll Farm, where they threw up. It turned out that a couple of sheepdogs met and coursed their fox at this point, putting an end to what looked like developing into a good hunt.

It was a great pity. We know the country is very wooded and a bit cramped on the forest side, but "By gad!" to those who really love hounds and their music, I know nothing better. Great Dalby is always a favourite meet, Friday being no exception, a large field enjoying a capital day's sport. Finding in Sir Francis Burdett's covert, the bitches were away in a flash, and running with every hound throwing her tongue up to and straight through Borough Wood. They then dipped down into the valley for Adam's Gorse, never checking until a small field of Mr. Burton's was reached and then only momentarily. Going on over a field of plough and up the hill into Adam's Gorse, it could not have been more than three or four minutes before they were away again, pointing for Twyford. Turning left-handed they crossed the Borough Road, and were running nicely towards Marfield, when for no visible reason the fox doubled sharp back and recrossed the Borough Road by the aerodrome. Scent was now failing with a beaten fox in front of them, and it was very bad luck when they were beaten altogether below Borough Wood. He had, however, given us a grand hunt and perhaps earned his freedom. A fox from Thorpe-Trussels, or very close to, took hounds over the railroad by Great Dalby Station nearly up to Eye Kettleby before turning right-handed over the Dalby Road, pointing for the Sandy Lane; from there they went to the right again, the hunt fizzling out at the back of Great Dalby Village. A fox from Ashby Pastures then provided a very fast hunt over the Kirby Lane by Sanham House, left-handed up to the railway nearly to Mr. Burton's kale field and then again left-handed back to below Sanham House, where he got into an old drain.

SCARLET RUNNER.

GOOD SPORT WITH THE PYTCHLEY

NOTHING of great moment happened from Orlingbury on November 28th, except that a brace of foxes were killed in a country which holds many more than even the most experienced foxhunter in this country can remember. Wednesday, 30th, North Kilworth, hounds were running all day, sometimes at a good pace, and in a country over which it is a delight to ride. They settled to run well in the wake of a fox found by Kilworth House. He was headed at South Kilworth Village, but with commendable speed Barker regained touch near where he was found. Then ensued a pleasant hunt at half-speed to near Walton, where he got to ground; time 45 minutes in all.

From Lord Cromwell's good little covert called Thornborough, the pack were away almost at once, and ran hard first in the direction of Gilmorton, then swinging right-handed with only one check to within a field of Kilworth Sticks. From here the pace left nothing to be desired into Walton Holt, thence more slowly, with an obviously tired and short-running fox, to ground in the same almost unstoppable quarry near Walton. A good hunt of just over an hour.

Hounds ran hard in the evening from Swinford Covert; but as the fox persisted in running the swamps beside the River Avon they were stopped near Cattorpe.

Friday (2nd).—Brockhall. Colonel Thornton and his family have been improving the lying in a good spinney near the meeting place. They were duly rewarded by the appearance of a leash of foxes directly hounds were put in. One was hunted at a good pace past Whilton Village, over the point-to-point course and in a circle over a big country past that village again, thence through Little Brington into Nobottle Wood. With no delay the fox was pushed through this big covert and hounds were hard at him in the adjacent village. A combination of some heavily-stocked fields and two lines saved this fox's life, and hounds were stopped while just turning a line near where he was found. It had been a good and an entertaining performance. A fox found in Nethorp was soon run off his legs and killed after a circle of the woodlands nearby. Scent became worse as the day wore on, and two short hunts ended by a brace of foxes being marked to ground.

From Naseby, on December 3rd, a fox was found in the local covert and raced into the village. His original intentions seemed good but, having been headed and viewed at a critical moment by the police-sergeant, was killed. Any illusions of a good scent that this little hunt had aroused were dispelled after a fox had been found in Scotland Wood. Thanks to the patience of the huntsman, the persistence and drive of the pack, a long and interesting hunt ensued, during which many miles of country were covered. Hounds stuck no doubt to their original fox past Clipston Haselbeach to Moss Hall. This fox twisted and turned as a fox will without the scent to drive him, when every stocked field causes a visitation at least.

After Moss Hall the pace did not quicken much as hounds feinted for Thonby, still hunting beautifully, thence up to some badger earths on the Vale Farm. All ground was not much good, but no line was touched, so the fox most likely got in. From Creaton Covert the pace was fast enough to the Spratton—Brixworth Road, and the fences big enough. Afterwards cattle-stained fields brought the pack to their toes and on a fading scent they hunted on nearby to Teeton, past Spratton Sands, where they were beaten. The latest and most reliable information is that the hunted fox from Scotland Wood was seen to emerge from the farm buildings of the Vale Farm after hounds had gone. Had luck been on Barker's side it would have been the true culmination of a fine hunting run.

EMERITUS.

SCENT ONLY FAIR WITH THE BEAUFORT

CHANGEABLE weather, rough nights, hoar frost and bright sun, alternating with sleet showers, have not conduced towards a holding scent during the past week. Late on Tuesday afternoon was the best hunt—most people who were there say—of the season, so far. The day started with dazzling sun and rime ghstening under the north side of every wall, as a large field assembled at Chavenage Green. Union Gorse was drawn first, and a fox was quickly away on the Beverstone side, but with little scent hounds soon checked in the castle grounds, where it was pretty to watch Holland hold them on over the main road, and see how they turned to his horn. They recovered the line and ran on rather slowly by Park Bottom and over the wall country, eventually marking to ground half an hour later in an old oak, in the hollow interior of which their fox had to be left. Next there was a short skurry from Tump Covert to Boxwell, followed by a long jog to Charlton Down, whence a fox went away by Nesley Farm, Park Bottom and on into the hills at Lasborough, where scent started to improve with the sun disappearing, and hounds, getting on terms, rattled their fox up and down and soon succeeded in catching him—always a triumph in that hill country. Returning to Hare Covert, which was blank, they found the last fox of the day in the garden of Mrs. Mitchell's house at Highgrove, an old customer who I was told had accounted for a dozen fowls the previous Monday, and "will never be caught!" Anyhow, he got the fright of his life, as there was now a grand scent when Tom viewed him away with a holloa that rang for a mile in the still, chilling air of the late afternoon. Hounds raced over a steeplechase course of walls and fences to the field adjoining the Beverstone Road, where the fox turned back and went past Hare Covert to Elmstee to near the Hare and Hounds Hotel, where there was the first check after 22 minutes of the very best, led by the Duke, Sir Peter Farquhar, Mr. Rollo Baker, the Duchess, Captain Spicer, and Mr. Tony Warre. Steaming horses and passing cars did not help matters while Holland tried to cast, but the Duke heard a hound speaking on in the Arboretum, and getting together hounds raced away again, continuing the length of Silk Wood and back before fresh foxes and darkness saved the life of Mrs. Mitchell's fox once again.

Wednesday was an enjoyable day marred by heavy showers following the meet at West Littleton. A fox from Dyrham was hunted to Corporation Clump, and on to Springs Farm, where he was lost. Another from Toll Down Quarry got in after a brief hunt, and heavy rain spoilt the next at Lapdown. Later there was a long hunt under much pleasanter conditions from West Kington, through Lowndes Covert, Faggot Pile, Burton, and Centre Walk.

Friday from Tresham was a busy hill day, winding up with a delightful hunt from Park Wood by Oldbury, Dunkirk into Swangrove—made so much the pleasanter by the smallness of the field. Saturday was the reverse; an enormous crowd and ringing foxes making hunting very difficult after the meet at Alderton. A fox from Cream Gorse went to Pinkney Park and turned back. There were two nice dashes from Widleys and a longer hunt from Mr. Smith's withybed at Norton, by Hullavington Station, West Park and Bradfield Wood—all over very enjoyable country—"as good as the Belvoir Vale," said one contented stranger, not realising that he had galloped in circles for most of what was a very pleasant day's hunting.

FIELDFARE.

CONTINUED GOOD SPORT AT CATTISTOCK

CAPTAIN WELLESLEY-WESLEY, of the South Dorset, and Mr. Higginson, of the Cattistock, spent most of last Sunday in kennels. In the morning Captain Wellesley-Wesley acted as host, and showed Mr. Higginson some fifteen couples of the South Dorset young entry that have already come in from walk, and in the afternoon the positions of host and guest were reversed and the afternoon was spent in the Cattistock kennels. Hounds were the topic of conversation; horses were not mentioned beyond Mr. Higginson's remark that the heavy going was playing havoc with his string. "Hardly one of mine could move on Sunday morning after that gruelling hunt Saturday night," he said; "and the weather clerk makes no mention of dry weather for the coming week. I don't know what we shall do." The weather in Dorset *has* been exceptionally wet, and the going is wicked. Scent, although catchy on Tuesday, when hounds met at Wraxall Dairy,

and provided only moderate sport, has been well above the average, and the scentometer which hangs outside my front door has registered above 75 the latter part of the week. I find it a fairly accurate prophet, though I must admit there is a certain disadvantage in knowing that one will not (in all probability) get a decent day. Still, while there's life there's hope, and one never knows what the day may bring forth.

Tuesday, as I say, wasn't much of a day, although hounds managed to kill a brace before they went home. Wednesday, however, the Hillfield meet brought out a good-sized field and an excellent day's sport was provided. Hillfield is on the border of the Blackmore Vale country, and we always have a scattering contingent from that field when we meet there. The dog hounds found their first fox in West Woods, and coming away close at his brush they gave the field a smart 20-minute gallop, past Twisting Alders, up the hill to Batcombe, and then down into the vale again by St. Francis's Home, to mark their quarry to ground near the covert in which he had been found. The second fox was built of sterner stuff, and breaking from Cochrane's he ran past Hillfield and up the steep slope to Batcombe Down, where he swung left through Upcerne Wood and on toward Sydling, only to be rolled over at the end of an excellent hunt which lasted an hour and 25 minutes. On Friday the bitches came to Longbredy Hunt, and they had hardly begun to draw Samways Gorse (not 100yds. from the meet) when a fox was halloaed away on the far side. Settling to the line, they streamed away over the Bridport Road, and swinging left-handed past Iron Railing Gorse and over the Longbredy Road, they ran hard past Kingston Russell to mark their fox to ground at Watcombe. It was a nice hunt, but not a patch on what was to follow. Fox-holes (what a grand name for a covert that has been famous since Squire Farquharson's day !) held a brace. Hounds killed one almost at once, and while Gosden was breaking him up his mate was halloaed away from the far end of the covert. Cheering hounds to the halloa, he jumped on his horse, and in less time than it takes to write this we were all riding hard on the tail of the flying bitches who were driving away over the hills at the best pace of the day. Past Little Bredy, right-handed to Gorwell, on toward Abbottsbury, leaving the Ashley Estate behind them on their left hounds ran, and then a sharp swing to the right brought us up on the edge of Puncknowle Wood with hounds screaming at their fox in the impenetrable covert. As we watched we heard them cross the gully, saw them come out into the open beyond, and drive on again over the downland. How we got over that gully in Puncknowle Wood I don't know, but we managed it somehow, and once out away we went again over the lovely old turf that hasn't seen a plough in many years. But luck was against us—that particular fox knew Puncknowle Wood too well, and knew, too, the safety that lay within its confines, for he didn't dare face the open for long: and the huntsman wisely stopped hounds before they entered the wood for a second time. Back again to Litton Cheney to draw—another fox was soon afoot and this time he didn't get far, for hounds killed not far from Longbredy Village. And then, when it was growing dusk, hounds went back to their kennels in Cattistock—that village where the church bells play "John Peel" every alternate hour of the day.

Saturday, at Closworth, saw the biggest turnout of the week—in fact, the biggest of the month, for Closworth is a very popular meet. Captain Gerald Digby, the one-time chairman of the Cattistock Hunt Committee, and Mr. Dampney, the doyen of Cattistock farmers, the two oldest members of the Hunt, whose memories go back to the days when Lord Poltimore hunted the country, were both out. Captain Digby will be 80 years old in a few days, and Mr. Dampney is not far behind him, and yet both of them still go in a manner that would do credit to any young thruster. When hounds moved away from the meet, Mr. Dampney was riding with the huntsman, for Closworth is his district, and it is he who knows the run of every fox in that part of the world. Hounds found their first fox in his withy-bed—not a quarter of a mile from the meet—and went away toward Netherton Cross hard at his brush. Luckily, they were on the far side of a deep gully from the field and got well settled to the line in the first ten minutes, so important a period in any hunt, and by the time we had managed to get near them they had crossed the river and the Halstock Road and were well on their way to Coker Wood. Scent was breast high, and they drove on through the covert and out on the Pendomer side, swinging left along the railway line and running along the ridge of Abbott's Hill to the end, when they swung back sharp left-handed through Bingham's Byre, recrossed the Halstock Road, and leaving Closworth Village on their left crossed the river at Holt Mill and ran on over the Yeovil Road. Skirting Briar's Wood, they turned left to Yetminster Quarries and there—with any sort of luck—they should have killed their fox, for he was dead beat as he neared Ryme. But "there's many a spill 'twixt find and the kill," and this fox persuaded a self-sacrificing friend to substitute for him, so out of the hedge where he lay beaten popped a fresh fox, and before hounds could be stopped they were away at *his* brush, through Caswell's, over the Yeovil Road again, and on past Holt Mill to Lewcombe, where they were finally stopped at the end of an hour and 50 minutes. The going was so heavy and hounds ran so fast that horses were hard put to it to keep pace with them, and there were many empty saddles, including the senior Master's, but the falling was soft, and no damage was done. The Hunt staff got their second horses at Clarkham Cross, and the order was given for Closworth Firs. Major Budden rarely fails to provide the "leading article"—nor did he on this occasion, and away we went after a good fox—at least, he looked like a good fox, but he was a twisting beggar, and although he kept the field galloping for an hour and 20 minutes he seemed not to want to go far from home, for he ran two great circles round his home covert, and then beat hounds in the end, when he was dead beat, by adopting the same tactics as his predecessor. Still, he chose a lovely line of country and the reduced field had a grand time riding over the beautifully-laid fences in Major Budden's district until darkness made it necessary to stop hounds and call it "a day"—and a very good one it was at that, for everyone, including the foxes.

LINCOLN.

OAKLEY'S NINE-AND-A-HALF-MILE POINT

THE Oakley Hunt scored a great hunt from their meet at Salford on Monday, November 28th. Salford Wood and Moulsoe young wood were blank. Finding in Moulsoe old wood, hounds at once started to run hard. Leaving on the Crawley side with the village on the left and Jacobs Wood on the right, by East End straight to Astwood Village, which they left on the right. Crossing the Newport Bedford Road, but came right and over the Dovecot Road. Leaving Grubs Wood on the left and Stagsden Village on the right, down to Wick End. Hounds were now running at a great pace. Crossing the Northampton—Bedford Road with Solomn Thrift on the left and Bromham Spinney on the right, across the railway into Oakley Park and down to the River Ouse, but came left to Sterington Osiers, where the fox crossed the river. This was in flood, and running very fast, so the Master stopped hounds. Time, 1 hour 50 minutes, with a nine-and-a-half-mile point. Hounds only touched one small covert throughout this excellent hunt. C. S.

THE FITZWILLIAM HOUNDS MOVING OFF FROM HINCHINGBROOKE HOUSE

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM'S TWO BRILLIANT DAYS

ON November 24th and again on the 28th, the mixed pack were awarded good hunts, and comparison of the two is interesting. Scent was by no means good in the first instance, and yet the point was four miles, and the pace very fast; the "going" was well-nigh perfect, and the country easy to cross, with the opportunities for watching proceedings almost ideal. While standing on the lane at Lullington, Denton took hounds into some kale beside us. We saw the "find" perfectly—hounds drawing up the rows, coming together, one or two leap, a challenge, a scurry, the huntsman's cheer, and then a beautiful "view

holloa " from the south end, the "gone away," and away they went altogether. As we gallop up the hill, hounds hunt up the opposite bank, in full view, to Gibson's field. We are all over hounds now, because our pilot wishing no doubt to put up a substitute, doubles back through the thick briar and makes for the front hill. As hounds enter Biggenholt we halt above this hanging covert and survey the fields below. "There he goes," straight for Rowdell. Shall we go down or watch from the top? Half a minute—why is Denton still standing on top? Why does not the whipper-in holloa? Oh, the hounds! They are hunting up the hill again. How lucky we remembered the hounds. Once over the top, hounds hunt beautifully past Highden to Muntham, where they get on really good terms, and race over Church Hill, across the Horseshoe Valley, with a grand cry echoing in the larch trees, to the Old Mill at High Salvington, where they catch their fox.

On the 28th everything looks set fair for a scent. The meet at Northlands Cross Roads is attended by only a few, the usual few who love to see hounds hunt through the large woodlands, and whose ardour is not damped by the very heavy going, and numerous ghylls. A fox from Honeywood is quickly disposed of to the amusement of all who know this country. Another is roused out of the brambles, and hounds streak after him to Rowhook Ghyll. George Knight holds them over the road little thinking that he would be eight miles away when he next handles them; but so it proved. With tremendous drive hounds ran at top pace through Roman Woods to Bury St. Austens, and going away past Ellens were soon into Summersbury Wood. In this vast jungle hounds divided, six couple going to Baynards, but the main body, going continually forward, were soon taking a long lead on horses by Forest Green. Then came a large newly-hung five-bar gate in chestnut pale fence. Did it stop George or Reg? It did not. But it did stop everybody else. On, on they went, hounds five minutes, then ten minutes ahead, through Etherley, and then the long steep ascent up Leith Hill to the very top, and so at 3.30 p.m. hounds are at last at fault on Coldharbour Warren, eight miles from their starting point, and as was afterwards known, at fault by a well-known earth. It was a great hunt through very difficult country, and it is supposed that hounds never faltered but the once, on the road at Rowhook.

CRAWLER.

FIVE-AND-A-HALF-MILE POINT WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

ON the 29th at Stewkley Cross Roads, always a popular venue, a large field assembled. It was a gloriously sunny morning after a white frost—not exactly a huntsman's ideal of a hunting day. After Mr. and Mrs. Judd had dispensed hospitality, a trot down the Dean Lane brought us to High Havers. Every year this covert seems to get thicker, and it was some time before a hound spoke. Almost at once a fox, an unenterprising little vixen, went away, only to find safety in new earth at Littlecote. While drawing the big double of Mr. North's at Littlecote, a fox jumped up in front of the pack and could only get the length of the field before he was accounted for. An outlier picked up near the Smees provided a slow, twisting, ordinary sort of hunt. Running through High Havers, hounds went on to Littlecote and were run out of scent under Cublington. All the earmarks of a disappointing day were in evidence. The Hook Covert was blank. Perhaps Woodward thought the Jubilee Covert would be, too, as hounds were drawing before the whippers-in had got to their stations. In less time than it takes to write fox, hounds and followers were streaming across the Great ground for Whitchurch; but our pilot, having put the big double between himself and pursuers, ran down it, and recrossed it at the brook. Who knows why scent suddenly comes and as suddenly goes? Really going fast alongside the brook when they turned uphill with the Hook Covert on their right, the pack raced as though in view up the big pastures, with Hartwell Covert on their left to Dunton Great Ground, and from there almost to Hoggeston. Crossing the road they breasted the long hill to Blacklands. Only a good fox would have avoided High Havers, and missed Wendover Gorse, as this one did. Turning right-handed at the Smees, the pack went over Primrose Hill, and checked for the first time near the Richmond Nursing Home. It was momentary. Casting themselves, they hit off the line, and crossed the Mursley Road, ran on to Salden Windmill—here they were in the same field as their fox—only to lose him in the open earths at Salden. It is a very long time since hounds ran as fast over such a delightful line of country for 50 minutes and scored a five-and-a-half mile point. A curious coincidence occurred in the fact that from the bottom of Creslow to the first check at Mursley, hounds ran almost the exact line, field for field, that they did in the classic hunt from Evelyn's Patch on Christmas Eve, 1929. This was the prelude to a wonderful week's sport. On Thursday hounds found in Mr. Bigg's kale at Holborn Hill, and killed near Winslow Spinney, running fast throughout by way of Grandborough and Winslow, with only one check at the former village. This is a five-mile point. On Saturday, under more difficult conditions, they hunted a fox for two hours from Narbury to Murseley, to Swanbourne, and into Christmas Gorse. From here the pace improved considerably, as hounds ran round Grandborough to eventually lose their fox near the village. The point was five miles, but a great many more as they ran.

S. B. T.

DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS' SPLENDID GALLOP

SATURDAY, December 3rd, Cloutsham. Taking advantage of a gloriously fine morning, the Master had the tufters taken straight out to the open moor, where they were laid on to a herd on Wilmersham Common, just above the head of Thurley Combe. The dog hounds went off at a great pace across Exford Common and, crossing Almsworthy Common, turned into Hurdle Down. On Goddard's Allotment the deer divided, most of the tufters running a single hind back through Hurdle Down and across Almsworthy Common into Edgcott Allotment. Running the length of this, they crossed the eastern corner of Downscombe Bog and turned down towards Downscombe, but swung right-handed and crossed above Higher Pitsworthy on to Greenland's Allotment. Racing down over Wellshead Allotment, they crossed the Alcombe Water, and turned up to the Wellshead—Alderman's Barrow Road as if for Orchard Combe, but the hind turned sharp back into Wellshead Cleeve and, heading down the valley, ran right through the Pitsworthy Pond, before turning up through Pitsworthy Cleeve and running through the Hill Fields to water in the Exe just above Downscombe. Alfred held hounds on down the water to the Yealscombe Bridge, when a whistle came from the Luckesses Fields, and hounds were lifted to it and put the hind out of the water. Running up through the Edgcott Plantation, they crossed above Yealscombe Wood, and ran on across the Exford—Simonsbath Road just east of White Cross, and swung right-handed though Withycombe to the Pennycombe Water. Here the hind was close ahead of hounds, which raced her up Shutcombe, and left-handed almost to Brady-moor as if for the Barle, but her bolt was shot, and she turned back into Shutcombe, where hounds raced her down the valley and came up to her just above the Newland's Road, where she was accounted for at 12.15 after a splendid gallop over a most unusual and interesting line.

Going back to look for the other hounds, Alfred met with and laid on to a run hind, which hounds ran into Codsend, but here they got among fresh deer, and after an unsuccessful cast to Horner, hounds were ordered home. PINKERY POND.

THE COTSWOLD'S GREAT HUNT

WELCH was hunting the dog pack on Monday, November 28th, at Brimpsfield Park and a splendid hunt ensued.

Finding in King Edward's Covert a real straight-necked fox, hounds fairly streamed away across Highgate Farm to Cowley Wood.

Running through, they went by the Manor gardens and crossed the Cheltenham—Cirencester Road. Their pilot evidently had the Colesborne Coverts in his mind, and hounds ran hard over the big fields up to Pinswell, into Mercombe, then across to Hilcot. This large domain is always a stronghold for foxes, but hounds hunted in a body with great determination and a wonderful cry, which made the whole valley echo with their music.

Here Welch expressed high hopes of hounds getting up to their quarry, but this stout fox crossed over to Mercombe again and sank the valley down to the Centenary, where hounds were beaten with fresh foxes on foot, after a great hunt with nearly a five-mile point.

Up to now this season, though sport has been good, foxes have shown little inclination for pastures new. This fox to-day was a brilliant exception.

COTSWOLD.

BRILLIANT SPORT WITH THE CRAVEN

WHEN the Craven Hounds met on Saturday, November 19th, at Upper Lambourn, the weather was bright and cool, with a fresh wind blowing over the Downs from the south-west. The Master, Mr. S. D. Player, was hunting the bitch pack. The first draw was Lynch Wood, two or three foxes soon being on the move. Hounds settled to one, and an unpromising start, in the continual heading of the fox by foot persons at Black Bushes, was redeemed when at length they got clear away. Holding Maddle Farm on the left, the bitches brought their fox into Knighton Bushes, and, allowing him no quarter, pushed him through, screaming behind his brush. Swinging left-handed, they commenced to race across the Downs towards Ashdown. Crossing the celebrated gallops on Weathercock Hill, they turned right on the top, and ran parallel with the Lambourn—Shrivenham Road. A second right-handed turn brought them over Tower Hill, and on through Compton Bushes to Woolstone Down. With the Old Berkshire country close at hand hounds made another right-handed turn to the Lambourn—Kingston Lisle Road. Pointing for Hoe Acre, the first and only check of any consequence occurred. The Master held them on, and a clever cast saw the line regained by Seven Barrows Farm. Thereafter the pace was easier. Turning left-handed and with Knighton Bushes held on the left, hounds hunted well through Compton Bushes, and working back to Weathercock Hill, marked their fox to ground opposite to the Ashdown Woods. They had been running for 1 hour and 50 minutes, and had covered twelve miles of country, with a farthest point of four-and-a-half miles.

Only a small field went on with the Master to Lodge. A fox was found, and hounds ran very fast as if for Baydon, but turning sharp back left-handed, crossed the Stud Farm, and, swinging left again, held the starting place to one side. Hounds were running on well through Baydon Hole with a very tired fox not far in front when a cold rainstorm washed out practically all scent. Holding to the line, but hunting very slowly, they went on past Bailey Hill, and were stopped outside Botley Copse at the end of something over 60 minutes. It was a very disappointing finish to a good day. J. R.

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S USEFUL WEEK

A TUESDAY meet at Fulbeck is always well supported, and those who went there on the latest occasion were well rewarded. Leadenham Hilltop as first draw is always regarded as the "bread and butter before the cake" of the vale! However, there was nothing penitential about the hunt which soon resulted, though a fiasco was only just averted when hounds slipped away unheard. Conversationalists please note. Disquieting rumours began to circulate when no sound had been heard for some time, and panic set in on arrival at the top of this big covert when hearing that a fox had gone away towards Caythorpe Court. Setting off in despair, not knowing whether directions given were correct or not, it was with the utmost relief that, on approaching the High Dyke, a sharp eye detected the pack streaming along towards Byards Leap. The heath country was a blessing, not only on account of its extensive visibility, but because the pace was such that any larger obstacles might have been embarrassing. The Newark Road is often obstructed by sight-seeing motor cars, but the speed at which hounds had travelled stole a march on such traffic; they crossed to Fanes Gorse and hurried back to the hilltop, being officially timed to have run six miles in 35 minutes. So far and so fast, so good; some of the ploughs, though classed as "light," are hardly built for such *centre à terre* tactics, and it was quite a comfort that a substituted fox was not geared so high. He went over the border into the Biankney country, and was only given up on reaching Wellingore. The day would have scored high marks had nothing further occurred, but in the afternoon there was another most enjoyable hunt from below Leadenham House, which turned into a very sharp burst in the final stages up to Reeves Gorse.

That night it blew hard again, and there seemed a risk that the conditions of the previous Wednesday might be repeated. Luckily, all was well with the weather at Waltham, though foxes were subsequently hard to find in Goadby. There was no doubt about there being plenty in the neighbourhood, and a truant from the Bullamore was discovered lurking in some roots close by. Running out towards Scalford, he set some pretty problems for the field, but the country improved after returning to Goadby Gorse and continuing in the Melton Spinney direction. Nothing further happened until an outlier jumped up close to Thorpe Ashes; then things began to look better once the Melton Road was crossed. One began to hope for the good grass beyond Newman's Gorse, but instead Waltham became the pivot of a large circle and the fox was ultimately caught in a back garden behind the village.

On Friday, Sir George Whichcote's splendid Osbournby Hilltop rounded off a woodland morning with a delightful hunt. There is a specially nice strip of country by Swarby Gorse, which leads to Culverthorpe, and a race over this was just the thing to send the small field home well-contented with the day.

Plungar lies right in the middle of the Belvoir vale, so small wonder that one of the largest gatherings of the season met hounds there. Granby Gap foxes had evidently had warning of their visit, so were not at home, but the intervening fields which lead to Harby Covert were just what was

(*Continued on page* 1403)

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS (*Continued from page 1400*)

wanted for the many fresh horses. Within a few minutes a jaunty little fox departed right under our noses, but the bitches were interested in another one inside, and, before long, he, too, was away. After that there was hardly a pause in the galloping and jumping over this particularly "larkworthy" region. Almost every fence in the vale received attention, and the biggest gluttons for exercise must have been satisfied. It is a dizzy job trying to remember the ramifications of the various hunts which would probably have been less circular if the zeal of the followers, both cavalry and mechanised, had been more restrained. The patience of both Master and huntsman was remarkable, and Lord Daresbury's former technique often seemed to be indicated. It is too long since we heard malefactors recalled over a fence. After Kaye Wood had provided a tour, Hose Thorns was called on no less than three times, and at each visit foxes poured out to the tune of the pack hunting others within. The best hunt of this outstandingly busy day was the result of the last call; by then the tumult had substantially subsided and with the bright sun getting low, a hint of the frost to come, gave hounds a chance to settle down to an increasingly good scent; over the lovely line of grass from Hose Thorns to Clawson Village they hunted every yard of it beautifully, then, running up the hill to Scalford brickyard, they were unlucy not to give the *coup de grace* to a very tired fox, which presumably got into a well-won hole by the railway. UNBRIDLED.

I.O.W. HAVE A GOOD DAY

FROM Thorness Cross Roads on Friday the 25th these hounds had a particularly good day. Finding several foxes in Burnt Wood, they spent some two hours in covert until eventually they went away on one who set his mask for Porchfield. This line was over good galloping and jumping country. The field then made for Parkhurst Forest, which he completely encircled, almost entering Camp Hill, the Borstal Institution, but thinking better of it, left the forest and headed back for Burnt Wood, where hounds caught him in the open. Six to seven miles as hounds ran. Several empty saddles and dirty coats. These hounds are not to be denied this season, and may it continue, as I am sure it will. "SABREUR."

A SAD LOSS FOR THE BICESTER

BY the untimely death of Major George Edward Gosling at the early age of 49, this Hunt has lost a good sportsman and a real friend.

Edward Gosling served in the 10th Hussars, a regiment holding a record second to none in turning out the right type of sportsman, such as Edward Gosling was; one who not only enjoyed his sport, did his best on his estate at Stratton Audley Park to provide sport, but was always unostentatious and most generous in helping the Hunt in many ways known only to a few. In the War "Squeaker," as he was known affectionately to his friends, gained the Military Cross, and it was owing to a wound that, after the War, he was compelled to ride side saddle when following hounds, frequently surrounded by his children, whom he loved to initiate in the art of fox hunting.

It will not be until the present generation of fox-hunters has passed away that the name of Edward Gosling will not come to mind when the Bicester draw Stratton Copse.

To his widow everyone who hunts with the Bicester will spontaneously extend their deepest sympathy, and will hope that in some measure it will be a comfort to her to know how much everyone mourns the loss of Edward Gosling, and appreciates all he did for the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt.

ORION.

NEXT YEAR'S BISLEY MEETING.—The 76th annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held at Bisley from Monday, July 10th, to Saturday, July 22nd, 1939. The Territorial Army Rifle Association Central Meeting starts on July 9th and ends with the completion of the N.R.A. Service Rifle Championship events on July 12th. Services Week, during which the Army, Royal Navy and Royal Marines shoot off their championship events, starts on July 3rd. There are, it is understood, to be considerable changes in the Army competitions, but their nature and extent have not yet been announced. In the National Rifle Association competitions there are few changes. Targets and weapons will be as for 1938. Additional accommodation is to be found for sporting and sniping rifle events, and there will be new competitions for the .22in. pistol and revolver. The most important change is that affecting the entry of members of the O.T.C. (Junior Division) for the King's Prize, whilst actually serving cadets will be permitted to enter for the King's Prize for 5/- as against the £1 entry for ordinary competitors. Another change affecting Public Schools competitors is that coaching is to be permitted in the Wellington and Iveagh matches. Colonel Lord Cottesloe has been re-elected chairman and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Philip W. Richardson vice-chairman of the council.

THE NATIONAL HUNT SEASON

Some Bookmakers' Troubles

IT is very seldom that a season under National Hunt Rules does not meet at the very outset with adverse criticism. This season is no exception, for already quite important people are saying that it is time that the Stewards took action against owners and trainers who were running fat horses. In other plainer words they mean to convey the idea that a number of horses running over fences and hurdles at the present part of the National Hunt season are not trying. I cannot see that saying this either in the paddock, or the bar, or in one's club, or writing it in some important daily newspaper is doing anyone any good. Everybody knows that fat horses are run continually not only over fences or hurdles but also on the flat. How many times is a fashionably bred two-year-old expected to win the first time out? How many horses running on the flat last season were not even plated? Yet nothing is ever written or talked about that more luxurious and aristocratic game, racing under Jockey Club Rules. It is only when we come to the winter game that there is the yearly whine. No rule of racing or law of this land can make a man bet if he does not want to do so. A number of laws on the other hand do all that they can do to prevent him from gambling. It is therefore only reasonable that if an owner has a horse about whom he is not really hopeful that he should give him a run telling the rider to win if he can do so. It is done every day on the flat and no one complains. Yet it is done once over fences and hurdles and there is a row. Let us leave the game alone. It has begun well and is increasing in popularity every year. The Stewards of the National Hunt Committee are very wideawake men and they have done a lot for the sport. Just because the *Racing Calendar* does not say that they have had So-and-so up, it does not mean that they have not given him a quiet talking to and a little advice if he has done something which does not look too good.

Lord Harewood's speech at the Gimcrack dinner at York has attracted much attention. He was making a plea for the course bookmaker, whose numbers he stated were decreasing. Like all people really interested in racing he does not want to see him go altogether. Betting is necessary for racing if the sport is to continue and the two forms of betting, the bookmaker and the Tote, should both flourish for the good of the game. Lord Harewood put the decrease of the bookmakers' numbers on the course down to the fact that their expenses were too high. Newmarket, that is the Jockey Club, had tried to help them at the beginning of last season by reducing the charges at Newmarket, but the falling-off was not arrested. It would seem therefore that it is not so much a question of expense. Rather is it, in my opinion, the fact that the game is not as good as it used to be. Those are not my own words, but the words of one of the leading bookmakers of the day whose firm has been a household word on the racecourse for several generations.

What a bookmaker wants more than anything else is turnover, and there is no denying the fact that there is nothing like the amount of money betted to-day that there used to be. There is, for that matter, not the money about. I have heard in recent years leading bookmakers state that they have not taken enough money on a day's racing to give them any real chance of making a book as a book should be made: they have had to gamble. That is one reason why some of the firms have given up or go out only when they think that they will do so. There is also the talk of bad debts, but they have always existed, and when the turnover is large enough they are really allowed for in the odds betted by the bookmaker.

It is of course true that the Totalisator has taken a lot of money away from the Ring, but I doubt whether the figure is very big so far as the leading men on the rails are concerned. The big bettor who wants the odds does not go to the Tote except to have a tenner or a fiver on in case the odds are better. It is not the Tote nor Tote Investors that is causing a dwindling of the bigger bookmakers: it is the absence of turnover due to the fact that the betting figures of the punters have decreased out of all belief. The smaller man is being, without any doubt, frozen out by the Tote and Tote Investors. And, so far as I can see, nothing can be done to save him. At the same time it has to be admitted that he is not necessary to racing. It is the big bookmaker who is wanted and must be retained, but as no one can be made to bet I do not see how his turnover can be increased. What I would suggest, while dealing with this matter raised by none other than Lord Harewood, is to inquire why all the Tote servants and the Tote Investors servants should be allowed in for nothing at race meetings while the clerks and other servants of the bookmaker have to pay through their noses. I am not suggesting that the bookmakers and their staffs should be allowed in for nothing, but I do think that the Tote staffs should also be made to pay.

I have already dealt fully with the two-year-olds of the past season, so that there is no more to be written now even after the publication of the official Free Handicap. Everyone thought that he would place Foxbrough II at the top of the handicap for two-year-olds. He has given this very good American-bred colt 9st. 7lb. Foxbrough II has run only twice, so that in accordance with usual custom he should not have been handicapped, but the authorities gave permission for him to be included as well as Blue Peter, who also has been on a racecourse only twice. Blue Peter has been placed 4lb. below the American colt. I think that everyone who has seen the two-year-olds will agree with Mr. Fawcett's handicapping of these two colts, and also of Panorama and Portobello. Like me, they may think that Meadow has been given too much weight. Scenery is the top-weight among the fillies with 8st. 13lb., which seems to me rather too much. She also ran only twice, winning her second race. She is by Biribi out of Picture, and is owned and was bred by Lord Astor. I think that she may be all that Mr. Fawcett thinks, and I certainly hope that she is for Lord Astor's sake; but surely it would have been better if she had been left out of the handicap.

Mr. Fawcett places Rockfel and Bois Roussel at the top of the Free Handicap for three-year-olds, giving each 9st. 7lb. That, of course, means that he regards Rockfel as the best three-year-old of the season just concluded, for Rockfel being a filly is entitled to an allowance for sex of 3lb. at least. Bois Roussel ran only once in this country, when he won the Derby, so that Mr. Fawcett must be taking a chance about him. He ran only once, afterwards, this year when he was third in the Grand Prix. I hope that both the colt and the filly remain well and sound, and make normal progress during the winter, for when they meet next year together with Scottish Union, Chulmleigh, Challenge, Legend of France, Michoumy and the best of the French invaders in the race for the Gold Cup at Ascot, what a race it will be and what a crowd of visitors.

There was some good jumping, especially among the steeplechasers last week, at Newbury and Kempton Park. As a rule there is a shortage of good steeplechasers at this time of the season, but plenty of hurdlers. This season there are more promising steeplechasers than hurdlers, the latter being much better so far in quantity than quality. Mrs. J. V. Rank's Le Maestro has for several seasons been one of the best hurdlers in training, having won among other good races the Imperial Cup at Sandown Park. He made his first appearance over fences at Newbury in the Kingsclere Steeplechase of two miles. He gave a good, if not better, exhibition of fencing as I have ever seen from a novice and won with his ears pricked. He had been perfectly schooled by poor Gwyn Evans, who met his death the day after this success, when the motor car which he was driving home from Newbury skidded and hit a telegraph pole. He was a trainer of exceptional ability, a wonderful stableman and a most lovable character, with many friends and no enemies. Much more will be heard of Le Maestro as a steeplechaser.

Kempton Park, at the week-end, staged as good a steeplechase as we shall see this year, or, perhaps, have ever seen. This was the Middlesex Steeplechase of three miles. For the last mile, and it may be more, four horses were racing together and jumping together. They were Jovial Judge, Asterabad, Argental, who had won the race the year before, and Savon. Between the last two fences any of the four might have won, but in the end Savon prevailed, winning by half a length from Jovial Judge with Argental beaten for second place by only three-quarters of a length. Asterabad was beaten narrowly for third place. Savon is only a young horse, and had given Airgead Sios a great race over Aintree only a month ago. Somehow or other, he does not look to me like a National horse, being rather too much of the thoroughbred and not quite rough-and-ready enough for that severe test. He is by Schiavoni out of Saffron, and so is well enough bred for anything. He is a very nice horse. So also is the fourth, Asterabad, who, in my opinion, might well have won if he could have been ridden by T. F. Carey. As it was, he was ridden by a boy named Morris, who rode him very nicely and took him into his jumps like an old hand, but he lacked just the strength that Carey would have had in the last few hundred yards. It was a great race, and thrilled a large number of rather cold visitors. GNOSTIC.

STOCK BIRDS BEING GIVEN THEIR AFTERNOON FEED
". . . one satisfies oneself that the stock birds appear healthy and are kept in healthy surroundings and on fresh ground"

THE "FIELD" GAME FARM CERTIFICATE

What It Has Done and What It Can Do

"THIS is to certify that the Game Farm herein named, having been inspected by the *Field*, and having been found to be a genuine business carried on in healthy and suitable surroundings, and further the proprietors having given an undertaking not to deal in live grouse or English partridges, or their eggs, and not knowingly to deal with anyone else who does so, the firm of Mark Over, the Gabriel Game Farm, Colchicus, is hereby granted the *Field* Certificate."

These are the terms of reference of the *Field* Game Farm Certificate, and it is just as well to state them categorically at the beginning of this article. Because the *Field* Game Farm Certificate means everything that it says, but nothing more. When it was instituted some years ago the game farm world was still suffering from the inevitable collapse of the industry during the war. There was plenty of money to be spent on preserving, and the supply of pheasant eggs and pheasant poults was not equal to the demand. Naturally this offered an opportunity to those who did not carry on a legitimate business. Advertisements appeared offering eggs for sale that were almost certainly poached. Others calling themselves game-farmers were merely passing agencies. They bought eggs from A and sent them on to B with no more trouble to themselves than the collection of their profits. There was one authenticated case of a "game farm" conducted from Euston Station, a real stroke of genius as the individual in question, besides reaping the obvious advantages of easy money, had his "office" rent paid by the Midland Railway. Such business is, of course, within the law, but it undoubtedly did great harm to the proper game farms. Accordingly, the *Field* instituted an inspection of game farms.

There can be no doubt that this inspection served a most useful purpose at the time. It was by no means the only factor in setting the game farm world in order; the most important was the energy and technical skill of the game farmers themselves. But it served its purpose of helping to separate the sheep from the goats, and it was widely welcomed by game-farmers themselves.

A certificate such as this cannot naturally last for ever, and the farms holding it and others were re-inspected in 1931 and again this year. In this way the list keeps abreast with new businesses, changes in personnel, and other factors.

Having just completed the inspection of some 33 game farms in England and Scotland, I can say without hesitation that the game farm industry to-day is in an extremely healthy state. My impression is not that there is an amazing diversity of method, but all things considered a very general similarity. A few may favour big laying pens instead of the customary small ones; most have their own view of what constitutes the perfect coop; each have their own idea of the best way to deal with gapes. But in general they work on the same efficient lines, for the system of farming pheasants is by now well known. Nor is this surprising; for in a small industry where there is keen competition those who do not follow the methods that have proved their worth, especially as regards the constant change to fresh ground, will fairly soon go to the wall.

In visiting private estates and other game farms, one occasionally—very occasionally—hears it said: "So-and-so ought never to have the *Field* Certificate"—and a reason given. To this, in fairness to both parties, there is only one answer: "Did you write to the *Field* giving the reason for your complaint?" The answer is invariably, No. If, however, that was done the matter could be investigated, and in extreme cases the certificate withdrawn. Without such action the investigation would not be possible, and the complaint seems a little unfair to the *Field*. Rather more frequently one hears it said: "Oh! such-and-such a farm sent me infertile eggs." Such complaints are more difficult to investigate, because the fault may lie with either the game farm or the keeper concerned. It would not be unfair to suggest that though, of course, mistakes can be made anywhere, the game-farmer is almost certainly an expert on producing pheasant eggs, the keeper may not necessarily be an expert in handling them. The *Field* would do its best to investigate such complaints, and if they were constantly reiterated against a particular game farm it would investigate them most carefully. Though for six years at least this has never happened. But the point I wish to make is that the holding of the *Field* certificate does not carry

A REARING FIELD
"No rearing field should be used more than once in every four years, and its coops should be spread at distances of 25 yards or so apart"

with it a guarantee of 100 per cent. fertility. Bream's Buildings contains no magic wand of that sort—would that it did!

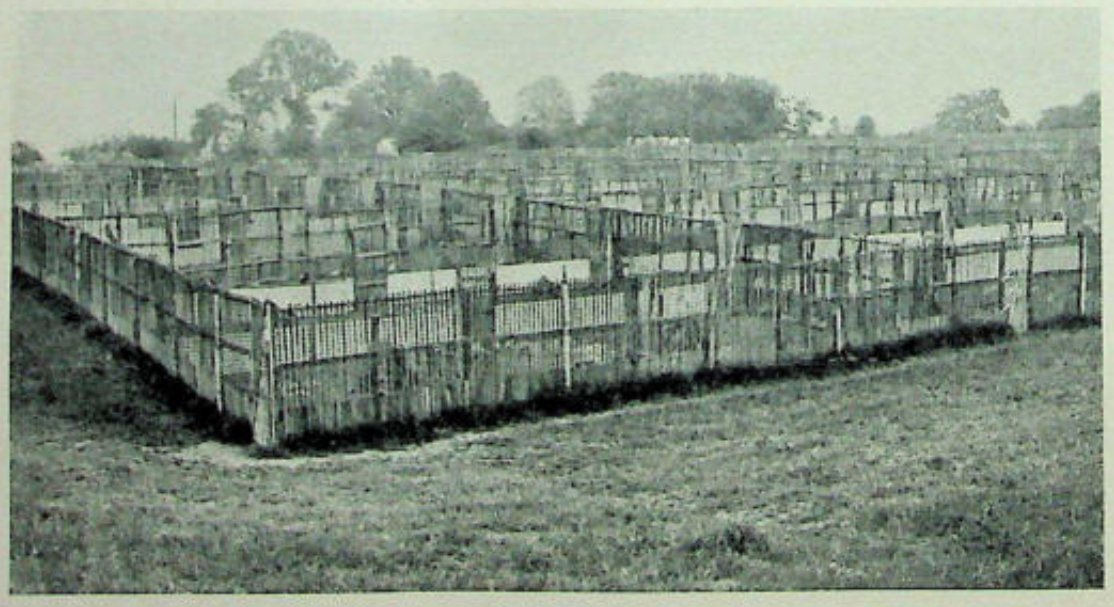
It means, this certificate, no more than it claims. It covers the points that an intelligent observer with a knowledge of game can expect to resolve in a single visit of inspection. Firstly, that the game farm *is* a game farm, and that it has on it the stock to produce the quota of eggs and poults it claims to sell. Of course, there will be occasions when a game farmer has to get eggs from another farm to meet the sudden wishes of an old client, but in general the holders of the certificate sell only their own eggs. Secondly, the methods used appear to be in conformity with modern practice and ideas, and allow for the raising of first-rate stock. In this connection, of course, a very considerable latitude must be allowed. Actually, as I have said, differences of method are much smaller than I had expected. In any circumstances it can hardly be the function of the Shooting Editor of the *Field* to tell an established game-farmer how to conduct his business. The third point is that in carrying out the inspection one must satisfy oneself that the farm has an adequate acreage. It is a first principle of game-farming. No rearing field should be used more than once in every four years, and its coops should be spread at distances of 25yds. or so apart. One naturally looks for a sheltered and sloping field facing south. Fourthly, one satisfies oneself that the stock birds appear healthy and are kept in healthy surroundings and on fresh ground. Naturally conditions vary. Some game-farms are situated so that their stock birds are penned in semi-wild conditions; others in more urban areas are less fortunate, but make up for the difference in locality by closer attention to method. Finally, the holders of the certificate guarantee not to trade in live grouse or English partridges, or their eggs. It has been found that this trade practically always entailed the selling of eggs or birds that had been poached.

It will be seen therefore what the certificate covers. It does not pretend to suggest a close inspection of each year's stock of eggs or birds. To do so would no doubt be considered an unwarrantable interference and would need a considerable number of inspectors treating the work as a whole-time job. In general the certificate is not given to farmers, however well-conducted, who sell less than 10,000 eggs.

In going round the farms one naturally forms opinions as to the respective merits of this or that system, but this is hardly the place to discuss them. There is, however, one complaint which was voiced by nearly every game-farmer, and that is about the modern broody hen. Good broodies are more and more difficult to find. Modern intensive hen farming is breeding all the broodiness out of them. It is a problem they share with the whole poultry world.

YOUNG PHEASANT CHICKS

". . . the Field *Certificate does not carry with it a guarantee of 100% fertility"*



LAYING PENS

The Field *Certificate is not given to farmers who sell less than 10,000 eggs*

It was also suggested to the *Field* that for the 1938 certificate the following additional condition should be added: ". . . . and having given an undertaking to make no presents to keepers except with the written consent of their masters. . . ." The whole game farm world and, indeed, a great many people in the shooting world, must know that there are keepers in not inconsiderable numbers who expect a commission on the money their employers spend on eggs. In the event of the commission not being forthcoming, it is not difficult for certain of these keepers to persuade the owners that for this reason or that the eggs were unsatisfactory, and they go where the commission is forthcoming. In some cases no commission is given; in some cases it is given at a fixed rate, and in a few to outvie the previous best. Such a state of things is not satisfactory. No game-farmer likes it; many will not countenance it without the owner's knowledge; all wish to stop it, but some are afraid that if they do so another firm will profit by their abstention. Naturally there are many cases where presents are given in the most harmless way, and it is acutely difficult to draw the line. Further, where presents are given at Christmas, or at other times, with the written consent of the owner, there can be no possible objection. The practice varies from giving half-a-crown to a man who has helped one to unload a lorry, to offering a bribe to a servant behind his master's back. I do not suggest for a moment that the last-named practice is a habit among game-farmers of repute, but clothed under the more respectable name of commission it exists, and nearly all game-farmers dislike it.

The point at issue seemed to the *Field* to be not so much whether such a stipulation on the certificate was desirable but whether it was possible to enforce it. That the certificate should mean no more than it says has been its object from inception. On mature consideration it was decided that it would be impossible to enforce such a stipulation, though it was in itself desirable, that it might even drive the present system more underground than ever, and that it would inevitably lead to tale-bearing and ill-will. Bream's Buildings is not the office of the King's Proctor.

This point of view was borne out in the letters we had from game farmers, all of whom had been written to on the subject. Of 33 approached 14 were in direct agreement with the suggestion, or prepared to fall in with any suggestion the *Field* made. Of the remainder, eight thought it was inadvisable merely because it was not certain that all concerned could be induced to stick to the stipulation, eight offered no definite opinion, and three were frankly and openly against it. This gives a fair idea of the situation and shows that game farmers share the views here put forward as strongly as the *Field*. The many letters we received were confidential and have been treated as such, but I have obtained permission to quote the following. This is from a small but very efficient game farmer: "It is a known fact that keepers will say So-and-so's eggs will hatch according to how they treat one. This season an estate had the same number of poults from me as from ——. The keeper told me he had so much from —— (very politely), and would expect the same from me." Here is another: "I have great compunction in tipping keepers. I think I have lost a good many orders through not doing so, and I know the firms they dealt with later did it very lavishly." Here is a letter from a game farm doing a very big trade: "This year a client of mine had taken over another shoot. He wanted to give me an order for eggs as usual, but the keeper would not listen to it. My client told me that the firm who this keeper had his eggs from tipped the keeper so well that no other eggs would have hatched." Here is another letter from a large concern: "All we have done is that, sometimes if a fellow has given us an order for 1,000 eggs or so, we have sent him at Christmas a present in kind. We are perfectly aware that in heaps of cases we have lost business solely through adopting this attitude." And here is another from a very well-known business: "I quite agree with your remarks regarding the menace of tipping, which has practically become a question of bribing, and I should be delighted to see this made a condition of the certificate, if I thought it would do any good. But, frankly, I feel that unless a careful watch was kept, and this would entail a great deal of work, the condition would not be observed."

I do not wish to appear to suggest that the "commission spirit" is rampant among game farmers. But it is fairly widespread, and we would be failing in our duty to the sporting public if we failed to make it clear. There must be many proprietors of shootings who would not acquiesce in such a state of things if they knew it was going on, and the healthy state of the game farm would depend on the healthy state of the shooting world as a whole.

In conclusion, I should like to thank all those game farmers whom I visited for their courtesy and hospitality, and for all that they showed me and taught me. I learnt more about pheasants in six months than I shall probably find out in the rest of my lifetime. I wish them all many bumper seasons to come.

M. T. S.

IN TOUCH

Thoughts on the 'Varsity Match

PROPHESY is a mug's game! Last week I was sufficiently dogmatic as to say that the 'Varsity match would be won by Oxford, that the scoring would be high, and that the game would probably be a bad one to watch. The game was won by Cambridge, the score was 8—6, and it was quite good from the spectators' point of view.

Twickenham stands, not quite so full this year as I have seen them, play queer tricks with the wind, and as I sat waiting for the teams to come on to the field I was amused to notice the flags marking the half-way line blowing in completely opposite directions. Small wonder is it that players unused to the ground at Twickenham sometimes produce unusual form—either for good or bad. The ball that should have made touch with ease unaccountably swerves into play again, or, if luck is good, an indifferent kick gains an incredible amount of ground for no apparent reason.

It was a perfect day for Rugby, with a wintry sun shining on to the unvarying green of the playing field, while a moderate breeze drifted the haze of pipe smoke lazily out of the stands.

The game started, as do all 'Varsity matches, in a do-or-die spirit, and at a killing pace. The game surged down to the Cambridge "25" line, and then back again almost immediately into Oxford territory, where someone managed to get offside to give the Light Blues an opportunity of first blood.

K. I. Geddes took a kick, but it went wide of the posts and after that the game settled down to work itself out in normal 'Varsity match tradition—getting harder and rougher, and more exciting as it progressed.

There was very little difference in the two sides, taken as a whole, and the score was a fair indication of how matters went. Quite the best feature was the tackling on both sides, the three-quarters virtually cancelling each other out. Behind the pack, for Cambridge, J. G. S. Forrest was outstanding. Early in the first half he saved his line by coming across hard, and carrying H. R. G. Percy, no mean runner himself, into touch like a sack of potatoes. This piece of work he repeated a few minutes later, to the downfall of Percy and of Oxford hopes for a try by the corner flag.

Of the Oxford three-quarters, G. Hollis played a very sound game, and as the only Freshman playing on his side, is to be congratulated. Twice he saved the Oxford position from becoming extremely awkward, while on one occasion he was involved in an amusing *contretemps* with Forrest. The Cambridge team were attacking when Forrest grabbed the ball from somewhere behind a loose scrum and made off across the field toward the opposite corner flag. Gadney, the referee, ordered a scrum, but by this time Forrest cared for nothing but a try, and was well away. Hollis went across to him and brought him crashing to the ground just short of the line, where the two of them were joined by two others, equally oblivious of the teams waiting patiently for their return; and amid loud cheers from excited spectators as unnoticing as themselves, and the laughter of the rest of us, they fought the matter out—a sort of quorum.

R. B. Bruce-Lockhart proved to be one of the most disappointing players on the field, and with one or two exceptions managed to do most things wrongly. He seemed unable to bring himself to pass out, and as a result the three-quarter movement suffered considerably. Once he might easily have dropped a goal, but when about to kick changed his mind and began to run with the ball, only to be bowled over with nothing accomplished but a run from the centre towards the wing.

To my mind, quite the most outstanding player on the field was Ian Watts at stand-off for Oxford, and had he had a better service from T. R. Thomas, the scrum-half, the score would have looked rather different. Watts has an extraordinary little body, rather reminiscent of a rubber ball—indeed, on one occasion I honestly believe he bounced on to his feet after being tackled. Added to resilience he has flexibility, and wriggles his way through the opposition in an extraordinary manner. He it was, too, who kicked both the penalty goals for his side.

Thomas was a mistaken choice, I feel, on the part of Freakes, who, incidentally, played as good and steady a game as ever; Bourne, the Harlequin scrum half, might have been a better substitute.

The forwards were good on both sides, and in the tight scrums there was little to choose between them, which says a good deal for W. O. Chadwick's captaincy and for his capacity as a hooker, for on paper Oxford were very much stronger. As for R. M. Marshall, he seemed to get little chance of doing one of his famous runs, but played as vigorously as ever, breathing out fire and slaughter wherever he went.

Thus, for another year, University Rugby has come and gone as far as Twickenham is concerned. There is no further need for prophecy. Readers may hold their own post-mortems.

L. N. R.

BRITAIN'S FINEST FORWARD

R. M. Marshall played as vigorously as ever in the University match, but had little chance of distinguishing himself

FROM TEE TO GREEN

VI.—The Pitch Shot

By E. R. TIPPLE

NO shot is more admired than the high pitch—the ball sailing up into the air and dropping dead on the green without any appreciable run, even when the ground is not soft. The stroke, as played by the professional, appears so very simple, yet the average golfer finds it extremely difficult to execute successfully. But there must be command of this stroke before any real progress can be made in the playing of the game.

Compston believes that the ordinary straightforward pitch with a mashie-niblick represents the easiest movement in the whole game. The movements themselves may be simple and easy, but I am convinced that most golfers have a very different opinion. They prefer to play the pitch and run because if that shot is mis-hit the result can still prove effective. With the pitch there is practically no margin for error, and this knowledge is very disturbing to say the least.

When using a lofted club the inexperienced golfer tends to "spoon" the ball into the air—that is to say, he tries to help the club elevate the ball instead of concentrating on his swing and allowing the club-head to do its own work. The greater the loft of the club the more this tendency becomes apparent. There must be no suspicion of digging at the ball, neither must the club be laid back and a glancing blow imparted. The shot should be a decisive one, the ball struck firmly even for the shortest of pitches. Indeed, I believe that the nearer you get to the green the firmer should the approach shot be played.

Undoubtedly many players make the pitch more difficult because they imagine the shot demands quite a different style from the one used for the other strokes, consequently they evolve all kinds of weird swings, none of which are at all suitable. All the experts are agreed on one point—there should be little weight movement. The left heel should be kept as near the ground as possible throughout the entire stroke. Naturally there must be a slight transference of weight, but this must never be allowed to get out of control. The player should stand nearer the ball because of the shorter shaft, and this closer stance will naturally produce the desired upright swing.

When the ball is addressed "Take up your stance as though you were going to hit the ball right away far left of the flag," R. A. Whitcombe says, "put the sole of the club on the ground and turn the shaft in your hands until the face is towards the target you are aiming at. Then swing the club parallel with your feet." Sounds quite easy, but few handicap golfers follow this correct method. They know they should use an open stance, but when they have placed their feet in position and put their mashie-niblick behind the ball they find that the club-head is pointing to the left also. To correct this they turn over their hands and this alteration of the grip brings the left wrist well over on top of the shaft. Such a grip is asking for a hook—the exact opposite of the shot intended and required. This question of the grip is of vital importance, and is the cause of most of the bad shots experienced.

It is therefore seen that the grip should be the orthodox one used for every other kind of stroke. Both the stance and the grip for the pitch should be the same as if you were playing a normal shot to the left of the objective; the open club-face is really incidental. The club is swung in the normal manner—care being taken not to over-swing and so lose control—but, because the club-face is open and pointing towards the target, the shot becomes a cut-up slice, the ball pitching slightly to the left of the hole and jumping a few feet to the right before coming to rest. Thus the stroke is a combination of back-spin and side-spin.

As the most natural tendency is to slice the ball, the average golfer should be an adept at this pitch shot. The reason he is not, according to Compston, is because of his weak left arm and lack of strength in the fingers and wrists. He says: "The trouble is to prevent the right hand throwing the club-head at the ball first. The chief weakness of the handicap man is that he cannot play with a straight left arm—that's a thing that can only be cultivated in childhood. But this shot is an exception. There is no excuse for the most portly business man golfer not to retain a straight left arm for this particular shot—for the simple reason that the backswing is not long enough for him to need to bend it." So it is essential to keep the left arm straight, particularly on the backswing. If you find you are bending it, the probability is you are taking back the club too far.

Stress has been laid on the question of the straight left arm, but the right elbow must not be allowed to wander away from the body. The familiar tip about placing a handkerchief under the right arm and keeping it there throughout the entire stroke is useful. If you can do this, then there is no danger of that dreaded disease—shanking. The right elbow should point downwards, not outwards.

Backspin is imparted by the face of the club coming into contact with the ball as it is moving downwards. The ball must be hit first, ground afterwards; not the turf first then the ball. You cannot hit the ball a downward blow if the club-head has reached the bottom of its arc and is being swung upwards for the follow through. To assist this downward hit, the ball in the address should be nearer the right foot than the left. The experts aim at hitting the ball just below the centre on the downward stroke, allowing the blade of the club to go on through, picking up turf on the other side of the ball. The ground is used to advantage; much the same principle as used when squeezing a grape with two fingers, in the words of the American, H. B. Martin. As he points out, the higher you strike on the back side of the ball the greater the spin obtained.

The pitch shot can be played with a variety of clubs according to the distance demanded. In most sets there is too great a difference between the No. 7, or mashie-niblick, and the No. 8. In my own I discovered the loft of the former to be 42 deg. and the latter 50 deg. So I had a club made with a loft of 46 deg., and this is most useful for short pitch shots. Because of a smaller head than an ordinary niblick I have found it better for shots from awkward lies. Confidence is a priceless asset, and to be able to pitch successfully you must be really confident. Select the club you prefer, and whatever the distance be definite and not slack. Flicking the ball is of no avail.

BOXING DAY RUGBY.—The Preston Grasshoppers Rugby Football Club will be holding their Annual Public Schoolboys' Trial game on Boxing Day morning, and from this match sides will be selected to take part in the following games:

January 2nd (morning): Preston *v.* Fylde Schoolboys at Preston.
January 5th: Preston and Fylde Schoolboys *v.* Waterloo Schoolboys, at Waterloo.
January 6th: Preston *v.* Blackburn Schoolboys at Blackburn.

Any boys residing, or who will be holidaying in this district and would like to take part in the trial, should send along their names, school, age and the position in which they usually play, to E. Thompson, Keppelstone, Kingsway, Penwortham, Preston, not later than Tuesday morning, December 20th, 1938.

HOMAGE TO ST. VINCENT

Fêtes of Burgundy

By PIERRE PONNELLE

WHO is it who, in the past, conferred upon wine its real titles of honour? Not the heathens, for they hardly ever spoke of wine, except to work themselves up at the orgies of Bacchus, and his priests and priestesses. For one thing, they never knew how to make real wine, no matter whether it was diluted, watered, boiled, smoked, tarred, spiced, aromatised or flavoured with pitch; their wine, generally speaking, was but a queer mixture, an awful hotch-potch of all sorts of ingredients.

THE ST. VINCENT OF NUITS ST. GEORGES

It was the Jews who, for the first time, appreciated wine at its true value. In fact, the Bible has been an invaluable advertisement for wine, for had it not the sanction of the Almighty? In 1924, when the prohibition campaign threatened to extinguish common sense amongst our friends overseas, a New York publisher hit upon the idea of publishing a Bible revised by Professors of Yale University from which the word "wine" had been deleted. This dishonest proceeding would have entailed some difficulty, inasmuch as in Holy writ, wine-growers, the vine, and wine are mentioned 441 times.

Such was the purport of a speech made on January 22nd in the low vaults of the little Church of Chambolle-Musigny, to an immense representative audience, who had been gathered from all parts of France to celebrate the Feast of St. Vincent, the Patron Saint of Wine-Growers. On this occasion the Abbé Krau, the spiritual guide of Burgundian wine-growers, and parish priest of Vosne-Romanée, from his sacred rostrum, bestowed a most impressive blessing on wine, the product of so much labour and patience.

The crowd assembled under the ægis of their venerable Patron—workers with faces bearing the mark of their daily toil, labourers of the vineyard and wine-makers, rich and poor, but all engaged in the same craft—saw on that day, in these religious celebrations, the justification of their many years of arduous labour and a recognition of their noble achievements. We are indebted to the Knights of the famous "Confrérie du Tastevin" for having revived these Burgundian rites which in observance extend from the annual thanksgiving offered in the church of a straggling village of the Côte d'Or to processions and revels bringing together an enthusiastic crowd of merry-makers.

From one end of the year to the other, all over the Burgundian vineyards, a succession of festivals takes place. Often their origin can be traced to local history, whilst in others they owe their birth to some pretext ingeniously suggested and gladly accepted.

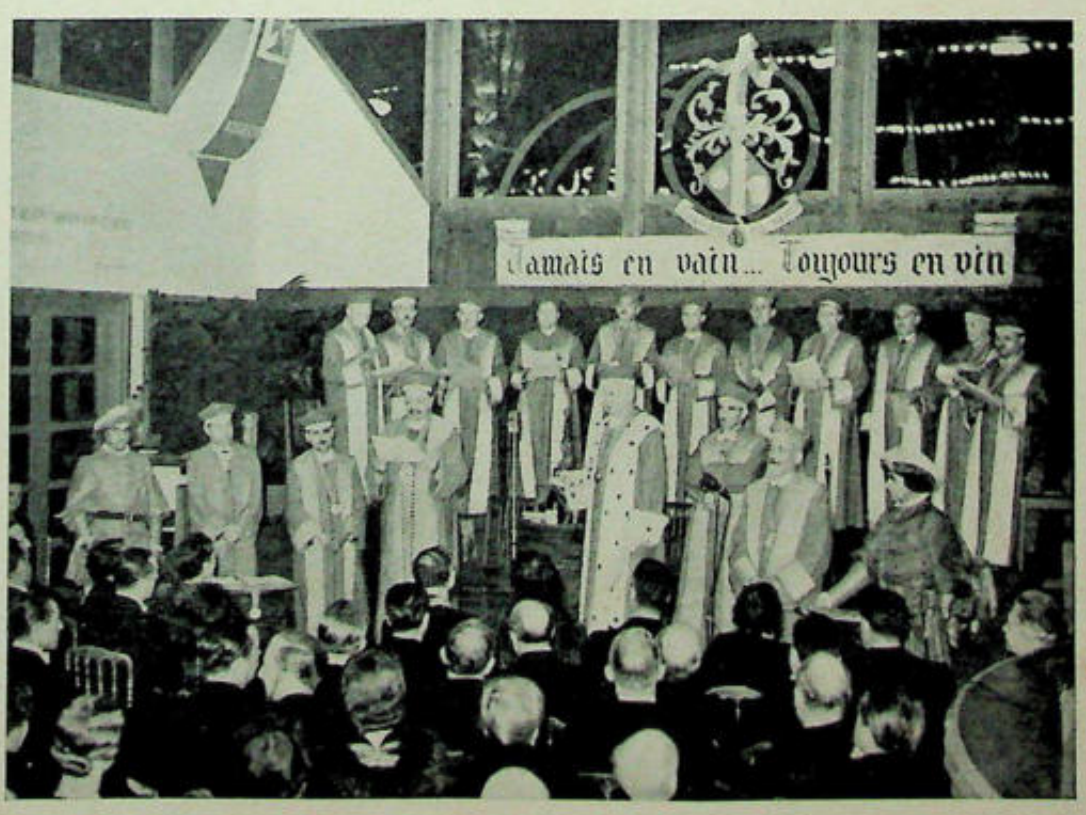
The villages, though unpretentious, all bear famous names, such as those of Gevrey-Chambertin, Morey St. Denis, Chambolle-Musigny, Vougeot, Vosne-Romanée, Corton, Savigny, Pommard, Volnay, Meursault, Monthelie, Chassagne, Santenay, and they draw from local folk-lore or tradition a stimulus to collective merriment resulting in sumptuous and picturesque feasts. These are typically Burgundian, when the culinary art, sublime without exaggeration, supports the local "great lords," namely, old bottles in which is stored up much love and sunshine. Those who practise, or at least it is to be hoped do, the cult of Burgundy wine, should also be anxious to visit the land of its birth. Behind these famous wines there lie hidden many fascinating treasures of historical, artistic and architectural interest.

As befits determined enthusiasts, the Knights of the "Confrérie du Tastevin" hold solemn meetings at Nuits St. Georges about ten times every year. The élite of the political and learned world, not only in France but abroad, belong to this body derived from the Middle Ages, and eminent Britons are amongst its members. Burgundian bards enliven the gatherings.

At Beaune, the wine festivals are of a special character; they take us to the Court of Burgundy Wine, where everything in this ancient city of the Burgundian trade is artistically set and fancy gives way to style. The mediæval aspect of the celebrated hospices imparts an impressive touch to the celebrations, where the most exquisite dishes are served and scintillating wines are selected to harmonise with them.

THE ST. VINCENT OF THE "CONFRÉRIE DU TASTEVIN."

At Meursault the famous "Paulée" is still celebrated—a great and merry village banquet to which each guest brings some of his best wine for himself and his neighbours at the table. During the banquet an annual prize is awarded for the best literary composition on the theme of wine. There are many other festivals of a similar nature, and visitors to Burgundy will find many things to admire and enjoy and ample reason for paying homage to and discovering the qualities of the great Burgundy wines and the exquisite Burgundian cooking.



A PROCESSION AT THE CHÂTEAU DE LA BERCHÈRE, NUITS ST. GEORGES, AND A CEREMONIAL GATHERING OF OFFICERS OF THE "CONFRÉRIE DU TASTEVIN"

Solemn meetings of this society are held about ten times a year, and the élite of the political and learned world in France and abroad belong to it

"GENTLEMEN, THE KING!"

A Loyal Toast Long Honoured with Port

IT was during the reign of Edward III that Portuguese wine was first introduced to the British Isles. Under his rule concessions were granted to the Portuguese fishermen to fish for cod off the coast of Cornwall. They brought over with them skins of wine from the Province of the Minho, in the North of Portugal, which they bartered for British commodities. The wines were more of the type of Burgundy than Port Wine, as it is known to-day, and to this introduction may be traced the origin of many of the old-established wine merchants of fame in the West of England.

At that time the wines from the Douro District were unknown in this country, but history relates that the two sons of a British wine merchant were sent to Portugal by their father in 1678 "to learn the wine business." One night they dined at the monastery in Oporto, and were given wine of a quality higher than they had previously seen, and which came from the Douro District. They bought all they could procure and shipped it to England. From then on the business in wines from the Douro District began to develop, being assisted largely by the Methuen Treaty made between Portugal and England in 1703. These wines were, however, also of the Burgundy type; they were known as "Wine of Oporto," being shipped from that great city; but between 1832 and 1847 it became the practice of Port Wine shippers to fortify their wines with Portugal grape brandy at the time of manufacture, thus providing Port Wine of the sort known to-day.

Through the middle of last century Port Wine built up for itself a reputation in the British Isles second to none, and became the popular wine which it remains to-day. Its success was largely attributable to the series of magnificent "Vintages" in the 'fifties, 'sixties and 'seventies, which were the produce of the national vine of Portugal, but during the late 'seventies and early 'eighties the Douro District was overrun by disease, the Phylloxera, which attacked the vines themselves, with the result that at one time it seemed probable that the Douro District would never again produce the fine wines which had brought it into prominence. The disease was, however, overcome, as elsewhere, by the introduction of the American stock, on to which the national vines of Portugal were grafted, this stock being resistant to the disease. The same practice is followed to-day.

The only place in the world where Port Wine can be produced is the Douro District of Portugal, which is a demarcated area along the banks of the River Douro, being of a hilly nature and of schistose soil. The special charms of the wine are attributable to the soil and climate of the region, and it is no more possible to produce Port Wine in, say, Australia than it would be to produce wines in the Douro District having the characteristics of Australian wines. The District has been demarcated by the Portuguese Government, which has taken extensive measures for the proper supervision of the industry and the wines themselves by the formation of Government Departments for the purpose. No Port Wine is allowed to leave Oporto until it has been passed by the expert Government tasters, and it is then shipped to Great Britain with a certificate of origin granted by the Portuguese Government. In this certificate lies a very proper guarantee for the public of the genuineness and quality of the wine.

The British Government recognises that Port Wine can be produced nowhere in the world outside the Douro District, and on more than one occasion, both by treaty and commercial agreement with Portugal, has confirmed its recognition. The name "Port" or "Port Wine" is therefore protected by law in this country, and a still further protection for the public is thus provided.

Port Wine to-day retains its popularity in Great Britain, where, for well over a century, it has been universally recognised as eminently suited to the climate by virtue of its special features. The ordinary Port Wine consumed has been matured for many years in cask in the Lodges at Oporto under the care of shipping firms having a galaxy of experience and knowledge behind them, many of whom are British and in which millions of British capital are invested.

If the best is to be obtained, the consumer would be well advised to patronise wine merchants of standing who understand the wines they sell and are competent to select for their customers those calculated to suit their individual tastes. In former times the wine merchant was just as much a "Family Adviser" as the doctor and solicitor, and the great majority of merchants to-day can be relied upon to select their wines wisely and to advise upon them. The pity is, however, that many consumers in these days of haste omit to give their purchases of Port Wine the study they merit, neglect to consult their wine merchants, and regard Port Wine as a commodity to be bought with little more attention than a box of matches.

Port is a pure wine, it being unnecessary to add any ingredient for the purposes of colouring or sweetening it, as the colour is obtained from the pigments in the skin of the grape, and the method of making the wine ensures the retention of the natural sugars of the grape, which are so beneficial to mankind. It is also interesting to observe that the bloom on the grape is the agent enabling fermentation in the first instance.

Port is surrounded by a glory of its own, which is probably unequalled by that of any other wine, and it may be significant that it is so consistently employed for drinking His Majesty's health. It merits respect and admiration for many reasons, but it would be unfair to omit from these the fact that it is produced in the country of the oldest ally possessed by Great Britain. There are types of Port Wine for all occasions, from the hunting field to the banquet—"Full," "Medium" or "Ruby," "Tawny," and White Port, the last named being made in exactly the same way as red but from white grapes. Perhaps, however, the King of Wines is "Vintage Port." This is a small selected quantity of none but the finest wines made in any one especially fine year, and it is matured in bottle as opposed to cask, which method gives it the full, round, luscious generosity upon which the reputation of Port Wine has through the years been built. It is a wine that breeds friendship and mutual confidence, just as much to-day as of yore, and the appreciation of which denotes the connoisseur. Fortunately the price of "Vintage Port," after the post-War years of high prices, is to-day well within the reach of most, which accounts for the greater interest now being taken in it by all classes.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and whilst Port Wine has many imitators, none of them have ever been able even to shake it on its pedestal. It is there because its worth has been proved for the last 250 years, and it is not surprising, therefore, that it should be found to-day to be the most popular dessert wine used throughout the British Isles.

GRAPE CARRIERS OF THE DOURO TAKING THEIR BASKETS TO THE VINEYARDS AND RETURNING WITH THEIR LOADS

PRIMITIVE TRANSPORT OF PORTUGAL WHICH STILL FINDS ITS PLACE IN MODERN LIFE

By courtesy of Messrs. Williams & Humbert

A BUTT OF SHERRY AND THREE STALWARTS TO PUSH IT

Men whose fathers and grandfathers have worked in the Sherry bodegas at Jerez-de-la-Frontera

COMMON SENSE ABOUT SHERRY

How to Buy, What to Buy, and When to Serve

THE first thing for everyone to remember about Sherry is that there is no need to bother about dates of vintage years. There is not, nor ever has been, any such thing as vintage Sherry, because Sherry is always a blended wine. If, therefore, you see upon any Sherry label, or in any price-list, the words "Vintage 19—," or anything of that kind, it will not impress you—except unfavourably.

Sometimes there is found on Sherry labels the word "Solera," followed by a date, say, for example "Solera 18—." This requires explanation. Sherry is stored and matured in a unique way, that is in big casks in large airy over-ground cellars, called "bodegas." These casks are never moved, and are divided into various sets or "runs" of casks, called "soleras." Each solera has been started off in days gone by by putting an equal quantity of old wine into each cask. Thereafter there has been added to each cask equal quantities of rather younger but similar wine, which mixes with the older wine and takes on some of its mellowness and roundness.

Occasionally an equal quantity of wine is drawn off from each cask of a solera to be used as an ingredient of a Sherry being blended for shipment; and always, as soon as possible afterwards, some younger wine is added to the solera to take the place of that which has been drawn off. Soleras do not usually stand alone, but are fed from, and themselves feed, other soleras, so that wine often passes through four or five or more soleras before some of it finally emerges as an ingredient of a blend.

It follows from the above that the contents of his soleras, and the orderly sequence thereof, are a Sherry shipper's greatest assets and no shipper in his senses would ship even one cask of wine straight from a solera. The most, therefore, that the words "solera 18—" can mean on a label is that the Sherry in the bottle contains an appreciable quantity of wine from a solera which was started in 18— (but which, of course, has had many relays of younger wine through it since).

In this connection there is an interesting and instructive story. When Prohibition was repealed a few years ago, the U.S. Government with the praiseworthy idea of preventing the American people from being imposed on, passed a series of stringent regulations about the labelling of wines, one of which was that every label should bear the age of the wine contained therein. This regulation, had, however, to be abandoned in the case of Sherry, because, owing to the solera system, as will be obvious, it is mathematically quite impossible to give an exact age to any Sherry.

Occasionally a Sherry will be described simply as "Solera Sherry." This is really a misnomer altogether, for in that connection the word "solera" has simply been borrowed by the English and used inaccurately to mean what is more accurately described as a dark Oloroso Sherry.

These words—Solera, Bodega, Oloroso, &c.—are Spanish, and it should never be forgotten that Sherry is a wine of Spanish origin, and that all genuine Sherry comes from a small district in the South of Spain round about the town of Jerez-de-la-Frontera. Always, therefore, look for the words "Produce of Spain" on the label when you are buying Sherry.

The reader may now say: Yes, that is all very well. You have told me not to bother about vintage years, you have told me what the word "Solera," alone or with a date, means on a label, and you have warned me to watch out for the words "Produce of Spain," but am I really much further on? Tell me, please, how can I ensure that, when I buy Sherry, it is good Sherry?

The answer to that question is the same as it would be for any commodity other than Sherry. If you do not know enough yourself to distinguish between good and bad, or, rather, between better and worse, you must go to an absolutely reliable merchant, who is an expert, has nothing but good sound wine in his cellar, and will honestly advise you on your purchases. Very probably he will do more than advise you; he will teach you a lot about Sherry, so that in due course you will be able to rely on your own judgment. If you cannot find such a wine merchant, then you must proceed by trial and error to discover which of the shipper's brands of Sherry suits you best, and then stick steadily to that.

One further question suggests itself. There are a great many different sorts of Sherry. How is a prospective buyer to tell from the names what kind of wine he or she will find in the bottle? The following table will give the answer:

FINO.—Pale delicate dry aperitif Sherry, made in Jerez.

MONTILLA.—Very special and very dry pale aperitif Sherry, made in Montilla and matured in Jerez.

AMONTILLADO.—High-class, rather dry, fino Sherry, made in Jerez to resemble in style wines formerly made only in Montilla.

VINO DE PASTO.—Literally "wine of the repast"; less expensive, pale, rather dry Sherry.

MANZANILLA.—Distinctive, pale, very dry aperitif Sherry, with a "tang" of its own acquired from the fact that it is made and matured by the sea.

OLOROSO.—Darker, fuller and usually rather less dry wine. Can be drunk before, during or after meals.

GOLDEN.—A light Oloroso suitable for general purposes.

AMOROSO.—A rich golden wine, rather sweet, which is drunk before or at the beginning of meals by those who do not like their wines too dry.

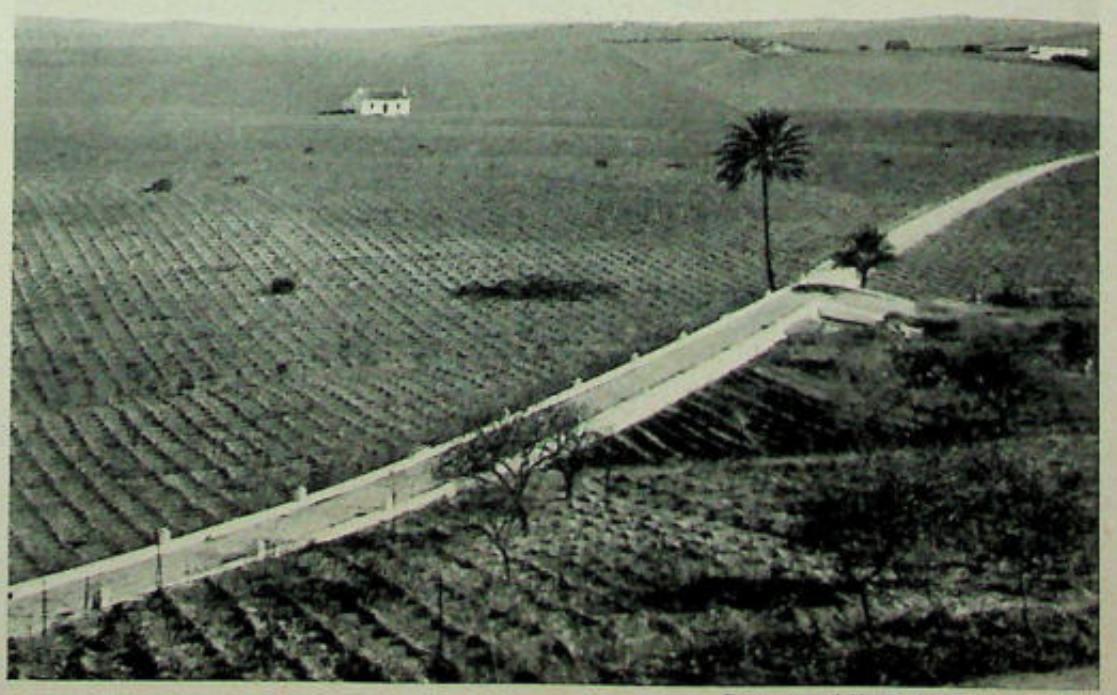
SOLERA.—A dark golden wine with body which can be drunk before or after meals.

BROWN.—A rich, dark and rather sweet Sherry, to be drunk after meals, particularly with nuts and dessert.

EAST INDIA.—Now, usually, simply a not too full-bodied Brown Sherry, but formerly, and occasionally still, an Oloroso or Brown Sherry which had been shipped in cask in a sailing vessel across the world to the East Indies and back, before being bottled.

In conclusion, it should be stated that, although connoisseurs may insist on ultra dry Sherries, there is no sense in the average host or hostess forcing down his or her or their guests' throats Sherries which are so dry as to be unpalatable. The above list shows that there are Sherries of every type available for every occasion. Note, however, that although not an expensive wine, genuine Sherry can never be very cheap, because there is so little of it available. Good Sherry is a fine thing in itself and, in the long run, quite economical to serve. Bad Sherry is an abomination and expensive at any price.

CASKS AND AN OLD-FASHIONED CANDLE BOX FOR TESTING THE BRIGHTNESS OF SHERRY



By courtesy of Messrs. Williams & Humbert

A JEREZ VINEYARD IN AUTUMN

A MEMORY OF CHAMPAGNE

THE LUNCHEON AT THE ABBEY OF HAUTVILLERS, JUNE 28TH, 1932

NO member of the party who made the aerial journey to the shrine of Dom Pérignon to celebrate the 250th anniversary of "The Discovery of Sparkling Champagne" is ever likely to forget it. It took place on June 28th, 1932, and from start to finish the proceedings were worthy of a great occasion.

Guests from London set out in six air liners, carrying a dozen to fourteen passengers, and a squadron of private 'planes brought further reinforcements. The liners landed in a thunderstorm at Bethany Military Aerodrome, but the weather obligingly cleared up for the celebrations. From the moment of arrival it was champagne all the way; even at the aerodrome the military were pressed into service to regale each guest with sparkling refreshment. We were a mixed party, and it is nice to think that when we were assembled with those invited from other countries we were described as "l'élite des mondes politique, diplomatique, littéraire, scientifique, artistique, économique, medical et gastronomique."

There was much to do. Mr. Cochrane was called upon to assist the committee charged with the responsibility of electing the "Queen of Champagne"; there were songs and dances in national costume, and a "Ballet de la Mousse"; and receptions by the Mayors of Rheims and Epernay. But the main feature of the programme was the unveiling of a memorial to Dom Pérignon at the Abbaye d'Hautvillers, preceded by a banquet under the pleached avenue overlooking the valley of Epernay, and a great procession to the cloisters. The déjeuner provided for the guests was a triumph in gastronomic art. Here is the menu:

Truite Saumonée au Vin de Cumières
Paté de Pigeon Rémois
Jambonneau de Reims a la Gelée
Asperges d'Hermonville sauce Gribiche
Port du Salut de l'Abbaye d'Igny et Marolle
Fruits rafraîchis au Champagne
Sablés
Les beaux produits des Vergers de France
Biscuits et Masse pains de Reims
Les Dom Pérignon

And for wines—"Tous les Grands Vins de Champagne." This surpasses imagination. And the wines of Champagne flowed to such an extent that I considered it wise to call a halt. For this action I was duly reproved by a French banker opposite to me, who said, "No, no, you must drink it. A puff of air will blow it away!" In this he was right, for Champagne has the merit of cheering without inebriating, if not abused beyond all reason.

Following the lunch came the impressive procession of the Archbishop of Rheims, His Excellency Monseigneur Suhard, to the Abbey cloisters, escorted by a Guard of Honour of "Les Bâtons de St. Vincent," the patron saint of vignerons. It was rich with colour and the magnificence of ecclesiastical robes, and the Bishop of Guildford taking part in it struck quite a sombre note. One felt that he ought also to have been in robes to fit the occasion.

Then came the great event of the day—the unveiling of the memorial by Monseigneur Suhard, assisted by the auxiliary Bishop of Rheims and the Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne and, incidentally, among many others, Lady Londonderry. Afterwards the guests were received at the Mairie of Epernay, passing through cheering crowds, and being heralded by a fanfare of trumpets from Dragoons and the playing of the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" by a regimental band. The Mayor, M. Paul Depuiset, put the final note on the proceedings in a speech in which he eulogised the virtues of champagne in a phrase it would be impossible to equal. It must be quoted in his own words, for translation would spoil it.

He said: "A ce vin vous rendez homage. Vous l'avez, j'en suis sûr, apprecié comme il convient pour sa legèreté, sa finesse exquise, sa mousse si parfumée, sa griserie légère qui donne à tous la joie de vivre, rend l'espoir aux désenchantés, provoque l'éclat de rire dans le danger, la chanson de la joie, la confiance dans le malheur." Can you have further reason than this for truly appreciating Champagne; that not only does it inspire song in rejoicing, but also hope in despair?

The guests assembled for their return by 'plane, filled with champagne and a "griserie légère."

They were seen off by their hosts. Someone called for a Monsieur Heidsieck; there were names bandied about that sounded like a galaxy of magnums, and it seemed fantastic that here in the flesh were the high priests of champagne. I also sped the parting guests, for I had determined that my wife should join me and also appreciate the products of Champagne. And I was fortunate to come under the care of M. Seydoux, of the firm of Krug, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude. It was M. Seydoux who found us that hotel, "not de luxe, perhaps, but very comfortable and reasonable," and who took us over his caves.

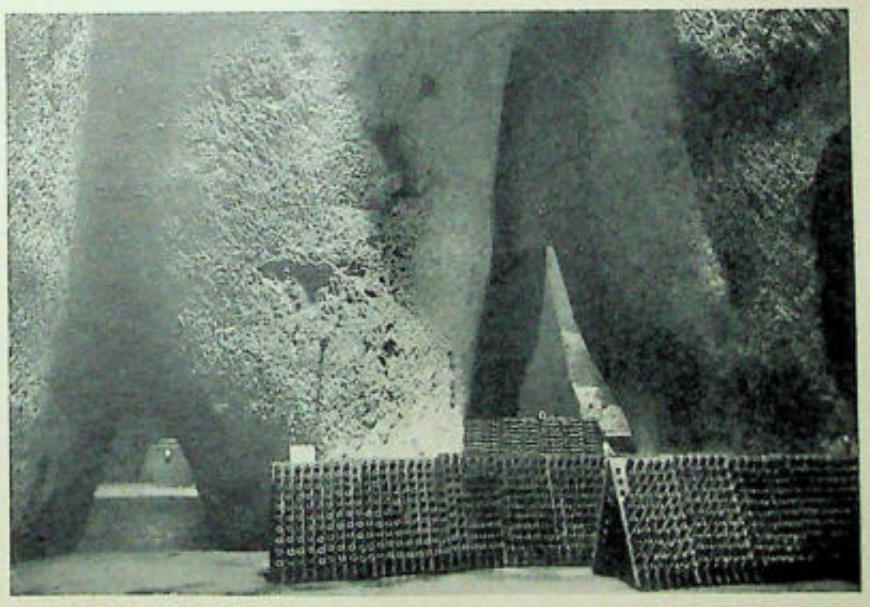
This was an experience not to be missed. Long-handled platter-like candlesticks were brought, the candles lit, and we descended into the depths of the earth. There the marvels and mysteries which go to the making of champagne were explained. We followed its progress from the storage of the new wine to the bottle. We saw the *pupitres* and the expert *remueurs* skilfully turning the inverted bottles until all sediment is gathered in the neck, witnessed the *dégorgement* of the frozen deposit (it is not always frozen for extraction), and the careful *dosage* with old wine sweetened with honey to suit the various tastes, and the final corking with huge corks under pressure, and the wiring. One picture remains fixed in my memory, that of an artist, whose sole occupation is to brand and smell the corks. Upon his nice sense of odour, which apparently runs in families, depends the success of all the scientific processes to which the wine is submitted.

The "cellars" of Champagne should be counted among the wonders of the world. These "cellars" stretch for miles below ground. Those of Epernay were made expressly for the storage of wine, big vaulted galleries; those of Rheims are an inheritance from the times of the Romans, great caverns with domed roofs, labyrinthine passages of inspiring grandeur. They have served their country well. For years of war they saved the precious fluid they contain from the destruction. It has been estimated that the total of bottles in these cellars of Champagne is some 150,000,000.

M. Seydoux took us by car round vineyards bearing celebrated names, and it seemed as though the sun itself shed a special champagne glow upon them.

We gazed upon many a noted *clos* and were told that the separation of one side of a road from the other might mean all the difference in the world between the growths.

THE GRAPE HARVEST AT AY
By courtesy of Messrs. Bollinger



IN THE TREASURE CAVES OF RHEIMS
By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Heidsieck

We had worshipped at the shrine of the greatest of wines, and if, as is averred, Dom Pérignon did not actually put the bubbles in champagne, or if he was not the first to cork a new wine, at any rate, the cellarer of Hautvillers, and director of its vineyards, did put the cork in and did place champagne upon the pinnacle it occupies. His name should be blessed by many an invalid who owes restoration to health to his endeavours.

When we returned to our hotel after visiting the caves I ordered a bottle of Krug in honour of our guide. I have the bill of my kindly host of the Hotel Foch in front of me. The franc was then 90 to the £ and the cost of the bottle was 15 francs! For a week we improved our knowledge of champagne.

One memory of Rheims is that of trying to telephone the Westminster Bank in London. It is a very difficult feat to spell out this name to a French telephone exchange girl. The assistant behind the counter came to my aid, but even he could not succeed until he had an inspiration. "Vesmanstaire," he cried. "The Palace where the King lives!" I secured my connection immediately.

My advice is, go to Rheims if you can. You may not become an expert on vintages, but you will have a very pleasant time in making contact with the growers of a wine which is the Pride of France.

R. N. ROSE.

The Gift a man will appreciate!

A XMAS CASE OF

VAT 69

SCOTCH WHISKY

Quality tells!

Attractively packed for Christmas in cases of

2 BOTTLES
3 BOTTLES
6 BOTTLES
12 BOTTLES

•

½ bottles,
¼ bottles,
flasks and
miniatures

Sanderson's

LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

Distilled and bottled in Scotland by Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., LEITH

C.F.H.

BOLSKUMMEL

In sipping Bolskummel you sip the authentic Dutch . . . the inspiration of all other Kummels . . . the Rembrandt as opposed to its copies. In it you can savour the flavour of the finest caraway seeds in the world . . . double-distilled to assure you good digestion.

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

Very Dry.. to suit the English Palate

UNLOADING THE CASKS OF YOUNG BRANDY AS IT ARRIVES FROM THE LOCAL DISTILLERS
This Brandy is matured for many years in barrels of Limousin oak

QUALITY IN BRANDY

The Product of a Sound and Careful Upbringing

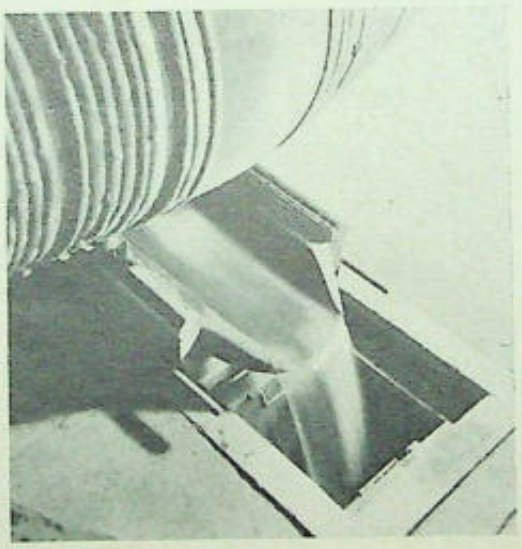
By FREDERICK HENNESSY

EVER since my early schooldays, when in an ill-advised attempt at sophistication I used—and misspelt—the word "liqueur" in an essay, thus exposing myself to the derision of the classroom, I have learned to mistrust this word, and I decided then and there that in any future connections with the brandy business I would, as it were, hitch my wagon to the stars.

In later years I have found more concrete reasons for my suspicion of the word "liqueur" in connection with brandy. For one thing, it conjures up in my mind the idea of something rather sugary and soft—a description which in no way fits a fine old brandy. And, more important, it implies a clear-cut dividing line between brandy and liqueur brandy, which certainly is not true of the way in which genuine Cognac is produced and offered to the public.

In the old days the brandy-lover would choose a cask of a good year for its quality alone and drink it only when it had reached an age to suit his palate.

Nowadays the great Cognac houses, who for generations have been accumulating vast stocks of carefully matured brandy, undertake this task themselves. In other words, they select the best brandies each year (some for their body, some for bouquet and still others for their finesse), blend them to a perfectly balanced standard, and mature them in casks for varying lengths of time before bottling. Therefore it is not their quality which varies but the length of time the brandy has been



FROM THE CASK TO THE VAT

in cask, so that it is difficult to say at what stage in its life it passes from an ordinary brandy to a liqueur brandy.

Everyone knows the feminine cult of the "little man round the corner" who runs up a dress better and cheaper than anyone else, thereby imparting a certain proprietary feeling in the person who has been clever enough to discover and patronise him. But the cult is not entirely feminine, and liqueur brandy gives the male his chance in the same field.

For some reason it has become a fetish to have discovered a few cobwebby bottles of some obscure brandy, long since forgotten in the cellars of a defunct relative, or to have purchased from some source a bottle whose eloquent label is nearly, but not quite, obliterated by cobwebs of a more synthetic nature. And this legend of the bottle is hard to kill.

Liqueur brandy might be likened to a man—a man is as old as he feels, and a genuine fine brandy is as old as it tastes. Both rely upon a good constitution at birth, upon sound and careful upbringing, which in time will replace the fire of their youthful vigour by a strong and well-developed character. Both will reach a peak when their natural vigour is perfectly balanced by their maturity, and both will have to face an age, sooner or later, according to their constitution, when natural exhaustion will overcome them.

For it is a fallacy that an old brandy is necessarily a good brandy. Character, or quality, is what counts, and even that will die if the brandy is too old. By this I do not mean that some old brandy has not certain advantages over its younger brother, but I contend that too much importance can be attached to age and particularly to age on the label.

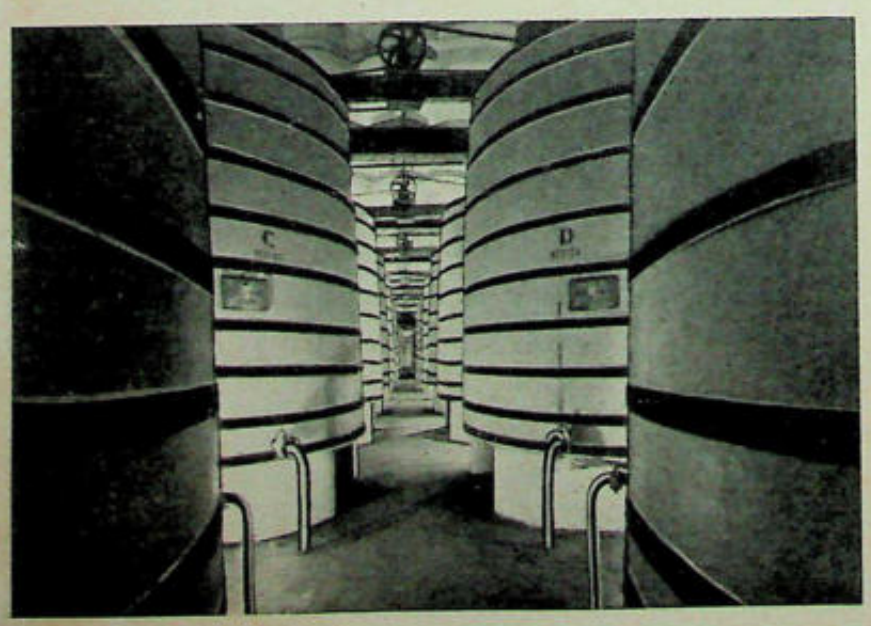
But how can one rely on one's palate, how detect this pure, honest quality? I will answer by quoting an expert whose knowledge of the subject has previously been demonstrated in these columns, and whose eloquence I cannot improve upon:

"A fine brandy should taste sweet, but with a natural richness that you will soon distinguish from the artificial, and a round, fruity flavour should pervade the mouth.

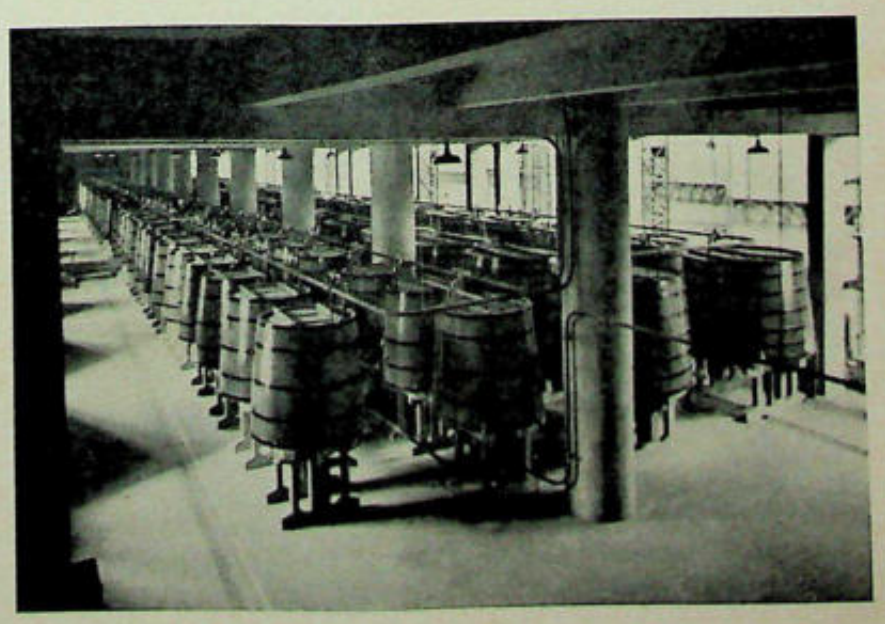
"If there has been any faking, the sweet will be thick and the flavour thin, and when swallowed it will be prickly, whereas a genuine old drop will slide down with a little kick certainly—all good spirit that has not been unduly watered should give that—but no prick. And afterwards! With a fake the flavour has gone, but with a fine brandy it lingers on the palate with a taste and smell faintly reminiscent of newly-baked household bread. It seems as though there had been solid and liquid combined in the spirit—meat and drink, and this is perceptible even in new brandy fresh from the still. It is inherent in the grape. And that is one of the surest methods of detecting a faked brandy, be it sweetened never so sweetly, or coloured never so craftily.

"Lastly, keep you hand round your empty glass, and as long as you do, it will be ready to delight you with its glorious aroma.

"Brandy in bottle is a talent hid in a napkin. It does not change its character. As it goes in—fine or inferior, old or young—so it comes out. All its development is in the cask, for, unlike wine, growth and change in a distilled spirit is dependent on access to the air, and is arrested by the cork. That fungus-covered brandy bottle that 'was laid down by my grandfather in the 'fifties' is taken up by his grandson just the same as when the old man binned it away, no younger, indeed, possibly a trifle softer, but no older. So it is to be hoped that grandfather was supplied in the first place with a fine brandy well matured in the wood. If not, no amount of keeping will mend it."



ROW UPON ROW OF HUGE VATS IN WHICH MATURED BRANDIES ARE BLENDED



THE LAST STAGE WHEN THE BRANDY IS READY FOR BOTTLING AND SHIPPING

"One can always trust it"

It may look impressive when liqueur brandy is poured from an old, old bottle covered with the cobwebs of centuries, but cobwebs on the bottle mean nothing. Their place is on the cask. Yet it is easy enough to find fine liqueur brandy; brandy that has aged over forty-five long years in the cask. Simply ask for Hennessy X.O.—old enough to be smooth as silk; but with age nicely balancing body and bouquet; and in that you have a rare and very lovely thing—a perfect liqueur brandy. Because, IT'S THE AGE IN THE CASK THAT COUNTS . . . .

HENNESSY

OVER 45 YEARS OLD

FINE LIQUEUR COGNAC BRANDY

"Shall we join the Gentlemen?"

MARY BORDEN

The famous woman author on an essentially male subject that closely affects all women

How happy they are, all those men, when we leave the dinner-table and they can settle down to the real pleasure of the evening, a good cigar! But why should we leave them? Why not break through the Edwardian convention and stay behind to enjoy the aroma of those delicious leaves from Havana and the talk they inspire. I do when I'm allowed to. I always shall. For I like the fragrance of fine Havana cigars and I particularly like the men who like cigars.

Men who smoke cigars are men of good taste, and good sense. They are men of worth and experience, interesting men. Indeed I've noticed that the more intelligent a man is and the more successful, the greater his appreciation of a choice Havana cigar.

And this applies by no means only to older men. Cigars are not the monopoly of old men wise in the ways of the world. All the young men I like best smoke cigars. I have a list to whom I always send a box of Havanas for Christmas. And I know when I do that these gifts will be those that are more appreciated than any others.

A subtle compliment to a man's taste; the boxes of Havana cigars I am sending to my friends will not bring them pleasure only—they will be a tonic, a stimulant to good talk, sound thinking, matured judgment. I can see a ring of contented faces smiling at me in the distance through the fragrant haze that has risen from far-off Havana.

Issued by the Cuban Government to further the smoking of

HAVANA CIGARS

Comision Nacional de Propaganda del Tabaco Habano

D.A.41

IN THE VINEYARDS, CHÂTEAU D'YQUEM

WINES OF BORDEAUX

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

BORDEAUX holds the pride of place among the vinelands of the world. Nowhere else is there so much fine wine produced as in the valleys of the Garonne and of the Dordogne, before they meet, below Bordeaux, and along both banks of the Gironde, the name under which the waters of those two rivers rush together towards the Bay of Biscay.

The vineyards of Bordeaux may be divided into six main categories :

The first is the Médoc, the strip of land on the left bank of the Gironde, which produces by far the greatest quantity of the best red wines, or Clarets, as well as a little white wine.

The second is the Graves district, to the south-east of the Médoc, on the left bank of the Garonne, from Bordeaux to the Sauternes country ; the Graves vineyards produce a considerable quantity of fine red wines, or Clarets, as well as a great deal of white wines, which are better known under the name of Graves than the red wines.

The third is the the district of St. Emilion and Pomerol, the hilly ground rising above Libourne, on the right bank of the river Dordogne ; both St. Emilion and Pomerol concentrate on the growing of black grapes and the making of red wine or Claret.

The fourth is the Sauternes district, which comprises Barsac, and there we find no black grapes but the finest white grapes from which they make the most luscious and delicious white wines in the world.

The fifth district is the V-shaped hilly ground between the Garonne and the Dordogne, before they meet ; it is called Entre-deux-Mers, that is " 'twixt two waters," and the vineyards of that district produce an abundance of both red and white wines, good, but not so fine, as the wines of the other four districts of the Bordeaux country.

The sixth includes the vineyards situated upon the right bank of the river Gironde, the Bourg and Blaye vinelands, as well as the vineyards planted in some islands in the broad waters of the Gironde ; they yield mostly red wines, less expensive and on that account most useful wines, but, of course, not of the same superlative quality as the best wines of the Médoc, Graves or St. Émilion.

CLARET

Claret is the most wholesome of all wine, because it is the most harmoniously balanced, the most natural ; it is neither blended nor fortified, nor tampered with in any other way. It is just the fresh juice of ripe grapes pressed and allowed to ferment and to find their own salvation in changing their unstable grape-sugar into the more stable form of ethyl alcohol. And besides being a most natural wine, Claret is also the most individual of all wines. In this age of mass-production and standardisation it is still putting up a brave fight to retain its own personality and not to reach a standardised wine-drinking public under the form of some well-advertised label or labels, brand or brands, but under the name of the individual château or estate where it was born and bred.

The cheaper descriptions of Claret, of course, must be blends of young wines so as to be within the means of a greater number of people. But most Clarets, and all of them with any claim to fine quality, are sold under the name of a particular vineyard and under the date of the vintage when the grapes were actually gathered and pressed. All possess a family likeness, but, at the same time, they are endowed with an individuality quite their own, which greatly adds to their other fine qualities.

The red wines of Graves and St. Emilion, from all the many good vineyards in both those districts, are *Premiers Grands Crus :* they call themselves first class, and they do their utmost to deserve being so called. In the Médoc, however, the 60 finest estates or châteaux have been graded, many, many years ago, by expert and independent judges, into five classes.

Châteaux Lafite, Latour and Margaux are the only three châteaux of the Médoc to be placed in the first class, together with Château Haut-Brion, the only Graves officially " classed " ; Château Mouton-Rothschild was placed at the head of the second class, followed by the two Rausans, three Léovilles and ten more ; then came thirteen third growths, eleven fourth and seventeen fifth growths, headed by Château Pontet-Canet.

In a good year, the 60 " classed " growths of the Médoc are responsible for the production of about a million gallons of fine Claret, whilst the rest of the Bordeaux vineyards would produce in the same year some nine million more gallons of Claret of less distinguished quality. Such figures show that the fine quality of the red wines of Bordeaux is backed by important quantities, making it possible for the merchants of Bordeaux to seek and supply markets for all the world over.

WHITE WINES

The vineyards of the Gironde Département, of which Bordeaux is the Metropolis, produce an abundance of white wines which may be divided into two main categories : the white wines of Sauternes and Barsac, in a class by themselves, and the others. The white wines of Sauternes and Barsac are the finest of all naturally sweet wines, being rich and delicious without being cloying.

The finest of them all is the wine of Château d'Yquem, but the wines of Suduiraud, Guiraud; La Tour Blanche and other estates of Sauternes, as well as those of Châteaux Climens and Coutet, in the Commune of Barsac, can be, when the vintage is a favourable one, exceedingly fine.

The other white wines of Bordeaux are drier and lighter wines, mostly from the vineyards of the Graves district. Here, again, there are some outstanding vineyards which are noted for the fine quality of their wines, although in the majority of cases the white wines of Graves are sold under the name of a shipper or of his registered label or brand, irrespective of the name or names of the vineyard or vineyards which originally produced the grapes from which the wine was made. Besides the Graves district, the Médoc and the Entre-deux-Mers also produce some white wines, mostly light table wines.

CHERRY BRANDY SNAPS

"MAY YOUR PURSE BE HEAVY — YOUR HEART LIGHT"

Your heart, at least, can be light, for you can pour out a glass of this glorious cherry brandy and drink to the joy of living. For two hundred years, De Kuyper Cherry Brandy has filled the toast on countless great occasions. To fete an honoured guest, to plight a troth, to seal a bargain, confirm a friendship. There is some toast you should drink to-night, phone your wine merchant, so that you can drink it in this precious drink.

FOURTEEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE

DE KUYPER CHERRY BRANDY

JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD., of BRISTOL

Denmark Street, Bristol. Founded 1796. Wine Merchants to the late King George V.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PORT & SHERRY OFFER

2 bottles Harvey's Club Amontillado Sherry, 5/- per bottle
2 bottles Harvey's BRISTOL MILK Sherry, 10/- do.
2 bottles Harvey's Hunting Port, 7/- do.

FOR 42/-

Carriage and packing free. Cash with order.

To readers overseas—Send one of these cases to your relatives and friends at home for Christmas.

Please write for complete Price List, with particulars of other Christmas cases from 10/- each,

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD. Denmark Street, Bristol, 1.
London Office:—4a, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1

F.10.12.38

PINTAIL SHERRY

THE PERFECT APERITIF

SAMPLE BOTTLE 6/- POST FREE

Matured at JEREZ SPAIN

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON PERTH SCOTLAND
Established 1800

WORKERS AT RIQUEWIHR

WINES OF ALSACE

ALSACE, with its back to the Vosges, faces east and to the Black Forest beyond the fast flowing, fateful waters of the Rhine. It is a land of contrasts, of sombre, pine-clad mountains and of colourful, sweet-scented meadows; of dreary plains and picturesque vineyards.

Alsace enjoyed during four-and-a-half consecutive centuries the *Pax Romana*. It was then that the fruitful vine replaced brambles, gorse and sloes upon the foothills of the Vosges. Then the Roman wall broke down, early in the fifth century, and wave upon wave of barbaric hordes swept over and laid waste the fair land of Alsace.

The vine returned to Alsace with the Gospel, and the monks of the West, during the seventh and eighth centuries, and the vineyards of Alsace have given wine to the civilised world during the last thousand years.

During the German occupation of Alsace from 1871 to 1918, Alsatian wines shared in the prosperity of the new German Empire. They were greatly sought after by the wine merchants of Coblenz, Mayence and Frankfort, who had established a world-wide trade in hocks. According to the Colmar Chamber of Commerce, there were from five-and-a-half to six million gallons of white wines of Alsace sent down the Rhine to German hock shippers, every year during the years of the German occupation.

These wines were sold by themselves or blended with the white wines of German vineyards, and always under a German label, never as Alsatian wines. Germany no longer buys any of the white wines of Alsace; and Alsace, no longer selling any of her wines to Germany, turns to the rest of the world and offers her wares under their own Alsatian names.

There are in Alsace over a hundred communes or parishes, where viticulture is of commercial importance; they are divided fairly equally between the Haut-Rhin (Colmar) and the Bas-Rhin (Strasbourg) and their average annual production is a little over fifteen million gallons of wine.

Among the best wine-producing communes of Alsace, with fairly easy names, are Ammerschwihr, Mittelwihr, Ribeauvillé and Riquewihr, in the Colmar district; and Andlau, Barr, Mittelbergheim and Obernai in the Strasbourg district. But there are a number of other communes where some excellent wines are made, unfortunately with names so difficult to pronounce and remember that the Alsatian wine trade has adopted the line of least resistance, and it offers its wines under the name of the species of grapes from which they are made, and not under the name of the village nearest to the vineyards where those grapes grew.

The species of grapes which are chiefly grown in Alsace are the Riesling, Gentil, Traminer, Pinot and Tokay, for the best table wines, that is wines possessed of bouquet, body, breed and balance; the Muscat, for dry wines, with a more distinctive or obvious bouquet; the Chasselas, Knipperlé, Sylvaner, Zwicker and Edelzwicker for the lighter sorts of beverage wines.

As a matter of fact, it is not only an easier question to ask: "Do you prefer Riesling or Muscat?" rather than: "Do you prefer Voegtlingshoffen to the Niedermorschwihr?" but it is also a fairer question, since the differences between the wines of Alsace are due much more to the *cépages*, or species of grapes, rather than to the growths.

Unfortunately, as elsewhere, there are wines made in bad years and of poor quality. But there are other white wines of Alsace made with care and in good years, which are excellent, and they have already gained a considerable measure of recognition and fame in all parts of the civilised world. Most of them are dry without being acid and ideal as wines to serve with oysters or hors d'œuvre, fish and white meat, whilst there are some possessing greater body and sweetness which are admirable as dessert wines.

ANDRÉ SIMON.

GRAPE GATHERING IN MARTINI AND ROSSI'S VINEYARDS NEAR PESSIONE, TURIN

VERMOUTH'S ORIGIN

THE ancient Britons recognised that the wormwood plant had excellent tonic and health-giving properties, and it is from the flower of this plant, one of its ingredients, that Vermouth derives its name. The health-giving properties of different herbs have always been known to mankind. Prehistoric man used to masticate herbs and roots when he felt his system needed toning up, and from the earliest ages the beneficial properties of different plants, barks and roots have been recognised all over the world. It may not be generally known that Cicero mentions that he used to offer his friends Vermouth, and during the Roman occupation of England much of it must have been consumed. Later on we find this wine in general use all over Europe.

The preparation of Vermouth since these early times has undergone considerable development, but its present-day popularity has unfortunately resulted in there being two different kinds available to the public—genuine Vermouth, which is an infusion of good wine with a combination of herbs and roots, such as gentian, wormwood, bitterwood, &c., and the other kind, which is a cheap wine flavoured artificially with synthetic substances.

A good Vermouth is known to medical science for its health-giving properties, and when taken plain is universally recommended for its highly digestive and stimulating effect, and is also very beneficial for disorders of the liver. Genuine Vermouth, being low in calories and alcoholic content, also prevents the formation of excess fat, so that anyone who is anxious to retain a youthful figure will find it beneficial.

EXSHAW

the perfect

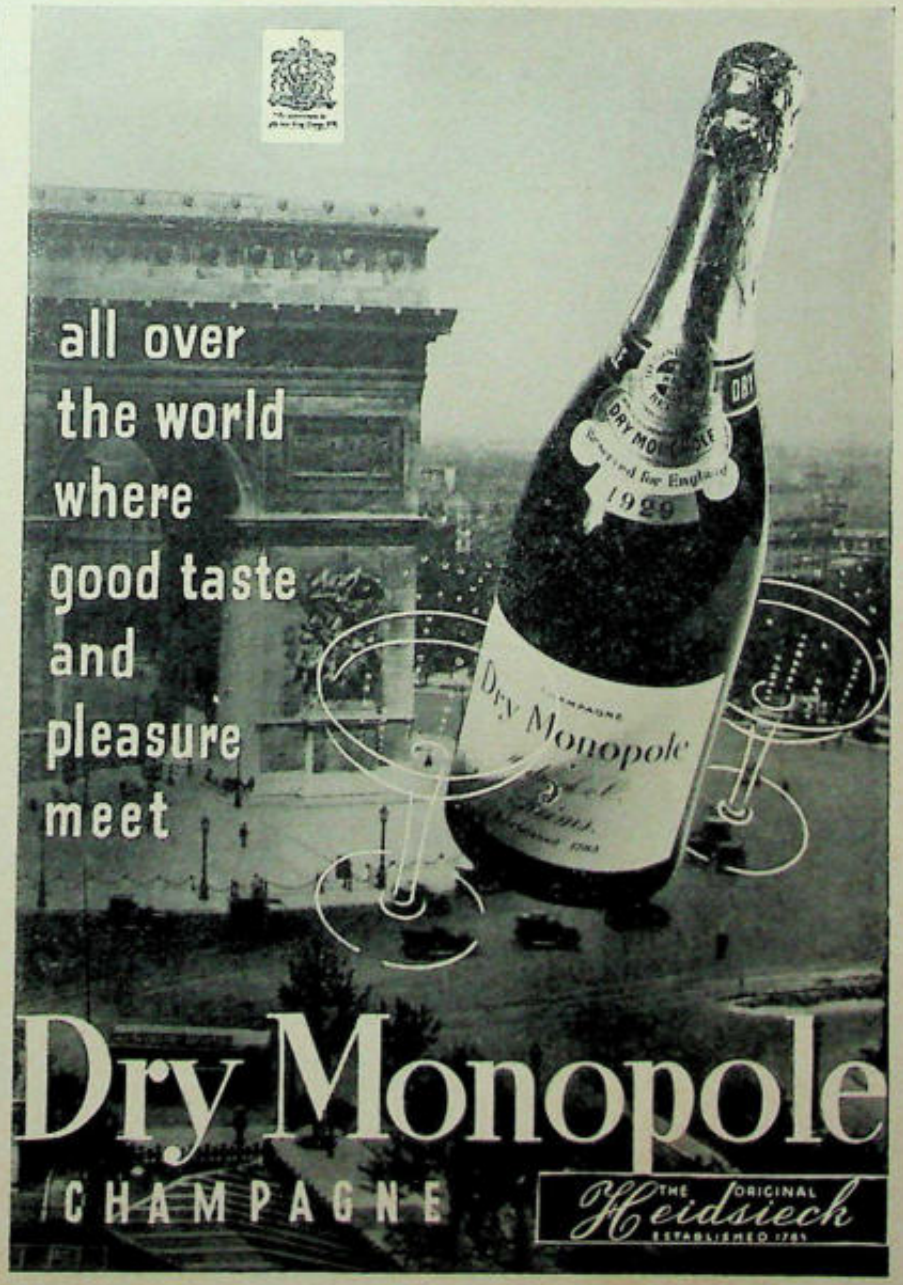
LIQUEUR BRANDY

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE AND SPECIAL CUVÉE



WINES OF ITALY

The Heritage of the Romans

IT is perhaps not generally realised what an important place Italy takes in the wine production of the world. France is, of course, the largest producer, but Italy, with a normal annual production of from eight hundred to a thousand million gallons, is a very good second.

Viticulture in Italy goes back to time immemorial; when and where in the peninsula the vine was first planted it is impossible to say, fossil remains prove that it grew and flourished in the very early days of the world's history. Probably the first attempts at cultivation on proper lines were made by the Phœnicians and other adventurers from the near East, who in very early days founded small trading stations in the south, and eventually little colonies. To the Romans is due the credit of having fostered the cultivation of the vine and the making of wine, and they introduced it into the countries into which they penetrated.

The Germanic hordes who followed on the fall of the Roman Empire gave nothing; they destroyed, took all that was worth taking, and left only ruin and desolation. The Church followed the Empire; abbeys, monasteries and other ecclesiastical establishments were founded, and not only was religion taught but also husbandry. The old viticulture was resuscitated and improved, and so Italy may very rightly claim to be the mother of the art of growing grapes and making wine.

Italy to-day may be said to be one vast vineyard. Even in the most inaccessible spots where nothing else could be grown with profit there is the vine. On the lower slopes of the Alps, where even a goat would find it difficult to secure a foothold, let alone a living, terraces have been constructed in positions facing the sun, retaining walls built with difficulty, and suitable soil transported laboriously and often from a considerable distance. On these terraces grow grapes, which yield some of the finest wines.

It is not possible here to enter into a detailed account and description of the wines of Italy; though a short resumé of the principal and best known varieties cannot but be of interest.

In the north of Lombardy, in the province of Sondrio, which marches with the Swiss border, the Valtellina wines are produced. Here the country is very mountainous, and the vines are cultivated on the terraces described. They produce light dry wines of a Claret type, and although not widely known in this country, they are exported in considerable quantity to the Engadine, and are therefore familiar to many visitors who go there for the Winter Sports. The best known are the Sassella and Inferno, wines of character and charm.

Further to the west is Piedmont, on the borders of France, and bearing trace of French influence, not only in custom but in dialect. Here the famous Pinot grape, the backbone of Burgundy, is extensively cultivated. Fine wines of the Burgundy type are made—the best known is the Barolo described as "Il re dei vini ed il vino dei re" (The king of wines and the wines of kings)—perhaps an exaggeration, but still a very apt description for a fine wine. We have also the Barbera, the Nebbiolo and the Gattinara. In the Asti district is made a very pleasant and delicate little white sparkling wine. In this country it is known as Sparkling Asti, or sometimes as Asti Spumante (the same name only in Italian). It is prepared according to the Champagne method, preserves its brilliancy and freshness, and, while having no great pretensions, is an excellent little wine and attractive to those whose tastes and purses are modest.

Mention must be made of the Vermouth, made in Turin and the surrounding districts, and a very important member of the Italian Wine family. Those who know nothing and, therefore, know no better have described it as a vile concoction, a sort of dope. It is nothing of the kind; it is a pleasant healthful beverage, which will give appetite and act as a tonic. Good white wine, slightly sweetened and fortified, and with the addition of an infusion of wholesome herbs, aromatic plants from the Alps, quinine, gentian, &c., it is an ideal beverage, either by itself, as one would take a glass of Sherry, or with a dash of bitters and mineral water to make an ideal long drink and, of course, it is "par excellence" the heart of a good cocktail.

Tuscany, further south, birthplace of the Renaissance and famous for its picture galleries, &c., gives us Chianti, without doubt the best known of all Italian wines. In its picturesque wickered flask it is familiar all the world over, and very justly so, for it has a peculiar charm which is all its own. An Italian poet once called it "Vino che sa di mammole"—wine that is like violets, and that exactly describes it. It is a light dry wine of the Claret type with a particular flavour and "bouquet." The production of Chianti is strictly limited and defined to a particular area; it is not therefore and cannot ever be a cheap wine. To expect to be able to purchase a flask of genuine Chianti for two or three shillings is akin to expecting to buy a good Bordeaux or Burgundy at the same price—it simply cannot be done. There is also a certain amount of White Chianti, which is very good.

Not far distant are grown the Pomino and the Montepulciano, while on the Colli Orvietani, those picturesque Umbrian hills where is situated the famous old city of Orvieto, is produced the White Orvieto wine which, and very rightly, has a great vogue among those who have made its acquaintance. It is bottled in a flask, which is very similar in shape to the Chianti flask, and is a very pretty and pleasing wine.

ITALIAN WINE DISTRICTS

ITALIAN VIGNERONS EN FÊTE

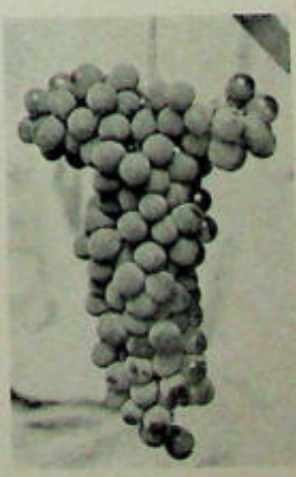
Near Naples the Lagrima Cristi is produced. Grown on what are practically the slopes of Vesuvius, this wine has a slight twang, derived from the volcanic soil on which it is grown. Capri, that island of romance and famous for its blue grotto, gives us Capri, dry and of a light golden colour and with the characteristics of a Chablis. Gaeta, on the mainland and north of Naples, produces Falerno. Amber in colour and similar to the Lagrima Cristi, it recalls memories of the poets of ancient Rome, who sang its praises.

Rome does not do a large export trade in wines. In the hills around the Eternal City is a district known as the Catelli Romani, where are produced the Frascati, Genzano, Albano and several other wines of very good repute.

Last but by no means least we come to Sicily, famous for Mount Etna and its wonderful Greek ruins. Here Marsala is made, a fine golden wine that reminds one of Sherry or Madeira, according to the type selected. It is made in a very similar way to that employed in making Sherry, and in addition to being a very pleasant wine it possesses very definite medicinal and tonic properties. It was very popular at one time in this country, especially in the Senior Service. Lord Nelson, when in command in the Mediterranean, made large purchases of it for the Fleet, and it is a great pity that it does not enjoy a larger demand.

In conclusion it is as well to stress the fact that the growing of grapes in Italy and the making of wine is no longer carried out on what might be described as picturesque methods. The vines are pruned, well-looked after and kept close to the ground. And in the making of wine mass production is not practised as it is not considered to be a sound principle. The grapes are gathered and pressed, the juice fermented and allowed to develop under the most approved conditions. Italian wines when exported are thoroughly matured and in every way reliable.

Time was when the wines of Italy were known but to a few, those who had travelled and the artistic. A trip into Soho to enjoy a cheap dinner and a bottle of Italian wine was looked on as an adventure; an excursion into Bohemia, enjoyable perhaps but distinctly an escapade. To-day all that has been changed. Italian wines are definitely standardised and classified. They are to be found at all good restaurants and hotels, and can be obtained at all the stores and reputable wine merchants.



While not aspiring to compete with the classic growths of Bordeaux and Burgundy, the wines of Italy have secured world-wide recognition.

E. F. E. VITALI.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT
TO HER LATE MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA

EGIDIO VITALI
LIMITED

Established in London in 1875

Shippers and Bottlers of the Finest
ITALIAN WINES & VERMOUTH

The Premier Brand with over sixty years of solid reputation

Wholesale Depot: East Paul's Wharf, 26 Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

The gay way to health

Of course you don't step into fashionable restaurants or bars for the sake of your health. *Medicine* bottles have no place in the haunts of pleasure! But all first-class restaurants and bars *do* serve plain Martini Vermouth for those who prefer to go gay in a *healthy* way.

You see, this fine matured wine possesses that "little something the others haven't got"—aromatic herbs that tone up stomach, heart, liver and kidneys—and keep the figure slim. So when next you're out for the evening ask for plain Martini Vermouth—next time friends drop in for the evening, serve it . . . before or with the meal.

MARTINI
Vermouth

DRY OR SWEET
DRINK IT NEAT

Product of Martini & Rossi, Torino.

● SWEET 4/6, 3/6 & 2/- ● DRY 5/6, HALF BOTTLE 2/9

MV 17

Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow . . .

A small wineglass of Fernet-Branca in coffee or water is a certain cure for the after-effects of even the most unwise rejoicing.

Fernet-Branca is an age-old extraction of Alpine herbs and is world-renowned for its stimulating effect on the digestive and assimilative functions.

In three sizes—16/-, 8/3, 2/6.

Obtainable from all good Wine Merchants, Restaurants, Bars, Clubs, etc., throughout the world. Ask for the book of Fernet-Branca Cocktail Recipes.

there's

FERNET-BRANCA
HEALTH BITTERS

Essential Ingredient of a Health-Giving Cocktail.

★ *When buying Vermouth insist on "Branca," only 3/9 per large bottle.*

Supplied by Soc. An. Frateli Branca, Milano. Est. 1845.
Purveyors to H.M. King of Italy
London Office: 50, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

WOMEN STALKING CHERRIES, A PRACTICE WHICH NO LONGER TAKES PLACE AT THE DISTILLERY

FROM HOUSEHOLD RECIPE TO WORLD FAME

A Cherry Brandy Centenary

FOR many centuries liqueurs have been produced in numerous—one might say innumerable—varieties and colours in accordance with secret formulas and methods, and there has always been something fascinating about the heavily flowing sugary drops and the odd and fancy bottles in which they are generally contained.

From generation to generation the special recipes have been carefully guarded and protected, and it is interesting to see how this trade more than most others, in these days of limited companies and public undertakings, has been kept in the hands of monastic orders or commercial families of old standing.

An example that in many ways is characteristic for the growth and life of a liqueur is that of the popular Cherry Brandy, which for four generations has been made by the Heering family in Copenhagen, the smiling capital of Denmark.

As so very often happens, a curious circumstance laid the foundation of a big commercial enterprise. The founder of the firm as a boy of seventeen served his apprenticeship in a grocer's shop, and his principal's wife made for herself and her friends a cherry liqueur, the wide possibilities of which were clearly seen by young Peter Heering, and the recipe of which he was allowed to take with him, when, in 1818, he started business on his own. The firm rapidly forged ahead owing to the energy and far-sightedness of its founder.

Within a score of years, in 1838, Peter F. Heering acquired the present site and premises of the business, and only a few days ago, on December 4th, the family celebrated the centenary of their acquisition of the buildings. A fleet of graceful sailing ships was added, and under the Danish and his own house flag, which was blue with a seven-pointed white star, Peter Heering's schooners and brigs sailed the seven seas and carried his Cherry Brandy to all parts of the globe.

The picturesque courtyard of the Heering establishment, with its ivy-clad walls and Latin inscriptions, carries a romantic atmosphere of the past, for recent additions and renovations have been effected with such skill that architectural beauty has been attained without loss of character.

The books of the firm, which are still preserved, demonstrate how the business grew from its small beginning into an organisation which, at Peter F. Heering's death in 1875, enjoyed a world-wide reputation and helped to make the name of his country better known in many distant markets. Many distinctions have been bestowed upon the firm, and foremost among these honours rank the Royal Warrants from the King of Denmark, the late King George V, and also the late Czar of Russia.

In the cellars and other parts of the distillery there are long rows of oak casks darkened through years of service, and some of them beautifully carved. For nearly a century many of these have witnessed the well-guarded process which changes the sunripe glistening cherries into the liqueur which to-day is so popular with all races and nationalities. These dumb witnesses have seen the production steadily increasing, and modern apparatus, such as electric pumps and powerful hydraulic presses, replacing the old-fashioned methods without altering the high standard of quality.

Decades have passed, and year by year fresh developments have taken place. The horse-drawn carts, which in early days transported the cherries to the distillery, have been replaced by modern motor lorries, but the cherries still come from the same orchards of the Danish islands. Improvements in the mechanical equipment now enable the distillery to receive and treat upwards of 70,000lb. of cherries a day during the season, and from their reception until the shipment of the finished product, the fruit and other raw materials are scientifically examined and tested in the firm's own laboratory.

Practically all the countries of the world are represented on the export floor, and destinations such as London and Shanghai, Buenos Aires and Sydney, Jamaica, Singapore, Cairo and many other names on the cases demonstrate the wide sphere of commerce which to-day is included in the firm's activities. After an interval of years New York and other cities of the United States again appear in the order books, and now Cherry Heering, as the old liqueur is called in the States, is rapidly regaining its popularity in that market.

The demands of changing conditions have now caused a many-sided business combining commerce, manufacture and shipping, to be replaced by one which to-day concentrates on the production and sale of a single product.

And so ends the story of a household recipe which came under the notice of a far-seeing and energetic young man.

COURTYARD BUILDINGS OF THE OLD HEERING DISTILLERY WHICH DATES FROM 1785

THIS YEAR HAS WITNESSED THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRM'S ACQUISITION OF THESE PREMISES

OLD WOODEN WINE CASKS DATING FROM 1846 AND BEARING FAMILY ARMS

RHINE AND MOSELLE WINES

Their Growth and their Serving

By CHARLES HASSLACHER

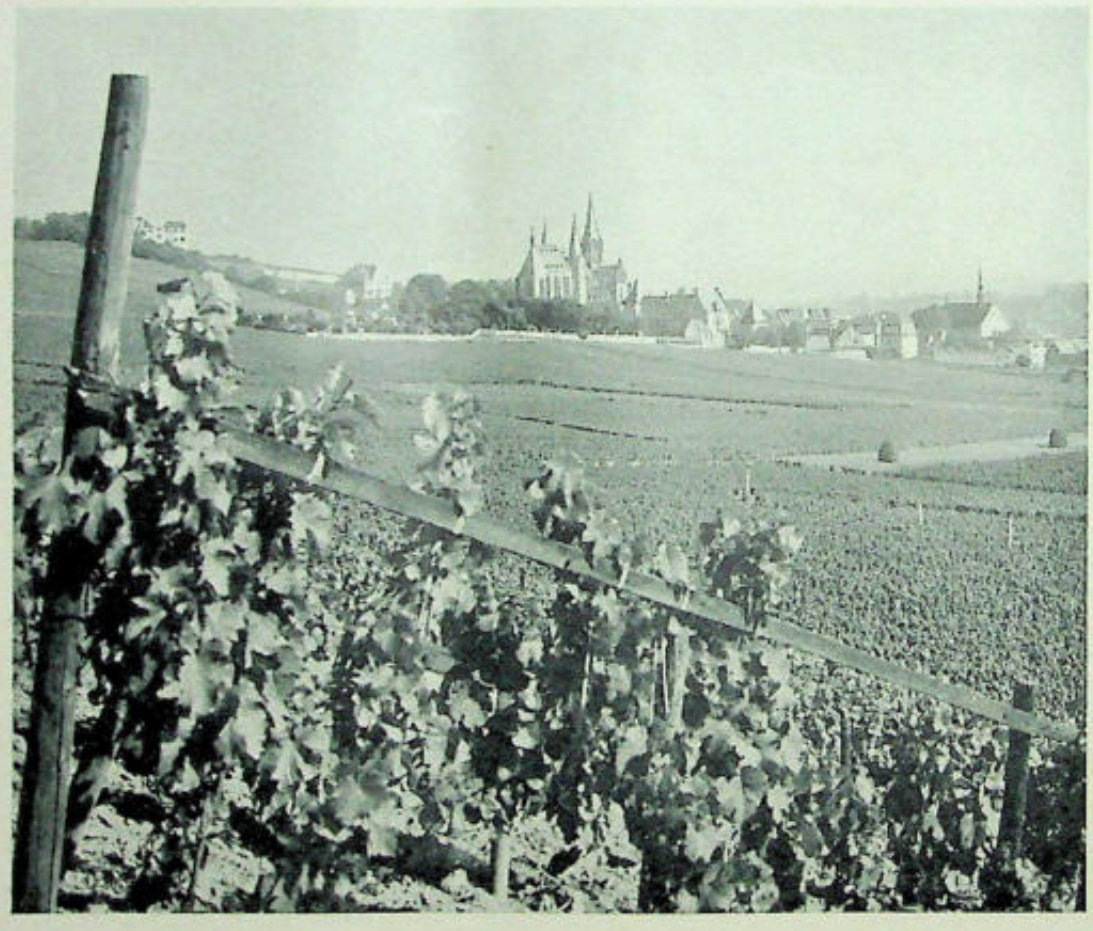
WHEN the general public, in England, order a Hock from their wine merchant, or in a hotel or restaurant, they expect to receive a wine from the vineyards bordering the river Rhine. These wines are known in the land of their production, and in most other countries of the world, under the name of Rhine Wines.

The word "Hock" (probably derived from "Hochheim") as a generic term for Rhine Wines, has been used in this country for a long time—replacing the older word "Rhenish," formerly affected by writers and poets. Unfortunately, the word "Hock" has, especially of late years, been used to make popular the white wines of some other countries, which would hardly be known under their own distinctive names.

Moselle (or Mosel) wines are the produce of the vineyards on the banks of the River Moselle and its tributaries, the vineyards commencing at a point not many miles above Trier (where the geological formation suddenly changes from a chalk subsoil to a slatey shale) to the point where the Moselle enters the Rhine at Coblenz. It is from the junction of the rivers that the town of Coblenz derives its name, being a corruption of the Roman "confluentia," meaning conflux. Even a passing view in most other countries. During the winter storms sweep the country, and it often happens that great quantities of soil are washed down to lower levels. If the vine roots on the upper slopes are not to be left uncovered, and, consequently, deprived of nourishment, this soil has to be loaded into baskets and carried up again.

The direct result of these conditions is that the expenses incurred in cultivating the vineyards in Germany are much higher in proportion to those of other countries—hence the somewhat higher prices of Rhine and Moselle wines as compared with the produce of other wine-growing districts. On almost all wine lists there is a large selection of German wines,

VINTAGE 1937 AT RUDESHEIM IN THE VINEYARDS OF MESSRS. DEINHARD, COBLENZ



LOOKING OVER THE VINEYARDS ON THE HILL-SLOPES AT RUDESHEIM

of the banks of the river, from a train, will show that the soil of the steep hills, bordering each bank of the Moselle, is very slatey and this, undoubtedly, is the cause of the characteristic Moselle flavour. These wines, on the whole, are lighter and more elegant, having less alcohol and fullness, than wines of a similar price from the neighbouring River Rhine. This difference in characteristics, no doubt, accounts for the poetic fancy which depicts the Moselle as a young girl and the Rhine as an old man.

By reference to an atlas, it will be seen that the wine-growing districts of Germany are the most northerly in Europe, if not in the world, and, as is only to be expected, Nature puts many difficulties in the way of making good wines. There are not only the many natural enemies, both insect and fungoid pests, to be fought, but the risk of night frosts (in the early spring when the first shoots of the vine appear and also in the autumn when the grapes are ripening) is very much higher than in more southerly climes.

Most of the vineyards on the Moselle, and, to a large extent, those on the Rhine, are cultivated on steep terraced slopes, which, of course, make the work of tending them very much more laborious than if they were on level or undulating ground, as but the ultimate choice is made all the more difficult when the name of the responsible shipper is not inserted against each wine. Imagine the difficulty in choosing a Champagne, should the names, under which all Champagnes are known, not be quoted on the list! After the final selection is made, however, even the best wine can be spoilt if not properly served, and the following remarks may be of interest to readers.

The correct temperature at which to serve Rhine and Moselle wines varies according to the season of the year, and should be from 47deg. to 54deg., but in the case of Rhine wines, and more especially in the case of the finer varieties (particularly in the cold season), it is advisable to serve the wine at the cellar temperature, unless that is unreasonably high.

With regard to the capsule, this can either be removed as far as the rim of the bottle, or be entirely removed and the top of the cork carefully wiped, so that no extraneous matter may find its way into the bottle and cause the wine to be condemned.

It is a good plan never to fill a wine glass more than about three-quarters full. In fact, it would be better to err on the other side, as no wine can show its beauty of bouquet if the glass be full to the brim. One should pay particular attention not to shake up the contents of the bottle when passing from glass to glass, as this is easily done by bringing the bottle up into the perpendicular position hurriedly each time.

In older vintages of German wines one sometimes finds small "floaters" (which are called "dry fliers" and are analogous to "bees wing" in port), but they do not affect the quality and soundness of the wine in any way.

Many of your readers have, no doubt, seen German wines quoted at what might appear ridiculously high prices. While such wines can, of course, never be a daily beverage, it is, on occasion, well worth while to hazard the extra expense of a really fine example of what a German wine *can* be when produced under exceptional conditions in a fine vintage year.

To my mind, the ideal occasion on which to drink such a wine is towards the end of dinner, as a dessert wine, and, undoubtedly, the acme of enjoyment would be to sip half a glass of such nectar to the accompaniment of a fine pear, apple or peach.

A DECORATIVE WINE CASK AND ITS LEGEND

So far it has not been possible to trace the exact history of this cask, but it is reputed to have been presented to Her late MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, on the occasion of her 34th Birthday on the 24th of May 1853, which date appears on the enamel plaque surmounted by the English Royal Coat of Arms.

The monument depicted is erected on the HOCHHEIM VICTORIA BERG, a hill, with surrounding vineyards, which she graciously gave permission to be named after her as seen inscribed on the Monument Koenigin Victoria Berg (Queen Victoria Hill)

The cask came into the possession of the late Lord Kitchener and was subsequently purchased by Messrs Deinhard & Co

"THE SOFTEST CONSOLATION"

Furnishing the Perfect Finish to a Good Meal

CHOICE wines are an essential part of a good meal, but connoisseurs agree that a meal does not attain perfection unless it is rounded off by a fine Havana cigar. In no other part of the world has it been possible to grow a tobacco which equals in exquisite aroma and flavour that of Havana. Only the soil and sun of Cuba have been successful in producing it.

Rudyard Kipling wrote :

" And a woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke."

And the praise of Havana cigars has been sung by poets, writers, artists and eminent men, who testify to the inspiration and solace they experience from smoking them.

The first smokers in Europe had their trials and tribulations. We are told that in Switzerland smoking ranked next to adultery as a crime, that in Russia they cut off the nose of anyone found smoking! The Greek Church forbade its use altogether by its members, but neither edicts of the Church nor decrees of Kings could stem the tide of its popularity, which continued to increase until to-day tobacco is regarded as a necessity of life.

The Havana cigar is a product which is as favoured among cigars as Champagne is among wines, although Cuba produces less than 3 per cent. of the output of leaf tobacco of the world. And but a very small proportion of this output is suitable for the manufacture of the leading brands of cigars of world-wide reputation, for the production of the right leaf is a specialised process.

From the moment the tobacco seed is sown in Cuba, it is tended as carefully as a child. The seedlings are protected by brush from heavy rainstorms and scorching sun, and as soon as they are strong enough to stand alone, they are thinned out and transplanted into hillocked rows, about 1,600 plants to the acre. Sowing takes place in November, and the plants are ready for harvesting in February.

The leaves, when gathered, are handled separately, being sewn together in pairs and strung over thin poles which are removed to barns, and the tobacco is then left to dry for four or five weeks. Then comes fermentation, for which operation the leaves are removed from the poles and placed in piles, which brings out the flavour and aroma of the tobacco. After many other processes, they are packed into bales covered with palm leaves, and the tobacco is then stored for maturing. Havana tobacco improves with age, and it is generally left in these bales for an average of three years before use.

When tobacco is required for manufacture, the centre stalk is stripped, and sometimes as many as 27 different grades of leaves are combined before a perfect blend of filler is obtained. Records of blends are most jealously guarded by the factories, and are their secret formulæ. First-class factories generally carry sufficient stocks of tobacco to take care of their requirements for three or four years, thus securing a continuity of blend.

The next process is the stripping of the wrappers. It should be mentioned here that all operations are by hand ; machinery takes no part in the manufacture of imported Havana cigars. The wrapper leaves are elastic and silken in texture, with a clear unblemished colour. In Havana only two wrappers are cut from each leaf ; that part of the leaf farthest away from the stem, which is most suited through its delicate texture. Wrapper leaves are very expensive, fine selected wrappers costing as much as $800 per bale, sufficient to wrap about 20,000 cigars.

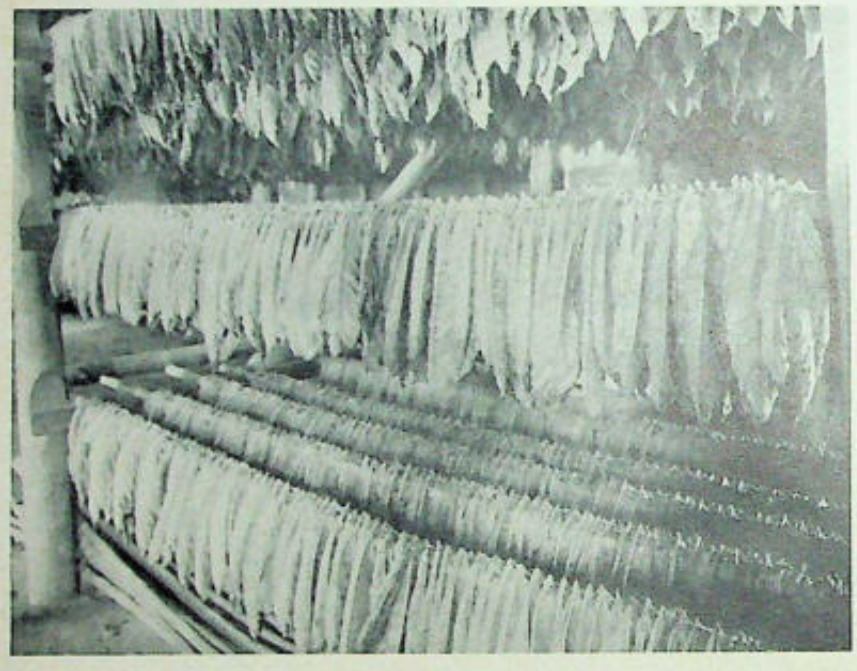
The final process is performed by Cuban workmen while listening to their reader, who sits aloft in a small pulpit reading aloud the day's news from the paper, or perhaps one of the classics or a Spanish novel. The readers are interesting characters. Often they are orators of some local note, and it is surprising how well informed the average cigar worker is in consequence of this custom. Of late years wireless has also been introduced. The average Havana workman will make about 100 medium-size cigars a day. Every cigar maker receives six cigars free per day ; the Havana manufacturers believing in the biblical teaching : " Do not muzzle the ox that treads the corn."

Visitors to a Havana cigar factory find the selecting room most interesting. Here the " escogidor," or selector, works. It is his duty to receive the cigars from the benches when finished and grade them in the various shades of colour. The cigars are laid out on a large table in a strong north light, and one sees how keen a sense of colour these men possess by the way they grade cigars in their many shades (usually about 32). It is difficult for an inexperienced person to see any difference between the parcels lying side by side. The average visitor can only detect differences of shade in piles separated by three or even more intermediate gradings. The reason for this intricate colour-scheme is to give a uniform appearance to all cigars in a box. Connoisseurs prefer the medium colour (*colorado claro*), which is mild in flavour and delicate in aroma, and stress must be placed upon the excellence of this light brown leaf. There are, unfortunately, a number of Havana cigars exported under little-known brands, which are in many cases of inferior quality, although not lower in price than the goods of the standard Havana brands which are of world-wide renown, and dependable.

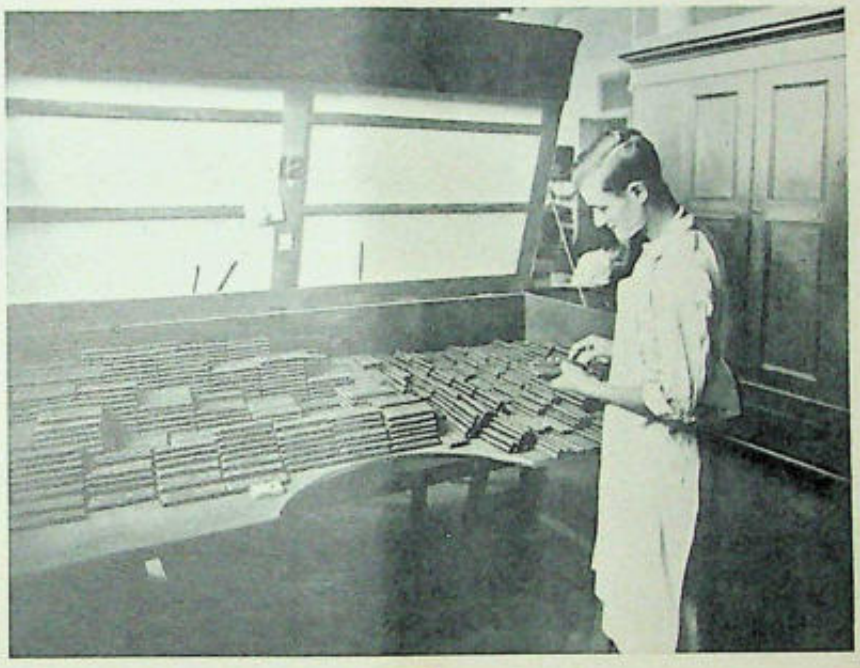
A few hints on storing cigars may be of interest. Artificial heat should be avoided at all cost. The best way to keep cigars is to store them in a cupboard in a living room, it being imperative, however, that this cupboard should be against an inside wall, not too near the fireplace. Havana cigars should be kept in a receptacle exclusively devoted to them, as tobacco absorbs any scent to which it is exposed. A cigar, generally speaking, is at its best two years after shipment, and it retains this perfect condition for two or three years, after which there is a tendency for flavour and aroma to deteriorate.

Fine cigars should be smoked slowly, otherwise combustion would be imperfect and the greater part of the delicate aroma lost. An important fact with regard to Cuban tobacco, from which Havana cigars are made, is that it contains less nicotine than any other known tobacco ; also the active poison, furfural, is entirely absent from these cigars. Unquestionably they are the most healthful form in which to enjoy tobacco. The Government of Cuba guarantees the genuineness of Havana cigars by means of an official label (green in colour) with which it is obligatory for manufacturers to seal each box before export.

" He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from Heaven," wrote Bulwer Lytton, and that " softest consolation " is provided by a gift of a box of fine Havanas in which each cigar is a reminder of the discrimination and good will of the donor.



LEAVES SEWN TOGETHER IN PAIRS AND STRUNG OVER THIN POLES



THE SELECTOR'S WORK IS TO GRADE THE CIGARS IN VARIOUS SHADES OF COLOUR

THE VINTAGE OF 1938

We are indebted to Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., for the following reports concerning this year's vintages :

CHAMPAGNE.—*Up to July prospects were favourable, but unfortunately August and September became cold and rather wet, so the ripening of the grapes was retarded. There is a heavy crop, but the wine will only be of average quality and will never make a " vintage wine."*

SHERRY.—*The reports from Spain regarding the* 1938 *sherry vintage state that the ripening of the grapes has been generally satisfactory and that the crop is heavier than last year. Grapes were gathered under excellent weather conditions.*

PORT.—*There is the prospect of good quality wines being made this year. Musts showed a high percentage of sugar, and good colour. The gathering of the grapes was carried out in perfect weather conditions. Prices will be about the same as last year.*

BURGUNDY.—*The grape crop is much below average in the Burgundy district. Scarcely any red, and very little white wine will be made this year.*

BORDEAUX WINES.—*Frost has affected the low-lying districts, but the vineyards on higher ground have suffered less. Although there is a definite shortage this year, it is hoped that the wines produced will prove to be fairly satisfactory in quality.*

MADEIRA.—*The result of the vintage this year is smaller in quantity than usual. The weather was dry in the flowering season, and the grapes matured well, so the quality of the wine is good.*

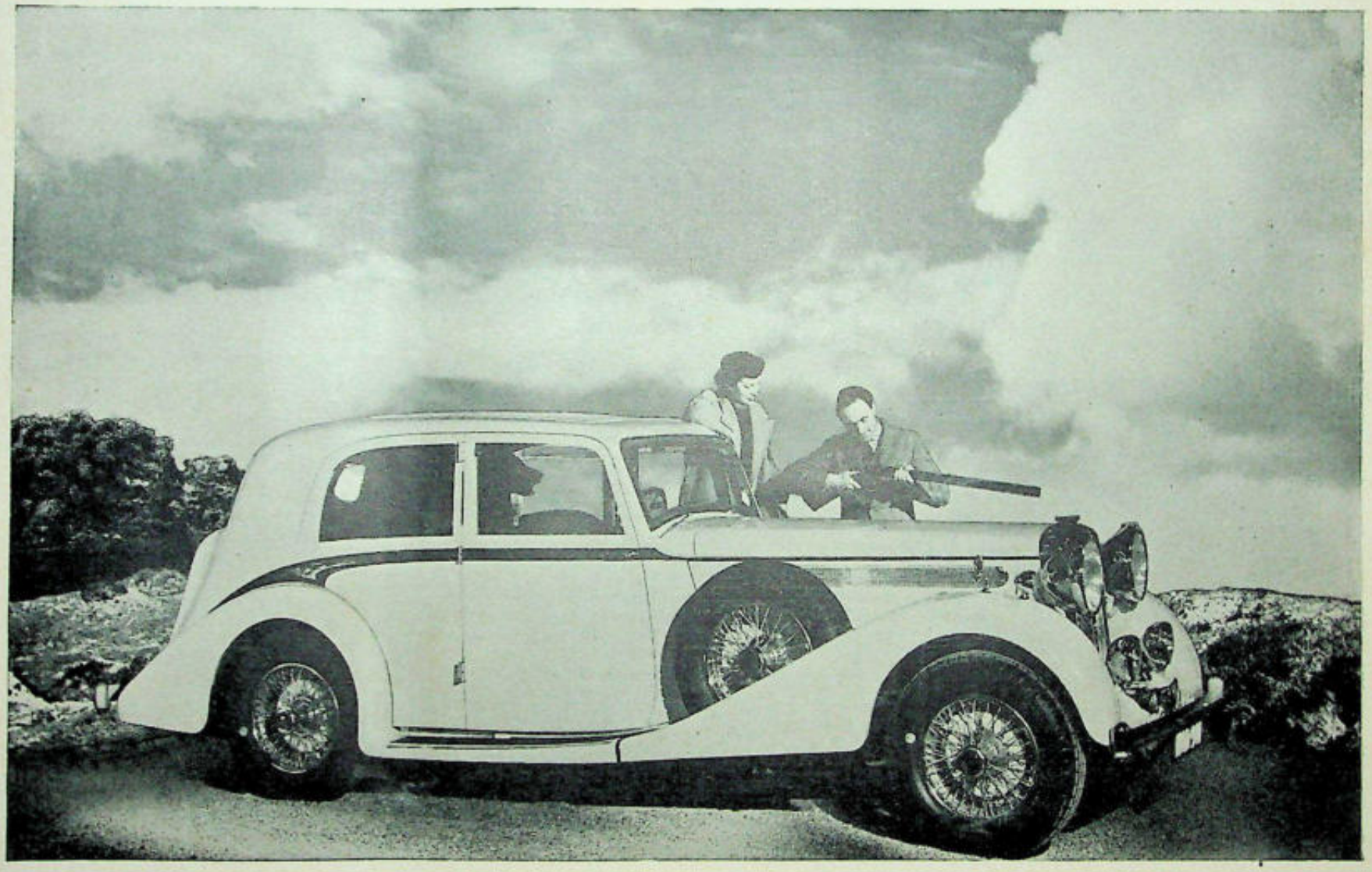
RHINE WINES.—*Reports are not very favourable; cool and wet weather prevailed in the latter half of August which spoilt the earlier hopes of a fine vintage. On the Moselle and Saar, prospects are brighter, and more favourable weather has prevailed during the vintage. Grapes here have developed well, though there will be no bumper crop.*

BRANDY.—*It is expected in Cognac that the vintage will be of good quality and of average quantity.*

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE
LATE KING GEORGE V

The Daimler Vogue

AS INTERPRETED BY FAMOUS COACHBUILDERS



SPORTS SALOON *designed and built for* **DAIMLER** on the 4-Litre Straight Eight chassis

Equally at home in the Borderland or Bond Street is this Sports Saloon designed and built for Daimler by a famous coachbuilder. Nimble as the snipe in flight, sleek and sporting in every line—yet elegant and dignified in the true Daimler manner. A fine looking car and a very fast one—a worthy example of the Daimler vogue.

British Cars Last Longer

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, DAIMLER WORKS, COVENTRY Daimler *London Distributors*—STRATSTONE, 27 PALL MALL & 40 BERKELEY ST.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

THERE are wines, different in colour, age, strength, flavour and cost, to suit most if not actually all tastes and purses. Wine is a stimulating food and a source of inspiration, but it is usual, even indispensable, that we should partake of some more solid form of food besides wine.

The Art of Good Living teaches the harmony that should exist between solids and liquids. So, after looking round the world and taking stock of the principal vinelands scattered over the earth, we might very well continue our quest and take notice of what the world has to offer us to eat, be it fish, flesh or fowl; roots, shoots or fruits. Fish swam in the sea before any bird flew in the air and before any animal or man stood on solid ground; fish may rightly be called the world's oldest inhabitant, so that it is only right that we should begin with Fish.

The fish we eat may be divided into the following categories: (1) Fish which never leave the sea, such as herrings, soles, lobsters; (2) fish which leave the sea to spawn in fresh waters, such as salmon, shad, sturgeon; (3) fresh-water fish, such as pike, carp, grayling; (4) fish which we seldom, if ever, see but in olive oil, such an anchovies and sardines.

Taking the fish from the deep-blue sea first of all, we can subdivide them further into the travellers, the stay-at-homes, the sprawlers and the wrigglers. The travellers are the best of all from the food value point of view; they have more energy themselves and they are richer, more oily and more nutritious. Such are herring and mackerel and their many cousins, from the large tunny to the small sprat.

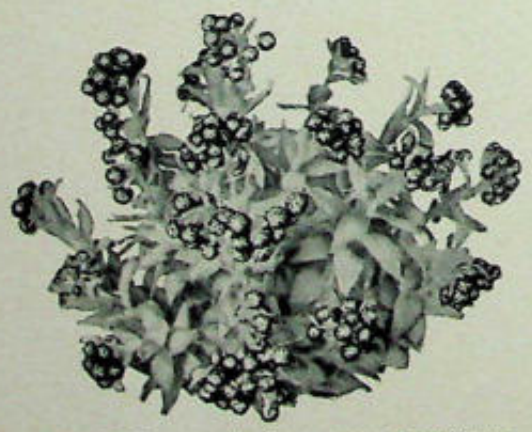
Among the stay-at-homes, the sole is the greatest favourite, gastronomically, and the cod the most important economically. There are ever so many kinds of similarly flat and lazy sorts, such as turbot and halibut, devoid of all sporting instinct but excellent in themselves and as a background for a really good sauce. The sprawlers are the armoured class comprising the crabs, lobsters and crayfish, whilst the wrigglers are the conger-eels and other snake-like creatures hiding in rocks or seaweed.

Of all fishes born in fresh water which make the sea their real home, the salmon is king and the shad queen, whilst smelts might very well be called good little pages.

As to the fish which never leave rivers or lakes, the trout has no equal among them and the grayling among denizens of river and lake. The pike and the carp both require a skilful cook to be of real gastronomic interest, just as the little fresh-water crayfish demands skilful *doigté* to be enjoyed at table. There are also the four more usual types of eels—the snig, the grig, the broad-nosed and the sharp-nosed, the last one being the brightest and best.

Last, but by no means least, are those always to be depended upon, little fishes in their tins and bottles, headless sardines and filleted anchovies and mackerel or herring. They are steeped in oil, hence their food value, and highly seasoned, hence their thirst-provoking merit.

The
CAPE COUNTRYSIDE
is *ablaze*
with WILD FLOWERS



THERE can be few more magnificent spectacles than the South African countryside when the wild flowers and shrubs are in bloom and the landscape is decked in a mantle of riotous colour.

The orchards and vineyards are now laden with fruit, and their sun-ripened crops add new significance to the pleasures of the table.

Visit South Africa and lay up a store of memories you will cherish throughout your life.

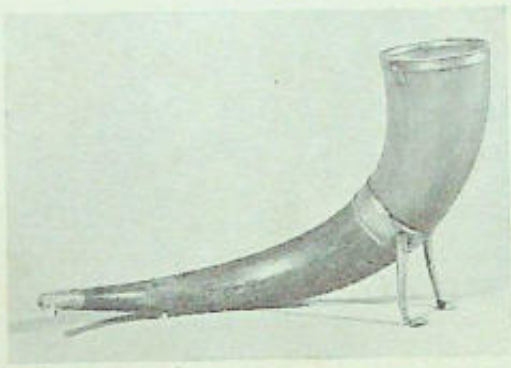
Consult your Travel Agent or the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Special steamer fares apply by certain sailings during Winter.

South Africa

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of December 8th, 1888.

SHOOTING Salmon. "Two persons named Harrison and Wren, have been fined £2 and £1 respectively for the novel offence of shooting salmon in the fence season. . . . From the evidence given at the North Riding Police Court it seemed that Harrison discharged a gun three times on to a spawning bed in the Stonegate Beck. One salmon was killed at the third shot and another fish was afterwards picked up with gun-shot wounds in it. Harrison and Wren's defence was that Harrison was out rabbit shooting and yielded to sudden temptation."



THE PUSEY HORN

IN THE SALEROOM

ON December 14th Christie's are selling the most important part of the William Randolph Hearst Collection of Old English and foreign silver, removed from St. Donat's Castle, Wales. Consisting of 146 lots, it includes some marvellous pieces.

Lot 47, the great mace and sword of the ancient Corporation of the City of Galway, it is to be hoped will be purchased and presented to its place of origin by some admirer of Eire. The mace was made by John Clifton, Dublin, 1709, and is 4ft. 9½in. high; the sword, *circa* 1660, is 4ft. 9in. high. Lot 118 is the famous Temple Newsam mazer, which was until 1935 in the collection of Lord Halifax. Of maplewood and silver-gilt, 6in. high by 6¾in. diameter, the bowl is *circa* 1470, and the stem and central plaque *circa* 1600. Lot 103 is an Elizabethan nautilus cup with silver-gilt mounts, 10¼in. high, *circa* 1580, and Lot 104 a parcel gilt tazza of the same period.

The most important piece of the sale is the renowned Pusey horn, which is one of the very few remaining specimens of objects held in connection with the tenure of "Cornage," and was the subject of an action brought for its recovery by Charles Pusey before the Lord Chancellor when it was produced in court and proved to be the identical horn by which, by a charter, Canute had conveyed the manor of Pusey 700 years before. Traditional history has it that Canute being in camp in the neighbourhood of Pusey and the Saxons a few miles distant, the King received intelligence from an officer of his army of an ambuscade formed by the Saxons to intercept him, and in consequence of escaping from this danger he gave this manor to the officer and his heirs to be held by tenure of the horn.

The foreign silver includes an interesting Inca gold sacrificial bowl, *circa* 1500 B.C., probably from the Pacorsinago region, Ecuador; a Gothic cup of mazer fashion, silver-gilt, 6¾in. high, German, early fifteenth century, bearing a rhyming inscription in the middle Bavarian dialect; a German silver-gilt tankard and cover, 5in. high, by Elias Lencher, Nuremberg, *circa* 1580; and a silver-gilt rosewater dish, 14¾in. diameter, sixteenth century, North Italian or South German.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

DID you read *England Have My Bones*, by T. H. White? That was a grand book, a book that laid bare, but so gently, so lovingly, so wisely, the heart of England; a book that had in it something of all the old masters, those men who knew and loved England, and something of those few who of recent years have written truly of England's country, wrapped up in the personality of T. H. White. That was a book to keep and dip into whenever things seem a little awry. If you read it you will be interested to know that the author has written another (actually, of course, he has written a number of books—and all are good) and you will go and buy it. You need read no further. You have no need.

* * *

But if you do not know T. H. White, allow me to introduce you through his new book. This is called *Burke's Steerage*, and is published by Collins at 5/-. That is cheap, and when you have read it you will, I think, go out and buy several copies to give friends at Christmas; that is, if you know (and are friendly with) people who hunt and fish and shoot, or follow one of those pastimes—and, of course, you know such people.

* * *

Burke's Steerage is the Amateur Gentleman's Guide to Noble Sports and Pastimes. Some might call it a skit upon those sports and pastimes. But it is not that—skits are generally vulgar and always spring from jealousy or disappointment, and T. H. White is certainly neither jealous nor disappointed—it is, in very truth, a guide. And if a guide written primarily for the Amateur Gentleman (by the way those words contain no snobbish intention, cast no reflection upon birth and breeding) of small means, it should—I am absolutely convinced about this—be read by all who indulge in Noble Sports and Pastimes. It does no one any harm to see himself under a strong light, particularly a strong and kindly light.

* * *

The Noble Sports and Pastimes are Hunting, Shooting and Fishing—three aspects of English life upon which the *Field* can claim no small authority extending over a period of some 80 years. Can you wonder that I read *Burke's Steerage* with avidity? Mr. White divides each sport into four classes, and proceeds to consider each. He gives hints about dress, deportment, and expense; he describes an average day. He discusses the types of people to be met with in each class of each sport. He gives hints on what to do and what not to do—and all delightfully.

* * *

There are, he says, four main types of hunt—the *Leicestersheer*, *The Family Pack*, *The London Gentleman's or Good-Luck-to-All-where-none-are Known*, and the *God-Forsaken Hounds* (the last-named supported by farmers and other low people inspired by the unfashionable ideal that foxes exist to be caught). Well, we could all fit certain packs into those categories. But where would we put our own?

* * *

Four main types of fishing, too—*The Financier's*, *The Laird's of the Ilk*, *The Hotel*, and *The Worm Water*. And we all know them also—particularly *The Hotel*. Four main types of shooting—*The Certain Personage*, *The Family*, *The Syndicate*, and *The Farmer's Glory*. And again we all know them.

* * *

About each Mr. White is very funny—really funny and with no straining for effect. I do not know when I have laughed so much or so loud. Mr. White has an unerring eye for shams and no hesitation in ridiculing them, but he does it all so very kindly that no one—and not even a member of the *Leicestersheer*—could possibly take offence.

* * *

But this is much more than a funny book. It contains some gems of humour, as for example: "The upper classes are much more interested in doing the right thing than in doing the thing right." It contains, too, much wisdom. There are some pertinent remarks about Hunt Secretaries; pertinent remarks about buying fishing tackle; pertinent remarks about shooting in general, and three valuable and accurate appendices; pertinent remarks about almost everything. The Amateur Gentleman reading and digesting Mr. White will not go far wrong.

* * *

It is a grand book this—grand fun from beginning to end. And it ought to have a great success, because everybody will recognise somebody. Real humorists are rare! Plenty of people poke fun at the things they do not understand—and cease to be funny immediately. Mr. White loves and understands the things at which he pokes fun, understands the people at whom he pokes fun. He is a real humorist. He is more; he is a real and valuable addition to English letters. B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RABBITS AND AGRICULTURE

SIR,—There has been a great deal written recently referring either to rabbits as a pest to agriculture, or by persons connected with humane societies on the use or mis-use of steel traps. If the wild rabbit industry of this country is properly controlled, very little would be heard of either question.

I have recently sold some larch coverts on my land. These were planted 30 years or so ago without any protection against rabbits, except that, as was the custom then, a man dealt with any small colonies of rabbits that established themselves in the vicinity by ferreting, netting, snaring, &c. Such men did not catch rabbits with the idea of supplying the market but to keep them down, though the rabbits they caught were often acceptable in neighbouring houses or cottages or local shops.

To-day nothing can be grown in that area that will not be irreparably damaged by rabbits, including good quality grass. In the old days, rabbits were supplied to the markets of the Midlands in comparatively small numbers from a few recognised warrens, chiefly near the coast.

High prices during the War, the break-up of large estates, and to-day, motor vans which quickly collect catches for dispatch to the industrial centres by heavy motor lorry or by rail, supply a very large and highly organised industry.

The wild rabbit industry demands regular catches over a regular season. Local rabbit dealers, and their trappers meet this demand, by setting large numbers of steel traps, in the holes or the open, "moving them on" as soon as the catch begins to dwindle.

By this means they can virtually guarantee those they supply, with a definite number of rabbits per night. If it is a question of profitably supplying the market no other method can pay.

I have just prosecuted a dealer, and the trapper employed by him for setting 20 dozen in the open. Not one was near a hole. I could not have done so had not the sporting rights been retained in the tenancy agreement. The trapper refused to trap the farm if required to set traps in the holes.

The wild rabbit industry which lives "gratis" on the back of agriculture, should be controlled in exactly the same method as used by the successful potato marketing board.

Rabbit producers should be required to pay a "levy" plus the cost of the inspection of the land their stock is produced on. Recognised producers should only be allowed to market their stock through authorised merchants and *vice versa*.

A recognised rabbit producer would be required to keep his stock on his own land, by artificial or natural obstacles.

On all other land rabbits should be kept down to normal, as described at the beginning of this letter and not eligible for the market. On all land there should be a really heavy fine for setting traps "outside a horizontal hole."

If the "wild rabbit industry" had to pay the true cost of producing these pests there would very soon be few rabbits and no rabbit industry. The industry only flourishes because they can market a pest under the pretence or bluff of eradicating or controlling it.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. BUCKLEY.

127, Piccadilly, W. 1.

CANALISING THE AVON

SIR,—It seems that some of your correspondents who have written on this matter have not realised the very essential difference between a river which runs a natural course from source to mouth and a river like the Avon. The Avon (Hampshire), which flows a placid and nowhere a rapid course from Upavon, even Pewsey, to Christchurch has had its course diverted in numerous places, some not more than three-quarters of a mile apart, in order to create heads of water for mills. This makes long stretches of deep water in which the current is extremely sluggish and in which as well as in all natural pools the mud from upper reaches is deposited, and must be deposited. Even had the workers of the Catchment Board mudded these depths, which they did not in all instances, the mud was only sent a short way down stream to the next pocket.

The length of the river from Upavon to Christchurch is approximately between 50 and 60 miles, and in that distance falls only 309ft., so except in times of heavy and long-continued flood the river gets but little, if any, flushing, and this but for the effect of the mills and sluice gates would be effective, but is not now. If anyone should wish to have this borne in on his mind, let him do as I did on November 21st, and look over the bridges at Upavon, Netheravon and Bulford, and at the long reaches with but little movement in their tawny placid depths.

One of your correspondents alludes to this mud as "acid." Considering the fact that this is what one might term a bastard chalk stream, this seems unlikely, but the question of the reaction of the mud is of no moment.

There is, however, another matter which is of importance to the fisherman and that is the barbed wire erected sometimes less than 18in. from the bank and never over 3ft. under which the fisherman must roll. When in Shropshire recently I heard much of the Severn Catchment Board's work on the Vyrnwy, and nothing in its favour, the principal complaint is from those who have grazing adjacent to its banks and they are unable any longer to graze anything approaching the normal head of cattle.

On the Teme where I saw them at work the effect will be that reaches will for some time be fishable from the banks where they are not too steep, but it will mean that the trout will be decimated, as I think they will on the Avon, with no cover for the fish.

Yours faithfully,
Easterton, Wilts. RICHARD LAKE.

A ROEBUCK-SHEEP HYBRID

SIR,—Perhaps the following may be of interest to some of your readers:

When I was in Scotland this autumn, near my old home, I was told of a case of a roebuck having mated with a sheep. From what I was told, the roe have, for the last two or three years, come down out of the woods and fed with the sheep in the evening, with the result that they mated. I must confess I was doubtful about the story, but a day or two ago I was shown this hybrid, which was at that moment with the sheep. It is a curious looking animal, dark brown in colour, with the forequarters of a sheep and the unmistakable hindquarters of a deer. The head was darker than the rest of the body, but much narrower than an ordinary sheep. It was very shy, and it moved exactly like a deer. I believe there were three of them originally, and the one shown to me was a last year's lamb.

Yours faithfully,
House of Lords ESMÉ GORDON LENNOX.

SONGBIRDS AND THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—It is good to note that you have opened your correspondence columns to those who have opinions to ventilate respecting the feeding habits of the little owl. I look forward to some interesting reading.

From the evidence to date there is no room for doubt that this bird preys to a certain extent on game bird and barndoor chicks; but I have been surprised to find only casual reference in the press to the fact that his diet also includes the nestlings of our song-birds, as well as the adult bird (see Mr. Brian Vesey FitzGerald's article in the *Field* of a few weeks ago in which he describes an attack on an adult blackbird in full flight).

There is unrefuted evidence that these birds feed their young on whole families of nestlings, and thus work enormous destruction during the nesting season.

I visited one such "devastated area" a few weeks ago, a lovely place which used to be alive with wild birds. It would be hard to find a thrush or blackbird there now. The little owl was there all right.

Britain cannot afford to lose her song-birds, and that she will lose them surely and none too slowly, is certain as long as the little owl is protected.

People who have always lived in England little realise the asset they possess in their song-birds, or the joy that these give to the real country lover, particularly to those who, like myself, have been compelled for a living to spend most of their days in some malaria-stricken outpost where the dreadful crescendo shriek of the brain-fever bird is a poor substitute for the lovely melody which greets one in an English garden on a fine morning in early June.

I would class the little owl with the grey squirrel and the worst sort of vermin, and exterminate him ruthlessly, root and branch.

Yours faithfully,
Singlestack, Catisfield, Fareham, Hants. C. L. STEVENSON.

BREWERS AND FARMERS

SIR,—While sympathising deeply with the serious, if not desperate, plight in which many farmers find themselves to-day, I feel impelled to express my disapproval of the methods adopted by some barley-growers in presenting their grievances during recent weeks.

The protests by these growers have hinged very largely on their suspicion that the heavy increases in imports of foreign barley were due to purchases from abroad by the brewing industry. Those who know that industry and who remember the downright admissions by the National Farmers' Union and by the Import Duties Advisory Committee that it had in the past honourably fulfilled its undertakings to buy as much home barley as possible, were, to say the least, puzzled by this suspicion. They were puzzled, but content to wait and see what official figures would show.

Now these figures, as given in the Trade and Navigation Accounts for the first ten months of this year, are available. And they show that imports of barley from Canada and the Soviet Union have risen from 3,179,309cwt. and 2,602,430cwt. in the first ten months of 1936 and 1937 respectively, to 7,452,462cwt. in the first ten months of this year. The increase over last year's imports is nearly 200 per cent. To appreciate fully what this means one should know that scarcely any malting barley for brewing purposes is commonly imported from Canada or Soviet Russia. The grain is not suited to that purpose.

The ineluctable conclusion, therefore, is that these hugely increased quantities were largely imported by farmers themselves, for stock-feeding purposes, thus inevitably depreciating the price of all lower-grade British barley.

Let us now examine the figures for imports of barley for all uses from other countries, some of which (notably the U.S.A.) are able to produce barley of malting quality, and others of which a certain amount is used for the same purpose. The totals for the barley imports from these countries were 8,857,699cwt. and 10,749,817cwt. during the first ten months of 1936 and 1937 respectively, and 9,163,113cwt. during the first ten months of this year. In other words, imports from countries generally regarded as capable of supplying malting barley are considerably lower this year than last, and very little greater than in 1936.

I should add, in passing, that I am obliged to omit the figures for Rumania. This year's imports from that country are not yet published, but there is no reason to suppose that they would falsify my conclusions in the slightest degree.

These figures for barley imports generally—the only evidence upon which we can base any reliable opinion until the brewers are able to collate information concerning their purchases of home barley—show beyond reasonable doubt that the farmers themselves are largely responsible for the heavy increases in barley imports, while the brewers, so unjustly criticised, have probably been importing even less than last year.

I feel sure, from my knowledge of farmers, that they will make amends for accusations which are groundless, more especially as goodwill between farmers and brewers is essential to the happy solution of the barley problem. From my own experience as a maltster I am sure that no one would be better pleased than the brewers if they could brew their beer without having recourse to foreign grain, but while the public demand for bright beers remains as it is to-day, many of them are forced to use barleys produced in sunnier climes than our own. Farmers can play their part in building up this goodwill by refraining from suggestions which are as damaging as they are unjust.

Yours faithfully,
House of Commons, London, S.W. 1. HENRY PAGE CROFT.

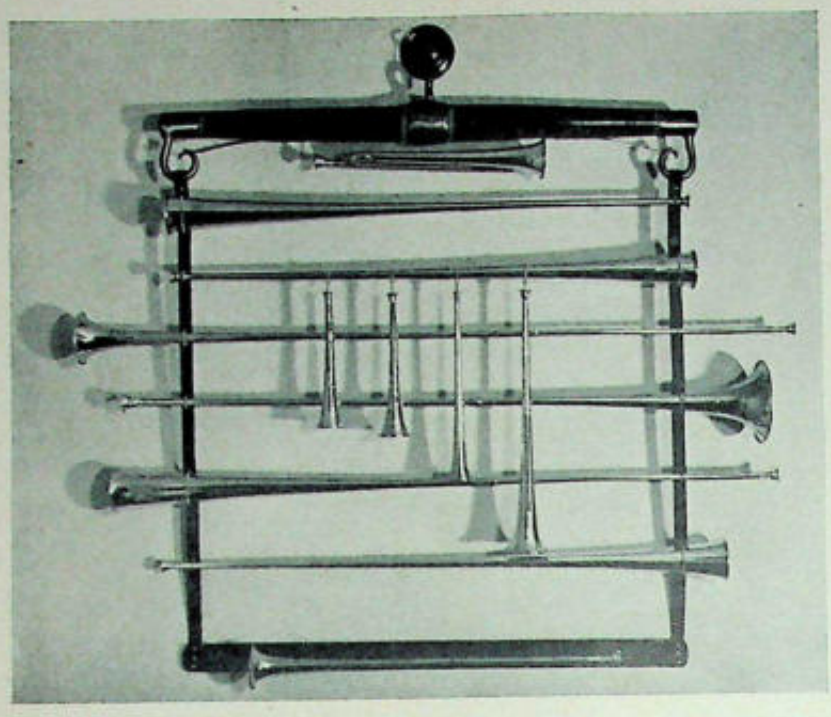
"GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES"

SIR,—Although the correspondence with reference to the above was closed on May 28th, perhaps the following may be of interest, and worth publishing.

At the beginning of July, I was clearing bushes from the side of the Little Glenelly River, Co. Tyrone, along with the owner of the fishing, a local farmer, Mr. Jacob Campbell, of Derborough, near Plumbridge. At the bottom of a furze bush which we had cut, there was a quantity of dead grass, and I said, "Jacob, that would be just the place for a hedgehog. Are there any about here?" He replied, "Not now, sir, but there used to be. I well remember, one moonlight night about 30 years ago. I was coming home over the fields from Plumbridge, when I heard the most blood-curdling shrieks coming from a grass field, over the brow of the hill. It sounded like a child being murdered, and fairly unnerved me, but I plucked up courage and went to find out what the trouble was. When I reached the place, I found five hedgehogs all close together. They continued to make these awful shrieks while I was standing watching them, and I realised that I was listening to a mating quarrel." Jacob told me he killed them all with the heel of his boot (as was the custom in those days) and found the bodies still there the following morning, and on examination, believed them to be four boars and one sow, adding that as long as he lives he will never forget their unearthly shrieks.

In view of the fact that Jacob Campbell knew nothing of the correspondence in the *Field*, it would appear that he has answered conclusively the riddle of "Ghoulies and Ghosties."

Yours faithfully,
Glenholme, Bladon Drive, Belfast. A. E. BLYTHE JACKSON.



AN ATTRACTIVE WALL PIECE
(See letter "A Wall Piece")

WHOOPER SWANS RETURN

SIR,—It may interest your readers to hear that the Whooper swans which were on the river here all last winter, and went away at the end of April, returned on November 7th at 8.30 in the morning. They were four in number, though there were only two last winter, and as two of them are slightly smaller than the others I suppose they are young birds. The four flew up the river and alighted on the water within a few yards of the house, close to where they were to be seen all last winter. Lots of motor and other traffic passes continually quite close to them, but they do not take any notice of it, nor of the mute swans, of whom there are four or five about the place.

Yours faithfully,

Old Ways, Beaulieu, Hants. THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.

Very Dark Blooze

"Kindly rest on your oars, Timothy. That contraption is getting you nowhere. And it squeaks. And the Eton Boating Song is *not* in the key of D."

"*What's up, Peter? Got a head?*"

"Like a gasometer. Very painful. And that noise you're making goes through it like a pneumatic drill."

"*Wasn't I on the warpath by your side? And look at me — no more hangover than an innocent little child.*"

"Well, it's not natural. It just proves that the Devil looks after his own."

"*I look after myself, old son. Last night I took a sizeable swig of Rose's Lime Juice before hitting the hay. That's how to kill off the aftermath of alcohol.*"

"You wouldn't lead me up the garden, Timothy?"

"*Peter, you wrong me. I've seen the light and I'm passing on the tip.*"

"Then, if you will kindly step ashore, we will seek out a vendor of Rose's. It's time I fell into good habits."

SHORT DRINK — 2 parts Roses, 3 parts Gin.
LONG DRINK — add soda.

A WALL PIECE

SIR,—I am afraid that for some years I have been a collector of out-of-the-ordinary, or, as I once heard them called, "funny things," and it occurred to me that some readers of the *Field* might be interested to see a photograph of a small collection of old coach and hunting horns I have diligently acquired, one by one, in various parts of the country. These are, as will be seen, suspended below an old stage-coach swingle-bar, and make, I think, an attractive wall-piece. I had my horns polished and then transparent lacquered, so they do not require cleaning. I have pleasure in giving a few particulars of them herewith.

Looking at the photograph downwards the horns are as follows:

1. 16-in. copper-coiled tandem horn, by Butler, London and Dublin.
2. 36-in. copper coach horn, "The Beaufort," by Köhler, London.
3. 36-in. copper "Telescope" coach horn, by Köhler, London.
4. 49½-in. brass coach horn, by Boosey, London.
5. 44½-in. brass coach horn, by Jerome Thibouville-Lamy, Paris.
6. 46½-in. brass coach horn, by Higham, Manchester.
7. 40-in. silver-plated-on-copper coach horn, by Hays, London.
8. 26-in. brass post or tandem horn, by Garden, London.

Looking across, from left to right:

9. 9½-in. copper hunting horn, by Köhler, London.
10. 10-in. copper hunting horn with German silver bands, by Martin & Martin, London, New York and Philadelphia.
11. 13½-in. copper miniature, "The Heavy Mail" coach horn, by Swaine & Adeney, London.
12. 18-in. copper hunting horn, by Rudale Rose Carte, London.

This last hunting horn is one of the straight pattern which superseded the old circular horn, and when introduced about the end of the seventeenth century measured some 18in. in length, as against the now usual length of about 10in.

It will be noted that all the horns have the makers' name and address on them. I have yet to find one of the 46-in. "Heavy Mail" coach horns, by Köhler, and one of Köhler's 52-in. "Four-in-Hand" coach horns; nor have I yet discovered one of the old circular horns which were once used, and which I believe are still in use in France, and were, I understand, last used over here by the Llangibby Hunt.

Yours faithfully,

London. C. R. ABBOTT.

WILD DUCK HATCHES

SIR,—I think it might interest your readers to know a wild duck has just brought off three young duckling in my plantation (November 23rd); there is another nest containing three eggs.

Yours faithfully,

Kenilworth, Brandon, Suffolk. J. A. WHITAKER.

A FOAL AT 20

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of my 20-year-old mare and her first foal may interest your readers. I wonder if this is a record. The foal was three hours old when I took the snap, and even at that age was so lively that it was hard to get a good one of it.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) GARNET IRWIN.

Ross, Moyard, Co. Galway, Ireland.

APPEALS

SIR,—In the issue of the *Field*, dated November 12th, on page 1138, there appears a letter describing a fund opened for raising money for a memorial to the late Don Pablo Larios. It describes the presentation of a handsome silver salver to his widow. It also states that £300 has been received, and the fund is still open.

On page 1140 of the same issue a plea is put forward for help for a "plucky old lady of 81," in desperately sore straits—ill and practically penniless. "The Friends of the Poor" put forward the plea for this old lady—the daughter of a horse trainer. All that is asked is £13. In the name of common humanity and British sportsmanship let us help the needy living before we commemorate even the worthy dead.

I am sure such a sportsman as Don Pablo Larios would wish it so.

Yours faithfully,

Oxford. FOXHUNTER.

[Surely it is possible to do both—succour the needy and honour the dead?—ED.]

WOODCOCK IN CAIRO

SIR,—On Saturday evening, November 12th, at about 5.30, I saw a woodcock in a garden near the Gezira Sporting Club. There could be no doubt of the identification, as I saw the bird from a distance of about 5yds. as it was sitting on the lawn. It then rose and flew away and was unmistakably a woodcock. Nicoll, in his *Birds of Egypt*, says that the woodcock has been recorded in Egypt from late November to early March, but this would seem to be an unusually early record, especially as far south as Cairo.

Yours faithfully,

H.Q.B.T.E. Cairo. A. D. MACKENZIE.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WADERS

SIR,—May I be permitted to pay tribute to Mr. Guy Farrar for his magnificent photographic studies of some of our waders which appeared in the *Field* of October 22nd. Although I am a keen amateur bird photographer, it does not need knowledge of this subject for one to praise such work. To picture birds in their breeding haunts needs lots of patience, but to obtain results such as those given us by Mr. Farrar calls for much greater effort. We shall hope for more.

Yours faithfully,

St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe. G. E. T.

A WHITE FOX

SIR,—I think it will be of interest to some of your readers to learn that on Tuesday, November 15th, the Morpeth foxhounds killed a pure white fox at Paxton Dene in the north part of their country. The eyes, although not the brightish pink one associates with pure albinism, were very pale brown and suggested lack of pigmentation. The tips of the ears were very slightly black. This was a well-grown fox in good condition. On finding, at first it appeared as if hounds could not make up their minds if he was their legitimate quarry or not.

Reports have been received of other white foxes in the district. Last season the Percy killed one at Brinkburn Priory. Is this outcrop of albinism just a freak of nature in the locality, or is it a strain of white being thrown by some individual dog fox?

Yours faithfully,

Northumberland. THE RUFFLE.

A PRECARIOUS NEST

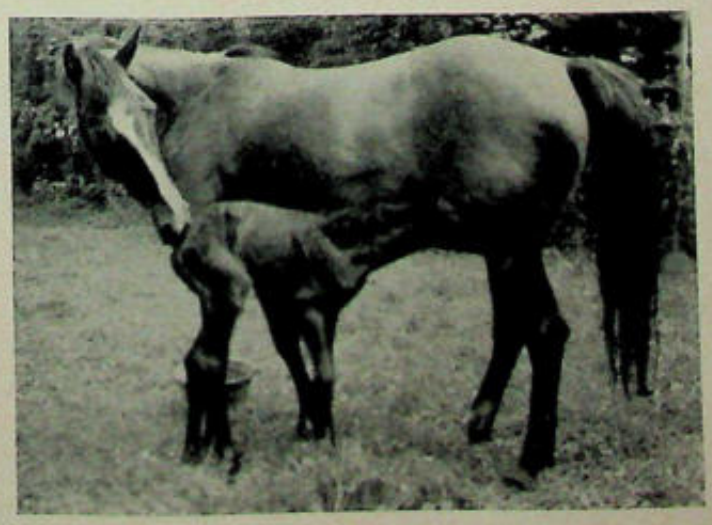
SIR,—On looking through an old album of photographs, I came across one unfortunately not clear enough for publication, taken in Brazil in the State of Matto Grosso. It shows a dove, sitting on its nest, which it had built on the spikes of a pineapple.

These birds are intelligent, and always build their nests as near to human habitations as possible, where presumably hawks are too afraid to approach.

I have seen nests built on the posts of corral fences, with cowboys yelling and cattle moving about.

Yours faithfully,

Hatch End. D. G. MACKENZIE.



THE FOAL IS THREE HOURS OLD
(See letter "A Foal at 20")

HUNTING BY HAND

SIR,—A shooting party which arrived recently at Lourenço Marques by Imperial Airways flying-boat, set off to shoot elephants near the village of Matuzi, about 30 miles north of Magude.

After five elephants had been bagged, a Mr. Selly, a member of the party, was walking through the bush when one of his native bearers warned him of the proximity of more elephants. Hardly had the bearer spoken when, tearing out of the jungle, came an irate young elephant which, although not more than 4ft. high, made up for its lack of inches by the fierceness of its onslaught.

Instead of using his gun, Mr. Selly handed it to the native, and as the elephant charged, stepped to one side and caught its trunk. Then ensued a tremendous rough-and-tumble; but although considerably bumped about, Mr. Selly did not relinquish his hold. Very soon the young elephant had had enough of the encounter, and its screams alarmed the other hunters, who dashed to the rescue. By that time, however, Mr. Selly had won the struggle, and after being stroked and made a fuss of, the youngster accompanied the party docilely back to camp.

Mr. Selly asked Imperial Airways officials to arrange for the elephant to be presented to the local zoo, which was done.

Incidentally, Mr. Selly has now a baby rhino, hippo and elephant to his credit, all caught with his hands and without assistance. There are probably few big game hunters who can claim such a record as this.

Yours faithfully,
London. E. A. R.

THE CAPTURE OF "AN IRATE YOUNG ELEPHANT"
(See letter "Hunting by Hand")

"BALANCE"

SIR,—I have just read with great pleasure the article entitled "Novices' Stable Lore (Terms and Their Meaning)" in the *Field* of November 12th, but there is a mistake in one of the definitions which I feel should be corrected, as to my mind it is of importance. I refer to balanced, equal distribution of the weight on all fours. The true definition of balanced is "When the horse's weight and that of his rider is distributed over each leg in such a proportion as to allow him to use himself with the maximum ease and efficiency at all paces." I do not think there is any time when the weight is equally distributed on all four legs.

Also in regard to the matter of hollow and roach backs, it is said in the article, and I have heard it said for as long as I can remember, that the roach back is a strong formation, and the hollow back a weak one, but personally I do not agree. Amongst the many horses I have trained there have been naturally some with hollow backs and a less number, I am glad to say, with roach backs. I have never found that the hollow back meant weakness if the loins were not slack, but I have found that there is weakness in the roach-backed horse. The backs of these horses were very rigid and required a tremendous amount of P.T. exercises to supple and strengthen them before it was possible to gain control of the hindquarters. Roach-backed horses are usually rough rides, and this may have given the idea that their backs are therefore particularly strong, whereas, in my opinion, they are only particularly rigid. I should much like to hear the experiences of other trainers of riding horses.

Yours faithfully,
Peterstow Court, Ross-on-Wye. R. E. PRITCHARD.

ODIHAM CASTLE AND PASSAGES

SIR,—I was interested to see in the issue of the *Field* dated November 12th, 1938, a letter concerning Odiham Castle. Your correspondent mentioned an underground passage joining the Palace Gate Dairy to Odiham Castle. It might be of interest to your readers to know that Odiham is undermined with tunnels, like the one your correspondent mentioned. For instance, there is a passage running from the church to the Palace Gate Dairy, which is situated next to the vicarage. Last year the church council considered throwing this passage open to the public in order to raise the much-needed funds by charging an entrance fee of a few pennies.

There is, according to tradition, a passage between our house and Odiham Castle (our house is called Redcourt; it was, however, previously called the Red House). The passage is supposed to start from a well. This well is in a small subterranean chamber. There is a brick wall in this chamber, and it is said that the brick wall covers the entrance to the passage. The whole chamber was blocked up about 20 years ago when a maid fell into it and hurt herself badly. So I suppose we shall never know whether there was a passage or not.

Yours faithfully,
Odiham, Hants. P. F. MORGAN.

THE LATERAL AND ANTERIOR VIEWS OF THE PHEASANT
(See letter "A 'Diving' Pheasant")

A "DIVING" PHEASANT

SIR,—In your issue of November 19th, under "The Towered Partridge," are some interesting examples from X-ray photographs, showing why birds towered. In case of interest I send you X-ray of a cock pheasant, fired at by a back gun standing in the valley as the bird sailed past high up, and beyond a slight check in flight, went on apparently unhurt, but after 120yds. suddenly dived straight down on to the ground and never moved again. On being picked up no sign of injury was visible, but the photograph shows that one pellet had perforated the femoral artery, which bled internally freely and blood to brain ceased, causing it to faint, and the shock of falling on to hard, frozen ground presumably killed it finally.

This appears to be a similar case to X-ray photograph No. 1 and/or No. 6 where "large"/"extensive" hæmorrhage occurred from a similar wound, but the partridge "towered." The pheasant did not do so; rather the reverse.

Yours faithfully,
Swanmore, Southampton. M. PORTAL.

"THE CHAIN OF AN OTTER"

SIR,—The theory on this is ingenious, but I would draw attention to the behaviour of an ordinary soda-water syphon. When the pressure is *released* the gas comes out of solution. It might, I suppose, be a possibility that the rapid passage of an otter through water might cause a *reduction* of pressure in his wake and so produce bubbles, although at slow speeds the reduction would be inappreciable. But it is quite impossible that bubbles should be caused by the pressure of his head and chest, both for the reason already given, and because water is well-nigh incompressible.

Yours faithfully,
Cobham, Surrey. A. E. HODGKIN.

PEOPLE do appreciate Craven 'A' quality, for they give more Craven 'A' than any other cork-tipped cigarette in the whole wide world at Christmas time. Craven 'A' are so fresh, so cool, so luxuriously smooth to the throat that they are always sure of a welcome.
You can buy Craven 'A' in their smart, colourful gift boxes everywhere—six convenient sizes to choose from, each with a card on the back for your personal greetings.
Give throat-smooth smoking this Christmas — give Craven 'A'.

HANDY TO POST
25 for 1/3 · 40 for 2/- · 50 for 2/6
100 for 5/- · 150 for 7/6 · 200 for 10/-

Made specially to prevent sore throats
Carreras Ltd.—150 years' reputation for quality

C.A.5.X.

A FREAK LUPIN

SIR,—I made a sowing of Russell lupins during the early spring. Several of the plants flowered during the autumn. The enclosed photograph shows the flower spike of one, which was quite normal until the blossoms commenced to fade, when two smaller spikes were thrown up from the top of the first, as you will see. In addition to these spikes, shoots appeared from among the faded blooms and developed into miniature plants which are now throwing out root fibres. I am afraid I made the mistake of cutting the spike in order to take the picture, but even in water the small spikes are still developing, along with the five small "plants" growing from the original blossoms.

I have grown lupins for many years, but have never seen such a freak before. It would be interesting to know if other readers have found anything of the kind among their Russell seedlings.

Yours faithfully,

Northumberland. J. A. MILES.

FORMATION FLYING OF GULLS

SIR,—"A Naturalist's Notebook," in the *Field* of November 26th, interested me very much, as it is only within the last few years that I have noticed gulls flying in V-formation.

Some gulls spend the day very frequently on the Blackwater river, some 20 miles from the sea, and I have several times watched them flying over the high ground between this place, and presumably Cork Harbour, in groups of five or more, flying leisurely in a V in the dusk. At first I mistook them for other birds, because of this V-formation, but they were undoubtedly gulls.

Yours faithfully,

Wilton, C. ARTHUR WEBB.
Mallow, Co. Cork.

LATE ORNITHOLOGICAL RECORDS

SIR,—On November 15th, during the recent spell of very mild weather, I heard a cock greenfinch uttering a dissyllabic note which is heard only when courtship and nesting are taking place. This is evidently the canary-like "tsoocet" referred to in Mr. Witherby's new *Handbook of British Birds* and there stated to be "most used when uneasy or alarmed," though it certainly expresses other emotions. I should render it "pee-wee" or "tree-ree."

On November 24th, while looking at old nests in one of our hedges, I noticed one which appeared to be in exceptionally good condition. Examination

A STRANGE CONFORMATION
(*See letter "A Freak Lupin"*)

proved it to be a typical greenfinch's nest, newly built and finished, except that the lining was loose. There were no eggs. The nest was only a few yards from the place where I heard the "courtship" note little more than a week before. There can be little doubt that this nest was the natural result of the courtship, though I did not see it built.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

SIR,—It may be of interest to readers of the *Field* to report the presence of a house martin on November 27th. I watched it for a long time flying round my house, till it grew too dark to watch it longer. It seemed fully grown and flew strongly, but I should imagine its chance of wintering abroad is remote. I have never before heard of a martin in Essex delaying its departure so late.

Yours faithfully,

COLLINGWOOD HOPE.

Chelmsford, Essex.

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to hear that I saw, on November 25th, a wild duck with a strong brood of about fifteen ducklings, making their way across the park.

Is not this very unusual at this time of year?

Yours faithfully,

Maple Hayes, MURIEL WORTHINGTON.
Lichfield, Staffs.

SIR,—It might be of interest to report that I have a starling's nest with young in a chimney (Nov. 10th). The chimney is not used because the room is small and centrally heated.

Yours faithfully,

Field House, A. M. WALLACE.
Churt, Surrey.

SIR,—I do not know if it may be of any interest to record that I saw a single swallow flying about on the cliff front on the outskirts of the town here on November 14th. It was a very warm morning, and bright sunshine. It seems unusually late for a swallow to be here.

Yours faithfully,

Westthorpe, (Rev.) M. A. C. HORSFALL.
Whitby, Yorks.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that we have a brood of three swallows (November 22nd); they are able to fly, but are very weak on the wing. Is not this a record for Warwickshire?

Yours faithfully,

ADA BOUGHTON-LEIGH.

Brownsover Hall, Rugby.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, need gifts to help an elderly widower who has fallen on difficult days. At one time he had a small business on the outskirts of London, but he failed and lost all his capital. He has been in hospital for some weeks with heart trouble, and now he lives in lodgings. His only income is the Old Age Pension, added to which he receives 2/6 from an old friend. The poor man feels his position keenly, and he suffers from lack of comfort and proper food, so an extra few shillings weekly would be a godsend to him. Please let us have gifts.

In connection with the announcement of Black and White Whisky which appeared on page xi in our December 3rd issue, we are asked to announce that the prices quoted are not the retail prices.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

COMMENT is made on the lack of enthusiasm in the market for South African gold shares. The price of gold has been recently at a record of 150/- per fine ounce. The Rand producers valued their November production at a price of 147/- per fine ounce, which is a record for all time. Yet gold shares failed to attract the attention of the investor and speculator.

The producing companies on the Rand follow a policy of utilising more and more low grade ore in their monthly working as the price of the metal advances on the London market. Consequently profits month by month are not materially in excess of the previous year. At the same time it must be acknowledged that the lives of the properties are lengthened.

Should at any time the price of gold suffer a relapse the concerns are in a position to fall back on more payable ore to maintain a reasonable margin of profit. December dividend statements are coming along from the Rand companies. These are expected to be much on the basis of twelve months ago.

At current prices yields ranging up to 6½ per cent. can be obtained without much difficulty on the shares of companies calculated to have quite an extended life. It is possible that interest in gold shares is kept in check by German colonial demands in Africa.

There can be no question of German colonial demands in the Union of South Africa or in West Africa. There is, however, a feeling of reserve throughout the Union on this political problem, but it is believed that sooner or later a revival of interest in gold shares will materialise. Speculators will no doubt direct their activities largely to the shares of various companies developing new properties on the Rand.

There are several such concerns in existence. They have been formed since the Union went off the gold standard, and the price of gold has been at a high level. These companies are in the developing stages. Much additional finance will be necessary before they arrive at the production stage.

A concern which has been energetically developing a vast new territory on the Rand is West Witwatersrand Areas. The company was registered in November, 1932. It has already floated three subsidiaries to develop portions of the territory. The first was Venterspost Gold Mining. Then came Libanon Gold Mining and later Blyvooruitzicht Gold Mining. The latter was formed in June, 1937.

Yet another subsidiary is coming along. This is the West Driefontein. A lease on the property was recently granted the company by the Union Government. The Venterspost company is well advanced with developments. Funds have been raised sufficient to erect a treatment plant. Gold production on this property is expected to begin towards the end of next year.

Venterspost 10/- shares have a market price around 36/3. They are naturally speculative, like every other share in a developing mining property. Expert opinion concerning the future of the mine is most favourable. The suggestion is that those buying the shares around their present price, and are prepared to wait a few years for dividend, will find distinct capital appreciation.

Libanon 10/- shares are 16/6 and Blyvoor 10/- shares 12/3. Development work is being pushed ahead on both these properties. They have, however, a long way to go before they arrive at the producing stages. Here again money will probably be made by those buying to-day. Holders must, however, be prepared for occasional shocks and must certainly go without dividend return for some years.

Various other properties such as Marievale and Spaarwater Gold, the latter under the wing of the Sub Nigel Company, have definite possibilities, but only over a period. Marievale 10/- shares are now about 19/3 and Spaarwater 5/- shares about 6/9. All have great prospects, but it must be remembered that in mining there are many slips between the cup and the lip.

TRADITION TRANSGRESSED

AARD-VARKS are usually most unostentatious creatures, preferring to be buried in the privacy of a heap of straw than to pace the confines of their cages, the cynosure of wandering eyes. Nevertheless, Bogey, who arrived at the London Zoo about two and a half years ago in the company of his friend Bogey Bogey, is modern in outlook, and although at first he conformed steadfastly to the traditions of his fathers, he soon found the plaudits of the crowd to his liking, and from that moment on he has quite literally walked the path of destruction. First it was only the eating of bananas, but with this unheard-of transgression of aard-vark principles came a criminal desire for further self-expression, and as a result Bogey has begun to tear down large chunks of plaster and brickwork in his cage with his powerful claws. Housebreaking is good fun, he considers, even if it is aard-vark.

I am popular at all sherry parties

REDNUTT

THE FINEST
BROWN SHERRY
PROCURABLE

ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF MORENO

Price 6/- per Bottle.

Samples available, from Wholesale Agents: J. R. Parkington & Co., Ltd., 161, New Bond Street, W.1. When applying please state the name of your usual Wine Merchants through whom the sample will be handed to you.

New Books

SHOOTING—FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Some Keepers Give Their Views

The Lonsdale Keeper's Book. Edited by ERIC PARKER. (Seeley Service; 15/-.)

THIS book is very much easier to read than to review. For though it contains a large amount of interesting matter and a great deal of shrewd observation and good sense, it has no connecting link, save that most of the contributions are from keepers and that they are all about shooting or fishing. There is no further plan or purpose that the reviewer can take to criticise the book as a whole, and the space at his disposal prevents him from criticising each essay separately. This, however, may be said: that though it is a book by keepers, it is a book that at the price of fifteen shillings the ordinary keeper can afford to buy, but that nobody who is interested in shooting can afford to dispense with, however much they know.

In this book moor management, pointers and setters, partridge feeding, pheasant rearing (by well-known game farmers and others), the rearing and management of wild duck, vermin, and the keeper as a naturalist, are all dealt with, together with admirable chapters on the stalker's duties and river keepering by Mr. Frank Wallace and Mr. Eric Taverner. But let the keepers speak for themselves.

Here, for instance, is a theory by no means universal among those closely connected with grouse interests. "I am in favour of sheep on a grouse moor and a good stock of them. They do no harm to the birds, nor are the birds afraid of them. They may do a little damage by cropping the young heather, but the amount of insects and grubs raised by their droppings repays for all that. Then they have roads and paths of their own, where the birds always get plenty of grit." This is D. McDiarmid, a Highland keeper, and I agree with him, with the proviso that where the abominable system of letting grazings by stints is in vogue the dogs of contending shepherds do a lot of harm.

Here is Mr. Dugald MacIntyre on trapping. "As the law stands the *tenant* farmer must not set gins 'except in rabbit holes,' but older Acts (which have not been repealed) allow open trapping to farmer owners and others." How many people are there who do not believe that open trapping is legal?

Here is Arthur Hipgrave, perhaps the best-known partridge keeper of his time. "There is one thing one need never be afraid of driving partridges away for good. One may drive them clean off the ground during a day's shooting, but they will be back again next day. Partridges cannot and will not be driven just where one would like them to go. I have seen them before now in a pack of anything up to 500, and have tried to get them into a field of roots, but they were not having any of it, and deliberately flew right across the field of cover and would not attempt to settle in it. I am speaking, of course, of driving well into October. No partridges should be driven before October."

This interesting book owes a great deal, I have no doubt, to the editing of Mr. Eric Parker. Only those who have grappled with symposia of this sort can realise how much unobtrusive presentation they require. The choice of photographs—though some of them are good—is not so uniformly successful. If the plate "Flankers" opposite page 30 were shown to the ordinary grouse keeper, he would break a blood vessel, and there are several others calculated to increase blood pressure. M. T. S.

* * * *

Salmon! Experiences and Reflections of W. L. CALDERWOOD, I.S.O., F.R.S.E. (Edward Arnold & Co.; 6/- net.)

It is always a pleasure to see Mr. W. L. Calderwood's name on the binding of a book. His many friends—and there must be few salmon anglers to-day who are not at least vicariously his friends—will be more than usually pleased at seeing it on this volume, partly because it is some time since his last book appeared, but even more because in it he gives us a more intimate glance into his life as an angler and an investigator than in any previous book. As always, he writes with that simple charm which carries the reader along and intrigues his interest even when the subject of a chapter happens to be far removed from his own personal experiences.

He starts off with a happy reminiscence of Strathspey, and then goes on to tell us about his visit to Canada at the invitation of the Restigouche Club to investigate an apparent decline in the salmon rivers, and incidentally gives a vivid picture of fishing in the Canadian bush, where there are no roads to the "camps" and where transport, often enough, has to be by horse-drawn lighters up the swift river itself; and the salmon rise so much more readily than they do in home rivers. There is, of course, another side to the picture, for the season, from our point of view, is inordinately short, lasting only a couple of months or so. But there is no doubt that salmon take a fly much more readily than in our own streams; a matter which offers opportunities for speculative investigation.

Periodically he pauses in his narrative to give a summary of the mass of information about salmon and their habits, of which the present century has been so prolific; the wide range of salmon in the sea; their feeding habits; their homing instinct; the destruction of the old theory about the inefficiency of natural spawning—for which, to tell the truth, Mr. Calderwood himself has been so largely responsible, though you would never think so from his book.

Altogether this is a most attractive volume at an equally attractive price and will fill more than one enjoyable evening by the fireside this winter. H. T.

* * * *

Golf's No Mystery. By R. A. WHITCOMBE. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; 2/6.)

The playing of reasonably good golf is not so complicated as we have been led to believe. R. A. Whitcombe, the Open Champion, in his new book, attacks all theorists and contends that "golf is a natural game," free of mystery. He says it is as natural in its inception as throwing stones, and with this age-old pastime it has much in common.

"How does a child knock a stone with a walking-stick? Surely he takes a firm grip with the right hand and hits the stone forward? He does not stiffen every muscle in his body. The action is a flowing one, without tension or check, and that" says Whitcombe, "is my approach to golf." He does not believe in the familiar tips and hints; his methods are very simple and are explained equally simply. After reading his book I have realised for the first time just how simple the game really should be. Whitcombe has taught me, as he will teach any discerning reader, a great deal.

"Golf is a two-handed game with the right hand dominating. Get the right hand working properly and all the rest of you will follow naturally. . . . Relax and be mobile. Make it your unfailing custom that if for any reason whatever there is any definite check in your movements from the time you walk to take up your stance until you take that club back—start again. Keep moving." His contrast between the methods of the good and the indifferent players is both highly illuminating and instructional.

Strong hands and a good grip are of vital importance in Whitcombe's opinion. He sets out simple exercises for swinging the club one-handed and, with the aid of excellent photographs, demonstrates the ideal grip which will give both power and control. He is a firm believer in physical fitness as an aid to good golf. "Breathe your way to scratch" is one of his mottoes. Regular deep breathing will quieten the nerves and entails no hardship. This will overcome the nervous tension that spoils so many golfers' chances. "Right hand; breathe deep; keep moving." There is the foundation of his success. Whitcombe does prove that "Golf's no mystery," and this is one of the few instructional books that can be unreservedly recommended. It will appeal to, and satisfy, every type of player of any age. E. R. T.

* * * *

Treks and Palavers. By CAPTAIN R. R. OAKLEY. (Seeley Service; 18/- net.)

In recent years, Africa has received so much attention from the pens of those who have helped to govern her, as well as from the casual visitor, that one feels a certain apprehension upon opening a new volume on the old subject. There need be no such apprehension on the part of those who buy Captain Oakley's contribution; for he gives us a well written, nicely balanced and thoroughly interesting description of his life as a political officer in Nigeria. Captain Oakley, it is very evident, was really interested in everything about which he now writes, and he succeeds admirably in conveying that interest to his readers. C. B.

* * * *

Guns or Butter. By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART. (Putnam; 10/6.)

In spite of the crisis and its attendant stimulus to thought upon foreign countries, I think I should have been enthralled with this book. And that is saying a good deal, for I have had a surfeit of literature upon the state of Europe these last few months and "seasons," and opened Mr. Lockhart's work in a cynical state. But Mr. Lockhart became different, he inspired my confidence by his right conjectures, and also he has had such rare opportunities for acquiring his knowledge—his qualifications are too well known to need to be stated. And he writes really well.

He has revisited the Balkans after a period of years, which has enabled him to realise the changes which have taken place; he seems to have had interviews with nearly all the ruling Monarchs, Presidents or Premiers, and they appear to have spoken freely to him and this is enlightening.

But the author went to Czechoslovakia; he also visited Germany, and I suppose unwittingly this fact has become the crux of his writing.

This is not a book to be described, it should be read. Read for yourselves what the youth of Germany are allowed (and do) think of us; what Vienna was like on the night of the Germans' entry; what reception Hitler received as he passed through the streets of that city. Or go further from the centre of gravity and learn the hopes expressed all over Europe that Britain was strong, and *would be strong*. Rather uncomfortable reading for to-day perhaps, but all the more reason why we should digest it well.

This is excellent study for group reading; not merely the traveller, though he or she will enjoy Mr. Lockhart's descriptions of his travels. There is material here to form the axis of a winter's reading—an open door. C. N.

* * * *

The World was My Garden. By DAVID FAIRCHILD. (Scribners; 18/-.)

Primarily this is a book for botanists because that has been Mr. Fairchild's profession and hobby. But many besides botanists will be interested, for it possesses varying aspects, and especially will it appeal to the ever-increasing number of readers who enjoy a really good "travel book." Mr. Fairchild's search for plants took him all over the world: he has acquired a knowledge of all quarters of the globe which is rarely to be met with. There is another reason also why this author will be read and enjoyed, and that is for his sincerity and complete naturalness of style. There is no glorification of these travels, no ostentatious presentation of the local colour—it is plainly and simply a man's life. And that man a very clever and genuine one. We are given few personal details, but they creep out between the lines in a way which is refreshing in these days of modern egotistical autobiography.

Mr. Fairchild has done great service to the science of botany; he has combined this with an even greater service to his fellow men (especially his own country, America). We are indebted to him for the introduction of many well-known food plants, besides trees and flowers. Here we can trace romance in our daily diet by learning the history of the explorations which led to the discovery of the original plants. Few men can have such a life of value to record; and fewer still would relate it so modestly. C. N.

In our issue of November 26th we published a review of *Zoo*, by Louis McNeice (Michael Joseph; 10/6). This review infringed the copyright of *The Times Literary Supplement* in several respects. We desire to offer our sincere regrets and apologies to The Times Publishing Co. and to the author of the review.—ED.

We cannot tell a lie..

We hate to admit that Lillet possesses *tonic* value . . .

So many drinks claim to do you good that we hesitate to tell you that the pure juice of the grape and aromatic herbs from which Lillet is made are of real benefit to you.

You have only to savour the fresh flavour of Lillet to realise that those Frenchmen know the nicest way of taking Mother Nature's pick-me-ups, so, allons enfant de la patrie . . . demandez un gin and Lillet and . . . Cheerio!

LILLET

5/6 *a bottle*

Agents:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.,
16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3

COMPETITORS AND THEIR OWNERS IN THE PARK AT SULHAMSTEAD DURING THE KENNEL CLUB RETRIEVER TRIALS

FIELD TRIALS

Retrievers at Sulhamstead

THE All-Aged Stake of the Kennel Club Retriever Trials was held at Sulhamstead, in Berkshire, by the kind permission of Lady Watson and her son Sir Norman, on November 29th and 30th. As was shown two years ago, there can be no better ground in England, testing to the fullest extent courage and perseverance, both in very strong covert and in an admirable water test. The judges were: Lorna Countess Howe, Col. H. M. Wilson and Major J. I. Benson.

There was a strong entry of 20. Mr. Lonsdale's Jubilee Jane came out a very clear winner. She did everything she was asked, easy or difficult, and was under beautiful control. Haulstone Brock was second, not beaten by much, as he, both in drive, nose, and retrieving, is quite high class. He did a very spectacular retrieve at the end of the second day, where two other good dogs had utterly failed. Badgery Bridget came third, and did lots of good work, especially in a quarry; perhaps she did not get out on runners quite as well as those above her.

Equal fourth went to Avishays Brush and Champagne. It is not satisfactory placing equally, but the judges gave these two a particularly exhaustive trial and could do nothing else. These dogs may not have quite the style of Jane and Brock, but they have a wonderful knack, in an unassuming manner, of collecting the stuff, and I cannot imagine more pleasant companions to a one-dog man to have out by himself. Pettistree Dan was reserve and award of honour. At times this dog is quite brilliant, but now and again he gets a bit out of hand.

Dander, sound, steady, and under good control, and Pamela, were also given awards of honour; really good dogs, but on the day just beaten, we thought. Certificates of merit were given to Adderley Bee, Brisk of Yelme, Hiwood Mike, Jon of Beantown, Langbourne Midnight, and Heydown Grist. Take the stake all round, the quality and work was very high class, and the Champion Stake later on may very easily show different placing.

H. M. W.

OPEN STAKE (ALL AGED).—1st, Mr. L. Lonsdale's Labrador b., Jubilee Jane; 2nd, Mr. J. Eccles's Golden Retriever, F.T. Ch. Haulstone Brock; 3rd, Mr. A. B. Simpson's Labrador b., Badgery Bridget; equal 4th, Mrs. H. H. Hextall's Golden Retriever, F.T. Ch. Avishays Brush and the Hon. Lady Ward's Labrador b., Champagne; reserve and certificate of honour, Mr. C. H. Kennard's Labrador, Pettistree Dan. Certificate of honour, Major D. G. Astley's Labrador, Dander, and Hon. F. Baring's Labrador b., Northington Pamela. Certificates of merit: Mr. R. Corbet's Labrador b., F.T. Ch. Adderley Bee; Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's Golden Retriever Brisk of Yelme; the Hon. Mrs. Hill Wood's Labrador, Hiwood Mike; Mr. R. V. Garton's Labrador, Langbourne Midnight; the Hon. Mrs. D. Carnegie's Golden Retriever, Heydown Grist; Mr. A. V. Greer's Labrador, Jon of Beantown.

NORTH-WESTERN COUNTIES FIELD TRIAL ASSOCIATION

THIS Association held their retriever trials at Sawley Lodge, Sawley, near Clitheroe, on the estate of Mr. J. E. Fattorini, on November 24th and 25th. The judges were: The Hon. Mountjoy Fane, Mrs. E. G. Oliver and Colonel H. M. Wilson, and in the Open Stake they could not separate Haulstone Brock and Withington Nith for first place.

The ground was an excellent one for retriever trials, and provided a water test. There was an abundance of game, and the arrangements were excellently carried out under the supervision of Mr. R. Muir Wilson, who acted as steward of the beat. The weather was rather rough on both days, accompanied by a strong wind, but turned out fine after lunch on the first day. The meeting was on all sides voted a wonderful success, and a cordial vote of thanks was proposed by the president, Mr. E. A. Walker, to the donor of the ground, who kept open-house during both days of the trials.

BLACK GAME.

RETRIEVERS, OPEN STAKE.—Equal 1st, Mr. J. Eccles's Golden retriever F.T. Ch. Haulstone Brock and Mr. J. A. Rank's Labrador Withington Nith; 3rd, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's Flatcoat retriever Windle Don; reserve and certificate of honour, Mr. R. E. Birch's Flatcoat retriever Brynasaph Quickstep. Certificates of merit: Mr. C. Walker's Golden retriever Hazelgilt, Mr. E. Winter's Labrador b. Staindrop Priceless.

RETRIEVERS, NON-WINNERS' STAKE (for twelve dogs and bitches that have not won a first prize in any stake at a recognised field trial meeting prior to the closing date of nominations).—1st, Mr. R. E. Birch's Flatcoat retriever b. Brynasaph Fair Trade; 2nd, Mr. E. Winter's Labrador b. Staindrop Priceless; 3rd, Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman's Labrador Jestaphone; reserve, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's Flatcoat retriever Windle Don. Certificate of merit, Mr. R. Andertons Labrador Hawlmark Brave.

THE ARGYLLSHIRE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION

THESE trials took place on November 22nd on the Castle Toward Estate, near Dunoon, by kind permission of Mrs. Andrew Coats. The judges were Sir James Wilson, Bart., and Mr. Thomas Tait. Unfortunately, owing to bad weather, the second day's heats had to be abandoned and only the Open Stake was decided. Result:

OPEN STAKE (for all ages).—1st, Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's Yellow Labrador b. Braeroy Peggoty; 2nd, Mrs. P. F. Morris's Black Labrador Donnybrook Banner; 3rd, Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's Yellow Labrador b. F.T. Ch. Braeroy Ruddy; reserve and certificate of honour, Mr. D. M'Donald's Labrador b. Lile Fast Lady. Certicates of merit: Mrs. Randal Finlay's Yellow Labrador Ladnor Robert, Mrs. Arthur Wormald's Yellow Labrador Knaith Boson, Mr. A. Wormald's Yellow Labrador Knaith Bolt, Miss. I. M. Macrae's Golden retriever b. Drumdaig Susi, Mr. J. Dinwoodie's Black Labrador Lochar Rob Roy, Mr. William Ponton's Black Labrador b. Lochan Nell.

WELSH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB

HELD at Neuadd Fawr, on November 25th and 26th, by kind permission of Mr. I. Campbell-Davys, the trials were judged by Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley and Mr. G. C. Williams. The results were as follows:

OPEN STAKE (for Cocker spaniels).—1st, Mr. R. Hill's b. Nip of the Links; 2nd, Mr. R. Macdonald's b. Rockstead Footspur; 3rd, Captain C. T. Traill's b. Sobenhal Binnie; reserve, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's F.T. Ch. Poddle Cricket. Certificate of merit: His Honour Judge R. Roope-Reeve's b. Eardiston Susie.

OPEN STAKE (for any variety spaniel).—1st, Mr. S. C. Jones's English Springer b. F.T. Ch. Sally O'Vara; 2nd, Cadet D. J. Calvert's English Springer F.T. Ch. Bobble; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer b. Bryngarw Fireside; reserve and certificate of honour, Mr. S. C. Jones's English Springer b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara. Certificate of merit: Mrs. J. Calvert's English Springer b. Eromtew Judy.

NOVICE STAKE (for any variety spaniel).—1st, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's English Springer b. Delia of Ware; 2nd, Captain P. O. Traherne's English Springer Noranby Flatcatcher; 3rd, Mrs. J. Calvert's English Springer Eromtew Pod; reserve, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's English Springer Newburie Sport. Certificates of merit: Mrs. J. Calvert's English Springer Staindrop Stopbright; Miss J. Featherstonhaugh's English Springer b. Rockstead Footflash.

OPEN STAKE (for Welsh Springers).—Certificate of merit, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's Ginger Lad.

CLUMBER SPANIEL CLUB

BY kind permission of Mr. J. Amphlett, the Clumber Spaniel Club held its trials at Clent on November 17th and 18th. The judges were Messrs. G. H. Turner and W. East. The results were as follows:

STAKE 1, CLUMBER SPANIEL—NOVICE.—1st, Mr. L. Evan-Thomas's Smart Rex; 2nd, Dr. E. B. Sunderland's b. Snow of Glen; 3rd, Mr. J. T. Flowers's b. Biggin Fancy; reserve, Mr. L. B. Hedley's b. Witley Jean. Certificates of merit: Mr. R. Cape and Commander E. Welman's Ch. Sandringham Sparkle; Baroness Burton's b. Doehfour May; Miss M. F. Reed's Oakerland Tinker.

STAKE 2, CLUMBER SPANIEL—OPEN.—1st, Mr. J. T. Flowers's b. Biggin Fancy; 2nd, Mr. L. Evan-Thomas's Smart Rex; 3rd, Dr. E. B. Sunderland's b. Snow of Glen.

STAKE 3, ALL VARIETIES—NOVICE.—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's English springer, Noranby Flatcatcher; 2nd, Mrs. F. C. Hollingworth's English springer b. Dagnall Dimity; 3rd, Mr. M. H. Hopper's English springer Lytchmore Loyalty; reserve, Mrs. J. Calvert's English springer, Eromtew Pod.

STAKE 4, ALL VARIETIES SPANIEL—OPEN.—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's English springer b. Bryngarw Fireside; 2nd, Cadet D. J. Calvert's English springer, F.T. Ch. Bobble; 3rd Mr. Lewes G. Beaumont's field spaniel b. Saxpence of Skerries; reserve, Mr. R. Hill's cocker b. Nip of the Links. Certificates of merit: Mrs. F. C. Hollingworth's English springer Dagnall Duncan; Miss J. Calvert's English springer b. Eromtew Judy; Mr. C. McNiel's English springer, Spanks Son; Mr. E. H. Wheatstone's English springer b. Roadhouse Chatter; Miss M. F. Reed's Sussex spaniel, Ch. Rummy of Oakerland; Mrs. Calvert's Staindrop Stopbright.

STAKE 5, COCKERS—OPEN.—1st, Mr. R. Hill's b. Nip of the Links; 2nd, Mr. R. Macdonald's b. Rockstead Footspur; 3rd, Miss Margaret Carnegie's b. Heydown Dinah; reserve, Captain C. T. Traill's b. Sobenhal Binnie. Qualifying certificate awarded, Mrs. E. Hemm's flatcoat retriever, Kala Rat of Adlington.

ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB

HELD at West Woodhay, Newbury, these trials took place on November 15th and 16th, by kind permission of Mr. H. T. Winks and the members of the shooting syndicate. The judges were Messrs. F. M. Prime and J. Forbes. Results:

ALL-AGED STAKE (open to all English springer spaniels).—1st, Wing-Commander P. Kinnear Wise's Raithburn Prince; 2nd, Captain O. P. Traherne's Bryngarw Firearm; 3rd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; reserve and award of honour, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Fireside; award of honour, Cadet J. D. Calvert's F.T. Ch. Bobble. Certificates of merit: Captain F. Holford's b. Whelford Flick; Mrs. W. R. Calvert's b. Eromtew Judy; Mrs. F. C. Hollingworth's Dagnall Duncan; Mrs. Phyllis Kennedy's b. Freck; Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Shrimp O'Vara; Mr. Kenneth J. Malcolm's Flight of Glenmorag; Captain N. W. Tredinnick's Newburie Sport.

INTERMEDIATE STAKE.—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Stingo O'Vara; 2nd, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's Staindrop Stopbright; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Noranby Pelican; reserve and award of honour, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's Eromtew Pod. Certificates of merit: Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Jocka; Mrs. F. C. Hollingworth's Dagnall Duncan; Miss J. Featherstonhaugh's b. Rockstead Footflash; Mr. E. S. G. Malin's Doljuss Brutus; Captain N. W. Tredinnick's Newburie Sport; Miss A. Mavrojani's b. Jura; Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's b. Hamptworth Chippy; Mr. K. J. Malcolm's Flight of Glenmorag; Mr. H. S. Lloyd's b. Delia of Ware; Mr. E. H. Wheatstone's b. Roadhouse Chatter.

AMATEUR HANDLERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. A. M. Horsburgh's Goldeneye Drake; 2nd, Mr. E. H. Wheatstone's b. Roadhouse Chatter; 3rd, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's Eromtew Pod; reserve and award of honour, Mr. Oswald Ellis's Burscombe Don. Certificates of merit: Mr. H. M. Hopper's Lytchmore Loyalty; Miss A. Mavrojani's b. Jura; Mr. F. A. Merry's Grouse of Thame.

BRACE STAKE.—1st, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's b. Blendworth Linda and Labes; 2nd, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Fireside and Bryngarw Firearm; reserve, Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Jocka and Blendworth Dart.

TEAM STAKE.—1st, Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Jocka, b. Blendworth Dart and Blendworth Jest; reserve, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's b. Hamptworth Chippy, b. Blendworth Linda and Labes.

FIFTY YEARS A MASTER.—The presentation of a portrait painted by Lionel Edwards and given by supporters of the Henham Harriers to the Earl of Stradbroke to celebrate his 50th year as Master will take place at a meet at Henham Hall this Saturday (December 10th) at 11 a.m.

The Country House

A PLANT OF PICTURESQUE LEGENDS

The History of Elecampane

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ELECAMPANE, one of the stateliest of wild garden plants, comes high on the list of plants with interesting associations, for it carries us back in thought to the horse-loving tribes of Central Asia, the people who brought the horse to Europe, and with the horse the knowledge of how to use the herb which from time immemorial has been known as "Horse-heal."

Inula helenium, to give the plant its botanic name, is associated also with picturesque legends, for according to the old herbalists it owes its specific name to Helen of Troy. The radiant golden flowers are said to have sprung from her tears, and another version of the legend says that she had her hands full of the flowers when she was carried off by Paris. The plant also figures in fairy-lore, as its popular names, Elf-wort and Elf-dock, testify. Even in classical times it was valued as a remedy for all diseases of the chest, and as late as the last century Elecampane lozenges were commonly sold by chemists. In common with many other herbs of ancient fame, it has a musical name, and as such was mentioned by Kipling in "Excellent herbs had our fathers of old," wherein Elecampane was amongst those "almost singing themselves as they run."

Elecampane is a native of most parts of Europe and temperate parts of Asia, and is mentioned in John Josselyn's *New England's Rarities Discovered* (1672) list as being amongst the earliest plants introduced into the New World by the first settlers. It has now become thoroughly naturalised in the eastern United States. Elecampane is now a rare native in this country, and not only for its beauty but its historic associations deserves a place both in the herb and wild garden. It does best in rich moist soil, and in such soil frequently grows over 6ft. high. In flower it is a most noble plant with its handsome leaves, hairy on top and downy beneath, and its golden flowers usually about 3in. across. It is easily raised from seed sown in spring, or it can be increased by division in autumn. The roots are large and fleshy with a strong aromatic scent.

It is curious that a plant so highly valued through the centuries and proved by modern research to be a valuable remedy is now scarcely used except in the making of the Vin d'Aulnée, which in France is regarded as a specific for all chest complaints. Formerly, Elecampane was commonly grown in both large and small gardens for making Elecampane tonic and lozenges. The old herbalists insisted that the fresh root had far greater virtue than the dried, and certainly the taste is far stronger—a bitter, aromatic taste, but decidedly pleasing. Elecampane tonic is made by pouring 3 pints of boiling water on a ¼lb. of thinly sliced root, leaving the decoction to stand all night and after bringing to the boil next day it is strained when quite cold. It is important not to peel the roots before slicing them, as much of the goodness is in the skin. Three wineglassfuls a day can be taken. Elecampane lozenges were made by boiling the roots till tender, beating them to a paste and then adding sugar, allowing twice as much sugar as root. When thoroughly mixed with the sugar boil till the paste is so thick that when cold it sets and can be cut into lozenges. These recipes are to be found in most seventeenth- and eighteenth-century cookery books, and even in the last century, when Elecampane was a common wild plant, the tonic and lozenges were commonly made, even in small households.

Other members of Inulas that are natives of these islands—Ploughman's Spikenard (*I. conyza*) and Golden Samphire (*I. crithmoides*), formerly sold in the markets as a substitute for the true Samphire—are not decorative enough to deserve a place even in the wild garden, but certain foreign species are valuable both as border plants and for cut flowers for indoor decoration. The best is *I. glandulosa grandiflora*, a native of the Himalayas, and varieties such as *I. g. superba* and Golden Beauty. They grow about 2ft. high, and the flowers borne in July and August are about 4in. across and a vivid orange. *I. Royleana*, another Himalayan species, is somewhat similar. *I. macrophylla* is noteworthy chiefly for its handsome foliage. It grows about 5ft. high, and the spikes of yellow flowers are borne in August. *I. oculus Christi* grows about 2ft. high, and has pale yellow flowers. *I. Hookeri*, which grows about 2ft. high, is a native of the Sikkim Himalayas, and the flowers, which appear in late autumn, have a faint but sweet scent.

Then there are the Inulas that are suitable only for the rock garden. The rare *I. acaulis*, a native of Asia Minor, has big yellow flowers on 2-in. stems. The equally rare *I. rhizocephala* has bristly leaves and large yellow flowers. *I. ensifolia* is rather taller-growing and is one of the best late flowering rock plants. As a rule it flowers well into October. All these can easily be raised from seed sown in April in very sandy soil.

IN A MILD DECEMBER

Bulbs in Flower To-day

THROUGHOUT a mild December the loveliest of winter-flowering bulbs—*Iris unguicularis* (syn. *stylosa*)—produces its fragile-looking blooms in continuous profusion. Picked in bud they expand perfectly when brought into a warm room, and they look particularly well if associated with sprays of the winter-flowering Jasmine. *Iris stylosa*, as most folk still call it, is of the easiest culture, but the little it needs it must have—*i.e.*, perfect drainage, the protection of a wall (it does quite well in the open but flowers much later) and a soil that is very sandy. Planted in ordinary garden soil it makes a mass of foliage but produces few flowers.

"ELECAMPANE CARRIES US BACK IN THOUGHT TO THE HORSE-LOVING TRIBES OF CENTRAL ASIA"

It succeeds admirably if planted even in a path by the side of a sunny wall, for this Iris cannot be starved too much. It is advantageous to add lime rubble. Being a native of Algeria, it can do with any amount of sun-baking through the summer. Slugs have a great partiality for the buds, and a careful look-out has to be kept for them. Planting is best done in spring after the flowers are over, and in the event of a dry spell watering is necessary till the plants are established. The white variety flowers later than the type, and is not so attractive in mid-winter when all colour is precious. The finest form, *I. u. speciosa*, does not flower till toward the end of January.

Schisostylis coccinea Lady Byng needs a well-drained loam, a sheltered spot and must never be allowed to suffer for lack of moisture in the summer. This beautiful Caffre Lily does well in mild parts in the open, but in most parts it is better to give it the protection of a cold greenhouse. If to be grown in the open, the plants are best put in in April, about 6in. apart. Once planted, the Caffre Lilies should never be unnecessarily disturbed. For indoor cultivation pot up in a 5-in. pot in spring, using a compost of equal parts loam and leaf mould and a little sand. Place in a cold frame till May, after which month the pots should be plunged in ashes and brought in in November. After flowering, return to the cold frame and repot in fresh soil in spring.

R.

BLOODHOUNDS FOR SPORT AND SHOW

By A. CROXTON SMITH

THE MARQUESS OF AILESBURY'S intimation that he proposes to relinquish the chairmanship of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders will be received with great regret. Since its formation in 1898 the association has had only two chairmen, the first of which was my dear old friend, the late Mr. Edwin Brough, and when he retired he was succeeded by Lord Ailesbury.

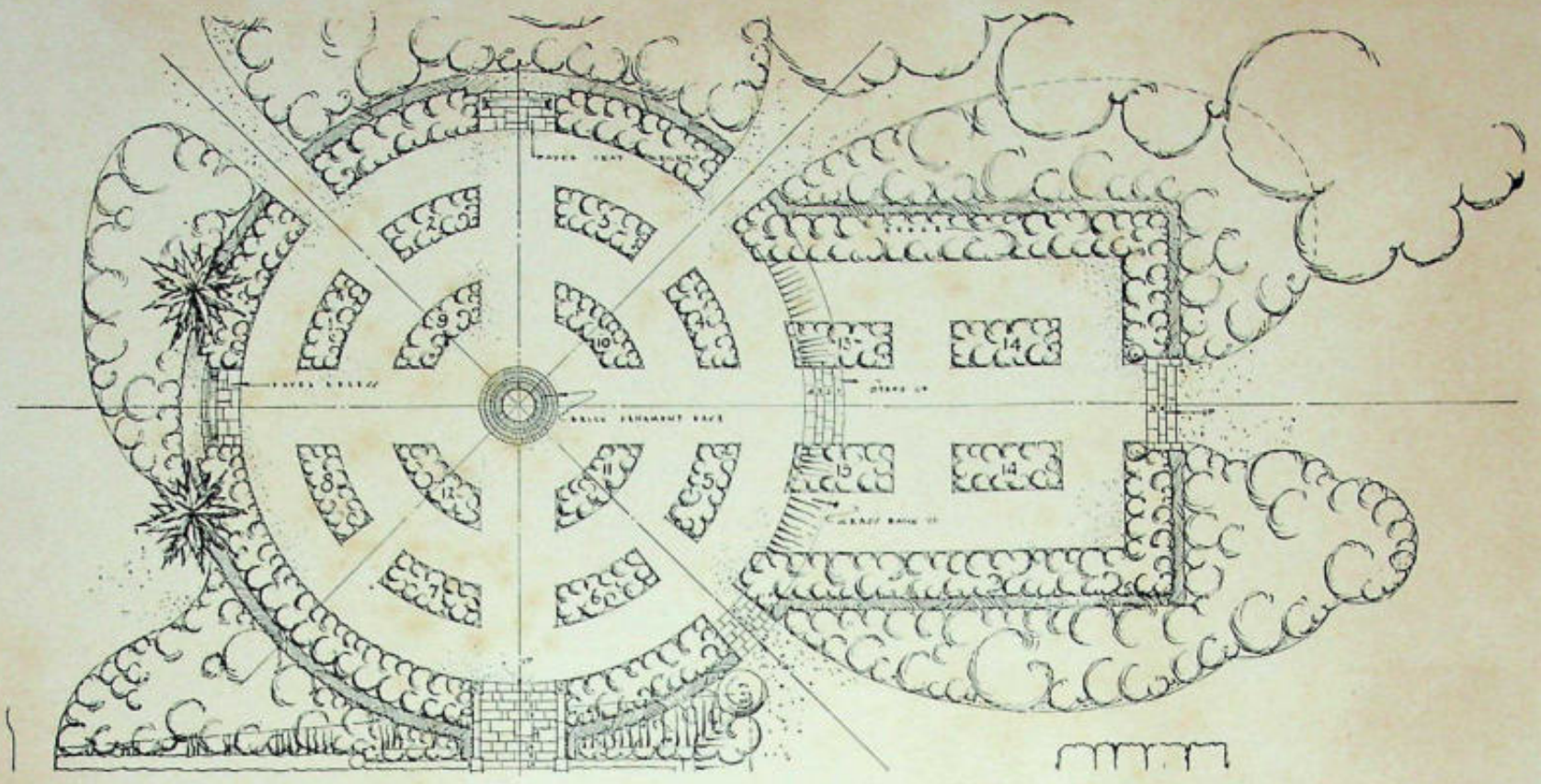
In conveying his intention, Lord Ailesbury has written to the members in the following terms: "It is now some forty-five years since I became interested in the bloodhound, and time has only increased my admiration for the breed. I would therefore beg members to do all in their power to further the interests of this hound, so good a companion and so intelligent in the field. Members of the association succeed to the inheritance left them by Mr. Brough and his contemporaries. It was largely owing to Mr. Brough that the breed was saved from extinction, and that the type has remained unaltered from the original standards. The main objects which Mr. Brough had in mind when he founded the association were the preservation of the type and the support of the interests of the breed equally in the field and on the bench. I hope and believe that members of the association will recognise that they are the trustees for the bloodhound and that they will work together for the ideals which inspired Mr. Brough."

This tribute to Mr. Brough's work is fully justified, for if it had not been for him bloodhounds would not have had the style and quality that they exhibit to-day, and it is quite possible that their wonderful working qualities would have fallen into desuetude. As a keen hunting man, Edwin Brough desired to have in his bloodhounds the legs and feet and strong loins that are to be found in the foxhound, and starting on this foundation he bred for a quality of head that had never before been attained, and managed to fix it permanently. He did not want a *chien de luxe*, however, and so it came about that he started training his hounds to hunt the clean boot, and immediately upon the foundation of the association he urged the desirability of promoting public working trials.

I attended the first of these, held on the moors at the back of Ravenscar in Yorkshire, in October of 1898. One has to admit that the tests were of an elementary character, suited to the amount of training that most hounds had then received. To the best of my recollection, the distance of each trial was not more than approximately a mile and hounds were laid on 20 minutes after the runner had started. None the less, they served their purpose by attracting a tremendous amount of public attention and acting as the forerunner of regular trials and matches ever since. The good work has progressed to such an extent that the association now promotes several trials a year, at which two stakes usually appear on the programme—one on a line an hour cold and the other with twice that interval. The winners at these trials are entitled to compete for the Brough Cup, which is on a six-hour cold line.

The ambition of all enthusiasts is to encourage the training of hounds on really cold lines, say, not less than six hours, but there are practical difficulties in the way as regards time that prevent anything more exacting being done. All the same, the effect has been to induce several owners to practise their hounds on lines twelve hours or more old, which means that they can be of actual use to the police. When I was hon. secretary of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders for 21 years we were able to persuade a few chief constables of counties to add bloodhounds to their force, and the success attending the work of some of them, no doubt, led to the Home Office authorities, at their experimental training school for police dogs at Newbury, giving consideration to two branches of police work—one tracking and the other the provision of dogs that will accompany constables on their nightly rounds. Various experiments were made with other hounds at this school, and finally they have decided in favour of bloodhounds, which are incomparable in their ability to hunt a very light scent on a really cold line.

It is quite easy to run a kennel of bloodhounds for show and sport since this is one of the breeds in which tracking hounds frequently come from the best show strains; indeed, it may be said that all the working hounds that have distinguished themselves are full of exhibition blood. As long as one has open country available it is possible to train hounds to track man, the great advantage of this kind of sport being that the runner can so select his line as to avoid disturbing farm stock or game. Bloodhounds are among the aristocrats of the dog world, having that air of breeding that is almost indefinable. There is plenty of scope for the enterprising, as breeders are not many and reinforcements to their ranks would be welcomed.



"IN DESIGNING A ROSE GARDEN, SUCH AS THE ONE ILLUSTRATED, THE IDEA IS TO INTRODUCE ROSE SPECIES TOGETHER WITH POLYANTHA AND BUSH FORMS"
The above plan is explained at the end of the accompanying article

DESIGNING A ROSE GARDEN

The Conversion of a Wild Garden

By RICHARD SUDELL, F.I.L.A.

NO plant lends itself so well for a solus display as the rose in its various forms: bush, standard or climbing. It has been improved by horticulturists through the centuries so that its season of flowering is prolonged, its habit is determined. For example, a bed of Else Poulsen is of uniform height, compact in mass and continuously colourful for several months.

In designing a rose garden, such as the one illustrated above, the idea is to introduce rose species together with polyantha and bush forms to create a garden which in itself is complete and separate from the rest of the garden.

Originally a large area at one side of the existing terrace was a wild garden. I thought, however, that a rose garden would be more in keeping with the very formal surroundings to the house. The general fall of the ground necessitated levelling, and so two plateaux connected by a bank and steps were formed.

Levelling was begun by driving in a series of wooden pegs marking the mean level of the finished lawns, using a 10-ft. straight edge of timber and a spirit level. To find the mean level the site was divided into equal parts and a central point found which could be assumed as the mean level of the new garden, and here a peg was securely driven in. An inverted bucket was placed over it to protect it against any possible movement by kicking or knocking with barrow wheels; alternatively a small pile of bricks or stones could have been used.

The next process was placing the second peg, and to do this we worked towards the lower end of the garden as this naturally required the minimum amount of excavation. One end of the straight edge was placed on the centre peg and another peg driven in at a distance not greater than 10ft. away, on the top of which the other end of the straight edge was placed with the spirit level resting in the centre. The second peg was then adjusted to centralise the bubble in the level. When the levels of the tops of the two pegs coincided the straight edge was moved on to fix another peg.

Progress towards the higher ground was carried out in a similar way, holes being excavated to allow for the passage of the pegs and straight edge. When the position of all the pegs had been fixed in the form of a 10ft. grid the ground was excavated from the higher end and wheeled and rammed at the lower until the soil was approximately 3in. above the tops of the pegs. This was necessary to allow for the consolidation of the ground after weathering and ramming.

Great care was taken over the formation of the dividing bank between the two plateaux and the retaining banks at the made-up end of the garden. I mention this because these banks were taking the pressure of many tons of soil, and any movement here would have resulted in a general sinkage over the whole area and would have necessitated considerable work and material in making good.

When the subsoil excavation was completed the ground was left for a period of two to three weeks; had the work been carried out in the summer it would have to have been left for longer. During this time a watch was kept for any movement in the ground.

Eventually the top soil was replaced and thoroughly consolidated by heavy hand ramming and frequent and copious applications of water. The hand ramming, I should explain, was carried out in 4in. layers of soil, while at the same time the extra depth of top soil required for the rose beds, &c. was placed and dug in position. Additional stone steps were then constructed leading from the terrace to the rose garden, and two flights of steps leading from each plateau were also built.

Bone flour was incorporated with the top soil at the rate of 4oz. per square yard to both rose beds and lawn areas. The turf was, fortunately, obtained in the locality and, owing to the small cost of cartage, the price was quite cheap. It was specified that this turf should be cut in 3ft. lengths not wider than 12in. nor less than 2in. thick. They were stacked in various positions on the site for ease in laying. This was done in the form of a bond, having straight joints longitudinally and broken lateral joints.

The beds, as will be observed on the plan, were laid out around two large vistas of cruciform shape. The long vista stretched from a seat recess beneath the two cedar trees, along which the eye was carried through the brilliant colour of the roses to a cool shady clearing in the surrounding woodlands. The shorter cross vista also had a seat recess at one end, and was terminated at the other by the flight of steps leading to the terrace which has already been described.

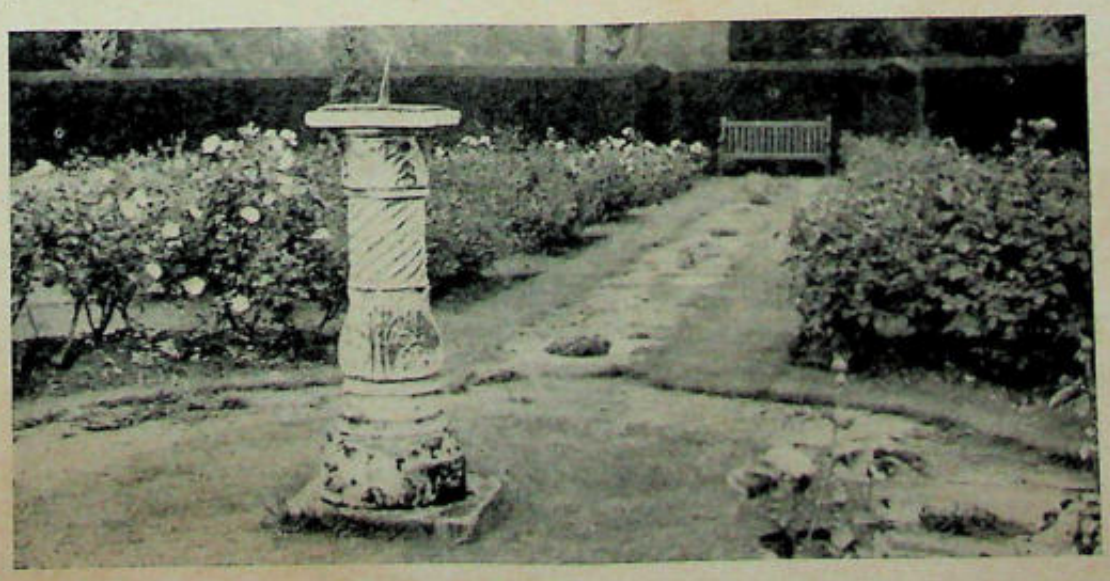
The varieties of roses were chosen with great care, special attention being paid to the colour. Near the seat red predominated, and as one walked down the garden one passed through shades of bright pink to orange. The centre was reserved for yellow, and the outer circular border was filled with alternate groups of polyantha and rose species. As a foil to this brilliant display a yew hedge was planted on the outer edge of the rose garden, and this also provided a pleasing link between the garden itself and the surrounding woodland trees.

The key given below will show the actual varieties used to create the desired effect:—

1. Etoile de Hollande—red
2. President Hoover—orange
3. Mme. Butterfly—apricot
4. Emma Wright—orange
5. Emma Wright—orange
6. Lady Forteviot—orange yellow
7. Mrs. G. A. van Rossem—apricot
8. C. P. Kilham—red
9. Julien Potin—yellow
10. Shot Silk—orange and yellow
11. Shot Silk—orange and yellow
12. Mrs. Wemyss Quin—yellow
13. Betty Uprichard—pink
14. Mrs. Sam McGredy—copper

The polyantha and species roses included:

Else Poulsen
Karen Poulsen
Kirsten Poulsen
Poulsen's Yellow
R. Davidii
R. Highdownensis
R. Hugonis
R. Moyesii
R. rubrifolia
R. spinosissima
R. Wilmottiæ



A SUNDIAL IS THE FOCAL POINT OF THIS CIRCULAR ROSE GARDEN

Office of the High Commissioner for Canada

WHEAT FIELDS AND GRAIN ELEVATORS AT FORT SASKATCHEWAN

FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA

Some Agricultural Conditions

FROM the Red River valley to the foothills of the Rockies is still the ideal region for the production of high quality wheat which sells at a premium in the world's markets, together with similar annual crops. The low precipitation in harvest time, and the prevailing high temperatures at this period, combine to produce this excellence in man's most necessary food. Yet it must be remembered that the weather in the West is remarkable for its variation from year to year. The danger of summer frosts, once a bugbear throughout this region, has been overcome by the production of early maturing varieties, but in the Northern areas it still remains a hazard. The long winter period, with its attendant overhead expenses in cost of housing livestock and feeding them, is a handicap to mixed farming in times of strenuous world competition, and has forced the Western farmer to rely chiefly on cereal crops. The tendency has therefore been to exploit the natural fertility of the soil, without much regard either for suitability or for the future.

To illustrate the vagaries of the returns from the prairies, one may take the best crop on record, that of 1928, when 545,000,000 bushels of wheat were taken in by the elevator companies, as contrasted with last year's returns of 164,000,000, not much more than one-third. A still greater contrast is seen in the drought or "dust-bowl" area of South-Western Saskatchewan, whose total crop in the five years prior to 1930 was 644,000,000 bushels, but last year returned practically nothing. The outstanding reason for this seasonal variation is the uncertain supply of moisture. Half a ton of water is needed to produce a pound of wheat, and a shortage of moisture inevitably leads to a light grain crop.

The last half-dozen years may be classed as drought years for the West, because, except for parts of Manitoba where the rainfall has averaged from 20in. to 22in., much of the West has had from 10in. to 12in. only, up to 18in. or 20in. in the western or foothill section. From year to year there are tremendous variations in moisture amounts between local districts, so that it sometimes occurs that a territory which was dried out in one season may have a bountiful crop in the one which follows. An instance is seen in Southern Manitoba during the past season, which produced on the whole a paying crop, as contrasted with several years previous, when drought conditions were serious.

The Premier of Manitoba, Hon. John Bracken, was chosen some fifteen years ago to head a farmers' group which had gained the ascendancy in provincial politics. Mr. Bracken, born on an Ontario farm, had attended the Guelph Agricultural College, and by virtue of a capacity for hard work and good executive ability had risen to be president of the Manitoba Agricultural College. His choice by the farmers' group was natural, since many of them were in close touch with his work, and his policies have been, on the whole, favourable to rural districts, though hampered by lack of funds. In the last election the general political unrest due to the depression resulted in the return of a "Social Credit" group in the Provincial Legislature, which Bracken astutely induced to form a coalition, thus enabling him to command a majority. Under the stimulus of this group, Mr. Bracken has prepared a detailed statement of Manitoba's economic position, which he has had printed in nine volumes, for submission to the Rowell Commission appointed last year by the Federal Government, and which statement may be taken as describing the position of all the prairie provinces, since their problems bear a great similarity.

The effect of the statement is to demand a "new deal" for Western agriculture. Mr. Bracken charges that the Dominion Government policies have been of such a nature as to cripple the efforts of the provincial parliaments to raise sufficient money for their local needs. He quotes figures to show that while the cost of government *per capita* of the population increased very slightly in the past 50 years, the demands for education had risen six times as fast, and the call for public services had increased 30-fold. Unemployment relief has been a heavy factor in the budget of Manitoba, and the question of raising money by borrowing to meet this unprecedented demand is one of increasing difficulty. He also states that the policy of the Dominion Government regarding land settlement has been marked by lack of foresight, resulting in great hardship for settlers in unsuitable areas. His figures further state that the tariff policy of the Canadian Government, while presumably to the advantage of the nation as a whole, has worked to the disadvantage of the West. The cost of the tariff has been estimated as $100 annually to the average Manitoba farmer, while on the three prairie provinces, as a whole, it has imposed the staggering burden of $58,000,000 per year, in increased cost of the necessities of life. He contrasts the example of Australia, where the Federal Government, trying to assist the farmer, allowed their money to fall in value to give the agrarian class a bigger return for their products, but states that the Canadian Government, by pursuing the opposite course, have depressed the wealth of the West. Railway rates, being a fixed charge on the wheat crop, took an increasing percentage as the price of wheat declined. The burden of the heavy tax on land has checked, to any large extent, the needed repairs and rebuilding in towns and cities, being a major obstacle in the way of restoring employment in the building trades.

The prairie provinces have passed through, during the past six years, the worst crisis in their history, and the usual total income of the West has been more than cut in two. Dominion money has certainly been spent in Western Canada for unemployment relief, but as Mr. Bracken points out, more to keep unemployed people from starvation than to restore a fair economic balance. It is essential that the prairies should continue to sell wheat, and thus they are exposed to the competition of the world markets, so that their welfare depends on a vulnerable export trade.

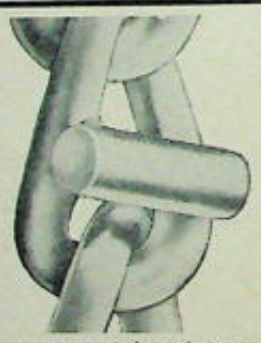
As regards the debt situation of individuals, school districts, municipalities, and provincial governments, Mr. Bracken points out clearly to the Dominion Government that in order to avoid chaos and collapse of credit some definite step will have to be taken by the Federal authorities, since they alone have full control of the economic life of the country. The situation for 1938 presents some optimistic features in Western prospects. Agrarian unrest in Alberta, coupled with similar feeling in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, may force the hand of the Dominion Government and cause a bolder economic policy. Promises of an effort to stabilise employment by legislation have been made by the King Government, and indications are also noticed of an attempt to curb the monopolistic companies who control the prices of many commodities. Enough seed of the new rust-resistant types of wheat is in existence to provide for most of the area where rust is prevalent. The facilities for the handling and marketing of the grain crop are second to none in the world for their efficiency. Though temporarily weakened by low food prices, dry weather, and economic stress, Western Canada is still a land of tremendous possibilities in agricultural production, with cheap land, rich forests, mines, and fisheries, and a rural population, toughened by hardships, whose unfailing optimism makes a joke of difficulties, and, if given a reasonable chance by Nature and their fellow-men, are prepared to make good by industry and thrift.

HENRY R. BEES.

Office of the High Commissioner for Canada

TRACTOR PLOUGHING IN WESTERN CANADA

The best grips BAR none! are BAR-REINFORCED



★ Bar-reinforced cross chains are an exclusive Parsons invention. In addition to giving surer grip they give double the mileage of any other type of chain.

The Double Wear invention—BAR-REINFORCED Cross Chains—is only one of the special features of PARSONS De Luxe Emergency Tyre Grips. Other features include: Lever-tensioning Foolproof Buckle, and heavily processed Fabric Strap with Metal Protector to obviate chafing on ventilated or easy-clean wheels. Stock and recommend Parsons.

FIT 3 OR 4 TO A WHEEL	PRICE PER GRIP
No. 0 for tyres 3.50–4.75	4/-
No. 1 for tyres 5.00–5.50	5/-
No. 2 for tyres 5.75–6.50	6/-
No. 3 for tyres 6.75–7.50	7/-

Standard packing .... 6 grips in canvas bag

PARSONS De Luxe Emergency Tyre Grips with BAR-REINFORCED Cross Chains

For regular long distance motoring use Parsons Non-Skid Chains, from 33/6 per pair

PARSONS CHAIN CO., LTD.

WORCESTER ROAD, STOURPORT-ON-SEVERN, WORCS.

IRELAND

Where ANGLERS rejoice

Tyro and expert — one and all — acclaim Ireland the grandest Angling Country. On their first visit they are amazed at the enormous extent of Ireland's river, lake and sea fishing waters. They are astonished at the endless variety of sport and the abundance of fish. They are delighted with the good and reasonable accommodation in every fishing district. All over Ireland preparations are now being made for even better facilities in 1939, and the Irish Traffic Manager, Great Southern Railways, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin, and Irish Tourist Assn., O'Connell Street, Dublin, in inviting you to take an Irish Angling Holiday, offer a full and free Information Service. Write to-day for a copy of "Ireland for Sport" (free); "The Anglers' Guide" (2/10d post free); or send particulars which will enable them to suggest the ideal fishing centre for your 1939 holiday in Ireland.

You may travel by any of the following steamship routes:—

HOLYHEAD—KINGSTOWN
LIVERPOOL — DUBLIN
FISHGUARD — ROSSLARE
FISHGUARD—WATERFORD
FISHGUARD — CORK

Guides and particulars of Holiday and Tourist Fares from any L.M.S. or G.W. Station, Office or Agency or on application at any of the following addresses:—

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY, EUSTON STN., LONDON, N.W.1
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, PADDINGTON STATION, LONDON, W.2
GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS OF IRELAND, KINGSBRIDGE STATION, DUBLIN
BRITISH & IRISH STEAM PACKET CO. (1936) LTD., ROYAL LIVER BLDGS., L'POOL
CITY OF CORK STEAM PACKET CO. (1936) LTD., FISHGUARD HBOUR, S. WALES
THE IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION, O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN

Holidays in SWITZERLAND

CRANS

5,000 ft. a.s.l. Above SIERRE (Valais-Switzerland)
Funicular Railway Sierre-Crans on the Simplon Line. Motor Road (87 miles)

WINTER AND SUMMER RESORT : SKI-LIFT

The most beautiful Ski-hoist in Europe (top 7,300 feet above sea level)

SWISS SKI-SCHOOL : ALL WINTER ENTERTAINMENT
SKATING : BOB : CURLING : SKI-JORING

	No. of beds	From 3 days onwards		No. of beds	From 3 days onwards
HOTEL GOLF & SPORT	110	Fr. 14.–	HOTEL EDEN	36	Fr. 10.–
HOTEL ALPINA & SAVOY	80	Fr. 13.–	HOTEL CONTINENTAL	35	Fr. 10.–
HOTEL BEAU SEJOUR	70	Fr. 13.–	HOTEL BRISTOL	30	Fr. 10.
HOTEL RHODANIA	60	Fr. 14.–	HOTEL PENSION BEAU SITE	25	Fr. 10.–
HOTEL ROYAL	55	Fr. 12.–	HOTEL PAS DE L'OURS	25	Fr. 9.–
HOTEL CARLTON	50	Fr. 13.–			

DAVOS

JACKSON CUP 16th–22nd JANUARY 1939

GRAND HOTEL BELVEDERE :: VICTORIA SPORTS HOTEL

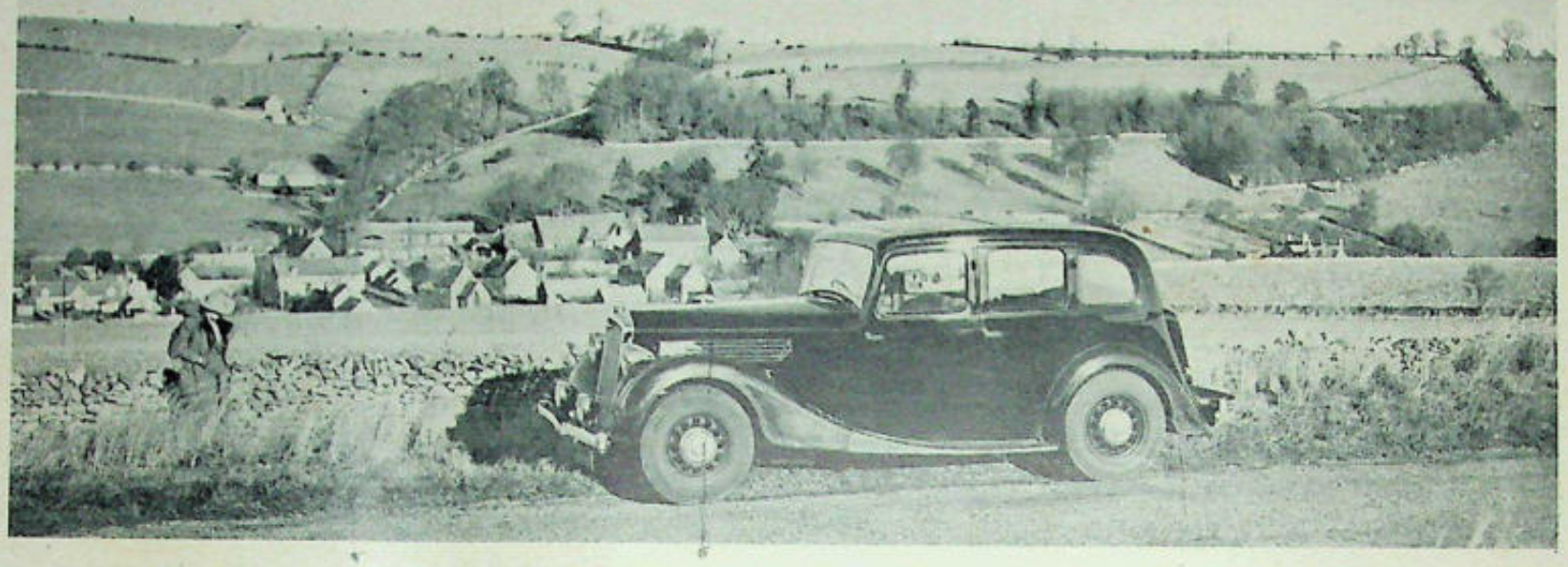
THE "FIELD" HUNTING REGISTER

Handsomely bound in red 5/-

Ample space to record details of all runs throughout the season. Postage 6d.

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

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



WOLD WITHOUT END AN 18/80 WOLSELEY SALOON PARKED BY THE ROADSIDE OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE OF NAUNTON IN THE COTSWOLDS

A ROLLS-ROYCE *PAR EXCELLENCE*

Magnificent Coachwork by Jack Barclay on a Phantom III Chassis

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

ONE of the finest examples of the coachbuilder's art I have ever seen was on view on Messrs. Jack Barclay's stand at the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition last October. It incorporated so many novel ideas, and the workmanship was so superb that it is really deserving of special mention.

The body I am referring to was a four/five-seater saloon coupé, designed by Mr. Barclay himself, and built by James Young, mounted on one of the latest 40/50 h.p. Phantom III twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce chassis. First of all, the outward appearance of the car was most attractive, being painted dark navy blue, and relieved with a chromium moulding; it was dignified and unobtrusive, and the upholstery throughout was finished in dark pigskin.

The first novelty I noticed was the double sliding roof, having two panels of the same size, the first being orthodox, and the second and lower one being made of Perspex glass, so arranged that when the upper roof is opened, the glass panel can be brought forward. The obvious advantage of the double roof is that the occupants, during cold weather, can enjoy all the light and vision without in any way being inconvenienced by draughts; the glass itself is light and unbreakable, and, therefore, the risk of being cut if an accident occurs does not arise. This novel type of sliding roof must appeal to race-goers, and especially to those who attend point-to-point events during the winter months. Incidentally, the top panel is electrically operated; whilst the lower one can be pushed backwards or forwards with the very minimum of effort. I think we must all be agreed that coachwork, when fitted with two doors only, enables the bodybuilders to produce far more attractive lines than if four doors are employed. On the other hand, when orthodox methods of hanging the two large doors are used many disadvantages become apparent, and especially is this so when the door is opened wide to enable the occupants to get in or out of the car. In this particular instance, although only two doors are fitted, the usual disadvantages are eliminated, owing to the ingenious method adopted for opening the doors. Instead of the doors being hung on orthodox type of hinges and swinging outwards in the ordinary way, they have a parallel movement and when opened to their fullest extent do not project more than a few inches beyond the running boards; moreover, by this method, more space is available for entry or exit than is usual.

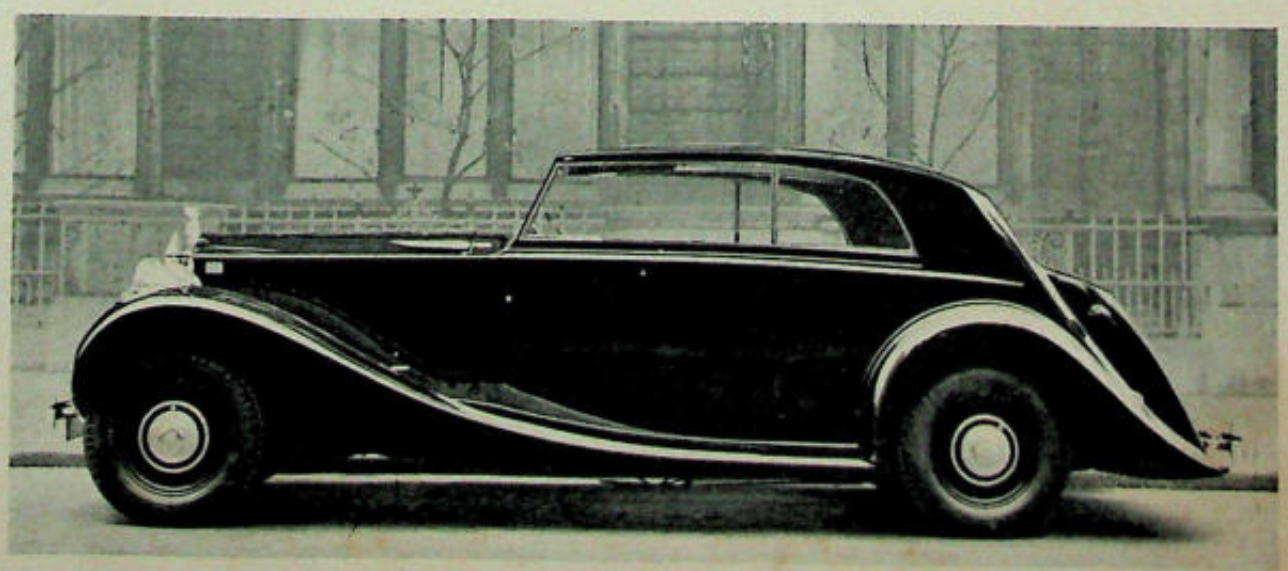
The interior of the car is equipped with no-draught ventilation and inside rear lights; sliding purdah glass panels are fitted to prevent sun glare. The windscreen is supported in exceptionally light metal pillars, and consequently the forward and side vision could not be improved. An electrically operated de-mister is also fitted.

Other features include a cocktail cabinet, ladies' vanity sets on either side of the back seats, a radio set with press-button tuning, and in the lid of the folding arm rest there is a cigarette box. Even the rear blind is electrically operated.

The luggage boot at the rear is very commodious and is fitted with large pigskin suitcases as well as a case containing a pair of Purdey guns, the luggage being protected by an inner lid; additional gear can also be carried by dropping the outer lid.

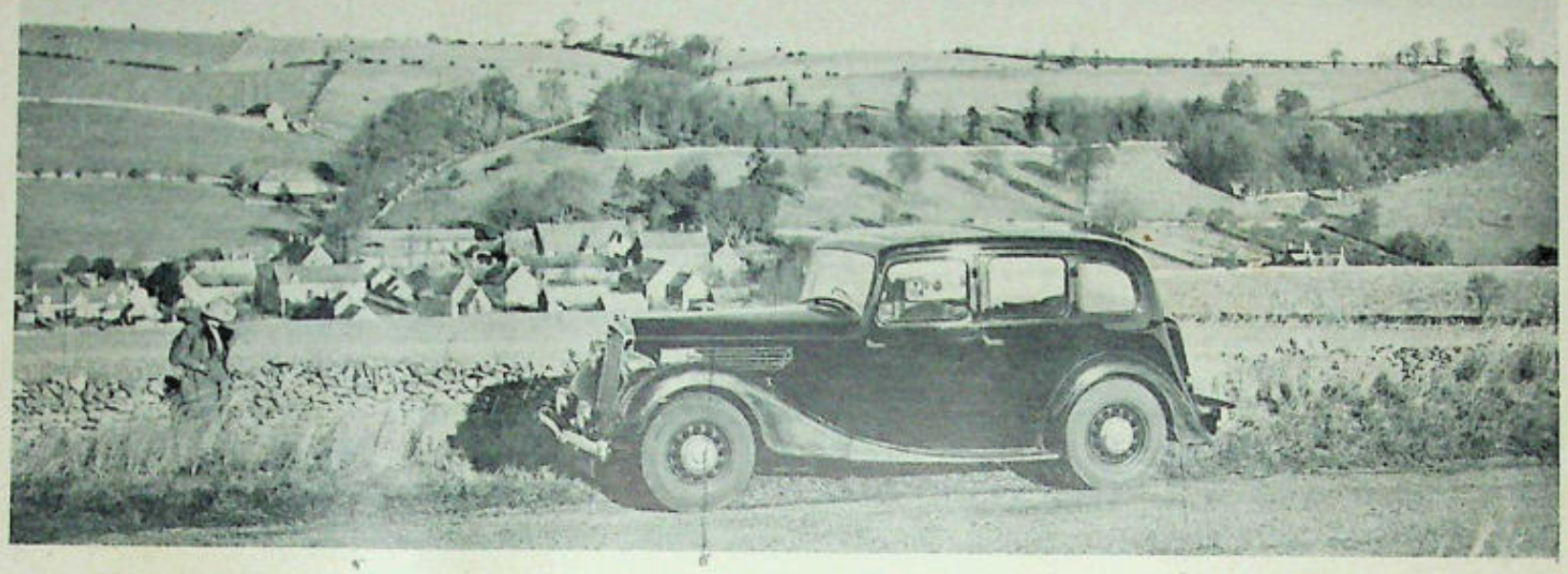
I must frankly admit I was most impressed when I looked over this car during the recent Motor Exhibition, and although there were many other fine examples of the coachbuilder's art to be seen on the other stands, this particular exhibit left a lasting impression on my mind. Everything about the car was practical, and every possible detail had been carefully thought out, and I should imagine that the lucky person who eventually owns this particular vehicle will become the envy of all his or her friends; it is certainly a credit, not only to the designer, but also to James Young & Co., the builders. The price complete, as described, is £3,173, or, without the pair of Purdey guns, £2,900.

CRISIS ACCIDENTS.—The National Safety First Association informs us that the October road accident figures spoiled a downward trend which has been in progress for some months, and the increases, both in killed and injured, were in speed limit areas, whilst in the de-restricted areas there were reductions. Mental and emotional strain always have a bad effect on concentration, and it is probable that the tension of the crisis and the reaction which followed influenced road behaviour. The tendency has not been confined to accidents on the road. Some organisations have found that cases of illness among their staffs were unusually numerous this autumn.



"EVERYTHING ABOUT THE CAR IS PRACTICAL, AND EVERY POSSIBLE DETAIL HAS BEEN CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT"

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



WOLD WITHOUT END AN 18/80 WOLSELEY SALOON PARKED BY THE ROADSIDE OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE OF NAUNTON IN THE COTSWOLDS

A ROLLS-ROYCE *PAR EXCELLENCE*

Magnificent Coachwork by Jack Barclay on a Phantom III Chassis

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*First to achieve* 300 *m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

ONE of the finest examples of the coachbuilder's art I have ever seen was on view on Messrs. Jack Barclay's stand at the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition last October. It incorporated so many novel ideas, and the workmanship was so superb that it is really deserving of special mention.

The body I am referring to was a four/five-seater saloon coupé, designed by Mr. Barclay himself, and built by James Young, mounted on one of the latest 40/50 h.p. Phantom III twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce chassis. First of all, the outward appearance of the car was most attractive, being painted dark navy blue, and relieved with a chromium moulding; it was dignified and unobtrusive, and the upholstery throughout was finished in dark pigskin.

The first novelty I noticed was the double sliding roof, having two panels of the same size, the first being orthodox, and the second and lower one being made of Perspex glass, so arranged that when the upper roof is opened, the glass panel can be brought forward. The obvious advantage of the double roof is that the occupants, during cold weather, can enjoy all the light and vision without in any way being inconvenienced by draughts; the glass itself is light and unbreakable, and, therefore, the risk of being cut if an accident occurs does not arise. This novel type of sliding roof must appeal to race-goers, and especially to those who attend point-to-point events during the winter months. Incidentally, the top panel is electrically operated; whilst the lower one can be pushed backwards or forwards with the very minimum of effort. I think we must all be agreed that coachwork, when fitted with two doors only, enables the bodybuilders to produce far more attractive lines than if four doors are employed. On the other hand, when orthodox methods of hanging the two large doors are used many disadvantages become apparent, and especially is this so when the door is opened wide to enable the occupants to get in or out of the car. In this particular instance, although only two doors are fitted, the usual disadvantages are eliminated, owing to the ingenious method adopted for opening the doors. Instead of the doors being hung on orthodox type of hinges and swinging outwards in the ordinary way, they have a parallel movement and when opened to their fullest extent do not project more than a few inches beyond the running boards; moreover, by this method, more space is available for entry or exit than is usual.

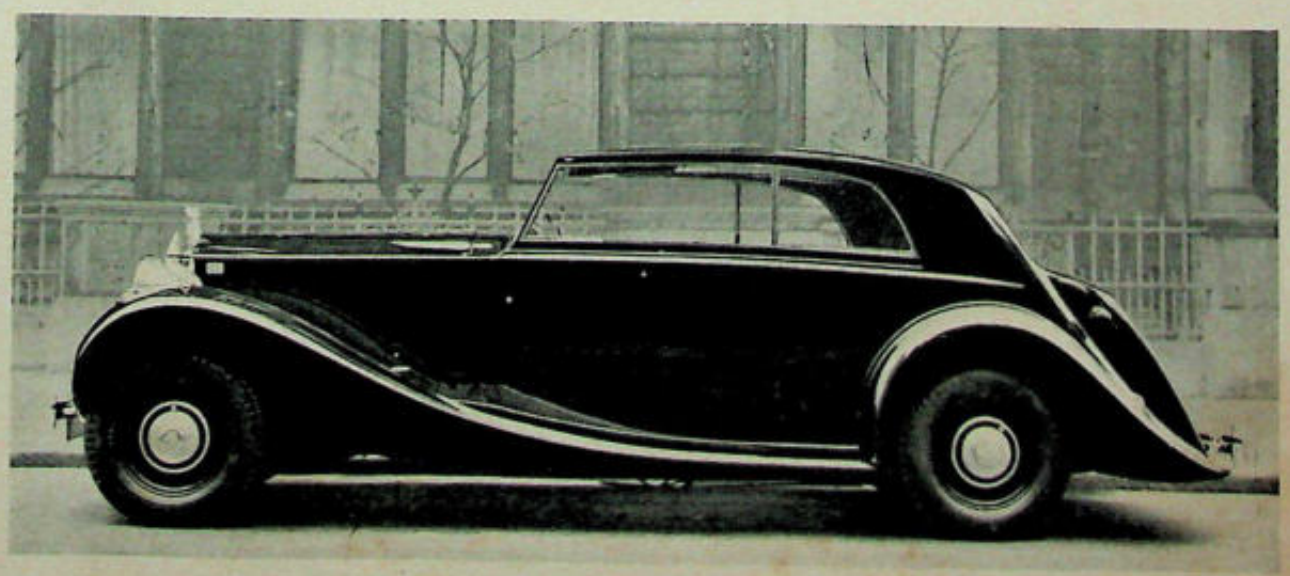
The interior of the car is equipped with no-draught ventilation and inside rear lights; sliding purdah glass panels are fitted to prevent sun glare. The windscreen is supported in exceptionally light metal pillars, and consequently the forward and side vision could not be improved. An electrically operated de-mister is also fitted.

Other features include a cocktail cabinet, ladies' vanity sets on either side of the back seats, a radio set with press-button tuning, and in the lid of the folding arm rest there is a cigarette box. Even the rear blind is electrically operated.

The luggage boot at the rear is very commodious and is fitted with large pigskin suitcases as well as a case containing a pair of Purdey guns, the luggage being protected by an inner lid; additional gear can also be carried by dropping the outer lid.

I must frankly admit I was most impressed when I looked over this car during the recent Motor Exhibition, and although there were many other fine examples of the coachbuilder's art to be seen on the other stands, this particular exhibit left a lasting impression on my mind. Everything about the car was practical, and every possible detail had been carefully thought out, and I should imagine that the lucky person who eventually owns this particular vehicle will become the envy of all his or her friends; it is certainly a credit, not only to the designer, but also to James Young & Co., the builders. The price complete, as described, is £3,173, or, without the pair of Purdey guns, £2,900.

CRISIS ACCIDENTS.—The National Safety First Association informs us that the October road accident figures spoiled a downward trend which has been in progress for some months, and the increases, both in killed and injured, were in speed limit areas, whilst in the de-restricted areas there were reductions. Mental and emotional strain always have a bad effect on concentration, and it is probable that the tension of the crisis and the reaction which followed influenced road behaviour. The tendency has not been confined to accidents on the road. Some organisations have found that cases of illness among their staffs were unusually numerous this autumn.



"EVERYTHING ABOUT THE CAR IS PRACTICAL, AND EVERY POSSIBLE DETAIL HAS BEEN CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT"

REORGANISING THE AIRWAYS

Some Aspects of the New Merger Scheme

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

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD'S announcement in the House of Commons that Imperial Airways and British Airways, our two principal commercial-aviation companies, are to be merged into a single public corporation is probably the most important development of policy in civil flying since Imperial Airways itself was formed some fifteen years ago. In conjunction with other recent developments it provides very striking evidence of the Government's intention not merely to reorganise the airways on the lines of the Cadman Report, but even to go beyond the committee's recommendations when circumstances seem to warrant such a course.

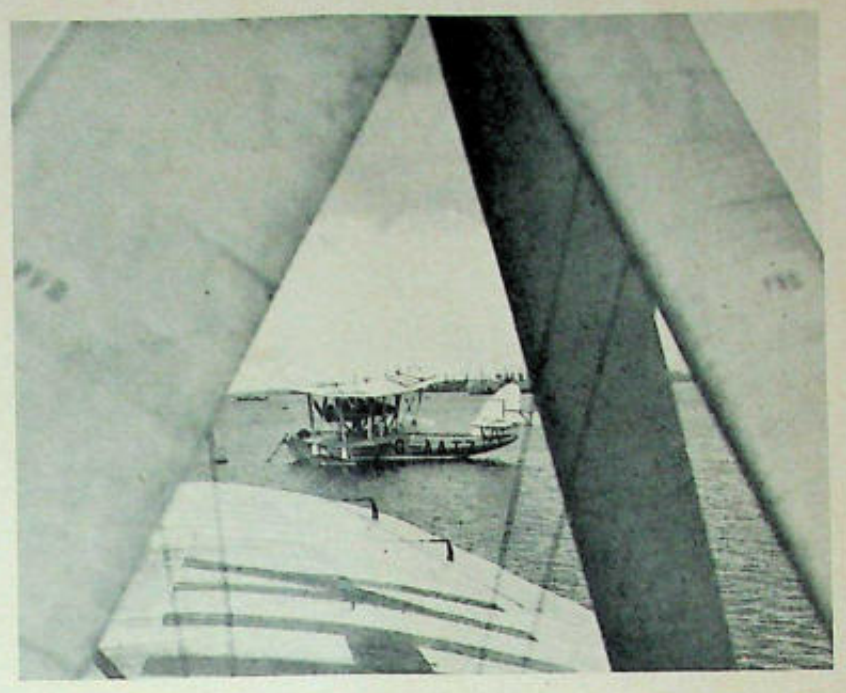
Precise details of the scheme will not, of course, be known until the Bill authorising the step is presented to Parliament. Broadly, however, the plan seems to envisage the creation of a non-commercial public-utility corporation, financed by the issue of fixed interest stocks guaranteed by the Government. That this undertaking may be more like the B.B.C. than, say, the London Passenger Transport Board, might be inferred from the remark made by Sir John Reith in his speech at the annual meeting of Imperial Airways, when he said that the airways would not be converted into a Government department, but that it might be like another public corporation with which he was until recently associated.

The point he also made that the present position of the company was neither commercially nor constitutionally satisfactory, and that relations with the State were not all they might be was fully recognised by the Cadman Committee. The idea of merging the companies receiving Government subsidy was not, however, considered—or at any rate not commented upon—by the committee. That body, it will be recalled, went no further than suggesting that Imperial Airways should be responsible for developments within the Empire and British Airways for other external services, while a joint company should be formed to conduct the London–Paris route.

Financial reasons seem to have been the principal ones in deciding the Government on the new course. Large additional capital is necessary for the expansion of services, and it is desirable that this should be raised as cheaply as possible. For this purpose some Government guarantee seems essential. The present position is that the State will not only carry the ultimate risk involved in the operation of the services, but pay large subsidies. It will, however, be generally admitted that it is better for subsidies to go directly to the assistance of development than to the maintenance of shareholders' dividends.

Apart from criticisms made on the financial aspects, with which this article cannot attempt to deal, and which, in any case, can be no more then speculations until the full provisions of the Bill are known, the chief point urged against the merger has been that it will eliminate competition and that British commercial aviation may, as a result, once again relapse into a position of inferiority just when it is re-establishing itself throughout the world.

This argument was foreseen by the Cadman Committee when recommending that the operation of external airways should be concentrated in a few hands. "Subsidised foreign lines," the committee observed, "will provide all the competition necessary to stimulate improvement in services and equipment." It is interesting to note that this view echoes the conclusion of the Hambling Committee of 1923—the committee whose report led to the establishment of Imperial Airways; that body remarked: "So far as efficiency of service is concerned, adequate incentive should be provided by the direct competition of foreign companies with large Government resources behind them."



THE OLD AND THE NEW

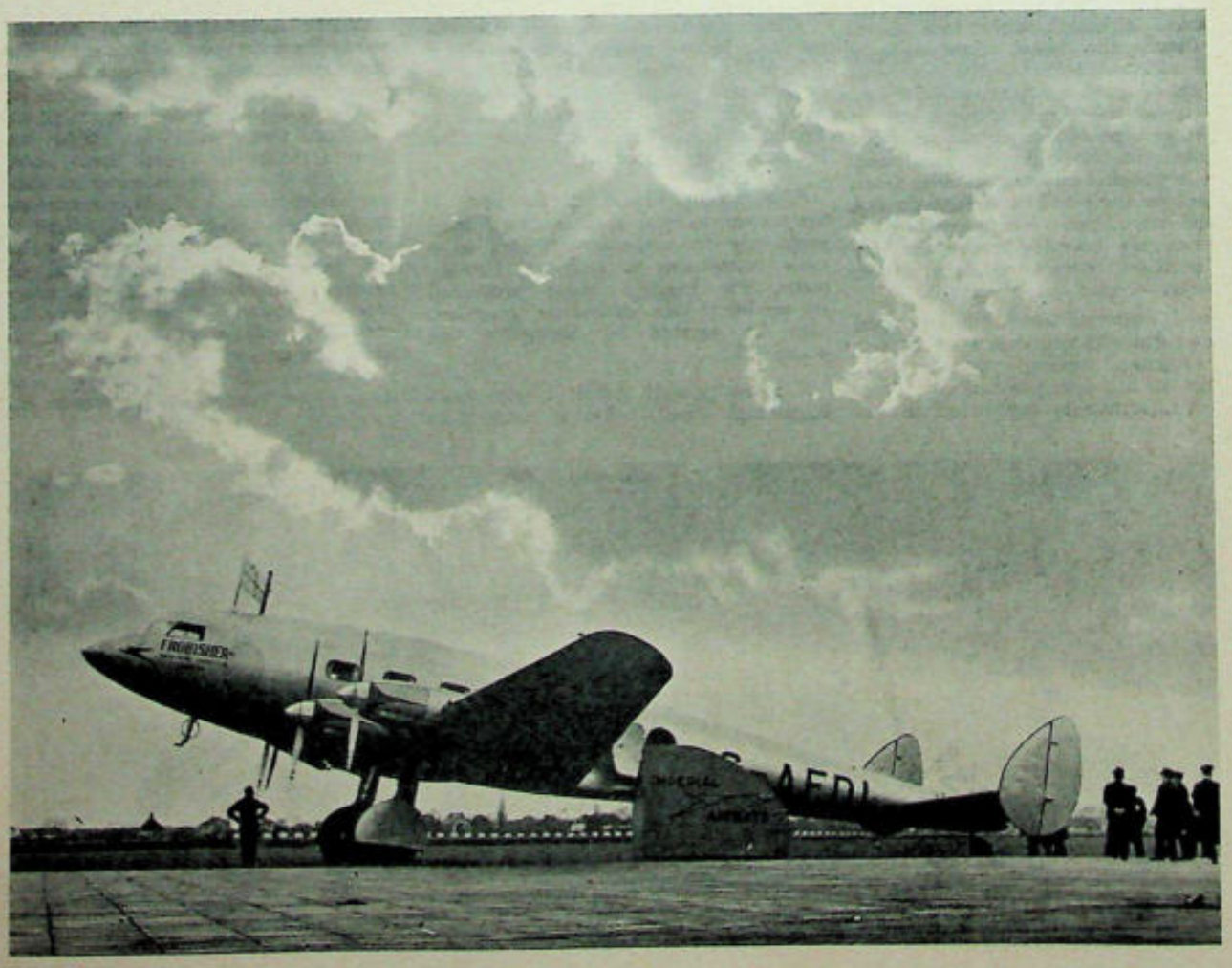
A view through the superstructure of the Maia showing one of the veteran flying boats in service on the Mediterranean as long ago as 1926

In some ways, the new scheme might be regarded as a return to the general policy recommended by the Hambling Committee. When this committee was set up, there were several British companies operating on different routes and each in receipt of Government subsidy. The conclusion drawn was that the system was wasteful and anomalous, and that the solution lay in forming a new organisation to take over the then existing services and to operate on a monopoly basis. The idea of a public corporation was, however, specifically rejected.

That policy was pursued until 1935, when the Warren Fisher Committee advised that more than one company should be subsidised. Imperial Airways' activities became almost entirely concentrated on the Empire routes, while British Airways received Government assistance for the maintenance of Continental services, with one or two exceptions, notably London–Paris. The official choice of British Airways to develop the West African and South American routes indicated, however, that the trend away from the monopoly policy was greater than had been thought.

In view of the handicaps (stressed by Sir John Reith in his speech at the Imperial Airways meeting) imposed on British aviation by the difficulty of securing deliveries of equipment, the creation of a single corporation with fuller Government backing than has hitherto been provided may very well lead to improvement in services, rather than the reverse. There is no reason to suppose that a concern of this kind must necessarily be less efficient than one in which commercial risks are greater; experience with other public-utility corporations does not suggest that the absence of internal competition inevitably produces stagnation. Moreover, the Government itself, as the ultimate sponsor of the new enterprise, should be more open to direct pressure in Parliament should circumstances calling for inquiry arise.

That the scheme has in it seeds of both good and possible bad no one can deny. Only practical experience can decide its ultimate merits. In the past monopoly rescued British commercial flying, and, later, competition revivified it. Perhaps in these early days the greatest significance of the plan is in the indication it gives of the new and welcome attitude to commercial flying: its being regarded as an absolutely essential service whose continuance must be ensured by the fullest backing the State can provide.



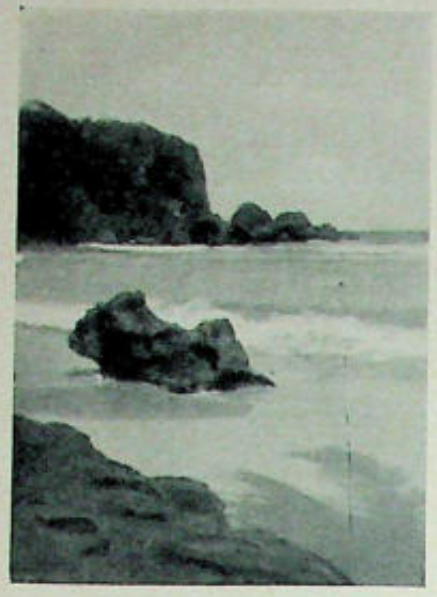
AN IMPRESSIVE ANGLE ON CROSS CHANNEL AIR SERVICES

The Frobisher, the first of three thirteen-ton, 240 h.p. air liners to be put into service on the European routes by Imperial Airways

COACHBUILDING.—With regard to the recent announcement in the Press concerning Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., they would like it to be generally known that the company is being reconstituted. Business will will be carried on at the well-known South Audley Street showrooms as before. The manufacture of new motor bodies is being carried out at a completely new and up-to-date factory at Elvedon Road, Willesden, where every possible modern facility, both for the men who now work under ideal conditions, and for the production of the highest possible excellence in coachwork, will be found. The repairs department has been transferred to a more central address at 77, King's Road, Chelsea.

"THE LOOK-BEHIND COUNTRY"

The Second Centenary of a Happy Jamaican Settlement



AN ATTRACTIVE COASTAL VIEW NEAR THE COCKPIT COUNTRY

A SMALL self-governing community of about 1,500 people, the Maroons offer a happy example to the other inhabitants of Jamaica so recently tormented by strife and riots.

Having fought for and obtained their freedom 200 years ago, the Maroons have proved themselves to be, since that time, a peaceful and law-abiding people.

The origin of this small independent State dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, when the English overpowered the Spaniards, who were then in possession of the island.

The slaves of the Spaniards having been released by their masters, in order to fight against the invaders, displayed such resource and courage that they remained unconquered. Being outnumbered they were forced to seek refuge in the nearby mountains.

They chose as their hiding-place a part of the island called "The Cockpit Country," owing to the curious formation of the hills. This particular district came to be known as "The Look-behind Country," owing to the fact that the Maroons, having established themselves there, became such a menace to the countryside, that any individual venturing near their lair had to look behind for fear of attack.

Long after the Spaniards had been driven from Jamaica, the Maroons remained a constant source of danger to the inhabitants of the island. Raiding parties destroyed the neighbouring properties. Lives were endangered. No one was immune from the cruel methods of these runaway slaves. All attempts by the military to dislodge them from their mountain refuge were unavailing. Although the British authorities took every means to safeguard their people, this intolerable situation persisted.

During the eighteenth century a Government official volunteered to go unaccompanied to this dangerous Cockpit Country in order to obtain an interview with the leader of the rebels. He hoped to succeed by negotiation where force had failed.

His courage so impressed the Maroons, that he was allowed to reach his destination unmolested. After much talk and bargaining a treaty was concluded and signed in the name of the British Government.

The signing of the treaty was carried out with great pomp and ceremony, in typical native fashion. A bowl was placed upon a rough hewn table, with the representative of the British and that of the Maroons standing side by side, their wrists loosely tied together. After a small incision had been made, the blood of both men was collected in the bowl, and mixed with a small measure of rum. With this mixture the treaty was signed. One copy was held by the Maroons, which to this day is one of their most treasured possessions, another was kept by the British, and is still to be seen in the Museum at Kingston. The signatures, now scarcely visible, still bear witness to the bravery of one man and the integrity of his opponents.

The conditions of the agreement granted to the Maroons full self-government. They were in future to make their own laws, and to be allowed complete freedom in their own domain, on the condition that they created no disturbance. So faithfully has this pledge been fulfilled that to this day the Maroons have never once broken faith with the Government of Jamaica. The only occasion on which an appeal could be made to the British Government was in the event of a death sentence having to be passed by the leader on one of his followers. This appeal has never been made. Investigations of the Maroon records prove that this community is practically free from crime. They show that the last "crime" to be tried was a charge of stealing brought against a youth. This case was dealt with in such a manner that during the intervening thirteen years no charge whatever has been made against any Maroon.

During the spring of 1938 the 200th anniversary of their freedom was commemorated, and many visitors were invited to join in the celebrations, which lasted for three days. Anyone undertaking the arduous and difficult journey, ending with an uncomfortable ride on a mule, was amply rewarded by the kindly hospitality of their hosts.

Long tables covered with spotless white cloths and laden with all manner of tempting dishes awaited the visitors. The fare consisted of differently cooked meats, including chickens and sucking pig, which were supplemented by a variety of luscious native fruits and vegetables.

After the first evening meal had been consumed, the leader rose to his feet and made a courteous and dignified speech, welcoming the visitors. He referred in touching terms to his people's unswerving loyalty to the British Empire. This loyalty, he pointed out, had already been proved by the sending of volunteers to fight in the World War. He also undertook in the future, if their aid should be required, they would be willing once again to offer their support. The terms in which he referred to the King Emperor resembled those which are generally used in connection with the Deity.

On being asked whether they would not welcome more easy methods of communication to the other parts of the island, the leader drew himself up proudly, and said: "Communication means contamination." The Maroons have jealously kept their origin free from any intermingling with other races. This is clearly seen by the purity of their dark colour (from whence their name is derived), and other characteristics of their African forbears.

The leader, who for his term of office has complete authority over his "subjects," is elected by them. On wishing to retire, he may nominate his successor, but the final decision rests with the electors. In point of fact, the leadership is frequently passed from father to son.

The houses inhabited by the Maroons, built of native materials, are of the simplest nature, airy and clean. The small gardens surrounding them are full of gay flowering shrubs. The natural resources of this fertile country are practically limitless, and climatic conditions make it easy for the inhabitants to live on their home-grown produce. All around there is evidence of content and well-being. A fact which is in strange contrast to the other parts of Jamaica, where the so-called benefits of civilisation have been introduced.

THE MAROONS HAVE KEPT THEIR AFRICAN CHARACTERISTICS

Cricket is one of their main recreations, the ground on which they play being about the size of an ordinary tennis court, and, surrounded by scrubby undergrowth. During a match, the women and children are posted at intervals round the pitch to prevent the disappearance of the ball. The rules of this curiously arranged game differ somewhat from those of the more orthodox cricket, but they certainly produce a hilarious and amusing entertainment.

On return from witnessing the strange anomaly of a self-governing, self-supporting state within the British Empire, the visitor would no doubt have been given much food for thought. He might have found it strange that the leader of the Maroons should have been so emphatic in wishing to keep his people from easier communication with the outside world.

On further reflection, however, he would probably be forced to admit that these simple-minded people have evolved for themselves a method of living whereby peace and happiness prevail.

EVELYN STEVENS.

A JAMAICAN BAY NEAR THE COCKPIT COUNTRY

THE BREAKERS ROLLING INTO NORTH BAY, JAMAICA

WHERE TO STAY

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

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales.
1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1379

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.
DECEMBER JANUARY FEBRUARY Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
SNIPE SHOOTING OVER 7,000 ACRES.
Free to Guests.
Telephone: Lifton 44 and 45.

WILDFOWL AND GEESE
For the best shooting in the Fens, write:
CHEQUERS HOTEL,
Holbeach, Lincs.
A.A. and R.A.C. H. and C. all rooms.

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

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartnoll" Country House Hotel, Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton, Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; hacks and rough shooting; centre of stag hunting; good stabling.—Box 3392, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COBDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

HOLLYBROOK HOTEL, Lough Arrow, Co. Sligo. Good fishing, rough shooting, golf. Open Easter–December 31st.

IRELAND'S NATURE CURE HYDRO.—Osteopathy, Massage, Hydrotherapy, Colonic Irrigation, Fasting, Treatment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Constipation, Obesity, Hunting Accidents. Guests can enjoy hunting (four packs—Island, Coollattin, Wexford, Bree), shooting, fishing, golf.—Apply SECRETARY, Upton, Kilmuckridge, Gorey, Co. Wexford. City Clinic, 1, Merrion Square, Dublin. Tel. 62604.

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AROSA, SWITZERLAND. 7,000ft. BERGHOTEL PRATSCHLI. Hotel of high standard. Participant at Arosa-Ball in London. Full arrangement for seven days, all included, from £7.

AROSA, SWITZERLAND (6,000ft. above sea level).—EXCELSIOR, first class, 18/- to 26/- daily.—Man.-Prop.: SIEBER. Repr.: HANFORD, 12, Henrietta Street, W.C. 2.

HAUS ISLA, AROSA (SWITZERLAND).—Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking; fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs.13.50, during winter from Frs.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

PARIS

HOTEL DE FRANCE ET CHOISEUL, 239–241, Rue St. Honore (Place Vendome); first-class; large inside garden; 125 suites and rooms. Rooms from 10/-.
RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE CROWN HOTEL AT AMERSHAM

EVERYWHERE the country is bare and entirely leafless. Yet there is something very attractive about a long walk in Bucks at this season of the year. If you are lucky you get a little glow of sunshine around noon and then there's that rather delightful hint of frost in the late afternoon which makes you bustle home eagerly to buttered toast and a cosy parlour fireside. It is a most pleasant thing to sit with slippered feet propped on the fender and go over in one's own mind the sights and sounds of a winter ramble.

I found myself doing this the other day in a cosy Ingle Nook room at the Crown Hotel at Amersham. And there can be few nicer places in Bucks for such a reverie. The Crown is a typical old coaching inn, built in the early part of the seventeenth century. Old beams and oak panelling predominate in most of the rooms, those in the coffee-room being particularly fine. You will notice a panel of painted plaster over the fireplace in this room, surrounded by an oak frame, the colour of which has faded away to a dull brown. It represents the Royal Arms with conventional Lion and Unicorn and motto while, very faintly, at the top you will see the words: "God save the Queene."

One writer said of the origin of this panel: "Whence came the panel, and who set it in its present position, no one seems to know for certain. The local legend—killed as all students of Heraldry will know by the Lion and Unicorn supporters—is that it was introduced into the Crown by some former lessee, and commemorates a visit paid by Queen Elizabeth to Shardeloes, the ancestral home of the Drake family, who have been Lords of the Manor of Amersham for many a long year. But the house of Shardeloes, a mile away on a tree-clad eminence overlooking the spacious lake by which you can wander at will, was built in Georgian days, near the site of the old house which it is quite probable Elizabeth visited."

Once the Crown was quite a busy posting house, as is obvious from the spacious courtyard and traces of stabling accommodation. To-day, of course, it has inherited a full trade by reason of the excellence of its cuisine and because of the ever-growing number of cars which pass through Amersham on their various ways to odd corners in Bucks. It is a much cosier inn than exterior appearances would have you think. Most of the bedrooms, for example, retain their ancient oak beams, and in one of them, number six, can be seen a relic of great interest in a piece of old wall-stencilling. These patternings used to be painted on the plastered walls of rooms, the paint being laid on before the plaster was dry to allow the colour to sink in.

But it was that Ingle Nook room which took my fancy so. I had walked through a countryside undecorated, hard, and stripped of its finery, and I came into a room where the firelight flickered and played over everything. Blazing beech logs winked at me and shadows danced across the time-worn ceiling beams and I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the fire, glad and contented that my wanderings had brought me to the Crown.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

THE BOOK OF THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER
By W. M. CHARLESWORTH
The HISTORY, BREEDING & MANAGEMENT
Illustrated with photographs
"This book will have permanent value as a contribution to the history of British dogdom."
—Morning Post.
Obtainable from Newsagents and Bookshops, or from
THE "FIELD" PUBLISHING DEPT., THE FIELD HOUSE
BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C. 4
7/6
Postage 6d.

JEWELS PURCHASED FOR CASH
VALUATIONS FOR PROBATE INSURANCE
CARTIER LTD.
175 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

PAYING GUESTS

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish Country House. Very moderate terms, especially for parties or for long stays; three packs. Hiring easy and reasonable.—Apply Miss JOHNSON, Ballinapierce, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.—PAYING GUESTS TAKEN, Castle Hyde, Fermoy, Co. Cork. Hunting three packs, rough shooting; every home comfort, electric light, central heating.—Apply MANAGERESS.

HAMPTON COURT (station two minutes).—Gentlemen only. Exceedingly comfortable PRIVATE HOUSE; large garden; garage; excellent cooking; riding; close Hurst Park, Sandown. 'Terms from 4 guineas. 'Phone, Molesey 2824, or write Box 3398, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

PUPILS AND SCHOOLS

BRANKSOME-HILDERS, Haslemere, Surrey. BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings.—Prospectus Y.

HOME TUITION (postal)—Economic scientific Mixed Farming. Pig, Poultry, Fruit. Colonial Farming, Estate Management.—FIELDING, D.S.O., N.D.A., F.A.S.I., Agricultural Correspondence College (Sec. K), Bath.

SILVER FOX BREEDING.—VACANCY for PUPIL in established ranch; moderate terms.—Box 3400, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

VACANCY FOR FARM PUPIL on large mixed FARM, all crops grown, all descriptions of stock kept, including dairy and pedigree flock Oxford Down sheep; good hunting and shooting.—HUGH STILGOE, Adderbury, Banbury, Oxon.

VACANCY FOR PUPIL.—Thousand-acre mixed FARM; world-renowned pedigree Dairy Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep; clean milk dairy, good hunting, shooting, fishing.—HOBBS & DAVIS, Kelmscott, Lechlade, Glos.

VACANCY for one or two LADY PUPILS on large Greyhound Farm, with private race track. Kennel routine thoroughly taught with practical demonstrations of surgical and medical attention by well-known trainer. Lovely country surroundings within 30 miles London. Accommodation if required.—Write Box 58, POOLE'S ADVERTISING SERVICE, LTD., 65, London Wall, E.C. 2.

STAMPS

EARLY BRITISH COLONIALS.—Advertiser is dispersing Choice Collection. Selections of picked copies on approval at one-third catalogue. Also superb used and mint modern at over half catalogue.—"F.," 6, West Hill Road, London, S.W. 18.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
'Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance

BRIDGE

SIMPLE SYSTEM OF BIDDING

Readers' Opinions

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

RECENT articles in the *Field* and the fact that my book *Contract Without Conventions* (Seeley Service; 3/6) is now available in a cheap edition have produced a crop of correspondence as to the merits and demerits of the "Simple System" which I advocate.

So far as the opinions voiced are representative, candour compels me to admit that honours are almost easy. While there is a slight preponderance in my favour, I discount the percentage as a natural desire to be complimentary. Not because that counts for much. Bridge players on the whole are very outspoken. They are not inclined to bestow bouquets. When they express appreciation you can take it that they mean it, and you can also take it that they mean it when they hurl bricks.

As a recipient of both let me try to disentangle the controversy. My standpoint is this: that Bridge can be played just as efficiently, perhaps better, without a host of artificial and arbitrary conventions which involve tiresome preliminary catechisms at the card-table. Further I advocate: allow the cards to speak. Let us play cards not ciphers. Let us by intelligent deduction arrive at the best declaration without devices which savour of card-sharping and which are repugnant to the spirit of a game and destroy its pleasure.

That appears to me to be a reasonable proposition. What has the other side to say against it?

A very great deal.

First it is alleged that all card games are based upon artificiality. The scoring is arbitrary. Why should No Trumps be higher than a suit and why should there be major and minor suits?

Apart from conventions in bidding there are numerous conventions and signals in play which you admit and even advocate. Why, then, make this distinction? Are you merely catering for the lazy or impatient who will not be bothered to master or are incapable of learning the finer points of bidding? That, summarised, is a point of view which is not easy to answer briefly. It is quite true that all card games are in a sense artificial since you are to abide by rules which may not be logical. Certain rules are assigned and these you have to accept. But I see a distinction between conventions in bidding and in play. A convention in the laws is defined as "a call designed to convey an arbitrary or artificial meaning or used by a player with the assurance that his partner will not accept it in its natural sense."

Contract Bridge is the only card game where it is necessary to have a preliminary catechism. The abolition of that and of a number of code bids is what I am trying to bring about. I hold that in a game you should not be allowed to ask your partner or your opponents what they mean by their bids. Fundamentally, it is wrong. If you use the Simple System or natural bidding you have no such necessity.

The greatest tribute to the Simple System is given in two letters, both from well-known London players. One writes: "Your Simple System is all very well for *experts* who are good card players. But it is not precise enough for those who require a definite rule of thumb. . . . It leaves too much to the individual player." The second states: "The Simple System is good enough for '*rabbits*,' but you cannot expect that those who aspire to higher flights will ever adopt it."

These two opinions cancel. There cannot be much wrong with a system which is good enough for "experts" and "rabbits"!

In the December number of *Bridge Magazine* there is an excellent article by "Goulash" entitled "What is a Convention?" which I would commend to those of my readers who are interested in pursuing the subject. He stresses "the stupendous burden" laid upon the memory by certain complex and artificial systems. How is one individual to master and memorise them all? He considers that a "partly" arbitrary convention is pardonable if its significance is generally understood and if similar results cannot be obtained in other ways. This furnishes justification for the informatory double and for the over-call in the enemy's suit.

All artificialities are designed with an ultimate view to slam bidding. That is their *raison d'être*. Even so, proof is not forthcoming that, however cunning, elaborate and long-drawn-out your bidding, you will always arrive at the correct result. On the contrary the records of duplicate play show incontrovertibly that slam bidding is just as precarious on artificial systems as without. I claim that the Simple System will "get you there" just as often, and you will not have to be on tenter-hooks or rack your brains or memory in the process.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

WE give this week a review of the result of this recently concluded tournament and the play of the competitors. Their scores and the results of all the games played in the contest will be found in the table below. There were four prizes.

The play in the tournament was refreshingly enterprising and a large number of highly interesting games were produced. There were very few of the short dull drawn games which unfortunately sometimes occur, games in which both players are "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." The percentage of draws, 57, was not high for a tournament in which there was so little difference in strength between the competitors.

Fine played with more enterprise than he has previously displayed. Contrary to his usual practice, he, when White, opened nearly all his games with 1. P to K 4. He scored the largest number of wins, six, and had the satisfaction of twice defeating Dr. Alekhine, the world's champion.

Keres is now playing much more steadily than he did at the start of his career two or three years ago. He won three games, drew eleven, and was the only competitor to go through the contest without defeat.

Botwinnik played steadily and his wins against Capablanca, Reshevsky and Dr. Alekhine were three of the best games in the tournament.

After adjourning a game against Botwinnik in a losing position Dr. Alekhine took risks in some of his remaining games. He lost two of them and in two or three others was in danger of defeat. He had the satisfaction of inflicting a crushing defeat on his great rival, Capablanca.

Dr. Euwe was not in his best form in the first half of the tournament but did much better in the second.

Reshevsky also started badly but improved later.

Capablanca, the oldest player in the tournament, does not play as much chess as any of the other competitors, and that undoubtedly handicaps him.

Flohr's form was far below normal and he was the only competitor who failed to win a game.

The result of the tournament will give rise to much discussion as to which player would stand most chance in a match against Dr. Alekhine for the World's Championship. Fine and Keres would each get a large number of votes, but, after an examination of the games, we are inclined to the opinion that a match against Botwinnik would give Dr. Alekhine the hardest task.

	Fine	Keres	Botwinnik	Alekhine	Euwe	Reshevsky	Capablanca	Flohr	Total
Fine	– –	0 ½	1 ½	1 1	1 0	1 0	½ ½	1 1	8
Keres	1 ½	– –	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	1 ½	½ ½	1 1	8
Botwinnik ...	0 ½	½ ½	– –	½ ½	0 1	1 1	½ ½	1 1	7
Dr. Alekhine..	0 0	0 1	½ ½	– –	½ ½	1 ½	1 1	1 1	7
Dr. Euwe ...	0 1	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	– –	0 1	1 1	1 1	7
Reshevsky ..	0 1	0 1	0 ½	0 ½	1 0	– –	½ ½	1 1	7
Capablanca ..	½ ½	0 ½	½ ½	½ ½	0 ½	½ ½	– –	½ 1	6
Flohr	0 ½	½ ½	½ ½	0 ½	0 ½	0 ½	½ 0	– –	4½

The following game shows a powerful attack by Fine.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Fine.	BLACK. Flohr.	WHITE. Fine.	BLACK. Flohr.
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	15. R takes P	Q to Q sq
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	16. Q to R 5 (*m*)	Kt to K 2
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	17. R to Q 4	P to K Kt 3 (*n*)
4. P to K 5	P to Q B 4	18. Q to B 3 (*o*)	Q to B 2
5. B to Q 2 (*a*)	Kt to K 2 (*b*)	19. Kt to B 3 (*p*)	Kt to B 4
6. Kt to B 3 (*c*)	Kt to B 4 (*d*)	20. Kt to Kt 5 (*q*)	Q to Kt 3 (*r*)
7. P takes P	B takes P	21. R takes B (*s*)	K takes R
8. B to Q 3 (*e*)	Kt to R 5 (*f*)	22. P to K Kt 4	Kt to R 5 (*t*)
9. Castles	Kt to B 3 (*g*)	23. Q takes BP,ch	B to K 2
10. R to K sq	P to K R 3 (*h*)	24. B to Kt 4	Q R to K sq(*u*)
11. Kt to R 4	B to B sq (*i*)	25. B takes B	R takes B
12. R to Q B sq	B to Q 2 (*j*)	26. Q to B 6	P to R 3
13. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	27. R to Q sq (*v*)	P takes Kt
14. P to Q B 4 (*k*)	P takes P (*l*)	28. B to K 4, ch	Resigns (*w*)

(*a*) Against Botwinnik in the first round Fine played P takes P (see *Field*, November 19th). The text-move is better.

(*b*) The best reply.

(*c*) The usual continuation is 6. Kt to Kt 5, B takes B, ch; 7. Q takes B, Castles.

(*d*) Not good, as White's eighth move shows. Either Castles, P takes P or Q Kt to B 3 is preferable.

(*e*) Threatening to spoil Black's pawn formation by playing B takes Kt. Black has now nothing better than moving the Knight, and White gets a big advantage in development.

(*f*) If Kt to K 2, then Kt to Q R 4, followed by Kt takes B.

(*g*) Threatening Kt takes Kt, ch followed by Kt takes P.

(*h*) If 10. . . . Castles, then 11. B takes P, ch, K takes B: 12. Kt to Kt 5, ch, K to Kt 3 (if 12. . . . K to Kt sq, then 13. Q to R 5, R to K sq; 14. Q takes P, ch, K to R sq; 15. Q to R 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 16. Q to R 7, ch and mate in two more moves): 13. Q to Kt 4 (threatening either Kt takes K P, ch or Q takes Kt) with a winning game for White. The text-move is played to prevent Kt to Kt 5. If, instead, B to K 2, then Kt takes Kt followed by Q to Kt 4.

(*i*) If 11. . . . B to K 2, then 12. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 13. Q to Kt 4. If, instead, 11. . . . Kt takes Kt, ch; 12. Q takes Kt, B to K 2, then 13. Q to Kt 3. In either case White has an advantage.

(*j*) Threatening 13. . . . Kt takes Kt, ch; 14. Q takes Kt, Kt takes P; 15. R takes Kt, B takes Kt.

(*k*) A strong move, threatening 15. P takes P, followed, if 15. . . . Kt takes P, by 16. R to K 4, Q to B 3; 17. B to B 3.

(*l*) P to Q 5 would make the Queen's pawn very weak. If, instead, Kt to Kt 5, then B to Kt sq followed, if P takes P, by R to K 4.

(*m*) A very good move. If now (1) 16. . . . P to Q Kt 4, then 17. R to B 4, Black being unable to play 17. . . . P to Kt 3 because of 18. B takes K Kt P; if (2) 16. . . . P to K Kt 3, then 17. B takes Kt P, or, if (3) 16. . . . Kt takes P, then 17. R takes Kt, B takes Kt; 18. R takes P, ch, B to K 2; 19. R takes B, ch, Q takes R (if K takes R, then B to Kt 4, ch); 20. R to K 4 and wins.

(*n*) If 17. . . . Kt to Q 4, then 18. R takes Kt, P takes R; 19. P to K 6.

(*o*) White now threatens Kt to B 5. If now 18. . . . Kt to Q 4, then 19. R takes Kt, P takes R; 20. P to K 6 and wins. (If 20. . . . B takes P, then 21. B to Kt 5, ch. If, instead, 20. . . . P takes P, then 21. B takes P, ch).

(*p*) Threatening Kt to K 4 followed by Kt to Q 6, ch. If now 19. . . . B to B 3, then 20. Kt to Kt 5, B takes Kt (not B takes Q because of Kt takes Q, mate); 21. B takes B, ch, Kt to B 3; 22. R to Q B sq, R to B sq; 23. R (Q 4) to Q B 4, with advantage to White.

(*q*) A strong move. Black cannot reply with 20. . . . B takes Kt because of 21. B takes B, ch, K to K 2; 22. B to Kt 4, ch and wins for, if 22. . . . Kt to Q 3, then 23. Q to B 6, mate, or, if, instead, 22. . . . Q to Q 3, then 23. Q takes P, ch, K to Q sq; 24. B to R 5, mate.

(*r*) In reply to 20. . . . Q to B 3 Fine intended to play 21. Q takes Q, *e.g.*, 21. . . . P takes Q (not B takes Q because of Kt to B 7, ch); 22. Kt to B 7, ch, K to Q sq; 23. B takes Kt, K takes Kt; 24. B to R 5, ch, K to Q sq; 25. R (K sq) to Q sq and wins. If, instead, 20. . . . Q to B sq, then 21. R to Q B 4, B to B 3; 22. R (K sq) to Q B sq, P to Q R 3; 23. R takes B, P takes R; 24. R takes P, followed by 25. Kt to B 7, ch and wins.

(*s*) This sacrifice is decisive.

(*t*) If 22. . . . Kt to K 2, then either (1) 23. Q takes P or (2) 23. B to K 3, Q to B 3 or R 3; 24. Q takes P, with a winning game for White.

(*u*) If Kt to B 6, ch, then K to R sq. If, instead, K R to K sq, then R to Q sq.

(*v*) The strongest move.

(*w*) If 28. . . . K to K sq, then 29. Q takes K R, ch, K to B 2; 31. Q to B 6, ch (R to Q 8 also wins), K to K sq; 32. Q takes Kt and wins. If, instead, 28. . . . K to B 2, then 29. Q takes R (threatening Q to Q 8, mate), R to Q 2; 30. R to B sq, ch and wins.

A very good game by Botwinnik.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Botwinnik.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. Botwinnik.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	27. P to K R 4	Kt to Q 2
2. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	28. R to B 7	R to B 2
3. P to B 4	P to K 3	29. Kt to B 3 (*h*)	P to Kt 5 (*i*)
4. Kt to B 3	P to B 4	30. Kt to K sq	P to B 4
5. B P takes P	Kt takes P	31. Kt to Q 3 (*j*)	P to B 5
6. P to K 3 (*a*)	Kt to Q B 3	32. P to B 3 (*k*)	P takes P
7. B to B 4	P takes P	33. P takes P	P to R 4
8. P takes P	B to K 2	34. P to R 4	K to B sq
9. Castles	Castles	35. R to B 6	K to K 2
10. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 3 (*b*)	36. K to B 2	R to B 4
11. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	37. P to Kt 3	K to Q sq
12. B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2 (*c*)	38. K to K 2	Kt to Kt sq (*l*)
13. Q to R 4	Kt to Kt sq	39. R to Kt 6	K to B 2
14. B to K B 4 (*d*)	B takes B	40. Kt to K 5	Kt to R 3
15. Q takes B	P to Q R 3	41. R to Kt 7, ch (*m*)	K to B sq (*n*)
16. Q to R 4	B to Q 3	42. Kt to B 6	R to B 3
17. B takes B	Q takes B	43. Kt to K 7, ch	K to Kt sq
18. Q R to B sq	R to R 2	44. Kt takes P	R to Q 3
19. Q to B 2	R to K 2	45. R to Kt 5	Kt to Kt 5
20. K takes R	Q takes R	46. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
21. Q to B 7	Q takes Q	47. R takes P	R to Q B 3 (*o*)
22. R takes Q (*e*)	P to B 3	48. R to Q Kt 5	K to B 2
23. K to B sq (*f*)	R to B 2	49. R tks P (Kt 4)	R to R 3
24. R to B 8, ch	R to B sq	50. R to Kt 5	R takes P
25. R to B 3	P to K Kt 4	51. K to Q 3	Resigns (*p*)
26. Kt to K sq	P to K R 4 (*g*)		

(*a*) The usual continuation is 6. P to K 4, Kt takes Kt; 7. P takes Kt, P takes P; 8. P takes P, B to Kt 5, ch. An alternative is 6. P to K Kt 3 as played by Dr. Alekhine in the 24th and 30th games of his last match with Dr. Euwe. The text-move is very rarely played.

(*b*) After this move, which weakens the Queen's side, Black gets into difficulties. A better line of play is 10. . . . Kt to Kt 3; 11. B to Kt 3, B to B 3 with an attack on White's Queen's pawn.

(*c*) If 12. . . . B to Kt 2, then 13. Q to R 4 and Black is forced to move his Knight for, if, instead, (1) 13. . . . R to B sq, then 14. B takes Kt followed by 15. Q takes P, if (2) 13. . . . Q to Q 2, then 14. R takes B, or, if (3) 13. . . . Q to B 2, then 14. B takes Kt, B takes B; 15. R takes B.

(*d*) Not the strongest line. 14. B takes B, Kt takes B; 15. B to B 4 is better. After the text-move White's Queen is forced to Q Kt 5 and Black can play with gain of time P to Q R 3, which enables his Queen's Rook to be brought into play.

(*e*) White has the better game.

(*f*) The tempting move 23. R to Kt 7 is not good since it allows Black to command the open Queen's Bishop's file with his Rook and get excellent counter-chances, *e.g.*, 23. . . . R to B sq; 24. K to B sq, P to Q Kt 4 (threatening Kt to B 3 followed by Kt to Kt 5 and Kt to Q 6); 25. R to Kt 6, K to B 2; 26. R to Q 6, K to K 2; 27. R takes Q P, R to B 8, ch; 28. Kt to K sq, Kt to Q 2, threatening P to Kt 3 followed by K to K 3.

(*g*) A mistake. He should, instead, play P to R 3 (see note *h*).

(*h*) Threatening to win a pawn. This would not have been the case if Black had played 26. . . . P to R 3 instead of 26. . . . P to K R 4.

(*i*) This move, which frees Black's K B 5 for the hostile Knight, is, unfortunately, necessary for, if, instead, 29. . . . R to Kt 2, then 30. P takes P, P takes P; 31. Kt takes P wins a pawn.

(*j*) Threatening Kt to B 4.

(*k*) If 31. Kt takes P, then 31. . . . R takes Kt; 32. R takes Kt, R takes P.

(*l*) Dr. Alekhine is very resourceful in difficult situations. White can now win a pawn by R takes P, but after K to B 2 followed by Kt to B 3 Black regains the pawn and has counter-chances.

(*m*) R to Kt 5 is a good alternative.

(*n*) Not 41. . . . K to Kt sq (because of 42. Kt to B 6, ch, K to B sq; 43. Kt to K 7, ch) and not 41. . . . K to Q 3 (because of 42. R to Q 7, ch).

(*o*) If 47. . . . R takes P, then 48. R to Q Kt 5, K to B 2; 49. P to K R 5 with a winning position for White.

(*p*) If K to B 3, then K to K 4 with R to B 5 to follow, White thus winning another pawn.

In the game between Dr. Euwe and Reshevsky in the 6th round the following position was reached after White's 41st move:—White (Dr. Euwe): King at K R sq, Queen at Q R 4, Rook at Q sq, Pawns at K Kt 2, K R 3 and Q R 5; Black (Reshevsky): King at K Kt sq, Queen at Q B 6, Rook at Q Kt sq, Pawns at K B 2, K R 2, K Kt 3 and Q R 3.

The game was continued as follows:

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Reshevsky.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Reshevsky.
41.	R to Kt 4	50. Q to R 2	P to Kt 5
42. R to R sq	K to Kt 2	51. P takes P	Q to K 4 (*d*)
43. Q to R 2	Q to Kt 7	52. P to Kt 3	R to K 5
44. Q to R 4 (*a*)	R to Kt 4	53. Q to Kt sq	R to K 7, ch
45. R to R 2 (*b*)	Q to B 6	54. K to R 3 (*e*)	P takes P, ch
46. R to R sq	P to R 4	55. K to R 4 (*f*)	R to R 7, ch
47. Q to R 2	R to K B 4	56. K takes P	Q to K 7, ch
48. K to R 2	P to Kt 4 (*c*)	Resigns (*g*)	
49. Q to R 4	R to B 5		

(*a*) After the exchange of Queens the Rook and pawns ending would be a win for Black.

(*b*) If R to K Kt sq, then Q to Q 7 wins the Queen's Rook's pawn.

(*c*) Threatening P to Kt 5.

(*d*) Now Black threatens R to B 7, ch or R to R 5, ch.

(*e*) If K to R sq, then Q to Q 4, ch, and mate in two more moves.

(*f*) If 55. K takes P, then 55. . . . R to K 6; 56. Q to Kt sq, K to Kt 3 and wins.

(*g*) If K to Kt 5, then P to B 3, ch, and mate next move. If, instead, K to B 4 or B 5, then R to B 7, ch, followed by P to B 3, ch, and mate next move. A very good ending by Reshevsky.

PROBLEM No. 3991

By Professor J. HALUMBIREK.*

WHITE (11 pieces): King at Q Kt sq, Queen at Q B 3, Rook at K 2, Knight at K R 3, Pawns at Q 2, Q B 2, Q 3, K Kt 3, Q B 4, Q R 4 and K B 5.

BLACK (3 pieces): King at K R 8, Rook at Q 4, Pawn at Q Kt 7.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Wiener Schachzeitung*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3990

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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Cards

Books on Bridge.—We should recommend you to read *Contract Without Conventions*, by A. E. Manning-Foster, published by Seeley Service & Co., Ltd., price 3/6. This book deals with most aspects of bidding and play. We also recommend *Book of Contract Bridge*, by Norman de V. Hart, published by the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, price 2/6. With regard to systems, there are so many it is difficult to say which is most usually met with, but there is a growing tendency to dispense with the more artificial. We would recommend you to subscribe to the *Bridge Magazine* as this would keep you informed of all new systems, books and ideas on the game.—*S. P., Co. Cork.*

Country House

Improving an Open Fireplace. Inadequate radiation is always associated with the type of fireplace described, which, though picturesque, is fundamentally inefficient. Loss of radiation is due to two main causes: (1) Heat losses up the chimney; (2) Heat losses in the large gaps between the basket and the brick sides and backing. The first cannot be remedied without major reconstruction, although it is advisable to keep the chimney constantly swept to ensure maximum draught. There is a mistaken idea nowadays that large chimneys of this type need not be constantly swept. The second cause can best be remedied by using a larger basket to reduce the gaps, or by keeping the basket as full as possible, always remembering that the best grade coal need not necessarily be used. At the same time, it would be a good idea to cover the heat-absorbent brick backing of the fireplace with sheet iron, from which the heat is reflected and thrown into the room. This could be done easily and cheaply.—*C. C. G. S., Newport.*

Garden

Hedge of Flowering Shrubs for Moist Soil.—The soil you describe would be quite unsuitable for brooms. Diervillas should do well or for a higher hedge the Guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus*).—*H. N. D., Somerset.*

Quercus coccinea Leaves Brown instead of Red.—This is probably owing to the fact that the tree is now too deeply rooted. If possible, the tap roots should be found and pruned, but as the tree is old this is difficult. (2) Pruning Holly Hedge.—The right time for pruning is May or August. If cut back, however, as you suggest for the lower part, the stems will grow bare. The hedge should slope outwards all the way.—*F. H. L., Bow.*

Kennel

Incessantly Biting Grass.—He is probably suffering from hyper-acidity of the stomach, and takes the grass as a corrective instinctively. He might, with advantage, be given a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia three times daily, and be given very little or no fat with his food.—*S. W. B. S., Tenby.*

Treatment for Worms.—The syrup of iodide of iron would be quite suitable for your Cocker spaniel bitch, and she may be given five drops in a little water, or mixed with the food twice daily for a week to ten days. It is advisable to conclude the course of treatment with a dessertspoonful of medicinal paraffin.—*P. M. T., Bletchley.*

Treatment for Tapeworms.—The trouble may recur, either because the heads of the tapeworms are not expelled; or reinfestation occurs from time to time; but he would no doubt benefit by a course of syrup of iodide of iron, the dose of which would be ten drops in a little water, or mixed with the food, twice daily for ten days or so.—*E.B., Woodhouse.*

Breeding from a Labrador.—(1) We do not keep a Register of Stud Dogs. (2) It is a matter of arrangement, of course, but it is usual to send the bitch to the dog, and to leave her there until she has been mated. The duration of her stay will depend at which period of her heat she is sent to the dog, but the best time for mating is just before she is going off.—*J. D. B., Walkerburn.*

Pocket Beagles.—Hounds of the size about which one of your members enquires are known as pocket beagles, *i.e.*, those under 10in. at the shoulder. We have not heard of any for several years. It might be worth writing to Viscount Chelmsford, Ash Platts, East Grinstead, Sussex, hon. secretary of the Beagle Club, in case he knows of a breeder. It should be possible to get a 12in. hound, which is not very big.—*C. G. A., Letchworth.*

Skin Irritation.—It would be worth while trying the effect of giving him ten drops of the syrup of iodide of iron in a little water, or with the food twice daily for ten to fifteen days at a time, with an interval of at least a week between courses. The syrup acts not only as a worm deterrent, but as an alterative, so may have a beneficial action on the skin condition if the latter is not of parasitic origin.—*B. L., Norfolk.*

White Alsatians.—We have not heard of the strain of white Alsatian dogs that has been produced in California. If you were to write to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club, 221, Fourth Avenue, New York, he would probably be able to give you some information. White Alsatians are by no means a rarity. We have seen them in this country and they appear in Germany, but they are not liked, as this absence of pigmentation is regarded as a sign of degeneracy.—*A. E. H. C., Millerton.*

Miscellaneous

Aquarium Dealers.—In answer to your enquiry, some of the leading aquarium dealers are: Messrs. L. Curd & Sons, Baynes Court, Warner Street, Mount Pleasant, London, E.C. 1; The Artistic Aquaria Co., 76, Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, London, S.W. 3; Messrs. Sessions, 331, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1; Captain R. Lane, West Bergholt, Colchester; Tropical and Cold Water Aquaria Co., 104, Tib Street, Manchester, 4; E. W. Coombs, 62, Canterbury Street, Gillingham, Kent; Kean and Sons, 15, Dalry Road, Edinburgh; Charles Harris, Esq., 92, West End Lane, West Hampstead, London, N.W. 6. You might also like to write to the Editor of *The Aquarist*, 20, St. Andrew Street, Holborn Circus, London, E.C. 4.—*M. S. P., Paris.*

Naturalist

Partridge Food.—In reply to your enquiries, we think that the best means of answering them adequately and comprehensively is to quote from the Report on the Progress of Game Research in the Bureau of Animal Production issued from Oxford University this year. In this connection it reads: "The first stage of this work, on which a report has already been circulated, was the analysis of a large number of crops of adult partridges throughout all seasons of the year. This analysis, which was carried out by Mrs. Helen Chitty and Mr. A. D. Middleton, with the assistance of some other experts, established several important points: the food at all seasons is predominantly vegetable, the character of this vegetable food changes in conformity with the seasonal cycle of agriculture, and there is a very high proportion of green food (probably undesirable) in the winter and early spring. The second stage of the investigation pushed the analysis back to the early life of the partridge chick. The analysis was done on the crops of 69 chicks sent in by 23 estates from eleven counties in England and two in Scotland, between 1934 and 1937. Thus the sample is fairly representative geographically, but, since it was only possible to obtain chicks killed during mowing operations, the items found in the diet are confined to those which occur in grass and clover fields. No doubt, if it had been possible to obtain chicks from growing corn crops, other species of insects might have been found, and unripe wheat and barley might have been the most widely occurring vegetable items, instead of the seeds of a common meadow grass, *Poa pratensis*. As it is, corn did not form a major part of the diet until the chicks were over three weeks old, when they were able to move about from field to field. The most striking fact shown by this investigation is the change from animal to vegetable diet, which takes place during the third week of the chick's life. During the first two weeks, over 90 per cent. of the food is composed of insects, the most important being the grub of a weevil (*Phytonomus*), which is a common pest on clover and trefoils; the caterpillars of butterflies; a small springtail (*Smindhurus viridis*), and aphids. During the third week the proportions of animal and vegetable food are almost equal, and ants and their cocoons are found to be the most important animal constituent. It appears that whenever a nest of ants is found and opened the partridge chick fills its crop at one meal, a habit it carries into adult life. After the partridge is 21 days' old its food consists almost entirely of vegetable matter (96 per cent.), chiefly seeds such as are found in the crops of adults during the summer months. Insects are relegated to the position in the diet which they occupy in the adult, and are now eaten sparingly and at random."—*A. E. W., Durweston.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Enterohepatitis.—The contagious germ infection of the bowels and liver known as enterohepatitis, or blackhead, has been found in a peafowl, four turkey poults, a silver pheasant poult and three partridges. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground, food and drinking water by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. Thus it is spread more rapidly when birds are closely congregated, as in aviaries or pens, when poults are newly turned to covert, or in a brood of young partridges. The disease is found among all the gallinaceous birds. In youngsters the disease usually takes a rapid and fatal course; mature birds progressively lose flesh, develop diarrhœa with dark green fluid droppings, and lose power of flight and finally "go-off" their legs. Penned birds should be housed on sawdust when the disease has been diagnosed among them, and each bird should be given a "Nicotine Compound Pill," followed by a second pill after an interval of seven days. A veterinary surgeon should be invited to treat each bird with the appropriate preparation of arsenic as early as possible. Each day during treatment the litter from the house should be burned, and the feeding and drinking utensils should be boiled in water. On the ninth day the treated birds can be removed to clean quarters. The ground of the infected pen should be dressed heavily with quicklime and kept free of birds for at least two years.—*G. L., Sussex; J., Berks; C. G. H., Essex; M. C., Hants; C. H. C., Berks; W. S., Bucks; A. P., Lancs.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

Your 12-bore metal cartridges contained an exact 33 grains of Rottweil powder and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,068ft. per second with recoil on heavy side for a gun under 6¾lb. weight. Patterns were even and averaged 75 per cent. (choke barrel 30in., circle 40yds.). These cartridges should prove most effective against game.—*S., Shifnal.*

Travel

Inns near Dorking.—The White Horse Hotel at Shere is 600 years old, and there is every reason to believe that it was once used as a church guest-house. It is a remarkable building, and, except for the new wing which was added 34 years ago, the original structure remains. From the outside the inn belies its age. You can see at a glance that it is not modern, but there is little to make you expect such a splendid old interior. The house has no foundation, the mud walls being built round oak beams which run through the house from top to bottom. No nails or ridge-boards have been used in the construction, while many of the beams are of odd shapes. In all probability they were brought up from Shoreham by barges, for most of them are ships' timbers. The proprietor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Askew, take a real pride—as they may well do—in their old inn. Provided people call at a reasonable hour of the day, Mr. Askew told me that he was always willing to show them over the White Horse. You would also like the White Horse at Dorking. Here is a typical Dickens inn which has stood in Dorking High Street for at least 400 years. Americans often cross the Atlantic to see this old hostel, and they will tell you that it is the original Marquis of Granby, where Sam Weller met his mother-in-law in the bar parlour. It is strange to see the twentieth century sanitation rubbing shoulders with the sixteenth century oak, but it is one of the charms of the White Horse. Modern improvements have been made without in any way impairing the character of the queer old bedrooms, with their low ceilings and rough beams, while in the public rooms you will find some splendid furniture of the Georgian period. Not far away from Dorking, though a little difficult to reach unless you have a car, is the Abinger Hatch Hotel, near Abinger Common. Small enough to be friendly, big enough to be comfortable, the Abinger Hatch Hotel is a Mecca for walkers and motorists on Saturdays and Sundays. There are eight letting bedrooms and a suite, and they are all usually full in the summer months, which is, of course, the great compliment of all for the management, the cuisine, and the general attractiveness of the hotel. No local record has been kept concerning the foundation of the hotel, though inside the inn a solid oak beam here and there speaks of far off times. At all events, Abinger retains an atmosphere of peace and quietness which are too rarely come at in this modern world. Outside the church, which stands opposite the inn, the village stocks can still be seen, mouldering and repaired in places, but there they are.—*J. A. M., Chatham.*

Yachting

Building a Flat-Bottomed Boat.—There is no rule for determining the position of the mast or centre-plate of a flat-bottomed boat such as you describe, as both will depend upon the design of the hull and the location of the Centre of Effort of the canvas. It may be taken, however, that with the fore end of your centre-plate fixed at a point about one-third of the boat's length from forward, your mast will step—with standing lug rig—about midway between this point and the stem. It will be necessary to arrange your centre-plate so as to house snugly in its casing and it will probably need to be about 3ft. long and 1ft. wide. We think a standing lug will serve your purpose best, but we would advise you to get into touch with a Naval architect or boat builder and obtain construction and rigging plans in order to make sure of getting a satisfactory boat. Probably the Berthon Boat Company, of Lymington, Hants, would let you have these plans for a small fee.—*W. R. T., Dorset.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland.	*Canada.*	*Elsewhere abroad.*
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Dec. 10, 1938

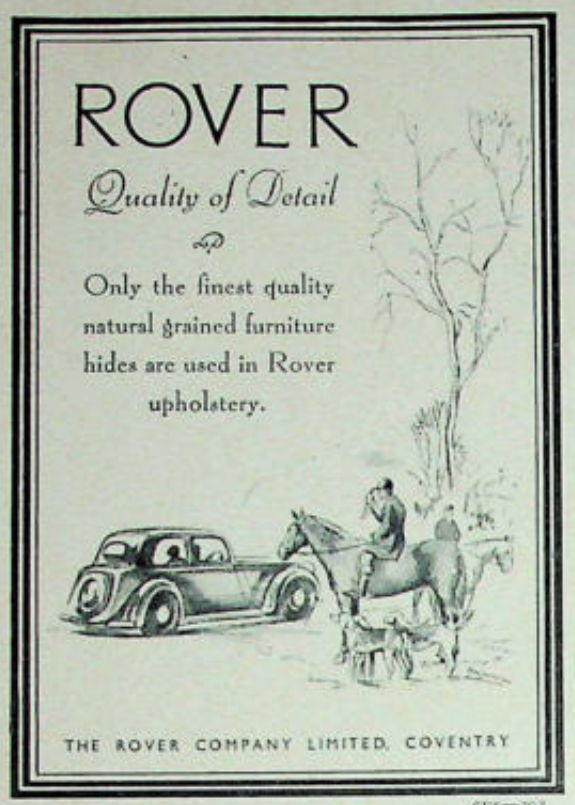
THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4486. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.: CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 3D.

MR. H. S. LLOYD WITH HIS FAMOUS COCKER SPANIEL, EXQUISITE MODEL OF WARE

Judged the Best Dog at Cruft's this year, Exquisite Model has brought great honours to the Ware Kennels. At the Kennel Club Show last week, she repeated her Cruft's performance and among many cups took those for the best gundog, the best bitch, and the best sporting exhibit



THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1465
THE ART OF OTTER HUNTING 1465
HUNTING 2,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL . . 1466
GRAYLING AND THE SEDGE 1468
A SHROPSHIRE SANCTUARY 1469
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS 1470
ATTRACTING RACING VISITORS 1474
THE GROWTH OF TROUT 1475
DEER STALKING IN 1938 1476
DRIVING GEESE 1478
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 1480
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1480
IN THE SALEROOM 1480
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1480
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Is "Handley Cross" Leamington?; Canalising the Avon; The Chain of the Otter 1481
IN THE CITY 1486
NEW BOOKS 1487
IN TOUCH 1488
FROM TEE TO GREEN—VII 1488
DECEMBER IN THE GARDEN 1491
THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW 1491
WATER, LIGHT AND FLOWERS 1492
THE MENACE OF THE RABBIT 1494
AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING SCIENCE . . 1494
SENSIBLE GIFTS FOR THE MOTORIST . . . 1497
REMAKING BRITAIN'S COMMERCIAL AIR PRESTIGE 1498
THE ASTON MARTIN 1498
GREECE: THE YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE . . 1500
CARDS AND CHESS 1503
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1504

DANGER ON THE ROADS

WOULD that one might head these remarks "Safety on the Roads." But the day lies far distant when safety in road travel may be considered an established fact.

An aeroplane crashes and ten lives are lost. The daily papers are full of the news and those who have no papers read it on the placards; yet cars crash all over the country every day, and no one except those directly concerned seems to take the slightest interest. In other words, the public have grown used to the whole matter. Road deaths no longer scare them or interest them. There is always the feeling that it will be the other man whose car, and perhaps whose life, will be wrecked, and so we go on in a hopeless spirit of *laissez-faire* which should not for one moment be tolerated.

A month or two ago we were on the verge of war, and quite rightly everything that could be done was done. Yet since the end of the Great War at least 96,000 people have been killed on the roads and multitudes more maimed and injured, and yet no one turns a hair.

The Road Fund, which should ever be in a most flourishing state considering the amount of money raised by taxation on motor transport, seems to be considered as an emergency hunting ground for every other Ministry under the British Constitution. We cry out that the birth rate is dropping, and yet nothing is done to keep alive those individuals already born.

Motor cars have evolved. They are safer to drive, more comfortable, and more effective than those of the last decade, yet the roads on which they travel are about twenty years out of date, and as a result the very qualities achieved in car production have become, through inadequate arrangements, a menace to all concerned.

Until we have new roads and modern lighting, we shall continue to produce terrible accident figures. It is the Biblical simile of new wine and old bottles all over again. We have the new wine without a doubt, but the bottles are bursting, and the wine is wasted.

While we wait for courageous action on the part of the Government, we must content ourselves with patching up the rents, and to this end it is satisfactory to hear that steps are being taken by the Ministry of Transport to survey all road signs, authorised and otherwise, with a view to making them more uniform, and to abolishing many of the superfluous ones. The driver of a car has an incredible number of things to watch, and to burden him with innumerable signs of varying sizes and shapes is a great mistake. All he need be told as a general rule is that there is danger of some sort ahead—one *illuminated* sign would cover the whole problem.

Then, too, something must be done about traffic lights. Owing to the prevalence of neon signs for advertising purposes, the stop light on a traffic indicator can quite easily be passed unseen in a large town. To those who do not drive this may sound absurd, but most motorists will acknowledge that they have, at some time in their lives, overrun the lights without seeing them. A solution to the problem is difficult—unless advertising signs are banned within a certain distance of the light. But surely there must be some way round the problem if sufficient thought be given to the matter.

Pedestrian crossings, too, are becoming a difficulty. They have not been rigorously enforced—on pedestrian or motorist—and as a result the motorist stops and so does the pedestrian; both wave one another on, and then, in desperation, they both move off together, with unfortunate results. If we are to have crossings, let them be clearly marked by reflectors in the studs, and by illuminated beacons, and let us also have a definite ruling on what has to be done by all parties at such a place, with adequate punishment—again for either party—if it is not fulfilled.

At best these, and similar arrangements, are only makeshifts. We need to open new systems and new roads, or we shall continue to open new graves.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

AT Lincoln last week some of the discontent rife among the agricultural community found expression, and Mr. Morrison, the Minister of Agriculture, who was present to hear it spent a somewhat uncomfortable two hours. The immediate cause of this outburst was the Government's barley policy, a policy which will, we hope, undergo yet further revision. The immediate cause: but Mr. Morrison will be making a great mistake if he imagines that at Lincoln he witnessed an isolated outburst, best forgotten. The agricultural community as a whole is worried and fearful—has been so ever since Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Kettering—and little that Mr. Morrison has done has helped to alleviate their apprehensions. Though traditionally silent and long-suffering, the agricultural community, having found its voice, and having realised that its voice—*ride* the fate of the Minister's Milk Policy—has power, will no doubt be heard again. The cause is poor, or bad, agricultural policy: the effect?

SUCCESSFUL SCULPTURE

A notable advance in the progress of portraiture in stone was revealed last week with the opening of an exhibition of sculpture by a young artist from Palestine named Zeev Ben-Zvi, at the Matthiesen Gallery. It is the technique of the artist that is most worthy of note. The portraits, which include studies of leading personalities, are executed in what might be indeed called a "happy medium" between impossible realism and what is generally known as impressionism. That is, their features and proportions are real and true to life, yet each portrait is a collection of interesting forms which have been simplified under the impression of the artist; the best example of this is the hair and general treatment of the study of James Maxton. The result is an effect of power through the subconscious realisation that the heads are merely stone and of beauty through their novel forms—and a most successful exhibition.

A NEW SQUASH CHAMPION

Any name but that of Amr Bey as the winner of the open or amateur squash rackets championship is something of a novelty, and it is a pity it cannot be added to the list when Amr Bey is there to defend his title. At any rate, his absence led to a really fine fight in the amateur championship final at the Bath Club before that versatile games player, K. C. Gandar Dower could become the new champion. D. I. Burnett, the Army champion, made him go all the way to win by a score of 2—9, 10—8, 9—6, 10—8 and Burnett might have saved the fourth game, in which his opponent had at one time led by 7—4, only that he had the misfortune to be hit with a return when leading at 8—7.

AMATEURS' EXPENSES

Despite the eloquence of its advocates the proposal to allow eight weeks' expenses for amateur lawn tennis players was defeated at the annual meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association. It is not likely, however, that the last has been heard of it, for the delegates present were fairly evenly divided in their opinions, and though there was no approach to the necessary two-thirds majority, the voting, with the proxy votes, was 439 in favour and 374 against. Whatever may be done abroad there is evidently a feeling here against anything which savours "openly" of professionalism or else a subsidising of a few leading players who are not necessarily likely to become first class, and also an idea that there are other ways of encouraging talent. Nevertheless the L.T.A. is placed in the anomalous position of denying to its own players practices indulged in by foreign competitors at its own tournaments, and it has been charged with being incapable of putting into force legislation directed against amateurs receiving "expenses."

MID-WINTER ON THE TROUT STREAM

From now to the New Year there will be stretches of the south-country trout streams alive with shadowy forms which take no more notice of the erstwhile angler on the bank than if he did not exist—as indeed for them he probably does not. Some slight rise in the water overnight, perhaps, and it seems that every trout in the reach has made up its mind that now is the time when a redd may profitably be made, and amid the confusing ripples of the bar little puffs of silt appear momentarily as the hen fish delves in the gravel, casting out the stones to make that grave-like nest in which next season's brood may lie secure, till the egg hatches some three months hence and its embryo is cast upon an unsympathetic world. To see the process may be reckoned as fortune's favour, for often the beds in daylight are quite deserted; only the morning shows the mounds which tell of a night of labour.

THE FIRST SNOW

Flakes fall, like silently struck-out notes
In a musical fantasy;
The ear is dull, but an inner sense
Is freed from the chains of an old offence
And lives its hour in glee.

Dreamily float they, dreamily fall,
Soft-soothing each lonely tree;
And only the bluebells' faerie ring,
Or moss a-glow in the lap of Spring,
Can give like ecstasy.

ARTHUR POWELL.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

HARDLY any of the archaic original heaths of England remain as God made them. I remember my stupefaction when, a few years ago, I revisited the heaths of Breckland, whose towns are Thetford and Brandon, where flint-knapping still goes on in the ancient manner. These heaths used to be more extensive than any other area of the same character in England, unless the New Forest heaths be included with Hardy's Egdon Heath, which would thus cover nearly the whole of the southern areas of East Dorset and West Hampshire. Breckland I knew well, but I revisited it only to lose my way. The Forestry Commission had peopled enormous tracts with coniferous forest, dark, impenetrable and lifeless, so that the very existence of the "Thick-Knee" or Norfolk plover, with his staring yellow eye, was threatened. The "Thick-Knee" loves the open heath, and nowadays there is very little open heath where the bird has room to nest. The peculiar character of these Norfolk-Suffolk heaths was for ever obliterated by these black seas of unnatural woodland, and what was left were little more than patches of commons.

In the days when Palæolithic Man roamed the great uncleared forests of ancient England, Rockingham, Yardley, Bernwood, the New Forest, Wychwood, Epping, Sherwood, the Weald of Sussex and Hampshire, and others, the scene was never sombre, sunless, oppressive and empty. His life must always have been full of interest, because he never knew what would appear on the other side of the next oak-trunk. But coniferous forest, unless it be of Scots pine or relieved by larch, is deserted alike by colour and animal life, and a horrible monotony, like that of a long illness in which there is no change in the patient's condition, weighs down the traveller's step. Light, life and change never penetrate it.

Egdon Heath has suffered very severely both from the military and development. North of Bournemouth the proper haunts in suggestion of King Lear and the Three Witches are now those of suburban householders with precarious lungs. Bovington Camp, near Wool, is like an erysipelas that has broken out over its clean white skin. Yet patches of the true heath survive as Hardy saw it. From the Purbeck heights, particularly above Worbarrow's big Roman nose at the edge of the sea, the heath appears to extend to the horizon, which is where the chalk midrib of Dorset between Hambledon and Beaminster walls in southern Dorset from the Somerset plain and the Vale of Blackmore or the White Hart. There is no spring nor autumn on this heathland. Its subtle shades of purple in summer and browns in winter, of a subdued but complex variety, are its only changes. It is broken by hollows full of trees, odd humps and mounts, the extensive woods round Lulworth Castle, white ribbons of roads, coppices, mysterious sheets of water like the Little Sea, occasional villages and the impressive mounds of the long dead. From Creech Barrow I once saw a double rainbow arched over Egdon, and where its feet bestrid the dark earth the ancient heath seemed to glow and pulsate as though roused from its primordial sleep.

The coppices have a singular beauty all their own. There is one called, I believe, Holme Wood, near Bindon Abbey, where most of the trees are fasciated. The branches rise at all angles from the soft floor of bracken, flushed by the rain, and lean this way and that, in places so low that it is impossible to pass under them without stooping double. None of the trees grow to a great size; they were beautiful rather in their variety, and their colours in late autumn—bronze, yellow, auburn, orange, old gold, cherry-red and crimson—had the magnificence of the borders of an illuminated manuscript. The miniature character of the wood was the real cause of its enchantment, that and its prodigality of forms within a circumscribed space, the tops, the roots and the middle distances of the trees making a wondrous intricacy of design. Birch, oak, maple, chestnut, beech, wild service, hazel and ash each had its own colour, shape and particular aspect. The wood was so small that Giant Tellus could have picked it up in the palm of one hand and presented it as a token of courtship to some reluctant Dryad.

In the harsh, estranging wastes of Egdon, friendly not to man but only to the tumuli of our forefathers who might be considered to have more of sympathy with the primordial than ourselves, these little woods are a revelation of what unsuspected treasures are locked up in the heart of Esau.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an evening newspaper:

"But modern artists would revel in the streamlined sleekness of many of the other beasts, the clipped lambs, the Sussex cattle with their short, curly hair, and the hornless black Aberdeen Angus, with coats as luxuriously thick and shiny as seal-skin. They would make quite beautiful furs."

Marking at a tree

THE ART OF OTTER HUNTING

An Appreciation of a Most Scientific Sport

FOLLOWERS of the Kendal and the Dumfriesshire Otterhounds believe that there is no animal for doing a job like the one bred expressly for that purpose. For these two packs are composed almost entirely of pure otterhounds. The Hawkstone use Welsh hounds, while other hunts are of the opinion that good sport can be best obtained by a mixed pack of foxhounds, Welsh hounds and otterhounds, the best qualities of each breed being thus called into play. In fact, with some of these hunts, any hound which will work is eligible for service as an otterhound. In kennel, of course, such packs do not look level or "matchy," but neither did many of the packs of hounds who, in the old days, hunted fox or hare in the same manner in which the otter is hunted to-day—by hitting off the drag and slowly working up to their quarry. As with these older packs, too, pace is not an all-important consideration, for it is seldom that a line is strong enough to carry hounds so fast that they tail out.

It is on the otter's drag where the keen-nosed otterhounds and Welshmen score, for, like the bloodhound, these older breeds are able to speak to a line which more modern types could not own. As the drag becomes stronger, the foxhounds' drive carries the pack forward at a greater pace, and their quickness is very valuable after the otter has been put down.

In breeding true otterhounds, the difficulty appears to rest in the scarcity of fresh blood, and good results are often obtained by using a Welsh sire. The long-coated Welsh hounds such as are to be found in the Pantysgallog and other kennels have much in common with otterhounds. Another excellent outcross is the bloodhound, and this has shown considerable success. I know of a puppy, the offspring of a Dumfriesshire bitch and a Ledburn bloodhound, which shows all the good points of both breeds and none of their weaknesses. He has splendid bone and every appearance of making a grand hound, while his coat is long enough to be a useful protection against the ill effects of long periods in the water. Such an animal should prove excellent at the game, for I have known bloodhounds entered to otter with good results. But bloodhounds, although first-rate swimmers, have short coats which, for those packs who do most of their work in the "big water" of deep, sluggish rivers and lakes, must be a disadvantage. The question of length and thickness of coat would be less important when working swift, shallow moorland or hill streams. I believe another outcross which has been employed is an Airedale.

Otter hunting is less spectacular than other forms of the chase, particularly to those followers who are not keen enough observers of hound work to follow the drag closely. To the hound lover, however, this is quite the most interesting part of the hunt, when he can watch every inch of the line as it is worked through all its twists where the otter has played on the river bank, or about trees where he has rested. Then, perhaps, the pack will swim the stream and speak to the line on the far bank, their voices echoing in grand chorus through the summer air. Or they will race across a small isthmus on a path used by many generations of otters. For this conservative animal still uses the tracks which his ancestors trod several centuries ago.

One of the hazards of the sport is that a huntsman can never be sure whether or not hounds are hunting a heel drag until either the otter is put down or scent "fizzles out." For it is not unusual for an otter to travel on the bank for some distance and then take to the water and drop downstream again. The fastest I have ever seen otterhounds run was on a heel line. For nearly six miles we had difficulty in keeping hounds in sight, expecting every tree and holt to harbour our otter. Then, suddenly, their heads went up and they were unable to make any more of it. A foxhunter would be much annoyed at such an occurrence, but the M.O.H. only grinned, having expected this. Hounds were vanned back to the spot where the line had first been owned, and the stream was drawn in the opposite direction. Downstream the line was quite faint, and hounds could only work slowly. Nevertheless, a 22lb. dog otter was put down and killed after an exciting hunt of nearly two hours.

I have always been surprised that more beagling enthusiasts do not follow otterhounds in the summer months, and this I mentioned to a friend who hunts both otterhounds and beagles. "It is because," said he, "the average beagler considers otter-hunting slow, while the otterhunter holds the same view of beagling."

The fact is that the excitement of otter hunting only comes to the surface after the otter has been put down, when followers take up vantage points on tree roots or by bushes and watch for the chain or the swift passage of the otter below the surface. Even then, the inexperienced find it hard to recognise the chain or to detect the swimming otter.

My own single criticism of the sport is that it is so difficult to forget the motor car which must either be left behind at the meet, with consequent difficulties if hounds are vanned on to another stream, or it must be brought on. The latter course means either the employment of a chauffeur or self-sacrifice on the part of some non-hunting friend who is content to drive the car and see little of the sport. There are some otter hunters who do not leave the wheel until the otter has been found, but these can know little of the interest of watching hounds working a strong drag.

When it is remembered that an otter combines all the best qualities of stoat, cat and seal, it must be realised that hunting and catching him is very much a science requiring a great knowledge of his nature and habits, as well as of the character of British streams, a love of hounds, and the possession of all those other little points of character which are present in the make-up of a good huntsman.

J. IVESTER LLOYD.

TERRIERS AND YOUNG HOUNDS OF THE BLENCATHRA IN NEWLANDS VALLEY

HUNTING 2,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

Good Sport and Good Company on the Cumbrian Fells

" He's strong and he's straight, lads, his tongue like a bell,
And the stout heart that's in him, lads, tongue cannot tell,
For to breast the steep hill-sides, where faint hearts must fail,
And to sweep the wide moors in the teeth of a gale."

WE are fast approaching the season which Leigh Hunt called " the glorious time of great Too-Much," and in a few days hunt followers will be assembling in various parts of the country for their Boxing Day meets. It is at this time that my thoughts go not to the gently undulating Quorn country or to the banks of the Waterford country, but to the fells of Cumberland and Westmorland.

On two successive Boxing Days I have enjoyed sport with the Blencathra, while many a splendid autumn holiday has been spent following these hounds over their rugged country. If you go there from the Shires you will no doubt be struck by the very different build of the hounds. The average height of the Blencathra hounds is between 22in.–25in.

Mr. Tatters, the Master, who recently showed me over the kennels, informed me that to run successfully on the fells hounds should not be too heavy in build. He added that a good deep chest is necessary, while hounds are usually hare-footed, as opposed to the round cat-foot of the standard type. I noted, too, of the Blencathra—and this is true of the other neighbouring Lakeland packs—the short back, good neck, shoulders and loin. Naturally these fell hounds must also have good noses and tongues and, last but not least, pace. Many of the hounds are bred black and white in colour so that they can be seen in snow or heather.

GEORGE BELL, THE HUNTSMAN, AND BLENCATHRA PACK COMING THROUGH THE VALE OF ST. JOHN'S

In the Blencathra country riding is, of course, quite out of the question, but a day's sport with these hounds does not necessarily mean that you spend all the time on foot. A motor car is often of the greatest help in getting to the meet—though I personally would advise the visitor to stay at some hotel or farmhouse in the vicinity—and is a very welcome comfort on your way home. Having reached your objective, it is usually the best plan to leave your car parked by the roadside and climb to some vantage point on the fell from which a good view can be obtained. I say " usually," because on some occasions hounds will disappear round a shoulder of the hill almost immediately, and that is all the work you will see for the day. If, however, you are on the road you can easily get round to the next valley.

Nevertheless, once you have attained a high altitude it is a fatal mistake to come down. Sometimes hounds will disappear entirely for a time, but often enough they return in your direction. You have only to watch the followers in the valley below to know which way hounds are running or feathering. Besides, hounds or no hounds, it is grand, bracing mountain air, and climbing 2,000ft. is a good day's sport in itself. As all work ceases in the locality of the meet it is easy enough to get details of the day's sport in the " local " in the evening. Many of the dalesmen are extraordinarily keen on foxhunting, and it has been recorded that one old man actually climbed to the top of Coniston Old Man on his 90th birthday. Surely James Pigg should have included mountain air to his statement that " brandy and bacey'll gar a man live for iver ! " ?

The fell fox, you will find, is no less cunning than his cousin in the Shires, and he has certainly altered in his ways since John Peel hunted the Blencathra pack over the Caldbeck hills. In those days you rarely found him near human habitations, which is far from the case to-day. Only a week from last Christmas Mr. Tatters found that " Charles James " had made a meal of his festive goose, despite the fact that hounds were kennelled not 400yds. away.

As I have said, fell foxes have their fair share of cunning. I have seen a fox take refuge on a small ledge in preference to going to ground. While hounds can wind him from above they cannot always see him, and occasionally a hound will jump down to the ledge and become what is locally termed " benked." Some of them have been lost in this way for two or three days, but the whippers-in of the Blencathra never give up a search until all hounds are accounted for. Once having located a stranded hound, ropes and willing helpers soon lower a rescuer down to the ledge, and

THE FAMOUS CUMBRIAN HUNTSMAN, JOHN PEEL

never goes home if he can enjoy some sport by staying out. He is a stout-hearted fellow, and grand company.

It would not be right to conclude this article without some reference to John Peel, more especially as the hounds in the present Blencathra kennels are all direct descendants from Peel's pack. Famed on the fells during his lifetime, Peel was unknown in the south until after his death, when the spirited verses about him received wider publicity. So many people still sing " . . . with his coat so gay . . . " instead of " . . . with his coat so gray." Remember, Peel never wore a scarlet coat, but one of home-spun Cumberland wool, and I am certain that he would have been the last person in the world to have expected his name to be sounded in all the corners of the Empire nearly one hundred years after his death (he died in 1854).

One writer said of him : " John was a very good shot, and used a single-barrel, with flint lock, to the last. Though he sometimes indulged too much, he was always up by four or five in the morning," while the late Sir Wilfred Lawson once recorded he heard John Peel say, when they had killed a fox : " Now ! this is the first fox we've killed this season, and it munna be a dry 'un—" whereupon the whole party would adjourn to the nearest inn.

Mention of Peel's coat reminds me that I have made no mention of the best type of kit for the follower on the Lakeland fells. Climbing 2,000ft. or 3,000ft. is, to the untrained, an arduous and difficult task, and it is of vital importance to one's pleasure to be clad in clothes which cause no hindrance to progress. Easy fitting tweed garments are best, such as plus fours, and for footwear a pair of strong boots—not shoes—will serve better than anything. During the day one will have to scramble across rocks, screes and crags, and boots give the necessary support to the ankles.

If I have tempted you to go North this coming Boxing Day, do please remember that hounds have a difficult task at a Bank Holiday meet, for many followers—one should, I suppose, call them spectators rather than followers—seem to think it is their duty to holloa every time they see the fox, whether it is the hunted one or not. Such people spoil the day's sport and make hounds rely too much upon someone shouting every time they check. After all, hounds are sent out to *hunt* not to go to frequent holloas.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the order is usually for " yame." " Yame " is home, and home is often a long way off, even when you have a car somewhere on the road which will help you over the last mile or two. But all has been worth while, and the joy of hot water is great as you plunge into your bath upon your return.

WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE.

MR. TATTERS, THE MASTER OF THE BLENCATHRA, AND SOME OF THE HUNT FOLLOWERS RETURNING TO KENNELS WITH HOUNDS

To run successfully on the fells hounds must not be too heavy in build. Many of them are bred black and white in colour so that they can be seen in snow or heather

another hound returns to the kennels having learnt that it does not always pay to be too venturesome.

When a fox goes to ground in the fells, the Lakeland terrier comes into his own. He is a game little beggar, and nothing will induce him to leave without first of all evicting master Reynard. There has been many a fight to the death 'neath those Cumbrian crags. I remember once reading of a terrier being put in near Dod Bields, in the Coniston country, and after a stiff fight the fox was accounted for underground. Several hours' hard work failed to secure the carcass—always conveyed to and hung up at the nearest inn—so next day a party set out to dig it out. Eventually they came across not one fox but two, both jammed up against the end of a narrow tunnel.

As an indication of the type of sportsman you meet on the fells, let me quote from a recent experience I had when out with the Blencathra. Hounds met at a farmhouse in the Newlands Valley at 9 a.m. It did not take them long to put up a fox, and the whole pack went away on a screaming scent. Having climbed to a fair height, I could both see and hear hounds working the line. It was a splendid hunt, ending with a kill over on Catbells about 2.30 p.m., and the few of us who had kept going all day had covered a good number of miles. But just as we were making our way home the West Cumberland Beagles, fairly close to their quarry, came racing up the side of Catbells. Everyone was utterly tired out, yet off we went for an hour's beagling ; for the Cumbrian sportsman

Photos : G. A. Abraham

GONE TO GROUND ON THE CUMBRIAN FELLS

GRAYLING AND THE SEDGE

Perfection in Days, Fish and Flies

By H. D. TURING

"THERE is one condition of water," wrote Rolt in his book on grayling fishing, "which will try not only the temper but the skill of the angler to the uttermost—I mean a low, dead-bright stream, as clear as if it was filtered," and, for most of us, I should think, there have been days this autumn when his specification has been more than fulfilled. It is extraordinary how low south-country steams have been in the fall of the year. While streams in the west have been rolling down in at least medium spate, the chalk waters of Hampshire and Berkshire have been idling along between browning sedges as if to show that whatever storms might be threatening Europe they at least could afford to s»unter seawards careless of the stir and bustle that had so suddenly invaded the downs from which they spring.

But after the rather grim turmoil of the crisis week no one could have wished it otherwise. Perhaps the low summer-like appearance of the stream enhanced the feeling of peaceful security, of a return to the normal life of the countryside. All the same, the lowness of the water came as a surprise. Normally chalk streams are little affected by a dry summer, and there had been enough rain in my own district during the winter months to keep the streams bank high in May. On my last visit in July, too, there had been ample water in the Hampshire streams.

But no lack of water could seriously impair the sense of well-being at finding myself by a chalk-stream again on a perfect grayling day with the mist gathering itself into white billowy clouds and a shaft of sunlight creeping down the hillside, revealing a vivid red patch of maple in the yellowing hedgerow bordering a brown fallow where plovers wheeled and voiced their thanks for some uncovered meal. The sense of well-being, and perhaps of some little complacency, was increased by a grayling which rose in midstream to a red tag at the first cast of the day and was duly landed. This, evidently, was one of those days when a skilful angler could do a good turn to the trout by removing a shoal or two of grayling from the water. Why did not more owners preserve grayling? They take the fly readily and their numbers could, if necessary, be kept within bounds without resort to more wholesale methods.

An hour later the perfection of the day had become a little tarnished. These grayling were uncommonly shy. My former indifference to the lowness of the water had evaporated and I was finding it, as Rolt says, a little trying to the temper. The early morning estimate of a shoal or two to stuff into the back of the car had assumed more modest proportions. As for their fly-taking propensities it is possible they may have had them if they could only be induced to "stay put" long enough to see a fly, but the most careful approach to a position from which a cast could be made was immediately followed by those long V-shaped waves zigzagging across the river like billiard balls and creating a *sauve qui peut* complex in every fish within reach.

A change to "across and down" methods was equally ineffective: a careful detour to a reach where rises could be seen; a cast from well back in the meadow, or from the shelter of a drainage ditch, produced no response whatever, and a subsequent visit to the bank showed a perfectly barren water without even the satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, of seeing fish retire to shelter. Evidently A.R.P. measures were better organised in water than on land. What was needed for these fish was not an artificial fly but a maggot floated to them from afar, a maggot dyed with whatever it is that is used to produce a roseate hue in the gentles of the Midlands.

There were, however, one or two runs where the water purled over a gravel bar, or was broken by the remains of a temporary weir in which fish were rising less suspiciously, and the next hour or so was passed experimenting with a shoal which rose persistently at something invisible. In one of them there were twelve fish on business intent, and siege was laid to them by a process of reduction—from a Wickham's fancy, through witch, red spinner, hare's ear, tup, to a smut; the hook sizes coming down collaterally from a No. 2 to 000. And at the end of the siege there were twelve grayling—or what purported to be grayling—rising in the run. These accursed fish ought to be removed with a net.

Lunch in the sunshine on the point of an island brought more charitable feelings, and my host. He culled from his memories (and they go back a long way) tales of fishermen of renown who had had completely blank days with grayling under just such conditions; soothing tales which went far to restore my early rejoicing in the day, for had I not at least one fish? He also produced from a pocket-book a fly of his own tying which, as he put it, had taken fish on occasion. Privately, it lowered my opinion of the fish which had taken it. It had a rough body made of claret-coloured wool, a very inadequate hackle, and a pair of phenomenally long wings, cut roughly from a pheasant's tail, laid on at a very acute angle with the body and quite twice the length of the hook. It looked rather as if the fly had borrowed an overcoat several sizes too large for it. Had I seen it lying on the bottom of the river I should have taken it for a caddis or a bit of stick. I thanked him with, I fear, the kind of forced enthusiasm one accords to a child's present of an outsize in bullseyes. He also called my attention to a couple of rises near the opposite bank.

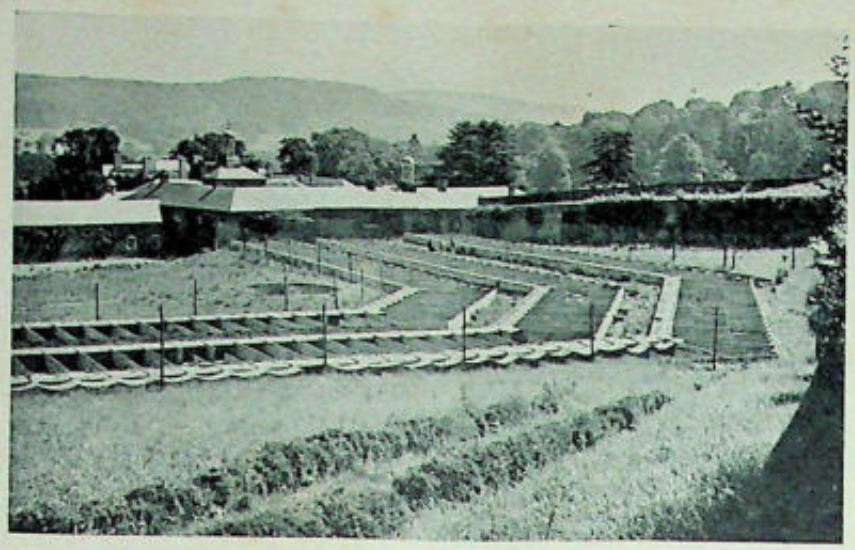
Had he not done so I should have left those fish alone. It is a matter of faith with trout-grayling fishermen that grayling occupy the centre of the stream, in the autumn particularly, the trout seeking the easy water under the bank. And the trout season was already past—several weeks past, in fact. However, that, as one might say, was his funeral, and the fly was duly despatched. It fell neatly within a few inches of the rushes and was promptly engulfed in the quiet ring a fish makes when it is taking something to which it is well accustomed, and which arouses no suspicion what-

CASTING FOR GRAYLING ON A HAMPSHIRE STREAM

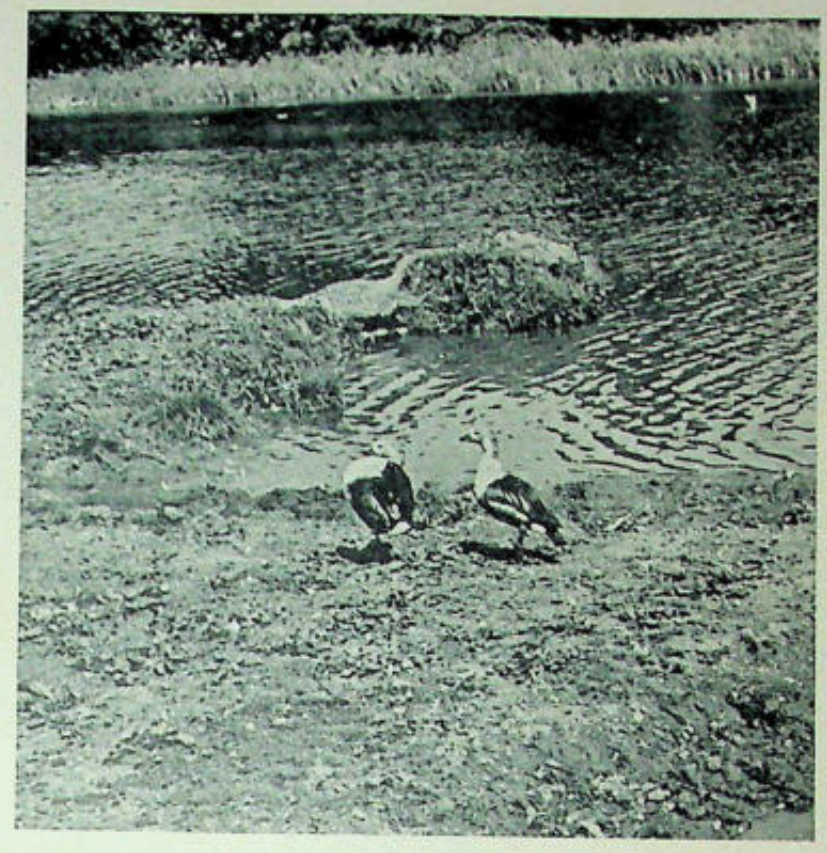
ever. In my surprise I struck in a manner which nearly upset me into the river, but the fish had taken a good hold and a minute later my host was netting for me as fat and lively a grayling as anyone could wish to see. Not long afterwards another, which might have been (and possibly was) own brother to the first, lay on the bank, also ensnared by this, apparently, disproportioned fly.

Later an autopsy on one of the fish produced a large red sedge, with its wings laid flat along its back and much longer than its body, in general outline certainly the counterpart of my host's fly. It is extraordinary how one may see a fly continually without its appearance impressing itself on one's memory. Though I have seen red sedges countless times perched on rush stems, yet it is always the fluttering moth-like insect which comes to mind from which, no doubt, the normal artificial has been copied a buzzy-looking object replete with hackle and with outspread wings.

Subsequent cogitation has made me wonder just how and when these sedges are taken. Research—rather cursory research perhaps—among available books in my library reveals no real life history of the Big Red Sedge. Does it climb down a reed stem to lay its eggs, and do fish pick it off the rushes? Does it swim up to the surface from its pupal stage so that fish grab it on the way? From the neat manner in which the wings in this specimen were folded over the back it was not spent, nor taken, presumably, while the wings were extended as in flight.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SANCTUARY SHOWING THE TWO HUNDRED REARING PENS SITUATED IN A WALLED-IN GARDEN AND (RIGHT) ORINOCO GEESE WITH THE MALE DISPLAYING



A SHROPSHIRE SANCTUARY

A Park for Waterfowl at Walcot

THE duck sanctuary at Walcot in Shropshire consists of a park containing a river-shaped lake a mile and a half long. The total area of the park, including the lake of 40 acres, is 200 acres, and this area is enclosed by a 6ft. high fox-proof fence.

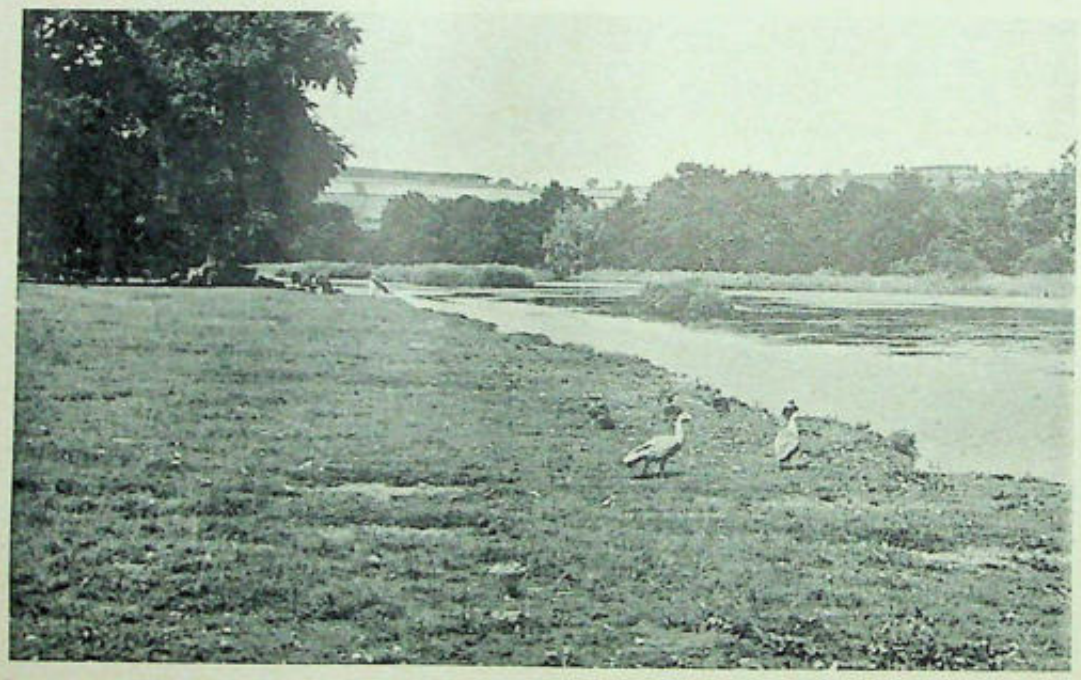
There are about 2,000 birds in the collection. This is composed of 82 varieties of duck, 33 varieties of geese and seven varieties of swans. Rare specimens, such as Hottentot teal, Eyton's tree-duck, North American ruddy duck, Cape wigeon and red-breasted geese (to name a few), may be observed at close quarters in a picturesque and natural setting.

Anyone who has seen duck or geese on the wing will agree that they are attractive birds in flight. At Walcot many foreign species are allowed the full use of their wings. Though a few fly away, or get shot when going too far from home, the majority make the sanctuary their permanent residence.

Mandarins and Carolinas are particularly interesting when left full-winged. In autumn they fly into oak trees to pick off acorns, fluttering like wood-pigeons from branch to branch. In spring they search trees to see whether they can find a suitable hole for nesting. Unfortunately, chimney-pots are considered the ideal home by those nesting for their first season. Consequently, all the cottage chimneys on the estate are visited, and sometimes the owner has a surprise when a Carolina or a Mandarin comes fluttering down the chimney.

The first warm day in March stirs the spirit of the waterfowl who, during the dull and cold days of winter, have been so quiet. Courtship begins; the drakes display to the ducks for hours on end. There are squabbles and sometimes fights, but no real harm is done. Across the water come sounds, some strange and beautiful in tone, which would remind the well-travelled sportsman of lakes and rivers in India, China, Iceland, Africa, and many other parts of the world.

By the middle of April the birds have paired off, and nesting commences and continues until August.



GEESE IN THE SANCTUARY

Showing the natural setting and how close it is possible to get to the birds

The months between are busy ones for those who look after the birds. No duck is allowed to bring off her own brood. Were she to do this only a very few ducklings would be reared, for pike, vermin and bad weather would account for most of her family. Therefore every nest has to be found and the eggs lifted and placed under sitting hens or bantams.

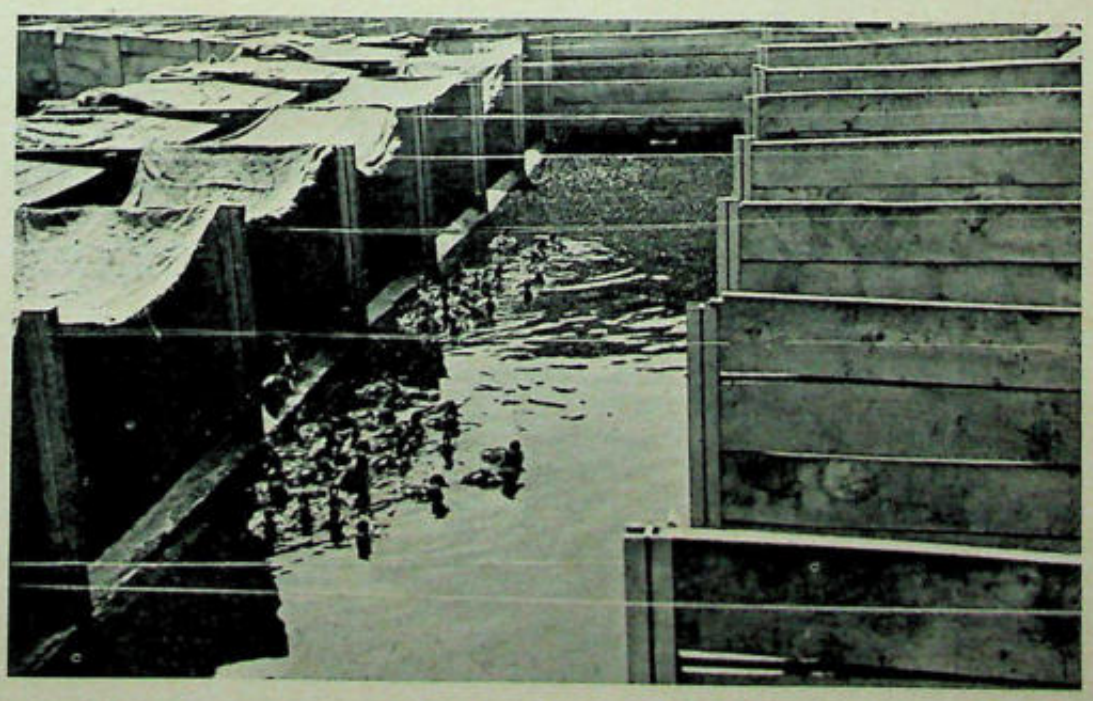
Finding nests is a difficult task and requires knowledge of the nesting habits of each species and a sharp eye, for duck are as cunning as any birds at concealing their eggs. The cover by the lake is extremely thick, so in order to help the nest-hunter a setter has been trained to mark nests.

A rare occurrence this year was the gathering of three clutches of Emperor goose eggs from one bird, a pair being worth about £45.

When the ducklings hatch they are placed in special pens with their foster-parents. Here they are kept until fully fledged, when they are removed to nursery ponds and gradually weaned off biscuit meal and fed on corn.

During July, August and September the adult birds are as quiet as they were in January. The drakes of the Northern Hemisphere species have assumed the sombre plumage of their ducks and lost their voice. They become shy, and prefer reed beds to open water. Early in October they assume their former brilliant plumage and on the sunny days of the declining year a courtship, with but a shadow of its springtime fervour, becomes vaguely evident.

A. P. T.



IN THE HATCHERY

"When the ducklings hatch they are placed in special pens with their foster-mothers"

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

The Quorn's Great Gallop

MONDAY, December 5th, 1938. A great gallop with the Quorn. In the years that are to come the following hunt will be read and re-read. Another of those outstanding runs for ever carried in memory and will, when our hunting days have long passed, reflect back visions of green turf, flying underneath galloping hooves, fleeting glances of dark obstacles, as mighty leaps into space flung from perfect hocks landed one safely; yes, and crowning everything you will likely again hear those notes unequalled, as blown back by the breeze from throats of the Quorn bitches as, racing straight as a die and seeking no help, they cover nine-and-a-half miles of glorious country. This was no dream. It happened.

It was from Charlton Gorse on this memorable day this great hunt commenced. Ragdale Wood held hounds for a few brief moments, and then, settling down to run, away they flew on the topside of Shoby Scoles, over the Asfordby Road, through the top corner of Lord Aylesford's, and straight ahead again over the Six Hills—Little Belvoir Road. Then, dipping down into the vale, leaving Old Dalby Wood well on the left, they raced on in a direct line by Nether Broughton into Belvoir country. Sherbrooks was passed a few fields to the left, and Long Clawson well on the right as they ran on straight into Hose Thorns. What a performance; not a check and hardly a falter over nine-and-a-half miles of perfect country. Glance at your maps and see how straight it was.

In all probability the earths were open, and no doubt this game and stout fox saved his brush by just crawling in, as when viewed at Nether Broughton he was beginning to feel the strain, and it is very certain he could not have carried on. Foxhunting and falls go hand-in-hand, but what really bad luck George cracking his collarbone in a fast hunt from Shoby Cross Roads Spinney into the Hoby Vale in the late afternoon. Good news, however, of our brilliant huntsman is to hand, and it is hoped he will be able to resume in a week or so's time.

The beautiful little village of Newtown Linford on the Forest was the scene of Tuesday's meet. Sheet Hedges was drawn first. A brace of foxes were on the move, but, owing to deep old earths in the Quarries, hounds were beaten, and a move was made to Groby Old Wood. Contrary to the usual run of things in this particular covert, a fox was soon away pointing for Newtown Village, and hounds, getting away on good terms, hunted him nicely left-handed over the Field Head Road, under John Lee Wood. Swinging to the right, they went by Lester's Spinney over the Ulverscroft Road, up to Blake-Hayes. At this point the fox twisted and turned about, but eventually went straight through Benscliffe and over the Woodhouse Road. Hounds here, in my humble opinion, overran the line in going over the Shepshed Road, and I venture to think their huntsman would agree, as on certain information being received, Will held hounds back over the Shepshed Road and hit the line off by Blackhill Farm.

Settling down they began to run well into the Ulverscroft Valley, and when turning right-handed under Poulteney they fairly raced over the Markfield—Nanpanton Road, down by the New Covert to Charlie. At the Hall Farm hounds checked, enabling Will to get to them. The hunt was destined to finish here, however, and although casts were made, they could make nothing further of their fox. Possibly he got to ground. It had been a really interesting and good hunt, and as I have already said, at times fast. What remained of the afternoon was then spent in Poulteney and the surrounding coverts.

A bitterly cold wind was blowing when a large field assembled at Thimble Hall on Friday. Followers, however, had not long to wait before being "warmed up," as a first-class hunt took place with their first fox from John o' Gaunt. Going away over the railway by Mr. Crawford's Spinney, he then swung left-handed over the Tilton Loseby Lane, and holding Loseby Village went on nearly to Cold Newton before turning left-handed over the railway. Hounds now began to run very fast over what is known as a very trappy bit of country, and they were very soon leaving the field behind. Going over the hill, leaving Lord Morton's well on the right, they ran on left-handed to the Tilton Mill field and checked. Again I am venturing an opinion. There is no doubt they had a brace of foxes in front of them from the railway, and it is my belief the run fox went on over the Tilton and Coplow Road, and the fox they had changed on to hugged the bottom and went back into John o' Gaunt. At any rate, hounds, with the help of their huntsman, stuck now to the latter, and it was not long before they were again sailing away from the morning covert on the same side as before.

This time, however, the fox went to the right, and crossing the Twyford Brook, went on over the Twyford Road and railway into Cottesmore country. Along the ridge, leaving Marfield Village on the right, travelling fast, hounds hunted their fox, holding the railway always on their right, round to Rankins Lodge and then crossing the gated lane to Marfield from Tilton Station, they hunted slowly over Whadborough and the Owston Road to below Owston Wood, pointing for Withcott. A holloa back on the top side of the big wood brought hounds back, but with the certainty of fresh foxes on the move, hounds were stopped, or rather a line was not persevered with. Thus ended another enjoyable hunt, over a line of difficult country.

It was some time before second horses found their would-be riders, and as I should say it is quite six miles from where they lost their fox to Loseby Spinneys, the next draw, the afternoon began to draw in. Hounds killed one of a brace of foxes in Diamond's Spinney in quick time, and a fox from Car Brig took them through Prince of Wales Covert into the bottom below South Croxton, when hounds were stopped at dusk.

To finish the week on Saturday from Cotes Toll Bar a very enjoyable day's sport was spent in a part of the country strange to a Saturday. A nice hunt from Burton Spinney, over the Wolds and by Walton Thorns came to a close when the Master, finding he was penetrating rather deeply into his Monday country, had hounds stopped short of Mundy's Gorse; and then in the afternoon a four-mile point from Garners Gorse by the Aerodrome and Seagrave Village, leaving Sileby Orchard on the right, over the Cossington—Ratcliffe Road and the L.M.S. railway, ended by hounds being stopped at dusk when running into Wanlip Osiers. A clinking good hunt of 30 minutes.

SCARLET RUNNER.

TWO OUTSTANDING BELVOIR DAYS

THERE is frequently a difference of opinion as to the merits of a hunt; these are usually based on the success of individual exploits, the deportment of one's horse, the luck of a turn, &c.: this diversity of view is sometimes so marked that it is hardly possible to recognise the various reports as referring to the same expedition. But on two particular days of the past week there can be no shadow of doubt about the excellence of the sport provided. Those who had a good view will long have rosy memories of these hunts. The first on Tuesday from Wilsford and two during a subsequent very full Saturday: at risk of rubbing salt into the remorseful wounds of those who missed the fun, it is fair to say that these have probably been the most enjoyable outings of the season to date.

No one takes a very optimistic view of Wilsford's possibilities, and the morning's programme was no better than expected. So much so, that when second horses came up as hounds were drawing Rauceby Wood, few people elected to change, little thinking that they would not see the reserves again till after dark. The first burst away from the covert was spirited enough, as hounds ran parallel with the Rauceby Road towards the High Dyke: but scent was none too helpful, and as soon as the fox turned left, it required all George's genius to coax a line out of the light heath-land. The way he did this was a masterpiece; it would have been so easy to assume that the fox was aiming left for Willoughby or right-handed into Sparrow Gorse, but after taking precautions in these directions, he cast on towards Normanton. Just short of the belt of trees which rules off the heath from the sloping ground towards the village, he was amply rewarded by a sudden burst of enthusiasm from the pack.

Possibly the fox lay down for a breather, or tried some holes which line the bank; whatever the cause, the Hunt suddenly got a new lease of life, and anyone who wanted to participate had to hurtle down the hill and think about getting over the railway. A stretch of wiry impediments beyond may have been the cause of despair to some, but, at any rate, it gave hounds a free passage. From now on all was grass, and Bedlam was left to port as they streamed away to Hough, through a corner of the village as if for the covert. It seemed long odds on this fortress being the fox's objective, but not a bit of it. He turned away to cross a lovely bit of vale to Shield's Gorse, then on again at best pace almost to Willson's Osiers. A small but delighted field were mostly content to call a halt at Stragglethorpe after taking a turn across the road towards Fenton, but a handful of diehards still remained to enjoy another spurt over the Leadenham Lowfields, ultimately finishing by Reeve's Gorse, after covering a calculated distance of fifteen miles with a nine-mile point. This was as fine a performance on the Lincolnshire side as anyone could recall, and many may never see repeated or approached.

Wednesday and Friday both had their satisfactory features, but were small beer compared with both the foregoing and the feast which was in store for Saturday. Barkestone-in-the-Vale is an unusual rendezvous, as Plungar on the one side and Redmile and Granby on the others are inclined to elbow it out of the card. The Grantham Ball had been held the night before, so a good number of strangers came out for a combined chase of cobwebs and fox. Heavy rain had fallen overnight, to leave a well-washed morning glistening in the sunshine. After so much firm going it was quite a pleasure to see mud about as a squelching approach to Jericho was made down a cart-rutted lane. No one had time to wonder how brave or faint-hearted they felt, for a holloa on the far side caused a stampede to the corner bridle gate.

The first few obstacles of an "old-fashioned," rather unkempt nature with considerable ditches on the take-off side, served to distribute the field, and would also have given the pack the start they required if the motor brigade had not headed the fox at Granby. This was the trouble all the morning: every road was threaded with a ribbon of vehicles, considering which the ensuing hunt was a miracle. Mercifully for us, a considerable area in these parts has no proper highway, and within these limits the fox did his circular best. There is no knowing what point he might have made, given a proper chance, as he tried every outlet, first at Elton, then past Jericho along the canal almost within hail of Langar. By Barnstone Cement Works helpful news came to tell he was not far ahead and hounds caught him in Granby village, after a really good hunt of an hour with plenty of good ground covered.

Had this been the day's chief feature there could have been no complaints, but better was in store. Elton failed to provide anything but a breathing space, probably because the morning's pursuit had come so close. However, Rectory Covert now pruned and tidied up almost out of recognition, was soon to ring with the sound of the horn as the pack was cheered on to a fox which frisked off along the bridleway to Bottesford. Hounds were able to hunt up to the Bottesford—Elton Road quite happily, but the motor bogies were there before them and caused temporary difficulties, until the huntsman was able to hit off the line on the far side. A sweep round to the left and a holloa brought Elton into prospect again, but there was little in the covert to prove that the fox had passed that way.

A beautiful cast across the turnpike had an inspired result when an outburst of music pealed over the pastures below Elton Manor. The field was forced to go down the road for a few yards, and this absence of pressure gave the bitches the chance they required. It is difficult to believe that the distance they subsequently ran was after the original fox, as only the slightest technical hitches impeded their progress as they swept towards Sutton, then down the hill as if for Whatton.

This particular region used to be rather a snare, but the wire has happily been removed, and a lovely bit of riding country is thereby released. Running along the low ground, hounds turned over the road and railway by Barnstone, and crossed an area already explored in the morning. Granby Gap then appeared on the scene, but evidence proved the line to go beyond. Every yard of hunting was a delight, and instead of petering out as many a long run is inclined to do, the final stages were accelerated as, with tuneful accompaniment, the pack sped up to the Belvoir Woods. Apart from the fact that fresh foxes would have confused the issue, the ducal shooting party plus impending darkness robbed this delightful hunt of a suitably conclusive ending.

UNBRIDLED.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S GOOD WEEK

SPORT has been very good this week and with water lying in the furrows hounds have the sort of scenting conditions that enable them to run every day. In the Monday country the dog hounds had a seven-mile point from Great Wood, across the Bushton Vale to Clyffe Hangings, thence on to Upper Salthrop Farm, where they killed in the yard. The next day, too, scent was excellent, hounds running at pace all day in wide circles between Ashley, Larkhill, Newnton and Shipton Wood. Wednesday the weather changed, becoming much colder with a south wind touched with east. The meet was at Codrington, the best in the Sodbury Vale, but the early part of the day proved disappointing, with ringing foxes running the railway line and then getting to ground. Ham Wood proved blank, but finding quickly in Dodington Grove hounds ran very fast up wind by Lyde

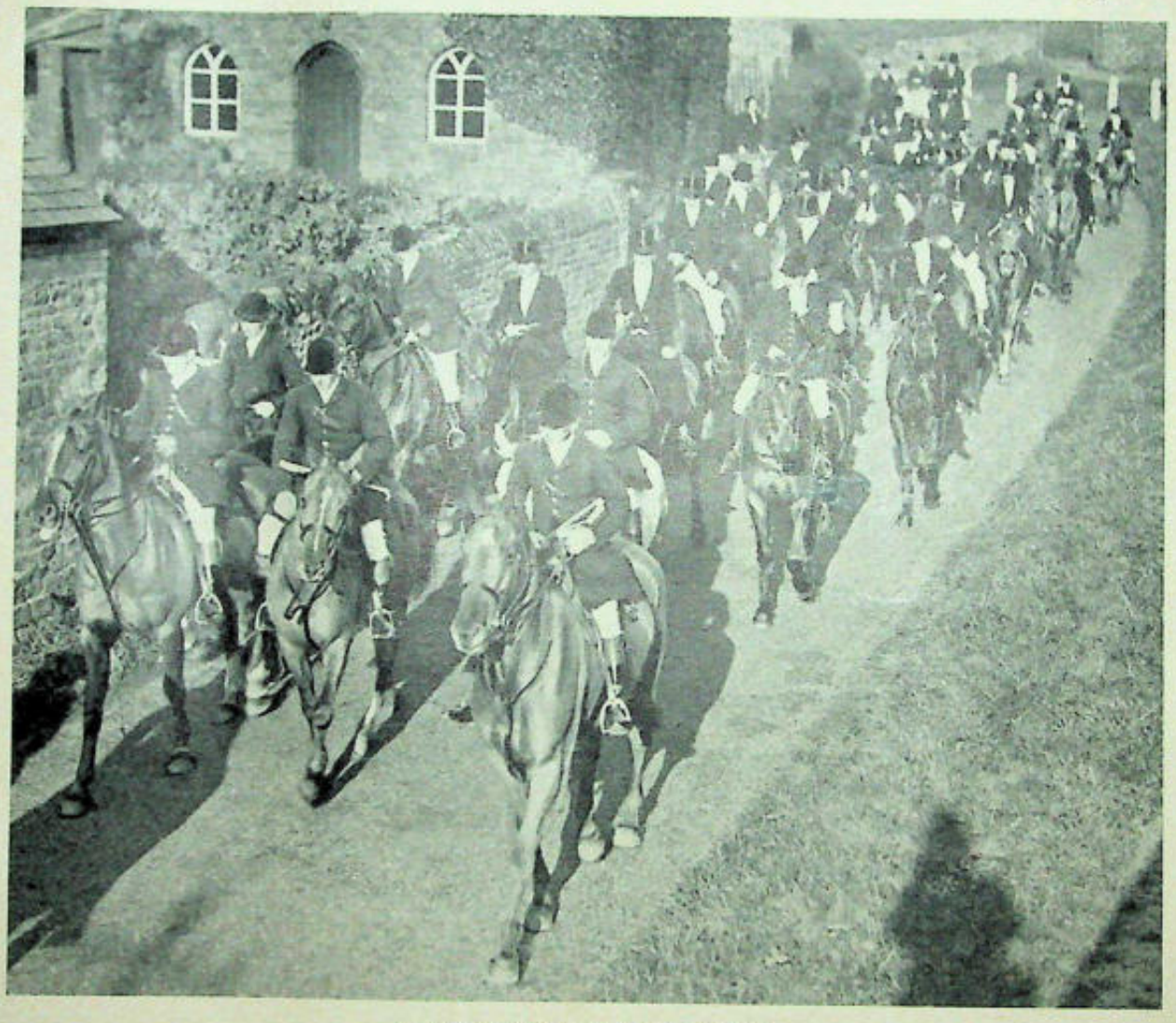
Farm and Mouswell to Codrington Gorse and on to just short of the Hinton Road, where the fox turned back down wind (I saw him hesitate and turn in an open field). He went to just beyond Tyning's Farm, where he was killed, to finish a first-rate half-hour over a delightful line of grass country, with the going good and the fences coming nicely for everyone.

Friday was also a busy and enjoyable day's hunting. Bull Park was the first draw after meeting at Didmarton. Hounds were soon away and ran very fast indeed through Hinnager to Swangrove, and without dwelling in this stronghold went straight through to Bodkin Wood, where a fresh fox made complications. Holding hounds on over the main road at Petty France, Holland recovered the line of his fox and hounds ran nicely over the wall country at the back of Hawkesbury Village towards Chalkley, where they were stopped. They found next in Beechbed, running from there to the Seven Mile and down the old track to Bodkin Wood, thence crossing the road into Bodkin Hazel. One fox went on, but hounds sticking to their hunted fox turned back to Bodkin Wood and Petty France kitchen-garden. Here he tried to get into the stud groom's coal-cellar and then climbed into thick ivy growing on the wall—his place of retreat being given away by an interfering goose who meanly gave tongue! There was much commotion and everyone ran, half of them yelling, so it was greatly to the credit of Holland that hounds caught their fox—incidentally the aforesaid goose getting bitten in three places while she, fox and hounds ran up and down the length of the wall! It all reminded me of Chaucer in the "Ploughman's Tale":

"Aha the fox: and after him they ran
And each with staves and many another man,
Ran Colle our dog, and Talbot and Gerlond
And Malkin with her distaff in her hand.
Ran cow and calf and eke the very hogs
So feared were for barking of the dogges
And shouting of the men and women eke
They ronnen so, hem thought her heartes breke."

Showing that the spirit of the English countryside has not changed down the centuries!

FIELDFARE.



THE COTTESMORE MEET AT TILTON

GRAFTON'S FOUR NINE-MILE POINTS

MUCH has been written of late about short-running foxes and the rarity of a hunt with a good point. The past week's sport has proved that with suitable scenting conditions a travelling fox will be forced to run straight, for at least four hunts have ended with a point of nine miles. Taking into consideration that the Grafton, to say the least, is very well foxed and that the season is still in its early youth, we, too, seem to have been very lucky this season to find straight-running foxes.

Colonel and Mrs. Hobson invited us to Cornhill on December 5th. There were at least a brace of foxes in Pattershall Osiers, in spite of the fact that no less than three brace of cubs had been killed in or near the tiny covert. The first fox away was hunted past the house and across the bottom to Bugbrooke Downs. Hounds checked at the top of the hill, and then with help carried on over the L.M.S.R. and also the canal. From there they ran quite nicely unattended past Rothersthorpe to Kislingbury Mill. Only with difficulty could the field keep touch across this very complicated and unrideable bit of country. Hounds crossed the river and had a faint line as far as the Northampton—Daventry Road, where they were finally beaten.

A long hack back to Grimscote Heath was unrewarded. However, there were at least two-and-a-half brace on foot to Grubb's Copse. Hounds finally went away with one through Bushey End to Field Burcote and on to Astcote Thorns. They gave him a rare dusting round the covert and then ran back at a good pace past Duncote and Potcote to Grimscote Heath. They took the line from the Grimscote end, straight through the covert and on over the road to Wait's Copse, then over the Bottom across to Seawell, just touching a corner of the covert. They ran on towards Maidford Village, then swung right-handed and pushed him straight through Maidford Wood. He then led them at a good pace along the valley back to Wait's Copse and past Foxley, on the right, to Caswell. Here there was the hollon of a fox which had passed ten minutes previously, but Pope, knowing his fox was not so far in front, and realising that the hollon would have turned him away, held them towards Blakesley and hit it off again. They crossed the Greens Norton Road and ran down to the brook and railway at Langford, just touched the corner of Ashey Copse and continued over the Bradden Road with Kingthorne on the left down to the Abthorpe brook, where they again checked. Hitting it off, they ran on with the Delft on their right across Handley Park and the Northampton—Brackley Road. The end came in almost complete darkness, when they marked their fox to ground in the Pits at Wood Burcote after a fine hunt of two-and-a-half hours; the farthest point was not more than seven miles, but hounds had covered at least sixteen miles. Only a few survivors saw the finish. It is difficult to say whether the same fox was in front of hounds all the way, but it seems certain that it must have been the fox which provided such a good hunt from Seawell to ground at the same spot last season.

The largest field of the season so far partook of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Guinness's hospitality at Green's Norton Hall on December 9th. A straight-necked fox from Kingthorne did not dwell, but led hounds at a merry pace past Bradden over Kirby Grounds nearly to Woodend, where they checked. A holloa helped and they ran on across Cathanger and the Greenspark Bottom to the Wappenham Road. After a few seconds' respite they were away again past Lois Weedon, with Weedon Bushes on the left, nearly to Weston. From here he ran along the valley all the way to Allithorne. Hounds were out at the top end by the time the whipper-in was there, and ran on as far as the L.N.E.R. main line, which they crossed with Helmdon on their immediate left. They hunted on along the brook towards Stuchbury, and, from information received afterwards, possibly changed to a fresh fox along the brook. Running more slowly they hunted past Greatworth Hall nearly to Greatworth Village. They had a line down the hill towards Marston St. Lawrence and were able to carry it over the branch line into Cockley Brake in Bicester country, where they marked after a first-class hunt of 90 minutes with a point of nine miles. It was over a fine line of country all the way, and they had only touched one covert; there were an exceptional number of falls.

Second horses were forthcoming at Sulgrave which eased the long jog back to Plumpton. A fox was found in Adstone Copse, and again hounds ran with a rare cry past Moreton Pinkney to Gomerals Holt. They ran on as far as the Weston Road, where he had been headed; a forward cast hit it off and we were away again pointing for Oakley Bank, but they swung right-handed over the Wappenham Road down to Weedon Bushes. They went straight on through the covert and on past Weston to Allithorne on practically the line of the morning's hunt. From Allithorne the pace decreased, but they continued slowly past Colonel's Covert, across the Culworth Road to Gomerals, where they were stopped at dusk after a thoroughly enjoyable 50 minutes. The best day of the season to date.

U.

CATTISTOCK'S ANXIOUS WEEK

WITH the last outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease at Stalbridge increasing the restricted area, so that it now embraces pretty much the whole of the Blackmore Vale country, and a good bit of the South Dorset, it has been an anxious week for the Cattistock Masters; and though the new restrictions affect only a small portion of their country it must be an anxious time until they are finally removed. Dorset suffered severely last season, and they are naturally inclined to be worried by small incidents that ordinarily would have no effect on their otherwise amazing attitude of hospitality toward the hunting men. Tuesday's meet was changed from Charminster to Kingston Russell. Charminster was not in the restricted area, but it was very near it, and the Masters felt it best to take no chances in case a fox ran that way. There was a nice scent that morning and a good-sized field turned out, one or two visitors from the South Dorset among them. Hounds failed to find in Kingston Russell Gorses, but Mr. Williams had an old dog fox waiting for us in one of the Bridehead root fields. He was nearly caught in the first three minutes; but making good his escape, he ran through Well Bottom and over the main Bridehead drive into Captain Corbet's land, turning right-handed past Bridehead House, and then up the hill to Well Bottom again; after which he ran along very much the same line as in his first circle, but was killed just before he reached the main driveway again. A very fast 35 minutes without a check, hounds fairly bursting him.

A second fox, found in a thicket near Bridehead main gate, ran straight down the hill, parallel with the main road, past Winterbourne Steepleton, to Steepleton Water, where he crossed the Martinstown Road and continued on parallel with the main Bridport Road, leaving Martinstown on his right and Bradford Peverell on his left, to Hogg Hill, where hounds were at fault. Held forward, they hit off the line again through Maiden Castle, continuing beyond, a little right-handed, to mark their fox to ground in a drain at Winterbourne Monkton. A five-mile point, and about six as hounds ran.

On Wednesday, the meet was changed from Sydling, on the edge of the restricted area, to Steepleton Water; and with the good field which

turned out, it was too bad that hounds did not have a better day. The first fox came from Captain Corbet's laurels; and for the first mile or so it looked as if we were to have a good hunt; for hounds ran at a great pace down Bronkham Ridge, heading for South Dorset country. Above Friar Waddon, however, they turned back along the meadows below Bronkham, bearing right-handed over the Martinstown Road, and so back to the Laurels, where scent failed at the end of 35 minutes.

Foxes were very plentiful in the bracken below the Hardy Monument; several were found, one being killed near the meet at Steepleton Water, and another on Upper Bronkham; but scent got worse and worse, and it must have been a disappointing day for the huntsman, as well as for the field; although two foxes were killed.

Friday should have produced a good day's sport. The district around Rodden always holds foxes, and hounds have not been there over much this season. It is new to Gosden, being in fact almost the only remaining portion of the country which he has not been in before, the Master having hunted hounds himself when they met there in August. Lord Ilchester's New Covert near the village held a fox, and hounds went away with a good cry as if for Swyre; but the pilot got to ground in Wyke Wood just as we were settling down to ride, and cut short our gallop. There was another fox lurking near Colonel Bradley's stables; but this, too, failed to produce any point, and was promptly killed. The storm which had threatened all the morning broke about this time, and it was a difficult matter to keep in touch with hounds; but when they finally went away from Loscombe behind a straight-necked customer, who set his course across the Waddon Vale, everyone had a fair start, and the first 25 minutes left nothing to be desired, unless it were an abatement of the cutting rain and sleet which almost blinded us. Hounds ran very fast over the railway and past Corton and Friar Waddon; but on the wind-swept hills beyond the pace slackened a bit, and by the time Ashton Barn was reached hounds could barely speak to the line. Their pilot was viewed into the gorses beyond, and it may have been that he got to ground there, but the storm became so violent that at the end of 40 minutes hounds had to be stopped and were eventually sent home after a rather disappointing day.

When Captain Russell told me early in the season that he had a good litter of cubs at Langdon Manor I knew that we should sooner or later have a good gallop from his coverts, for he is one of those fox preservers who can be counted on with absolute certainty. Hounds met there on Saturday—a dark lowering sort of day with "storms in the h'air," as old huntsmen say—and after Captain and Mrs. Russell had looked after the field with their usual hospitality the fun began. There is a little patch of gorse lying in the gully below Shadcombe Farm that harboured the litter early in the year, and it was from there that our stout fox of Saturday afternoon came away. Running up the hill he topped the ridge and sank the valley on the far side, leaving the Langdon Dairy buildings on his left and going on over the Beaminster Road as if for Corscombe. At the Toller Down Road, however, he turned square left, and after running the road for a quarter of a mile he turned left across the fields through Banks's, which lies in the valley below. Beyond Banks's he swung right again, crossing the Cheddington Road into the village, where he nearly lost his brush in the churchyard; but having beaten hounds there he recrossed the road and again sank the valley towards Banks's. Just at this juncture a severe rainstorm washed away every vestige of scent, and hounds, which at one time had been able to run as if tied to their pilot's brush, were apparently beaten, as they could do nothing further. It was a nice hunt however—50 minutes—and over a very good line of country. I only wish that the gallop which followed had been over the same sort of going.

Near Banks's there is a rushy field which usually harbours a fox, and toward this Gosden jogged his pack. He had hardly begun to draw the rushes before our second pilot was away, and this time he ran back up the valley towards the Crewkerne Road. After about a mile he swung left across the Cheddington Road, and then setting his mask for Misterton he gave the Cattistock field as hard a 20 minutes as it has had this year, or for that matter in any other. Scent was apparently breast high and hounds could fairly fly over the rain-soaked pastures, but the going, which was terribly deep, spelled disaster for many of the field, and great exertion for all of them. There were many empty saddles, and I am afraid that at least one good horse will never hunt again, for when I passed him floundering in a ditch at which he had landed short he looked completely done up. Again a violent rainstorm came to save that fox's brush, and, try as they would, hounds could do nothing beyond the Misterton Road, where a gallant fox was known to have crossed only a few minutes before. Still, it was a grand day's sport, and one which was a good ending to an anxious week.

LINCOLN.

GREAT HUNT WITH THE ATHERSTONE (NORTH)

SO far this season this pack have been showing the most wonderfully consistent sport—the best that has been shown before Christmas for a number of years. Monday, December 5th, was no exception when hounds met at Cadeby. They found almost immediately in a small osier bed close to Botany Bay, and first made a big left-handed ring across the Newbold Gate Road, through Osbaston Gorse and the Rookery back to Botany Bay. Going on through Brascote, they ran to Kirkby Gorse, then swung left-handed with Brascote on the left over Newbold Hall Farm to Osbaston, where they marked to ground after an excellent hunt of one hour.

Finding again in Osbaston New Gorse, hounds were a long time in getting their fox away from the Osbaston Coverts, but eventually they pushed him away by Myra Heath over the Newbold—Bosworth Road to Botany Bay. Here they got on better terms and began to run well with Newbold Verden on the right, across the Desford Road to the Lindridge osier bed. They then ran at a great pace by the Great Fox covert over the Merrileas Lane and Bagworth Heath to within one field of Nailstone Wiggs over a grand line of country. Here the fox was headed, but hounds were glued to him and raced along the Bagworth Brook then over the rising ground to the outskirts of Bagworth, where they rolled him over in the open after a remarkable hunt of two hours five minutes. Though there was no greater point than four miles in this hunt, they covered at least twelve miles, and the last 50 minutes was at a great pace.

R. F. M.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS' MEMORABLE RUN

TUESDAY has been the lucky day for these hounds so far this season, and the last five have all produced a good day's sport, while December 6th was probably the best. The meet was at Dunchurch, and after drawing Bilton Grange blank hounds were soon away from Bunkers Hill. They ran well to the London Road, swung left past Dunchurch Hall and Toft and then straight to Lesters Piece. Here, despite fresh foxes, they stuck to their hunted one, forced him away towards Thurlaston and soon killed after 35 minutes. Bunkers Hill was drawn again, and a straight-necked fox found, who gave us perhaps what may be the run of the season. Hounds went away towards Woolscott Toll Bar and bore right-handed over the Rainsbrook, which was brim full and caused considerable grief, though nothing serious. Before reaching the Woolscott Lane there was a check owing to sheep foil, and hounds had to be helped before hitting the line right-handed and increasing their pace past Sutton Spinney and over the River Leam into Warwickshire territory, where they checked again among sheep. Being held on they hit the line and ran very fast with Grandborough on the left across a lovely line of country to Flecknoe Station, which was on their right, over the railway and up to the Oxford Canal, where they checked.

A welcome hulloa proclaimed the fox on, and picking up the line hounds went on as fast as ever underneath Flecknoe Gorse and with Shuckburgh well on the right over the Daventry Road, straight to Catesby House and Dane Hole in the Bicester country, where they marked their fox to ground. This was a brilliant hunt of one hour with a seven-mile point over as good a line of country as could be wished for. It is interesting to note that as far as can be ascertained these hounds have not run to Shuckburgh since 1896. This season, on November 8th, they ran from Bunkers Hill to Shuckburgh, and lost among fresh foxes; on November 22nd they ran from Lesters Piece and marked to ground there; and now this hunt, which took them well beyond it.

G. J.

ZETLAND HOUNDS SHOW CAPITAL SPORT

THESE hounds showed capital sport to a large field after their meet at Melsonby on December 3rd.

Finding first at Merrybent Whin a fox which took some time to get to leave, they put him to ground in a few fields.

They then found in Langdale and ran fast through Twelve Acres to Sudels Farm, turned right-handed, and ran down the west strip at Stanwick, through Hurgill Plantation and Basingcroft, outside which they were at fault. Being held left-handed, they hit off the line, and ran past Garkin Fields to Three Nook Plantation, and to Sudels Farm again. From here they ran slowly on into Stanwick Park, where they were run out of scent after an enjoyable hunt of 50 minutes.

The best of the day was still to come when they found at Mr. Lax's covert at Carlton Grange. After nearly catching him in covert they ran by Carlton to Aldborough, right-handed over the beck to Dog Kennel Wood, which they left on their left, and returned to the starting place. Going away again they described a semi-circle with Carlton Grange on their right and ran to Aldborough and on to Park House. They ran outside the park wall and turned right, running the length of the west strip, and with Forcett Park just on their left they crossed the entrenchment and ran down to the beck. They turned right on reaching this, and ran past the starting point, leaving Carlton Grange on their left, they now crossed the railway at Rennison's Bridge, bore left-handed, and left Eppleby on their left, ran by Sough Hill to Cote Hill, where they were beaten after a most interesting, although twisty hunt of 1 hour and 25 minutes. Hounds hunted extremely well throughout the many turns this fox made

STUMPY.

THE CROOME FIND FOXES PLENTIFUL

EVERY Saturday since the regular season opened has been gloriously fine, usually after a rough and rainy night. Last Saturday (December 10th) was no exception, and the mixed pack met at The Boot, Flyford Flavell, under a cloudless sky, with the weather as mild as May. But scent was conspicuous by its absence in the unfathomable mud of Grafton Wood, and after spending an hour there hounds were called out to go to Naunton Bushes.

I suppose that the recent heavy rain has driven the foxes from the snug fences and drains where they have been lying during the warm weather; at all events the country seems alive with them. Foxes flew in all directions as soon as hounds put into the Bushes, around which they proceeded to conduct a circular tour (including plenty of jumping) before marking one to ground in an earth on the outskirts of the covert.

It was from Shutwell Bushes that the hunt of the day took place, and those of the field who had remained out were well rewarded. Finding quickly, hounds were as quickly away, and it was not until 80 minutes later that they concluded the hunt by running to ground at Wolverton Home Coppice. "Too many brooks spoil the sport"—both Bow Brook and Piddle Brook were heavy in flood, and for this reason the initial part of the hunt was distinctly circuitous, for the fox would face neither. Hounds circled back to the Bushes no fewer than three times altogether, but in the end, changing to a fresh fox, which perhaps was stouter-hearted than his predecessor, they drove him across the swollen stream near Churchill Mill. The field was obliged to make tracks for the nearest bridge, for the fords were too deep to negotiate except by swimming; meanwhile the pack was running on, past White Ladies, through Aston Hayes (where further fresh foxes got up), and then to Wolverton, where they marked their fox in the drain.

It had been fine and warm all day, but as hounds turned for home rain began to fall, and they must have had a damp and dismal journey back to kennels.

D. M. M.

SIX-MILE POINT WITH THE CHIDDINGFOLD

THESE hounds met at Knowle on Saturday, December 4th, where Mr. Berdoe-Wilkinson had several foxes for us in Bushey Copse. It was a brilliantly sunny morning, with a cold north-west wind blowing, and we spent rather a circular morning between Bushey, Wild Wood and Waterlands, scent never being good enough to get on terms with a fox.

At 1.50, however, the bitches found a leash of foxes in Mr. Roweliffe's withy bed by the canal, and settling down to the line of the best of them, as it turned out, drove him away to Mill Copse, which he barely entered before turning north for Nanhurst. He then skirted his home covert and ran out over Knowle, hounds not being able to run at any pace across the grass till they left Holdhurst and Bridge Farm behind them and got on to fresh ground at Hammer Farm. They ran through the Stews at Vachery and over Baynards Park to Oatridges. On Baynards the pace quickened, and here Goddard and his first whip, directed wrongly by a well-meaning farmer, got badly thrown out, not making contact again till nearly the end of the hunt. The Master took charge of the bitches at the snipe bog behind Oatridges, where there were two foxes afoot, and hounds hunted slowly across Tillhouse Farm.

A hulloa on the hill by Maybanks enlivened matters considerably, and the Master, lifting them

turned out, it was too bad that hounds did not have a better day. The first fox came from Captain Corbet's laurels; and for the first mile or so it looked as if we were to have a good hunt; for hounds ran at a great pace down Bronkham Ridge, heading for South Dorset country. Above Friar Waddon, however, they turned back along the meadows below Bronkham, bearing right-handed over the Martinstown Road, and so back to the Laurels, where scent failed at the end of 35 minutes.

Foxes were very plentiful in the bracken below the Hardy Monument; several were found, one being killed near the meet at Steepleton Water, and another on Upper Bronkham; but scent got worse and worse, and it must have been a disappointing day for the huntsman, as well as for the field; although two foxes were killed.

Friday should have produced a good day's sport. The district around Rodden always holds foxes, and hounds have not been there over much this season. It is new to Gosden, being in fact almost the only remaining portion of the country which he has not been in before, the Master having hunted hounds himself when they met there in August. Lord Ilchester's New Covert near the village held a fox, and hounds went away with a good cry as if for Swyre; but the pilot got to ground in Wyke Wood just as we were settling down to ride, and cut short our gallop. There was another fox lurking near Colonel Bradley's stables; but this, too, failed to produce any point, and was promptly killed. The storm which had threatened all the morning broke about this time, and it was a difficult matter to keep in touch with hounds; but when they finally went away from Loscombe behind a straight-necked customer, who set his course across the Waddon Vale, everyone had a fair start, and the first 25 minutes left nothing to be desired, unless it were an abatement of the cutting rain and sleet which almost blinded us. Hounds ran very fast over the railway and past Corton and Friar Waddon; but on the wind-swept hills beyond the pace slackened a bit, and by the time Ashton Barn was reached hounds could barely speak to the line. Their pilot was viewed into the gorses beyond, and it may have been that he got to ground there, but the storm became so violent that at the end of 40 minutes hounds had to be stopped and were eventually sent home after a rather disappointing day.

When Captain Russell told me early in the season that he had a good litter of cubs at Langdon Manor I knew that we should sooner or later have a good gallop from his coverts, for he is one of those fox preservers who can be counted on with absolute certainty. Hounds met there on Saturday—a dark lowering sort of day with "storms in the h'air," as old huntsmen say—and after Captain and Mrs. Russell had looked after the field with their usual hospitality the fun began. There is a little patch of gorse lying in the gully below Shadcombe Farm that harboured the litter early in the year, and it was from there that our stout fox of Saturday afternoon came away. Running up the hill he topped the ridge and sank the valley on the far side, leaving the Langdon Dairy buildings on his left and going on over the Beaminster Road as if for Corscombe. At the Toller Down Road, however, he turned square left, and after running the road for a quarter of a mile he turned left across the fields through Banks's, which lies in the valley below. Beyond Banks's he swung right again, crossing the Cheddington Road into the village, where he nearly lost his brush in the churchyard; but having beaten hounds there he recrossed the road and again sank the valley towards Banks's. Just at this juncture a severe rainstorm washed away every vestige of scent, and hounds, which at one time had been able to run as if tied to their pilot's brush, were apparently beaten, as they could do nothing further. It was a nice hunt however—50 minutes—and over a very good line of country. I only wish that the gallop which followed had been over the same sort of going.

Near Banks's there is a rushy field which usually harbours a fox, and toward this Gosden jogged his pack. He had hardly begun to draw the rushes before our second pilot was away, and this time he ran back up the valley towards the Crewkerne Road. After about a mile he swung left across the Cheddington Road, and then setting his mask for Misterton he gave the Cattistock field as hard a 20 minutes as it has had this year, or for that matter in any other. Scent was apparently breast high and hounds could fairly fly over the rain-soaked pastures, but the going, which was terribly deep, spelled disaster for many of the field, and great exertion for all of them. There were many empty saddles, and I am afraid that at least one good horse will never hunt again, for when I passed him floundering in a ditch at which he had landed short he looked completely done up. Again a violent rainstorm came to save that fox's brush, and, try as they would, hounds could do nothing beyond the Misterton Road, where a gallant fox was known to have crossed only a few minutes before. Still, it was a grand day's sport, and one which was a good ending to an anxious week.

LINCOLN.

GREAT HUNT WITH THE ATHERSTONE (NORTH)

SO far this season this pack have been showing the most wonderfully consistent sport—the best that has been shown before Christmas for a number of years. Monday, December 5th, was no exception when hounds met at Cadeby. They found almost immediately in a small osier bed close to Botany Bay, and first made a big left-handed ring across the Newbold Gate Road, through Osbaston Gorse and the Rookery back to Botany Bay. Going on through Brascote, they ran to Kirkby Gorse, then swung left-handed with Brascote on the left over Newbold Hall Farm to Osbaston, where they marked to ground after an excellent hunt of one hour.

Finding again in Osbaston New Gorse, hounds were a long time in getting their fox away from the Osbaston Coverts, but eventually they pushed him away by Myra Heath over the Newbold—Bosworth Road to Botany Bay. Here they got on better terms and began to run well with Newbold Verden on the right, across the Desford Road to the Lindridge osier bed. They then ran at a great pace by the Great Fox covert over the Merrileas Lane and Bagworth Heath to within one field of Nailstone Wiggs over a grand line of country. Here the fox was headed, but hounds were glued to him and raced along the Bagworth Brook then over the rising ground to the outskirts of Bagworth, where they rolled him over in the open after a remarkable hunt of two hours five minutes. Though there was no greater point than four miles in this hunt, they covered at least twelve miles, and the last 50 minutes was at a great pace.

R. F. M.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS' MEMORABLE RUN

TUESDAY has been the lucky day for these hounds so far this season, and the last five have all produced a good day's sport, while December 6th was probably the best. The meet was at Dunchurch, and after drawing Bilton Grange blank hounds were soon away from Bunkers Hill. They ran well to the London Road, swung left past Dunchurch Hall and Toft and then straight to Lesters Piece. Here, despite fresh foxes, they stuck to their hunted one, forced him away towards Thurlaston and soon killed after 35 minutes. Bunkers Hill was drawn again, and a straight-necked fox found, who gave us perhaps what may be the run of the season. Hounds went away towards Woolscott Toll Bar and bore right-handed over the Rainsbrook, which was brim full and caused considerable grief, though nothing serious. Before reaching the Woolscott Lane there was a check owing to sheep foil, and hounds had to be helped before hitting the line right-handed and increasing their pace past Sutton Spinney and over the River Leam into Warwickshire territory, where they checked again among sheep. Being held on they hit the line and ran very fast with Grandborough on the left across a lovely line of country to Flecknoe Station, which was on their right, over the railway and up to the Oxford Canal, where they checked.

A welcome hulloa proclaimed the fox on, and picking up the line hounds went on as fast as ever underneath Flecknoe Gorse and with Shuckburgh well on the right over the Daventry Road, straight to Catesby House and Dane Hole in the Bicester country, where they marked their fox to ground. This was a brilliant hunt of one hour with a seven-mile point over as good a line of country as could be wished for. It is interesting to note that as far as can be ascertained these hounds have not run to Shuckburgh since 1896. This season, on November 8th, they ran from Bunkers Hill to Shuckburgh, and lost among fresh foxes; on November 22nd they ran from Lesters Piece and marked to ground there; and now this hunt, which took them well beyond it.

G. J.

ZETLAND HOUNDS SHOW CAPITAL SPORT

THESE hounds showed capital sport to a large field after their meet at Melsonby on December 3rd.

Finding first at Merrybent Whin a fox which took some time to get to leave, they put him to ground in a few fields.

They then found in Langdale and ran fast through Twelve Acres to Sudels Farm, turned right-handed, and ran down the west strip at Stanwick, through Hurgill Plantation and Basingcroft, outside which they were at fault. Being held left-handed, they hit off the line, and ran past Garkin Fields to Three Nook Plantation, and to Sudels Farm again. From here they ran slowly on into Stanwick Park, where they were run out of scent after an enjoyable hunt of 50 minutes.

The best of the day was still to come when they found at Mr. Lax's covert at Carlton Grange. After nearly catching him in covert they ran by Carlton to Aldborough, right-handed over the beck to Dog Kennel Wood, which they left on their left, and returned to the starting place. Going away again they described a semi-circle with Carlton Grange on their right and ran to Aldborough and on to Park House. They ran outside the park wall and turned right, running the length of the west strip, and with Forcett Park just on their left they crossed the entrenchment and ran down to the beck. They turned right on reaching this, and ran past the starting point, leaving Carlton Grange on their left, they now crossed the railway at Rennison's Bridge, bore left-handed, and left Eppleby on their left, ran by Sough Hill to Cote Hill, where they were beaten after a most interesting, although twisty hunt of 1 hour and 25 minutes. Hounds hunted extremely well throughout the many turns this fox made

STUMPY.

THE CROOME FIND FOXES PLENTIFUL

EVERY Saturday since the regular season opened has been gloriously fine, usually after a rough and rainy night. Last Saturday (December 10th) was no exception, and the mixed pack met at The Boot, Flyford Flavell, under a cloudless sky, with the weather as mild as May. But scent was conspicuous by its absence in the unfathomable mud of Grafton Wood, and after spending an hour there hounds were called out to go to Naunton Bushes.

I suppose that the recent heavy rain has driven the foxes from the snug fences and drains where they have been lying during the warm weather; at all events the country seems alive with them. Foxes flew in all directions as soon as hounds put into the Bushes, around which they proceeded to conduct a circular tour (including plenty of jumping) before marking one to ground in an earth on the outskirts of the covert.

It was from Shutwell Bushes that the hunt of the day took place, and those of the field who had remained out were well rewarded. Finding quickly, hounds were as quickly away, and it was not until 80 minutes later that they concluded the hunt by running to ground at Wolverton Home Coppice. "Too many brooks spoil the sport"—both Bow Brook and Piddle Brook were heavy in flood, and for this reason the initial part of the hunt was distinctly circuitous, for the fox would face neither. Hounds circled back to the Bushes no fewer than three times altogether, but in the end, changing to a fresh fox, which perhaps was stouter-hearted than his predecessor, they drove him across the swollen stream near Churchill Mill. The field was obliged to make tracks for the nearest bridge, for the fords were too deep to negotiate except by swimming; meanwhile the pack was running on, past White Ladies, through Aston Hayes (where further fresh foxes got up), and then to Wolverton, where they marked their fox in the drain.

It had been fine and warm all day, but as hounds turned for home rain began to fall, and they must have had a damp and dismal journey back to kennels.

D. M. M.

SIX-MILE POINT WITH THE CHIDDINGFOLD

THESE hounds met at Knowle on Saturday, December 4th, where Mr. Berdoe-Wilkinson had several foxes for us in Bushey Copse. It was a brilliantly sunny morning, with a cold north-west wind blowing, and we spent rather a circular morning between Bushey, Wild Wood and Waterlands, scent never being good enough to get on terms with a fox.

At 1.50, however, the bitches found a leash of foxes in Mr. Rowcliffe's withy bed by the canal, and settling down to the line of the best of them, as it turned out, drove him away to Mill Copse, which he barely entered before turning north for Nanhurst. He then skirted his home covert and ran out over Knowle, hounds not being able to run at any pace across the grass till they left Holdhurst and Bridge Farm behind them and got on to fresh ground at Hammer Farm. They ran through the Stews at Vachery and over Baynards Park to Oatridges. On Baynards the pace quickened, and here Goddard and his first whip, directed wrongly by a well-meaning farmer, got badly thrown out, not making contact again till nearly the end of the hunt. The Master took charge of the bitches at the snipe bog behind Oatridges, where there were two foxes afoot, and hounds hunted slowly across Tillhouse Farm.

A hulloa on the hill by Maybanks enlivened matters considerably, and the Master, lifting them

to it, hounds hit the line close to Cox Green and crossed to Ellens. Here the pace began once more to quicken; the wind had dropped at about one o'clock, and a mild sunny afternoon was being succeeded by a rapidly cooling evening with a promise of frost. Not many of the morning's large field remained to negotiate some biggish fences on Ellens, when hounds swept across it to Ridge Farm. At Millfields the fox was obviously tiring and avoiding the rough coverts, kept to the open fields, lingering probably in some brambles where he was viewed by the Master. Shortly afterwards several belated members of the field arrived, followed by the Hunt servants. Scent had begun to fail again, and though Goddard cast on across some plough and hit the line, hounds carrying on over two more fields, they were approaching Park Pin Hanger in dangerous proximity to the Roman Woods where fresh foxes were bound to be at once afoot. In view of this and the rapidly approaching darkness, lightened by a brilliant moon, the Master decided to give the fox best this time and hounds were stopped at 4.10.

Never a fast hunt, except for one 20 minutes' burst, as shown by the fact of taking 2 hours and 20 minutes to do a six-mile point, this was definitely a feather in the cap of the bitches, who hunted well on a patchy scent both for Goddard and the Master.

SEMPSTRESS.

THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) HOUNDS' WONDERFUL HUNT

ALTHOUGH some more rain fell during the early hours of Monday, December 5th, the weather "took up," as the country people say, and it was fine and sunny soon after 10 o'clock. Only a small field met the Master with the doghounds for the bye day at Swillbrook Farm, but came in for a wonderful hunt; hounds, racing upwind for the first 55 minutes to make a seven-mile point, were running for three-and-a-quarter hours in all. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. L. Kennaway provided hospitality, and soon after 11 o'clock hounds moved off.

It was some long time before a fox was found, but such a stout customer was well worth the seeking. He was lying in a field of kale close to Somerford Keynes, and not far from the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) boundary. The doghounds raced after him through Eight Acres and past Ashton Keynes. Turning into the south-westerly breeze they went on by High Bridge, and crossed the Cricklade—Malmesbury Road close to the Three Horse Shoes Inn—a favourite Thursday fixture. Carrying a great head they ran fast by Buryhill Gorse to Lower Farm. Swinging over the G.W.R. branch line, they ran into a corner of Red Lodge, and going straight through came into the open again across Battlelake Farm. Once over the Pavenhill Road, they ran by Braydon Green Farm and Parley Copse into Lydiard Plain. Carrying on into Flaxlands Wood, they pushed their fox through and over the road into the big stronghold of Webbs Wood. Holding to their fox well, hounds forced him away and made a big ring out to the Brinkworth—Swindon Road, and the turning point. Fifty-five minutes to date through heavy going and scarcely a breather.

Hunting back into Webbs Wood the presence of fresh foxes brought complications, but it was the hardest luck they brought their hunted one outside for the last time accompanied by a fresh fox; which hounds returned with inside, and their tired fox escaped into Midge Hall. Darkness had set in when the Master whipped off and "home" was the order.

J. R.

THE TYNEDALE DO WELL

AFTER meeting at Fenwick on Wednesday, December 7th, the morning was spent in drawing several good coverts blank, and it was past one o'clock when a fox was found at Standing Stone. After a few turns round the covert this fox was killed. Another was found at once in The Beeks, and, quickly away, hounds ran fast almost to Clarewood. Turning back they ran through the Mile Plantation, and, crossing the Matfen Road, arrived back at Standing Stone. The fox waited here and hounds got away close at him, and ran through the Brickyards up to Pead House. Swinging right-handed below Bog House, hounds turned southwards and ran up to High House, where they checked for the first time, after a brilliant 25 minutes over a very fine line of country. The line was soon hit off and hounds hunted nicely on down to the River Pont, where they checked again. Taken to a holloa northwards from the river, they ran through Marl Pit Plantation, crossed the Fenwick—Matfen Road, and went on with Mueckleridge on the left, past Ingoe Low Hall. The pace was slower now, but hounds were hunting beautifully as they crossed the Ingoe—Ryall Road, then ran due north with Kearsley on the right to Kirkheaton Fell. Just skirting the Fell on the west side, hounds ran on towards Bavington, but just short of Black Hill they swung right-handed back to Kirkheaton Whin, and were stopped at dark, just short of Memorial Whin, after a very fine hunt of 1 hour 50 minutes. The furthest point was six miles, and as it was over some of the best of the Tynedale country, the big field thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

J. M.

SOUTH CHESHIRE HOUNDS RUN WELL

SO far this season much the best sport has been on Saturdays; and on three occasions over the Calveley Oulton country.

A large field, after a disappointing morning from Tiverton Smithy, had two good hunts during the afternoon. Finding a fox in Oulton Lowe hounds ran pointing for Darnhall, but swung right-handed to kill their fox at Bank Side Wood after fifteen minutes; seldom have hounds run faster over this very wet but good scenting country. Picking up another fox, hounds hunted well towards Calveley Hall, swinging right-handed forced their fox through the new gorse, and again right-handed crossed the lane, ran through the Old Gorse pointing for Stoke.

MR. JOHN LAKIN, ONE OF THE JOINT MASTERS OF THE WARWICKSHIRE, TAKES A FENCE AND DITCH

With Hill's Gorse on their right they crossed the railway, the huntsman, whippers-in and field being considerably held up by a passing goods train. Hounds were next seen hunting along the canal bank. At this point the fox, being headed when pointing for Wardle by two farm workers carrying hay, changed his direction right-handed through Calveley Park, hounds losing their fox on Mr. Arthur Williamson's farm after 50 minutes.

Quite a large field met Mr. Barbour and Mr. Clegg at Church Minshull. Finding at Aston Gorse a fox went away in the wrong direction; motor cars, cyclists and pedestrians on the road in no way diverting his route, he ran down to the river, where, after a few fields, hounds marked him to ground. Mr. Winnery had the misfortune to break his horse's back during this hunt. Finding in the gorse at Poole Hall, a fox was quickly killed.

From Wettenhall Wood a most enjoyable hunt followed, a fox crossing the Boot and Slipper, Darnhall Lane; at times hounds running fast over a most difficult country to ride over, left Oulton Lowe on the left, just missed Philo, ran through Hunt's Hill, and lost their fox behind Eaton Village after a good hunt of 25 minutes.

It is with deep regret that we record that at the end of this hunt Mr. Pearson, who has hunted in Cheshire for many years, fell dead off his horse, an end that all foxhunters might well choose.

J. D. H. S-M.

POOR SCENT WITH THE PYTCHLEY

THE two days, from Old on December 5th and Wednesday, the 7th, from Badby, could hardly have been worse, owing to bad luck, which means force of circumstances upon which it can be of no interest to dilate. A brace of foxes were killed on Wednesday, but their efforts to supply sport were feeble to a degree.

Friday (9th), Welford. A thick fog and 5 degrees of frost at 8 a.m. did not seem to presage a good hunting day, and when hounds found in a kale field near Major Paget's house scent was very bad. He was marked to ground after some patient hunting not far from the Hothorpe Hills.

Another was away from Sulby Covert almost at once. He was hunted on what seemed a poor scent locally for some time till Barker, seizing a fleeting chance, got hounds on better terms and for ten minutes they raced as though for Naseby Hall into the wind. The fox, unable to stand this pressure, turned back, but the pack would not be denied, and rolled him over under the windows of Sulby Hall—a most creditable performance. The Marston Hills are not associated with good hunts as a rule, but on this evening the unexpected did happen. A fox jumped up at the Clipstone end of this big covert and with a rare start hounds were into and through Alford Thorns in no time. They skirted Twantry Gorse, passed East Farndon on the left, and raced over the big grazing fields and a strongly-fenced line towards Clipstone. The pack pushed their fox through Alford Thorns once more, hunted him through the Marston and Hothorpe Hills, where they were stopped in real darkness after an incursion to Fernie territory. This was a fine demonstration of what a good pack may make of poor scenting conditions, and the highest compliment which they may be paid.

The largest field of the season assembled at East Haddon on Saturday, the 10th. This seemed a nice hunting day despite the low level of the barometer. A fox was found in Ravensthorpe Gorse, and, considering the way in which he turned, was hunted at a fair pace locally till he found refuge in the village where hounds met. When Barker was still trying to locate him a fresh fox jumped up in the gardens of East Haddon Hall, and he was responsible for a gallop in the right sense of the word. It was unfortunate that many of the field got off badly owing to the lull which is often associated with village hunting. The pack had obtained a good start. The fox faced the wind; for some

time he ran straight enough and hounds ran hard. They passed Buckby Folly on the left, crossed the Rugby—Northampton main road, sunk the valley as though for Vanderplanks and close by Foxhill, owing to a difficult bottom and several couple of hounds hitting the line of another fox, some of the leaders were thrown out. The body, still running hard, crossed the West Haddon—Daventry Road with Watford Covert on the left, and checked on the road midway between Crick and West Haddon. Despite the fact that information was at hand describing exactly where the fox had been seen and all ground made good, the line was not touched again. So came an unsatisfactory end to a good gallop with some delightful country ahead, and in the ordinary course of events "catching time" not far distant. A fox found in an osier bed below Coton was hunted through that hamlet into the gardens of Guilsborough Hall and killed. At that moment another fox was viewed and hounds laid on. By now time pressed and the afternoon promised to end in a murky evening with rain spreading from the west, and so every fox by then must be treated as the "only" fox. Hounds seemed unable to settle, nor was it surprising that this fox was lost after a few fields, with what seemed a hopeless scent. It appears that when hounds have killed a badger or have been taken from a fox just killed they find difficulty in hunting another scent at once, which is not surprising when the problem is considered.

EMERITUS.

COTTESMORE'S FAST RUNS

MONDAY (5th).—Casewick Hall. Colonel and the Hon. Trollope-Bellew having entertained all as usual, also provided the material for two good hunts.

We found at once in the Park, an old dog fox, said by Colonel Trollope-Bellew to be eight years old, having been lucky to escape Mr. Hilton-Green so long. At a cracking pace he took us through Little Uffington, Big Uffington, Steddans, and, with Belmisthorpe on the right, turned into Uffington Springs; here our hero swam the Welland river and continued on into Burleigh Park, where we lost him after a first-rate hunt of 40 minutes. Finding again in a kale field outside Casewick Park we ran across the Park, over the railway, and, with Tallington on our right, reached West Delping, where we turned back along the river, and almost caught our fox at Tallington. Going on from there we recrossed Casewick Park, and hounds were finally run out of scent near Big Uffington. To finish Shillington Osiers and Covert were blank.

On Tuesday (6th) we met at Loddington Village in lovely weather. We found at once in the Redditch, and ran through Tugby Bushes, Priest Hill and Skeffington, and, leaving Tilton Wood on the right ran towards Tilton Village before turning back through Skeffington into the Redditch, hounds having run at a great pace for 40 minutes.

Going away with a fresh fox from the Redditch, we ran fast over the Leicester turnpike, through Keythorpe and further into Fernie country, where hounds were stopped. From Launde Park Wood, a great hunt started. Leaving Launde Abbey on our left, and Coles Lodge on the right, we cross the boggy bottom, ascend the hillside, and with Witheote on our left, cross the ridge and run hard across the summit of the Wisp Road, through Cheseldyne Spinney, and with Little Owston on the left, continue on almost to Knossington. Here we turn through Lady Wood and Orton Park Wood, pass by Betts Barn, and proceed down almost to the Langham—Cold Overton Road before bearing right-handed across the Langham—Oakham Road. Leaving Langham Lodge on our right, we sweep past Westfield Grange and through Ashwell Spinney, and finally lose our fox a few fields beyond at dusk, after a really great hunt of 90 minutes, and an eight-mile point.

FOXY.

ATTRACTING RACING VISITORS

A Good Meeting at Sandown Park

MUGGY weather, caused, so it is stated, by the Gulf Stream being warmer than it used to be, suits racing under National Hunt Rules, and the season under those rules continues on its successful way. It is true that there will be only two days next week, at Birmingham, but then the week before Christmas is generally open. After Christmas Day there will be racing all over the place with the Kempton Park Meeting the most important and popular. This meeting will be held on Boxing Day and the day after. The Kempton Park directors, or some of them, are always thinking of something new which may attract visitors. I am all in favour of pretty gardens and well-built and kept stands and lawns, and I am all in favour of increased prize money, and, if possible, reduced charges for admission, but I cannot honestly state that I am in favour of the new idea for the Boxing Day meeting. On that holiday, the day after Christmas festivities, when, from personal experience, I can vouch for the fact that children are often not feeling their best and when for a few hours parents would willingly let them rest, and also rest from them, parents who are members are asked to bring their children with them. It is even stated that there will be a Christmas tree on the Members' Lawn, no doubt all lit up with electric candles. It may even be that the chairman of the directors, Mr. John Hutton, will appear dressed up as Father Christmas and give away presents. Surely it would be much better if a place were prepared for the afternoon where one could leave one's offspring in the dry and comfort and pick them after the racing and after they had played a series of round games. And in any case, who is going to know whether the children brought are really the offspring of the member alleging that they are his. No, no, my dear friends, the directors of Kempton Park, this is not a good thing that you have done. Racing is a sport, but it is a very serious one, demanding all a man's, or a woman's, time. It is not a game for flippancy, and is not meant for the nursery, although some of us may first have heard of the sport when there. And now I suppose that the Kempton Park directors will call me "Old Scrooge."

A feature of the National Hunt season so far has been the paucity of good hurdlers of promise, and the number of steeplechasers of more than average ability. It always used to be the other way round. Even such a great patron of the game as Mr. James Rank has practically no young hurdlers of promise, and is trying to buy some. Naturally, any number of people are willing to sell, but they have not good enough horses for the races that that owner would like to win. On the other hand, Mr. Rank would seem to have a number of good young steeplechasers. Miss Paget, who is as interested in the winter racing as she is in the summer meetings, has been buying at the December Sales horses which she hopes will make hurdlers, and has also bought one or two from Ireland and from France. The horses bought at Newmarket included one or two who might make good hurdlers, notably Foxchase and Alarm Bell. They and others have gone to Epsom to be trained by Walter Nightingall, who must have now more than a hundred horses in his yard. Never probably before in the history of racing has one man had so many horses to train at Epsom. Mr. Whitelaw, another great patron of racing under National Hunt Rules, would also seem to be short of high-class hurdle racers. There was a time when quite high-class flat-race horses were put to hurdling, especially horses that could barely do a mile. They always then seemed to be able to stay two miles over hurdles. It may be that in those days hurdle races were not run as fast as they are now for horses to win over hurdles have to be more than milers on the flat. Indeed, a horse who can win good hurdle races has to be a really good stayer.

There was some good racing at the last meeting at Sandown Park, where the going was good on the first day and holding on the second afternoon. There is no better place from which to watch racing than the slopes of Sandown Park, and there are few, if any, worse members' stands. Surely it is time that it was pulled down or burned down. No better site for a really up-to-date stand exists on any racecourse that I have ever seen. The Blue Boy is now nine years old, and seems at last to have found something that he really likes doing, and that is to run in selling hurdle races. He has run for two of them, and won each of them, and what is more, this horse, whose reputation has not always been too good, has won them as if he thoroughly enjoyed doing it. He will win as many more as he is started for.

The betting market on a racecourse is often a most inexplicable thing. A hurdle racer named Tragedian met with a serious accident a year ago and cracked a pelvis. After making a wonderful recovery he was placed back in training, and made his first appearance again on a racecourse at Kempton Park a week before this Sandown meeting. He started with the others at 20 to 1, and ran really well until he was close home, when he shut up like a clasp knife. His clever trainer, C. Langlands, was more than pleased at the manner in which he ran, and he was more than surprised when he found him a very short-priced favourite for the Esher Hurdle, for he does not bet, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, the owners of several horses with him, are also only in the five pounds line of betting business. I cannot see why the ring should have opened this horse at favourite's price, 5 to 2, for there is no doubt that he was doing his best at Kempton Park. However all was right, for the horse won nicely from Remeber II and Cocklaw Dene, who had come all the way from Scotland to run for this race. It is to be noted that he did not get much of a chance as his rider, not knowing the course, got well shut in on the rails in the straight. He will win more races for Major Anthony Marshall, who does so much for racing in Scotland by acting as a steward at many meetings. People who come all the way from Scotland to have a go against the Southerners always seem to come prepared, and they brought with them not only Cocklaw Dene but also Goldscleugh, who was to act as a retriever if the first attack failed. It did fail, as I have recorded, and so out Goldscleugh had to go and win the last race of the first day, the Amateur Riders' Steeplechase. Those visitors who went to get their shirts back must have felt half a mile from the finish that they were in for a naked week-end as coming round the long bend towards the pond fence Goldscleugh did not seem to have any chance. Mr. Black then sat down and rode him home as hard as he could and mowed the opposition down to win by a couple of lengths to most curious noises from the members, stands, undoubtedly made by visitors from over the Border.

Yet another fine steeplechase to watch this season, which has been rich already in such events, was the three miles Sandown Steeplechase. Rudolph IV had won so nicely at Kempton Park, when he had come from nowhere and sailed past the leader, that many visitors thought that he would win. On the other hand, the class that he was meeting seemed to be rather better to any that he had succeeded against before and class even at jumping does tell. Yet Rudolph IV won, and it is to be admitted that he is of much better class than was supposed. He was carrying a penalty of 7lb. for winning at Kempton Park. His owner, Mr. Bailey, rode the nine-year-old really well, always having him up with the second lot, the first lot was Rightun, which means that he was by himself. When half a mile from the finish Rudloph IV made a mistake, Mr. Bailey did not hurry him at all, but let him settle down again and get his confidence back. He was in front with Jovial Judge at the last fence, and then beat that nice steeplechaser of Mr. Rowleys Ranks by two lengths in the run in. Rudolph IV would have won the National Hunt Steeplechase last spring at Cheltenham if he had not had to carry a small penalty. Still, if he had won he would have been lucky, for there is no doubt at all that Young Mischief should have won that race, as he showed when he went on and won the Scottish Grand National. Still, Rudolph IV is a very nice horse, and was bought cheaply by Mr. Bailey his owner for he gave Mrs. Waddington only £500 for him. And that at the time seemed a good price for him for until he had won at Newbury he had been known only as a good hunter. I suppose that Mrs. Waddington had been hunting him herself. Rudolph IV will now be talked into being one of the favourites for the Grand National next March. Those people who would back him for that race might be well advised to look up the records of the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, and those of the Grand National at Aintree, and compare them. Between winners at Cheltenham and winners at Aintree there is and always has been, a great gulf fixed.

And now although it is late, but that cannot be helped, a few words about a man whom many of us who love racing and go racing will miss very much, poor Colledge Leader, who died after an operation, and was buried in the middle of the week at Newmarket where he had lived and trained so successfully for so many years as had his father before him. We all knew that he was not well, and that he was to undergo a serious operation, but after it was over we heard at Sandown Park that he was dead, having first heard that it was successful. Colledge Leader was one of the five sons of old Leader of Wroughton, who trained George Frederick to win the Derby away back in the 'sixties. Some time after that he left Wroughton, and went to Newmarket, where the family have been ever since. Harvey and Tom still train there, while Stephen assists Harvey. Fred Leader, a successful trainer was killed in a motor car accident on his way back from Ascot several years ago. Mrs. Jack Jarvis is a sister of the brothers. For many years Colledge Leader was a public trainer and a very successful one, but some years ago he was asked by Lord Derby to be his private trainer and he handed over Machell Place to his nephew Ted Leader. Lord Derby has lost a most able trainer and a friend. Leader had placed his Lordship at the top of the winning owners' list this summer, and seemed in for a wonderful year again in 1939

Leader was a most quiet and charming man, against whom no one ever heard a word, for he did not understand how to do anything wrong. He was reserved and modest, but a fine friend, and no one's enemy. He leaves a wife and four children. He will be very much missed in the world of racing, and very hard to replace as a trainer.

GNOSTIC.

THE GROWTH OF TROUT

Some Reasons for Discrepancies in Size

IN these days of easy travel most trout anglers soon acquire enough experience to realise that the size of trout varies enormously in different waters. Bearing in mind the effects of overcrowding on plants, animals and human beings, the first temptation is merely to condemn the small as a population which has outgrown and outrun the available food supply and to congratulate the owner of the large as by Nature's kindness fortunate, or as wise in the regulation and management of his fishery.

But a little further experience soon makes the fact apparent that size is not necessarily connected with the abundance or scarcity of trout. It is true that often where trout are small they are also found in large numbers in a lake or stream, and larger fish are relatively much less plentiful in the waters which they frequent; but this is by no means always the case. Sometimes even small trout of four, five and six to the pound may be scarce in waters which are by no means hard fished, and sometimes larger trout may be quite plentiful in other waters where the angling is intensive. Many of us can call to mind pleasant holiday days spent in the Highlands on some lochs where a hard day's fishing produces a pathetic number of woefully small trout, and most of us have heard of the 58,000 trout averaging 13oz. which were caught in Loch Leven this season.

This sort of evidence soon induces one to abandon any preconceived notions about the absolute relationship of size to numbers of trout and to begin to search for some factor that will fit more closely to the observed facts. We first, then, have to think of where we have seen the small trout and the large trout, those five to the pound, and those which normally run to a pound or over, and where we catch what might be called the normal trout of ½lb. or ¾lb. For the smaller trout we have to think of our family summer holidays on Dartmoor and in Devon, in the higher Yorkshire streams and in the West and North of Scotland; it is in these waters that we get the little fish, many of them black and not particularly beautiful, or perhaps four or five to the pound, and among which a ½-pounder is a prize that falls to our lot on by no means every day.

Then at the other extreme are the larger trout which, when we are sufficiently lucky to get a day, we find in a southern chalk stream, in some of the lakes and fewer of the rivers of Eire, and in an occasional loch in the far north-west of Scotland. For the average trout we have to look to the ordinary waters: the lower parts of some of the English, Irish and Welsh rivers, the Tweed, Don and Deveron in Scotland, and a few of the Scottish lochs, such as Loch Leven in Kinross and Loch Watten in Caithness, which are away from the Highland area and influence.

When we come to think these facts over we begin to realise that numbers of fish in a given area of water may be less important than we first thought, and that in reality the three classes of trout which have been indicated can be connected sometimes with numbers but very much more frequently with the particular type of country in which the lake or river is situated. Those happy holiday days were spent among hills and heather: the hills may have been high or low, but they were in all probability of some igneous rock, granite, whinstone and so on; the heather may have been high and unkempt where grouse and deer were scarce, or it may have been burnt and tended for the benefit of birds, sheep and stags, but it certainly will have been on peat perhaps only a foot, or possibly six or more feet deep.

During those odd days when perhaps the family was forgotten, fishing was the sole object, and 4lb. or 5lb. trout were the hoped-for quarry; we may have felt more on business bent and less inclined to examine the country round about, but if we did so we must certainly have realised that we were in the chalk streams of the South, or that those rounded, weathered knobs of rock, and that luxuriant green grass betokened the presence of limestone which may even have been confirmed by the remains of that old lime kiln not so very far away.

Occasionally we may have an apparent anomaly. The big trout, the clear water, those abundant waving weeds may be in an area where we see high hills, heather and peat, but if we make further search we shall find nearer to the waterside the same evidence of lime that we noted in the more typical limestone areas. Then finally those ordinary trout waters, as I have called them, are more the everyday waters of those who live in the neighbourhood; they exist in, or flow through, agricultural land with just the ordinary soil and geology of the countryside, probably without peat for very many miles, and almost as certainly without any particularly noticeable rock formation of either the granite or limestone type. We are now, therefore, in a position to correlate the size of the trout with their surroundings and it becomes plain that small trout are found with the granite, peat and heather, large trout with chalk streams and limestone, and the intermediate trout with the intermediate, ordinary, agricultural land.

To some, part at least of this story has been known for a long time and, while no attempt was made to advance any definite reason for the variations, the statement became somewhat common that the small size of the Highland trout was due to the lack of food organisms in peat water. The late Rowland Southern was the first to dispute this theory and to point out that food animals might be found in plenty on and under the stones and in the mosses of the peat water, although these organisms were by no means the same as the shrimps and snails which form such an important item in the fauna of the chalk streams. Gnat and midge larvæ take the place of duns and so on, but the larger forms of crustacea and molluscs are absent.

We also now know that peat waters are acid waters and chalk streams are alkaline. Some of the former may be so strongly acid as to attack lead pipes possibly with danger to the consumer, and some of the latter may hold so much lime as to incrust boilers. We have further ascertained that acid waters may contain practically no calcium, and experience with cattle and human beings has shown how important this mineral may be in bone formation and in the general well-being and size of the creature concerned. The acidity or alkalinity of water is recorded chemically by what is known as the hydrogen ion concentration. This is usually called the pH value, and can be easily determined with approximate accuracy by a simple colorimetric test at the waterside.

So closely is the size of trout connected with the pH value that, given the one, it is possible to state with reasonable certainty the average value of the other. At least in waters that are acid or neutral, and possibly slightly alkaline also, the largest size which the trout normally attain is also in strict accordance with the pH value. In Loch Leven, for instance, of which the water is approximately neutral, only 25 of the 58,000 trout caught this year were 2lb. or heavier. It is possible that trout which develop strongly cannibalistic tendencies, may exceed the normal limit, but it would seem that one can do nothing by the introduction of weeds and natural food animals to increase the ordinary size of the trout in any water, though if the water can be rendered more alkaline by the introduction of lime or limestone, then a change for the better may perhaps be made. In some waters, however, certain types of limestone may quickly be inactivated by a deposit on the stone.

On the surface, therefore, we would appear to have discovered the secret of the size of trout to be in acid or alkaline water and more particularly in the absence or presence of calcium in the water, and that roughly the greater the quantity of calcium the larger will be the trout. There are, however, in nature some exceptions to this apparent rule; at least one or two lochs exist in peat areas without limestone where trout may grow to 3lb. or 5lb. in weight, but how they accumulate enough calcium for their bones and scales is as yet a mystery. To trout breeders and trout fishermen the whole subject of the factors controlling the rate, and total amount, of growth in trout is of great importance, but as yet little has been done to elucidate the problem, and a wide field for research remains open.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

A SCOTTISH TROUT WATER
Where the Blackwater runs beneath the central arch of Garve Bridge, Ross-shire

IN AID OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.—Selected by H.H. Princess Marie Louise, the film "Under the Red Robe" will be shown in aid of this charity at 2.30 p.m. on December 19th at the Royal Court Cinema, Sloane Square. Reserved seats from 2s. 6d. to a guinea can be obtained from Mrs. F. C. Turnpenny, 19, Bolton Gardens, S.W. 5.

DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND
A battery of telescopes trained on the immediate corries

DEER-STALKING IN 1938

A Review of an Extraordinary Season

TWO factors in a stalking season impress it on the mind of the individual—the sport and the weather. To these, during the season of 1938, was added a third—the international situation. The two latter phenomena will be chiefly remembered this year, nor are either likely to provide very pleasant recollections.

The season promised to be a good one for the winter was very open and deer, generally speaking, suffered but little from the weather. These expectations were to a great extent realised, and the head stalker of one large forest told me that it was the best season for heads and weights that he ever remembered. On the other hand in many forests stags were late in going to the hinds, and, having done so, went out of condition very rapidly. Though I have not the facilities this year, as formerly, for giving a detailed account of the season, several owners have been good enough to send me particulars which seem to show that the average of weights was very high. For instance, at Strathconon the 46 stags killed by October 1st, including two small switches of 12st., had an average weight of 16st. At Affaric, 70 stags averaged over 16st. At Craig, 50 stags averaged 16st. At Ardverikie, 24 stags were killed, ranging from 21st. 7lb. to over 17st., 90 stags being killed in all. At Glenfeshie, six stags of over 19st. were killed, including one of over 23st. At Glenmazeran the Master of Elphinstone killed, in a day, three stags which averaged 19st. 3lb. At the Barracks, 58 stags averaged 14st. 7lb., clean.

At Corrour only bad heads were shot, and some very good heads have been left on the ground. Owing to the international crisis many people left Scotland before the close of the season and did not return. But for this and the horrible weather at the end of the season, I think, judging by the heads I have seen, that a good many more good heads would have been killed. In a howling gale, with showers of rain or snow, it is impossible to spy, and very often, if you have been lucky enough to see a good stag and get in, to shoot.

I have not had a chance, this year, of seeing the heads received by Mr. Spicer, of Leamington, for mounting, but he tells me that he considers it the best season for heads for many years.

Of the heads I have seen, three seem in the opinion of the majority of stalkers to stand out. Which is the best I should be very sorry to have to decide. One is a very fine royal from Strathvaich (35in., 5¼in., 29½in.). It was shot by Mr. R. Williams, who is, I believe, Captain of the Eton shooting eight. He will be very lucky if he kills as good a head in his future career as a stalker.

Another royal was shot by Lord Belper, at Glenkingie (35¼in., 5in., 27in.). The tops are magnificent, but the brows and beam are not as good as those of the Strathvaich head, though the latter suffers from a short point on the left horn.

The last of the trio was shot by Major J. Coombe, at Strathconon, and carries eleven points (6+5, 34½in., 6in., 27½in.). It is a very showy, wild-looking head, very thick horn throughout and with

11-POINTER BELONGING TO LORD WYFOLD

lovely tops, missing a point on the right. The coronets are practically non-existent. It is, of course, shorter than either of the other two, but is slightly thicker and about the same as the Kingie head for span. The Kingie head wins on tops and has a beautiful shape. I have heard some very interesting discussions as to which of these heads should be awarded that horrible myth, "the blue riband of the stalking season."

Lady Belper also killed a very good royal at Glenkingie (34⅞in., 4⅝in., 29½in.), with good shape and long points. The left bay is 13in long.

A good head was killed at Fasnakyle by Miss Weller Poley (6+6, 36⅜in., 4⅞in., 27⅜in.). The brows are weak and a point on the left top is missed.

There was a long, showy royal from Blackmount (36in., 4½in., 33⅛in.), which left one with the impression of being rather thin and not the best shape.

Lord Latymer killed a 15-pointer at Ledgowan (7+8, 33⅜in., 4⅜in. 23in.), with very good lower points and rough horn, but narrow.

Captain E. Merry killed a 13-pointer at Benula (7+6, 36¼in., 4⅞in., 24⅛in.) with good brows and thick horn. The head comes in at the top.

The best head killed by the Duke of Portland, at Longwell, was a royal with 12-in. brows (35in., 5¼in., 28⅛in.).

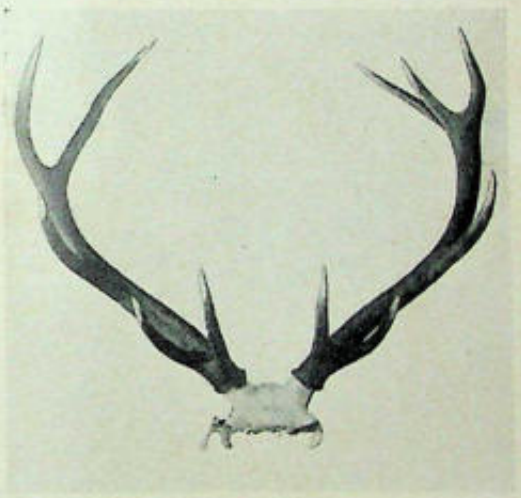
Mr. W. G. Gordon got a nice royal at Cougie, part of the old Guisachan Forest (32¾in., 4⅜in., 29½in.).

Captain Graeme Whitelaw had four good heads from Glenfeshie.

7+7	36in.	4⅞ in.	26⅛ in.	Good points on top. Thin brows. Nice shape. Good beam throughout.
6+6	35⅛ in.	5¼ in.	30⅛ in.	Two weak points on top. Otherwise good. Very good horn and shape.
6+7	33 in.	5 in.	25 in.	Good, but rather thin points (Mrs. Whitelaw).
5+6	32⅛ in.	—	32⅛ in.	Good lower points.

An attractive 8-pointer was killed at Borrobel (34in., 5½in., 31in.).

At Achintoul, Mr. R. Lamont got a 13-pointer (7+6, 35in., 5in., 34in.). One point on the right top



A ROYAL SHOT BY MAJOR A. H. WILKIE

is short, the brows are poor and the left bay long. At Wyvis, Captain Abbey killed a 10-pointer (6+4, 33⅜in., 5¼in., 32in.). It is not a well-balanced head and misses the right bay. At Achnacarry, Mr. Stewart killed a royal (35⅜in., 5¼in., 28in.) with good beam and ugly tops, and at Loch Choire Mr. M. W. Beaumont killed a very wild "wind-blown" 8-pointer (36⅜in., 4⅜in., 31⅛in.)—an attractive head.

The measurements Mr. Spicer has kindly sent me are as follows:

Points	*Locality*	*Length*	*Beam*	*Span*	*Owner*
6+5	Glenkinglas ...	37⅛ in.	4⅞ in.	35 in.	Lord Wyfold
7+7	Blackmount ...	36⅛ in.	4⅞ in.	30½ in.	Lord Wyfold
7+7	Invertrossachs.	36⅛ in.	5 in.	31⅛ in.	Sir James Wilson, Bt.
5+5	Ardverikie	35⅛ in.	4⅛ in.	32½ in.	Colonel J. N. Horlick
6+6	Corrie Lair ...	34½ in.	5⅛ in.	32⅛ in.	Major A. H. Wilkie
7+6	Jura	34⅛ in.	4⅛ in.	37⅛ in.	Mr. C. G. Campbell
7+6	Ardverikie	34⅛ in.	4⅛ in.	28½ in.	Colonel J. N. Horlick
6+6	Ardverikie	34⅛ in.	4⅜ in.	27⅛ in.	Colonel J. N. Horlick
6+6	Ardverikie	34 in.	4⅛ in.	35⅛ in.	Colonel J. N. Horlick

I saw several curious freak heads of a type which I have not encountered before. At Glenmazeran a stag was shot which, on one side, had no horn. In its place was hanging a loose bag of skin, from which grew a small forked piece of horn. This swung freely when its owner moved, and must have caused a good deal of inconvenience as it hung directly over the eye. A stag with a very similar type of malformation was also killed at Affaric. Yet a third carried two horns, but one grew straight from the bone of the skull, merging into it with no intervening pedicle. Part of the pedicle, again, hung loose from a sort of skin bag with a small piece of horn growing at its extremity. It is curious that three such abnormalities, which cannot be common, should occur in the course of one season.

The question of what stags should be shot is not an easy thing to decide though simple as compared to hinds. The head stalker of one very

10-POINTER SHOT BY COL. J. N. HORLICK

14-POINTER SHOT BY LORD WYFOLD

A ROYAL SHOT BY COL. J. N. HORLICK

well-known forest gave me an illustration of these difficulties without in any way simplifying them. He noticed a bad stag at the feed with a poor head and no brows at all. He shed on March 2. When the other deer started to shed their horns he already carried brows and bays, the former of which eventually measured 15in. This after having no brows at all! When killed he had a fine head of 11 points.

There is great prejudice in some quarters against what is known as "cube" feeding. It seems to me entirely unfounded. Such feeding is merely an attempt to supply deer with the qualities necessary to promote good horn growth, which are lacking in the only natural food they can get under present conditions. Why this is any more to be deplored than feeding with beans or maize I cannot see. Captain Graeme Whitelaw writes from Glenfeshie: "Weights and heads have improved tremendously, especially the latter. An interesting point is that all the heavy stags came from the 'cake' feed. The stags from the other feeds, maize, &c., did not show anything like the same improvement."

I did not stalk at all in Scotland last year, and I only had four or five days this season. The sport seemed to me just as good as ever, far superior to many forms of Continental sport, though without the spectacular prizes to be won there. That we in Scotland could expect red deer heads like those on the Continent would be unreasonable and impossible, but that they could be much better there is no doubt. A great many owners and some tenants are doing all they can to improve heads, but though it is pleasant to know that their care and forethought are at times rewarded by a really good trophy, not much impression is made on the bulk of the deer.

It is, no doubt, very important to shoot bad-headed stags, but I am convinced in my own mind that the real cause of bad heads lies in the hinds. If these were shot with the same care as are the stags, by the owner, the number of bad heads would diminish.

I stalked in a well-known forest which had not been let for many years. On the last day of my visit my host and I inspected together the 50 odd heads for the privilege of shooting which he had paid a large sum of money. He could have shot a very nice 11-pointer as well as several other heads which a good many people would not have spared. Being a sportsman such a course did not appeal to him, and he left them to attain, if they can, their full development. I have never, except once, seen such a collection of rubbish as the heads shot. There was scarcely one with the slightest attempt at a top, nearly every one being a switch, a 6-pointer or a freak.

My host looked at them rather wryly, and then remarked, "You know really one ought to be paid for doing this sort of thing!"

"There's the answer," I said, pointing at the rows of heads which adorned the larder, the gillies quarters, and the usual offices. They were in the main a very nice lot, royals, 10-pointers, and so on,

14-POINTER BELONGING TO SIR JAMES WILSON, BART.

many with nice cups. They date back to the early years of the century, in a good many cases. I suspect they ought to have been spared. Anyhow, if enough of such types are systematically killed year after year, it soon shows in the forest.

My host was the ideal type of tenant from the owners' point of view. He gave much and took little. But there are signs that this type of tenant is growing scarce, and in no very long space of time they are bound to be non-existent. They simply will not pay to shoot rubbish of this type. It is all very well to say that the sport is the same. It is. It is the sportsman who is changing. He knows more, at least the one who wishes to take the lease of a deer forest. I once suggested to a friend of mine, who owned a large forest, crawling with rubbish, that he should give orders to his stalkers to shoot the real identifiable bad stag about which there could be no question, at any time of the year when they could be killed. He immediately said: "What about the meat? It wouldn't be fit to eat in the winter?" The heads certainly were not those which one would desire to kill in the autumn, and to try to obtain good heads, I have always understood to be the chief object of a deer forest. Personally, I should like to see such a course adopted all over Scotland. Forests ought not to be run on the lines of a butcher's shop.

However great and systematic the efforts of individual owners and tenants, there is a continual stream of bad stock coming in from over the march that cannot be dealt with except by co-ordinated management, which is a long way off. Many more good heads are killed now in a year than was the case in our grandfathers' time. Unfortunately, the same remark applies to bad ones. I have said it many times, but there is no harm in repeating it: "So long as 40 bad stags are worth as much as four, or ten, or two good ones, so long will the numbers of bad deer increase." The saving grace is that the sport is the same, and always will be, but until large numbers of deer, especially hind, are systematically killed there is little hope of improving heads.

FRANK WALLACE.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM SCOTLAND

"The sport seemed to me just as good as ever, far superior to many forms of Continental sport . . ."

A SKEIN PASSING OVER THE FIRING LINE
The successful climax of the beater's part in the drive

DRIVING GEESE

Shooting from a New Angle

By GUY B. FARRAR

AT the instant this story opens, I was seated on the bank of a marsh dyke, my thigh boots knee deep in ice cold water, awaiting the moment when our beater was to put up the white-fronted geese feeding in a nearby pasture. Watches had been synchronised and each gun allowed seven minutes to reach his allotted position, mine being in the aforesaid dyke behind a screen of dead rushes. At least five of the seven minutes had been expended in a stealthy and circuitous approach to the dyke, so zero hour was due at any moment.

During the final seconds before the drive began I kept assuring myself that geese were the easiest of aiming marks, and that sitting in 2ft. of muddy water was an ideal position from which to shoot well; in fact there was no earthly reason why I should not get a right and left if the white fronts would only come within range.

Seconds passed, but still no sound came from behind the quickset hedge beyond which the geese were feeding. Had some hitch occurred? Had the beater's watch stopped? What on earth had happened?

Suddenly the silence was broken by a warning cackle, the staccato ack-ack-ack-ack, telling that every head is up, the gaggle ready for instant departure. A babel of shrill screams heralded their take off head to wind, and a moment later, a dozen white-fronts came streaming over the hedge top like so many partridges.

Although one could hardly see daylight between the tightly bunched skein my first barrel found an empty space. Cursing myself as every kind of fool for having fired into "the brown," I then swung well in front of the nearest bird and had the satisfaction of seeing my second shot cut him down dead as a door nail, his white stern and orange feet marking the clump of rushes into which he fell. Meanwhile the main body of geese had passed within range of the other two guns so a very successful drive ended with four white fronts in the bag.

This driving of geese on inland pastures is a most exciting sport demanding skilful team work between beaters and guns and a very considerable knowledge of the ways of wild geese. For three winters in succession I had the opportunity of driving geese, and during that time I learnt many things concerning this unusual form of shooting.

These geese, grey lags and white-fronts, on being put up always flew for a short distance in a westerly direction, then turned eastwards up the valley for, perhaps, a mile before finally heading westwards again for the sea shore some three or four miles away. As they naturally rose head to wind it was necessary to calculate what effect this take off would have on their line of flight before reaching the guns and therefore from what direction the beater should approach. I came to the conclusion that one man armed with a pair of field glasses could drive the geese with more certainty in the desired direction than three or four farm boys walking in line.

By observing the geese through glasses when beating one could tell by their movements on the ground the probable line of flight and so gauge the exact angle from which the drive should be made.

I often drove the birds myself and found it quite as exciting as shooting. Watching a big skein approaching a hedge behind which the guns are concealed, and knowing that the beater's part in the drive has been successfully accomplished brings no small measure of satisfaction.

I found that I could drive these geese quite successfully against the wind, but that they rarely crossed the corner of a field. This fact was a considerable help in posting the guns, especially when only three or four were available to cover a wide area.

Ample time should be allowed for them to reach their positions as on the secrecy of this manœuvre the success of a drive depends. The voluble gentleman, or the man who declines to creep to his post under cover of a hedge or bank, is quite out of place at a goose drive.

We generally shot the ground about once a month for three days in succession, driving in the early morning soon after the geese had arrived and again at mid-day when some at least had returned to feed on the pastures. On one occasion we had had our drive and were returning home to breakfast when we discovered to our amazement another gaggle feeding in a neighbouring field quite undisturbed by our shooting.

If, after taking into consideration the prevailing wind, the usual line of flight, and the direction in which the geese will jump, the guns are placed to cover the centre position of two adjacent sides of a field and the geese driven towards the intervening corner, they are almost certain to pass within range, and if they do, the drive has been a success from a tactical viewpoint.

The sensation at seeing two 7lb. grey lags with a wing spread of nearly 5ft. come hurtling downwards after a successful right and left must be experienced to be appreciated—believe me, few shooting moments can equal it.

"... *seated on the bank of a marsh dyke* ..."

HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION
It is almost possible to ensure that the geese always pass within range

This England . . .

Storm over the Cheviots

GREAT or small, the Englishman when troubled in his mind, seeks easement and reflection in the Countryside. For there is a peace about our land like that of ripe old age. All has been known it seems, all suffering, all joy, till laughter and tears alike take second place. To give ourselves awhile to her rough heart, to spend ourselves in play about her knees, is to be purged of self-made fears and face the world again clear-eyed and comforted. And if at the day's tired end, you raise a golden Worthington, here is one more communion 'twixt your land and you—for this, too, is of England's nurture, worked by your elders' cunning for your succour and your strength.

. . . by Worthington

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

STRICTLY following the order of development, we shall pass from the fishes of the sea to the birds of the air. There are still a number of birds born to the illusion that the air is free to all and is their own particular realm. Some of them are quite safe because they are scavengers not fit to eat ; such are owls, gulls and crows.

Others are fairly safe because they are protected by the law of the land, they and their eggs, such as the plovers. Others owe their uncertain safety to their wings and their own ability of making good their escape from their many enemies, as they migrate from one feeding ground to some breeding sanctuary. But all such birds are too little to be depended upon for our greed and needs, and we have long since made quite sure of our supplies of fowls by breeding chickens, geese, turkeys, ducks, guinea-fowls and others, to await our pleasure.

From the chick (*Poussin*) to the old cock or the boiling hen, only fit for the pot, there are ever so many grades and degrees of chickens. It is in the first place a matter of breed : there are good, better and best kinds of chickens as there are of horses from the cart-horse to the thoroughbred. Then there is the important question of feeding ; no aristocrat can be expected to remain dignified on a diet of fishmeal and mashed swedes, nor can a Bresse chicken grow a breast white and tender unless it is suitably and generously fed.

A well-bred and well-fed chicken cooked upon a spit in front of a wood fire is always acceptable and enjoyable, but there are ever so many more and more difficult ways of cooking a chicken, so that there is no need to fear monotony as long as we can make sure of a good chicken to play with.

Ducks, or rather ducklings, are delicious, but one soon gets tired of duck, because it is so much more assertive than chicken, nor does a duck lend itself to so many modes of preparation. The same may be said of the goose and turkey. They are excellent once in a way, for a change, but the thought of goose twice or more every week is enough to give one gooseflesh.

Quails, when fat, can be very good, and pigeons are cheaper, and should be fatter, than quails in London, considering the number of people who, at all times of the day, are to be seen in Trafalgar Square feeding the London pigeons.

But when August returns and we taste our first young grouse of the year all the pigeons in the world, the geese, and even the finest chickens have no chance left ; there is no finer bird in the whole world than a young grouse in September.

When October comes, young partridges are getting fatter ; they are still tender, and they challenge the grouse for first place, just as they will be challenged themselves in December by a plump hen pheasant. The long-billed birds, the snipe and the woodcock, can be very good also, but they certainly require greater professional skill to come to table at their best.

Kensington Gore

"Hawkins, the sticking plaster. I've cut my chin. My hand, for some reason, is somewhat unsteady."

"Very good, Sir."

"And while you're about it, Hawkins, you might get something to cure a headache. Enough to cure four men."

"I did not know we had guests, Sir. Where did the three other gentlemen sleep?"

"There are no other gentlemen. The hangover in question belongs to me. It is probably the fiercest specimen now in captivity."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Sir. I myself am largely to blame. Knowing you were to attend last night's re-union, I had intended to lay in some Rose's Lime Juice. The matter unfortunately slipped my memory."

"What on earth are you getting at?"

"I was explaining, Sir, the therapeutic action of Rose's. A stiff glass, taken after a convivial evening, has the property of banishing these distressing mornings after — apart from which, Sir — it slakes the thirst in no uncertain manner."

"Hawkins, you're not romancing?"

"SIR!"

"Of course not, Hawkins, of course not. Slip out and order a case of this Rose's. Never mind about the sticking plaster. I don't think I'll need it again."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.

LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of December 15th, 1888.

BARBED wire. "Bad times for agriculturists have naturally caused farmers to adopt a means of fencing both cheap and durable ; and, unluckily for foxhunting and foxhunters, wire answers to both these requirements. From a riding no less than from a scenic point of view, everyone would regret to see England's fields divided one from the other by four or five-strand wire fences, and all the hedgerows abolished ; yet this plan would, at any rate, not be a trap to the enthusiastic foxhunter ; he could either ride at the wire in full consciousness of the danger he was incurring, or he could go round by the gate, just as he would do were a navigable river or an 8ft. park paling to come in his path. It is not to the open and visible wire that anyone objects, either on principle or the score of self-preservation . . . but it is against the invisible strand running through a hedge that a perfectly well-grounded complaint is made."

Amateur Helmsmen. "Some anxiety was created, even among the most expert racing skippers, when a distinguished amateur helmsman undertook to sail a crack 40-tonner some years ago, but little notice, however, would have been taken even of that had it not been for the phenomenal success the amateur achieved in handling the yacht in the way dear to the yacht-master's heart. There was a jealous feeling created by this ; but we think that, as a rule, the yacht-masters look with pitying scorn upon the amateur sailor than with any jealous feeling, although they are cute enough to know that there is more than one amateur helmsman who could give most of the skippers a tack to windward and catch them. In America the certified amateur has lately been developing himself, and there is probably a substratum of unconscious vanity in the current notion that yacht-masters even regarded the amateur with fear."

IN THE SALEROOM

A SALE of valuable printed books, illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents is being held by Messrs. Sotheby on December 19th and 20th. It comprises the property of some renowned collectors, and bibliophiles will do well to pay it a visit and obtain one of the catalogues, which contain five plates. The particulars of a few of the lots will give a small idea of the importance of the sale. It includes Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy. What it is, with all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostickes, and several cures for it*, first edition, published at Oxford, 1621 ; a first edition Charles Dickens *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, 1836–37 ; a complete set of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels, first edition, 1814–32 ; this is a very rare set, and nothing like it has come on to the market since 1924 ; and Robert Burns's sermons preached in the Kirk of Edinburgh, 1591 and 1615. Lots 247–259 deal with works of American interest of the period 1740 to 1783 and include the Earl of Abingdon's *Thoughts of the Letter of Edmund Burke, Esqr. on the Affairs of America* ; *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies* ; and a circular from George Washington to his Excellency William Greene, Governor of Rhode Island. There are a number of Horn-books, including one in silver, which is of considerable rarity, and which is similar in design to that illustrated in Tuer's catalogue 37, p. 103, which gives a list of five.

On December 20th, at the same rooms, will be sold a collection of medals and coins and Egyptian, Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities, Greek vases and papyri, and Peruvian pottery and native art, from various sources. One of the most striking lots is a bas-relief of the head of a divine winged human-headed figure, Assyrian (883–859 B.C.) ; also a quartzite head of a king, wearing the (blue) war helmet and uræus, which is a splendid piece of conventional royal portraiture of the nineteenth dynasty.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

IT has always been one of my ambitions to travel. Not just travelling about the Continent (I have done a fairish amount of that) ; not just travelling about in a cruising liner (I have not done any of that as yet) ; but travelling in little-frequented spots among more or less unknown people by more or less unknown routes. It is an ambition which I have not been able to fulfil—and one I shall now be unable to fulfil. I would not say that I am heartbroken about that. I get a great deal of fun and much interest out of the English countryside, and I am, I confess, fond of comforts. What was once an ambition has become a mental relaxation. I do my travelling with other people. I am that abominable creature, an armchair traveller. I read books and look at maps. I enjoy the hardships of others, the while my feet rest upon the mantelpiece.

* * *

I read travel books. I read a great many, and I find that a great many other people—people like myself with whole-time jobs and increasing waists—do likewise. Doubtless we are looked upon with contempt by those who brave blizzards, perch perilously on precipices, and plod parched over deserts. We should earn their gratitude—for we buy their books. And where would the modern explorer be if he did not write books ?

* * *

I do not know into how many classes the modern explorer can be divided. Personally I divide them into a rather elastic three : those who explore with a more or less unselfish object (such as collecting for the British Museum), those who explore solely because they wish to write a best seller, and those who explore because they can't help it, lone hands with an itch to travel (these are as a rule real "tough guys"). I like the first and the third. I dislike the second, because I am always doubtful of its sincerity.

* * *

I have been reading some more travel books, and three I would like to recommend to anyone with the same tastes as myself. Two are primarily travel books, the third is a travel book only incidentally in that a journey was made and is primarily a natural history book. I am not going to put them in any order of merit (you probably would not agree with me, anyhow, and also I have met the authors of two of them and might meet the third one day).

* * *

Borneo Jungle, edited by Tom Harrison (Lindsay Drummond ; 15s.), is a collection of essays written by the members of the expedition to Sarawak under the auspices of the Oxford Exploration Club. The object was to make collections for the National Museum and Herbaria. All the members were young men—the average age was 23—and this book is a record of personal experience and in no way scientific.

* * *

It is a jolly good book, too, and very well illustrated. Each of the essays is well written, and each writer has much to say about his particular job. The youth of the contributors is apparent in the eager, virile prose. Quite outstanding in my opinion is that of the editor. It is outspoken, refreshingly so. It says, pointedly, many things that have been needed saying for a long time. As an example, Mr. Harrison describes modern Arctic exploration by young men in parties as a racket. I do not know how right he is in all he says. But I agree wholeheartedly in all he says about natural history collecting. Mr. Harrison has wit, force and courage. His writing is beautifully pungent.

* * *

A book of a different type is Ronald Kaulbach's *Saluween* (Hodder & Stoughton ; 21/–). If you read his *Tibetan Trek*—a remarkable book that—you will know what to expect. Ronald Kaulbach is a young man, rather a Wodehousian young man ; but a young man who likes to do things on his own. He also went to collect—perhaps more an excuse than a reason, though he did collect—for the British Museum. He went again to Tibet, and he definitely explored in the old sense of finding new places. The book is much more mature than *Tibetan Trek*, but the old humour is there, the same eagerness, the same delightful lack of sophistication *Saluween* is well illustrated, well indexed and well mapped. It is more than a good travel book, it is good literature.

* * *

The third book is *Zaca Venture*, by William Beebe (the Bodley Head ; 12/6). Dr. Beebe is a naturalist, a famous naturalist, with a gift for writing scientific natural history in the form of belles-lettres. This book is a crowning example of that very difficult combination successfully achieved. You can read all the book as a story, but at the end you will have learnt a great deal about American Pacific marine life. Dr. Beebe has humour and a belief in his reader's intelligence.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IS "HANDLEY CROSS" LEAMINGTON?

SIR,—The writer of the article in the *Field* of November 19th has revived this question.

I have not my copy of the *New Sporting Magazine* for 1838 before me, so cannot now refer to the exact words, but Surtees placed Handley Cross in the Vale of Sheepwash, in the western part of the county of Kent.

Surely it is not for anyone, years afterwards, to assert that Surtees meant other than what he wrote? If there is one thing clear in the writings of Surtees, with all its humour, its nonsense and its quaint characters, it is that he thoroughly understood hunting, and that is why it has continued to be so popular with hunting folk.

Surtees would not in any case have placed his kennels in one county and his country in another—100 miles or so apart. Had he done so we should have expected to have seen as entered in his books such an item as:

"To purchase of seven-leagued boots for 'ounds and 'osses both to meets and from where left off, £— —s. —d."

The article states: ". . . but I believe that as the book progressed both Handley Cross and with it the Vale of Sheepwash were moved, to meet their creator's needs, out of Kent into a county much farther from London."

Let us turn to Vol. 2, Chapter XL, in which, after the ladies had left the room at the celebrated dinner at Cockolorum Hall, Mr. Jorrocks tried to keep the conversation to hunting and in describing a run got as far as the plantations at Squerries when the Professor intervened and said it was the place he had been trying to think of. Surtees would have known all about Squerries and what it meant to a hunting man. As a boy I was taught that Squerries was in Kent.

It should not be forgotten that in Chapter XLV. Mr. Jorrocks was introduced by Tom Turveyland, alias Whisky Jim, to the Smugglers' Cave. Surely Warwickshire would not be a smugglers' county? Kent, on the other hand, would have a number of such, and here we cannot be far away from the sea.

We also get another reminder in Chapter XLIX, when, after the astonishment caused by the verdict which involved Mr. Jorrocks' removal to Hoxton Asylum, Captain Doleful called on Mr. Jorrocks in London, which Surtees deals with as follows: ". . . and accordingly he took a second-class fare by the early train of the Lily-White-Sand Railway and sought the 'lovely retirement' of Great Coram Street." Silverley, which supplied lily-white sand, is mentioned in the second chapter.

May I add that I have no connection with Kent. My chief interests are in that part of England around Warwickshire, but I feel I must protest against the continued attempts of various people to alter the meaning of those who have gone before and to make out that they meant other than what they wrote.

Yours faithfully,
Warwickshire. THE GREY CHAPE.

CANALISING THE AVON

SIR,—In the letters of some of those who have written on this subject there appears to be some unjustified pessimism. It seems that some would have us believe that the river which we admire so much is to become a stagnant canal with wreckage on all sides. This is nothing but exaggeration.

I think nobody can deny that, on occasions, the Catchment Board have allowed their statutory powers to get the better of their discretion; some trees have been needlessly cut down, in some places the banks have been widened too much, &c. For my part (though I may be committing some engineering "howler") I cannot understand why the Board does not attend to all the carriers as well as the main river, and why the work is being done in an up-stream direction, thereby depositing disturbed mud in places where they have only recently been digging it out down-stream.

But surely the advantages, which both fishermen and the rest of the community should ultimately enjoy owing to the Board's activities, outweigh the disadvantages which are, after all, only temporary. When the task is finished the whole valley will surely be better drained owing to the clearing out of silt and removal of obstructions, and conditions should be more favourable for the well-being of trout in the upper reaches, which are, in parts, badly overpopulated by grayling.

I am convinced that those who are responsible for the activities of the Catchment Board have no more desire to destroy the charms of the Avon than anyone else has, but the object of the Board is, I imagine, to prevent flooding and ensure adequate drainage in the Avon Valley, and I cannot see how this object is to be successfully achieved without some "barbarity," with very temporary effect on the scenery.

I think "fishing landlords" and riparian owners would find it to their advantage if they co-operated. The Board can be (and has been) persuaded not to remove all the weed, not to cut back the banks too far, not to cut down certain trees, and so on.

By co-operation the interests of all concerned can be benefited.

Yours faithfully,
The Red House, H. P. H. JOHNSON.
Devizes, Wilts.

THE CHAIN OF THE OTTER

SIR,—"Grey Owl" wrote in this connection that his beaver "Jelly Roll," when *suddenly* frightened, dived into the water, leaving behind a chain of bubbles which came from the long fur above the base of the tail, but the point was not fully established. This statement upholds the belief of some people that the chain of the otter comes from the fur on the shoulders.

Having made a special study of this phenomenon, and been convinced for many years that the chain from the otter came from the nostrils, except when the otter first enters the water after "lying dry," when bubbles do rise from the air in the coat, a statement of this description from "Grey Owl," who not only lived amongst the beavers but they lived with him, was very disconcerting.

The only conclusive method of investigation was to obtain under-water photographs of the process from the otter itself. The Zoological Society of London was written to, explaining the situation, asking them if they could supply a large glass tank and an otter to settle this controversial point. Unfortunately there were, at that time, no otters at the Zoo, although the authorities were prepared to help in the matter if one could be obtained, and suggested the name of a very well-known lady who usually kept tame otters who might be able to help.

A letter was sent to her, explaining the situation, and giving the writer's conviction that the chain was thrown from the nostrils in order to expel the air from the lungs to allow the otter to dive quickly and remain on the bed of the river in deep water. Anyone who has tried to lie on the bed of a river in deep water when bathing will find that under ordinary circumstances this cannot be done, as the heels only are on the bottom and the chest and body remain at a slope. Expel the air from the lungs and it becomes possible.

In reply to this letter the lady very kindly wrote that she was sorry she could not supply our wants as she "had not had a tame otter for some while, but with regard to the question how the otter's chain is produced, long observations of three otters I used to have left no doubt in my mind that the air was expelled from the lungs. I have watched them in clear water under ice, when the whole thing could be seen most distinctly. There is no shadow of doubt about it whatever."

This lady is one of our best known and most accurate recorders of natural history, and under these circumstances I am satisfied (like your contributor with his solution) that this is the correct solution to the phenomenon.

The reason for the idea that the air bubbles emanate from the fur at the shoulders of the otter and the base of the tail in the case of the beaver, is that, in the case of the otter, when the bubble hits against the shoulder it is forced upwards, and in the case of the beaver it travels along the regular surface of the body and rises at the base of the tail where there is no further resistance.

That the chain emanates entirely from the fur is obviously incorrect, as once the coat (the otter has two coats—one tight against the skin, which is waterproofed by the oil obtained from the eels that it eats—and the outer, or overcoat, of longer hairs) is saturated no more can be forthcoming, whereas the chain is frequently seen after the otter has been submerged for some considerable time.

These observations could be further studied with the beavers at Whipsnade, and it is understood with otters at the Zoological Gardens in London, where they have recently been re-introduced.

Yours faithfully,
Lechlade, H. L. ELWELL.
Glos.

SIR,—With respect, I venture to say that the views put forward as to the origin of the train of bubbles to be seen in the track of an otter swimming under water, read very like nonsense. Pressure applied to water does not ordinarily, if indeed ever, cause an emission of air or gas bubbles. Water when heated or under an exhausted receiver, emits minute bubbles. If highly charged with air or gas, as in a soda-water bottle, the air or gas is emitted when pressure is relieved by opening the bottle.

Air is contained in water not by solution but as a mechanical mixture, in minute particles. I have often seen otters swimming under water, and have never doubted that the chain of bubbles originates in the main in the otter's expelled breath.

No doubt an otter on entering the water carries air, entangled in his fur, with him. Most of this will probably escape and come to the surface, sooner or later, if he remains in the water long enough. That this can be the main origin of the chain of comparatively large bubbles I cannot believe.

Yours faithfully,
Bay View, W. F. TAYLOR.
Ballycastle, Co. Antrim.

DUTIES ON CRAWLER TRACTORS

SIR,—Those of your readers who are potential buyers of track-laying tractors will have noted with interest the clause in the trade agreement with the U.S.A. by which the duty on this class of tractor is reduced from 33⅓ per cent. to 25 per cent.

When the first application for a duty of 60 per cent. on these machines was made, it was actively opposed by this association, and the duty when applied was fixed at 33⅓ per cent. We have pursued the matter still further since then, and have made representations in all quarters concerned, in the effort to obtain a reduction on a duty which, we felt, was not in the interest of the farmer or of the nation. In view of the need for building up as big a reserve of crawler tractors as possible to be ready to meet any demands in a ploughing-up campaign, we contend that such machines should be available to the farmer at the lowest possible price.

One of our most recent approaches was to the Board of Trade, with special reference to the opportunity afforded by the trade agreement for a concession in this respect and although we had hoped for a bigger reduction, we must at least be grateful for this recognition of the justice of our case.

Yours faithfully,
D. N. M'HARDY,
Tractor Users' Association, Ltd. (Chairman.)
66, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

A QUEER DEATH

SIR,—In an out-of-doors aviary here a small tortoise (*T. Graeca*) is kept. A young field mouse was found suffocated between the shell and the neck.

The mouse must have run into what it took for a hole. The tortoise would then have extended its neck, and pressed the mouse against the shell. With some interest in natural history I have never before heard of a mouse being killed this way. Have any of your readers?

Yours faithfully,
Kirkoswald, T. FETHERSTONHAUGH.
Penrith, Cumberland.

This is where Father Christmas comes in!

When you think of Father Christmas you think of Christmas presents—and that's where Johnnie Walker comes in! This famous blend of fine Scotch whiskies is specially packed for Christmas in decorated cases containing 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles, and obtainable from your wine merchant or licensed dealer. No Christmas present could be more welcome.

JOHNNIE WALKER

walks away with it!

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

BEAR-BAITING AND PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE
(See letter "Monastic Sidelights")

MONASTIC SIDELIGHTS

SIR,—I enclose two photographs which show some of the glorious carving on the misericordes at Beverley Minster. The bygone sport of bear-baiting is the subject of one carving; its dramatic effect is superb. The victim, chained to its ring in the ground, is being attacked by several hounds, who are spurred on by two sportsmen. One of these blows on a horn.

The second photograph shows an amusing representation of the old saying about putting the cart before the horse. Unfortunately, the horse-rider—along with many other figures in Beverley's misericordes—was decapitated by one of Cromwell's men.

Yours faithfully,
Leeds. G. B. WOOD.

TIGERS IN BARRACKS

SIR,—I was much interested to read of Mr. Sandeman's daring exploit with a tiger in barracks, and also the two letters which appeared in the *Field* dated October 22nd, 1938, giving such glowing reports of the prowess of this *burra shikari* (great hunter).

In Ochterlony's famous nineteenth century hunting book of the Punjab, *Blue Bull 'Mid Blas and Sutlej*, mention is made of Luke Sandeman of the Excise Department, and the intrepid bull hunter of the Punjab, who was reputed to have shot several of these beasts, and one particular enormous brute which had found its way into the Golden Temple at Amritzar. This animal defied all efforts of the Khalsa to evict it, goring several Akalies (temple guardians), whereupon the leading men implored the great "Ishandeman sahib" to leave his camp at Loodiana and to proceed post haste to Amritzar and despatch the defiant beast. This he did with all disregard of danger thereby earning undying renown.

It is believed that the head of this same animal is still preserved and adorns the entrance to a much-frequented caravanserai near Lahore.

It is a curious and interesting fact to note that these two great shikaries, one the tiger hunter, the other of blue bull fame, and both of the same name, and living 100 years of each other should rise to high fame in the hunting world of the great sporting province of the Punjab.

Yours faithfully,
Bahloh, Punjab. J. W. STRICKLAND.

SIR,—I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Sandeman, but have myself been on a number of hunting expeditions with Mr. Massey, and would like to recall one rather amusing incident.

Here hounds meet about five o'clock in the evening, as scent lies better at that hour, and we get better fields. We had accounted for a stout dog jack, who had taken us over a very good line, with plenty of jumping—mostly "karezes," which in these parts vary in depth from 10ft. to 40ft.

We were taking hounds home when suddenly old Verger spoke, and hounds flattened on the line for an instant, and then went away with a wonderful cry.

I sent Rissaldar Sewa Khan (our first whip) forward to get a view of our quarry, who seemed to be making Pathan Kot his point. Suddenly hounds swung left-handed—this was the first time. I got a view as my horse scrambled out of the nullah bed, and our quarry appeared to be a jack of unusually large proportions. He had been headed by a camel train, and was now making straight across the polo ground.

Sewa Khan tells me that he went down the Mall and over the mess garden wall.

Mr. Massey, convalescing from a bad bout of malaria, and unable to hunt, was practising some new shots on the wooden polo horse.

The hyena—as it turned out to be—dashed past him. Mr. Massey, not for a minute losing his presence of mind, but not hearing hounds, took a neat shot at the animal's head and killed him. It is interesting to note that hounds would not break him up.

Post-mortem examination carried out by the veterinary officer showed complete fracture of the lower maxilla and both temporal bones, thus demonstrating the striking force in the head of a polo stick.

Yours faithfully,
Loralai, Baluchistan. CAVALRYMAN.

LONG-TAILED TITS

SIR,—On the morning of December 1st I saw an occupation of long-tailed tits in the fig tree of a Chelsea garden adjoining the Royal Hospital grounds. They flitted off so quickly it was difficult to count them—perhaps there were ten.

Yours faithfully,
31A, Tite Street, S.W. 3. EDMOND L. WARRE.

21LB. EEL FROM THE ZAMBESI

SIR,—The eel shown in the snapshot, which is of a similar species to the conger, was caught by me in the Silent Pool, one of the well-known gorges in the Zambesi river, situated just below the Victoria Falls. The fish weighed just over 21lb., and was caught at night at a depth of 150ft. What with the strong subterranean currents coursing through these gorges, where the Zambesi in places narrows to 50yds. across, and the fact that the eels when hooked dive for the rocky floor, this particular fish provided great fun and took close on an hour to kill.

Ordinary meat bait was used. I have, during the dry season, caught these fish in the gorge below the Victoria Falls within 200yds. of the face of the Falls.

Yours faithfully,
Northern Rhodesia. J. M. H.

KENYA'S TROUT PROBLEM

SIR,—In reference to your article of November 12th, an experience in 1930 may be of interest. Whilst fishing in the Ngare Ndare, which runs into the Uasso Nyiro river, about three miles above the confluence of these rivers, I caught four fish which at first sight appeared to be of the perch variety. On examination they appeared to me to be undoubtedly trout. They were quite silvery, but had lost their markings and spots entirely. After eating them they were without doubt trout and in fairly good condition. I caught them on a large hook baited with raw meat.

Shortly after catching these fish I told a well-known fisherman in Kenya of my feat, but he laughed me to scorn. However, in 1937, I returned to Kenya Colony, and the self-same well-known fisherman informed me that a large rainbow trout had recently been caught in the Uasso Nyiro river, not far from the Ngare Ndare.

It seems, therefore, that the trout in Kenya will acclimatise themselves in the hot low country, for the four trout which I caught were in good condition and to my surprise (for I expected only mud fish) fought quite well.

Yours faithfully,
Fort George, Inverness-shire. WA RHUN.

A HERON'S PIKE

SIR,—Motoring back from Hampshire not long ago I passed a small sluggish stream near Hartley Wintney. I saw a heron on the bank struggling with its capture. I stopped the car and walked over, and the heron flew away leaving behind it a freshly killed 2lb. pike, which had been speared behind the gills.

Now three things strike me as being of interest. Firstly, I did not know that Heron would go for pike; secondly, is not a pike of 2lb. an unusually large fish for heron to tackle; and thirdly, if not too large, why did it leave it behind when it flew away? I shall be interested to hear readers' views.

Yours faithfully,
39, Hill Street, Mayfair, W. 1. P. Q. REISS.

HARRIER ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH

SIR,—On Thursday, November 17th, I saw over Hampstead Heath a bird I believe to have been a harrier. I noticed first what I thought was a big gull engaged in a fight with a carrion crow, but on getting closer saw it was a big hawk. I do not think it was a buzzard, as the wings were too pointed, and the form too slender. I had a pair of powerful field glasses, but the light was poor; however, the colour seemed lightish brown. It seems too late for the Montague. Could it have been a hen harrier, some specimens of which have lately been seen in the Chiltern Hills? Big hawk it undoubtedly was, and that seems to me a very interesting sight so close to London. I wonder if any other readers of the *Field* have seen a bird of this nature in the vicinity?

Yours faithfully,
Hampstead. KATHARINE DOUGLAS-SMITH.

IT TOOK CLOSE ON AN HOUR TO KILL
(See letter "21lb. Eel from the Zambesi")

At times such as Christmas when in the cause of good fellowship rules have to be relaxed, the little dash of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" will persuade Nature to forgive and to forget little things which would otherwise vex her and put her out

Winter acidity, due to heavier foods, lack of fresh fruit, lack of sunshine, lack of exercise, is corrected by ENO, one teaspoonful of which is equal in alkalizing value to nearly a tumblerful of pure, fresh orange juice.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" for BALANCED HEALTH

The words 'Eno's' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks and indicate exclusively the preparation of J. C. Eno, Limited.

KILLER WHALES AS SALMON EATERS

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Lewis Smith in a recent issue alludes to the depredations of killer whales among the salmon of Campbell River in British Columbia, and from what I saw of the monsters in Scottish waters, I should say that the killers, which we also know as "blackfish," follow the salmon to our coasts.

It is within the recollection of all readers that a great school of "false" killer whales invaded the Dornoch Firth, and came to grief by grounding on the sandbanks near Bonar Bridge. That the whales were after the salmon when grounded is tolerably certain, but in the event of other whales coming to grief in the same way, it would be interesting to have a look into their stomachs.

I saw a small "killer" (or grampus) pursue a big salmon into shallow water on the Kintyre coast, and the salmon beat its enemy by getting under a rock. The grampus wallowed all round that rock with its head down and its tail churning the water, and failing to dislodge the salmon it sped to sea. Five minutes later I saw its form outlined over the sandy bottom as it came swiftly to the rock in the evident hope of surprising the salmon, but that salmon had not moved from its refuge, and the "killer" shot out into deep blue water, and there leaped out of the water like a salmon, showing itself as a mackerel-shaped animal of something under 20ft. in length.

It is not wise to trust to the idea that killer whales do not attack boats, for one did attack a boat which was returning from a seal-shooting expedition from St. Kilda the other year, and while the reason for the attack was the presence of dead seals in the boat, the scent of fish from a herring boat sometimes leads to danger from a hungry killer.

Yours faithfully,

Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

UNIDENTIFIED POLLARDS

SIR,—I have two lithographs, one "Blackwater Steeple Chase," and the other "Breaknock and Breakneck Steeple Chase." They have on them "Painted by J. Pollard and published by Dean & Co., Threadneedle Street."

Can any reader give me information about them, whether there are only one pair or if they belong to a set of four or more, and if they are rare or of any value at all? I have failed to find anyone who knows of these two lithographs or the steeplechases they represent. Yours faithfully,

Camrose, MARY G. PENN.
Camrose, R.S.O., Pembrokeshire.

THE RECORD TAKIN HEAD

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph of what I believe is the record takin head (*Budorcas taxicolor*).

This head was brought down from the Mishmi Hills in North-East Assam by a tribesman a few years ago and was given to me recently by a friend.

I have seen numerous heads brought in in this way, but was at once struck by the unusual size of this one.

The spread at the widest point is 1¾in. greater than anything recorded in *Burke's Indian Field Shikar Book* (the only book giving horn measurements I have available). It is known that the distance between the tips of the horns of this animal tends to decrease with age, and the short space between the tips in this specimen—8in. compared with the next shortest recorded by Burke of 10½in.—combined with the extremely gnarled and corrugated brow portion of the horns indicates the extreme age of the animal which bore them.

The full measurements, carefully made and checked by a friend, are as undernoted:

Length	Girth	Between Tips	Widest Spread
25¼in. (right) ..	15in.	8in.	17in.
25in. (left)	15in.		

THE HEAD BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE MISHMI HILLS
(See letter "The Record Takin Head")

Unless Rowland Ward's book of big game records contains anything bigger than this, I do not think there can be any doubt that this is the record head.

Yours faithfully,

Hoogrijan Tea Estate, F. WOOLLEY SMITH.
Hoogrijan P.O., Assam.

SNARED POLECAT

SIR,—The enclosed may interest your readers; it is of a polecat caught in a rabbit snare on Mr. Justice Stable's estate in Montgomeryshire.

It was very much alive, the wire not having tightened sufficiently to strangle it. It was taken alive and that night enjoyed a hearty meal of rabbit. Yours faithfully,

H. DENTON CLARK.

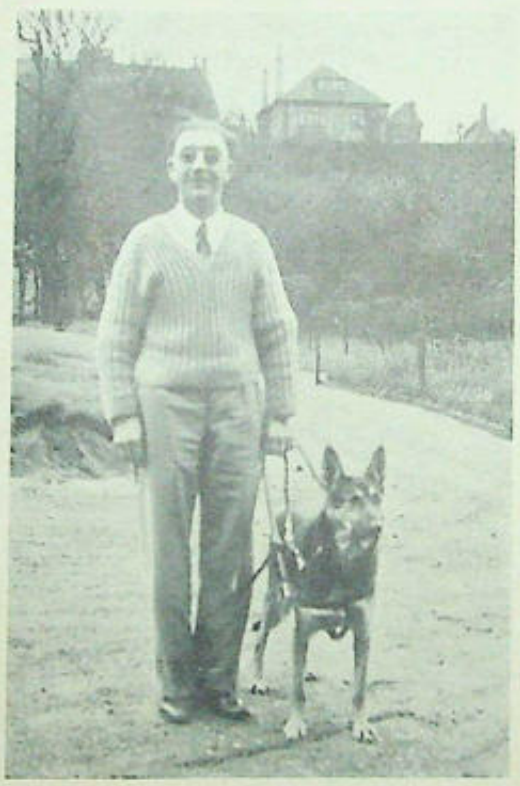
St. Peter's Churchyard,
The Cross,
Chester.

GUIDE DOGS FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—The recent controversy respecting the relative merits of the Border collie and the Alsatian has interested me, and although I yield to no one in my own enthusiasm for the Border collie and its intelligence, I do feel that Mr. Hardy has been less than kind to the Alsatian and its work.

These animals are now being trained in what is surely one of the most compassionate forms of all service, that of acting as guide dogs for the blind, and I recently visited the training centre of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association at Wallasey, Cheshire, where I saw these animals being taught to act as "eyes" for blind people.

The dogs reveal a quick aptitude for their tasks



ONE OF THE MOST COMPASSIONATE FORMS OF ALL SERVICE
(See letter "Guide Dogs for the Blind")

and are taught to know the meaning of the commands "Right," "Left," "Forward." When the dog approaches the edge of a pavement it stops still and waits until its blind owner has located the road with his foot before moving forward. Even then, the dog will not budge an inch unless the road is clear of traffic.

With Captain Liakhoff, the trainer at the school, as my guide, I was taken on a motor run through the streets of New Brighton, and one of his assistants was out training a dog. We tried turning corners without warning and stopping right in front of the dog, but never once did the animal show any hesitation in bringing his charge to a standstill and refusing to move until we had left the way clear.

I enclose a photograph of one of these dogs with its blind master who was undergoing special instruction in the art of looking after his companion-to-be.

Yours faithfully,

Yorks. SYDNEY MOORHOUSE.

BIRDS OF PARKEND

SIR,—Mr. A. A. Jucker, in his letter under the heading "Birds of Central Germany" in your issue for October 15th last, asks "if any of your readers have ever seen such a great variety of birds in so small a circle."

Perhaps it would interest him to learn that here, within six miles of the city of Gloucester and on the main Gloucester—Bristol Road, one of the busiest in England, we have some hundred odd

"THAT NIGHT IT ENJOYED A HEARTY MEAL"
(See letter "Snared Polecat")

species, and of these over 80 breed with us regularly, in fact within the mile radius as named in his letter.

If space permitted I would have liked to have given the list, which must come near to being a record for such a small circle.

I have not included any of the autumn visitors which visit the Severn estuary, about two miles away, which with the geese, ducks, gulls, and waders would easily add another 20 to the list. In addition, we have a mammal list of over 20.

Yours faithfully,

Parkend, M. LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.
Moreton Valence.

EELS IN THE BATH

SIR,—My butler had a surprise recently when, on turning on a cold water tap, two eels came through it and proceeded to swim about.

The water is pumped by an engine through a Tangye centrifugal pump from a well supplied by roof water, and is connected by a drain of 200yds. to a pond, which, last week, was cleaned by a Ruston Hornsby engine scoop, and hundreds of eels have attracted herons to the grass fields; but how could they live through a pump? They cannot have fallen from the sky. Can any of your readers suggest a cure for eels in one's bath?

Yours faithfully,

Peterborough. (Canon) ST. JOHN WAYNE.

For FACE and HANDS

ICY winds and frequent changes of temperature are deadly enemies of the delicate skin tissues. That soft, smooth complexion and those immaculate hands so carefully tended during warmer days can easily be ruined by simply neglecting to use this famous skin tonic regularly. A little Larola massaged lightly into the skin each night and morning as well as before and after facing the elements is all that is necessary to guard against the rough, red skin so frequently encountered.

Larola 1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM AND SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND
Write for the interesting Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty"—post free

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 tablets, 2/-; Single tablets, 8d.
Larola Rose Bloom: (Rouge) The Natural Tint, Sifter Boxes with Puff, 1/- and 2/6

A RELIC OF AN EARLY TRAMWAY

SIR,—One of the earliest tramways in England was the old Ashby and Ticknall Tramway, situated partly in Leicestershire and partly in Derbyshire. It was originally laid by Benjamin Outram in 1799, and officially closed in September, 1914. The purpose of the tramway was to convey coal, lime and other minerals for Ticknall and places in between. Its total length was 4 miles 35 chains, and the permanent way was the old type of flange rail. The track is now grass-grown and in parts obliterated, but two of the old tunnels still exist, one of which is illustrated here, and is still in a good state of preservation.

Yours faithfully,
Derby. A. B. L.

FORMATION FLYING OF GULLS

SIR,—When a boy at school, 20 years ago, I was particularly interested in the habits of gulls. As regards to formation flying of them, I do not think it is anything new.

In Aberdeenshire, where I hail from, it was a common sight on a very fine summer's day to see them very high up, usually in batches of seven, in V-formation.

Gulls usually fly like this on their way from the sea inland. My theory was that they used V-formation on long-distance flight. They return to the sea in batches without any particular formation, stopping here and there to feed.

Yours faithfully,
Croach House, GEORGE DUNCAN.
Rickmansworth.

[The gulls mentioned in "A Naturalist's Notebook" had reversed the process and used the V only when flying to the sea from their inland feeding grounds.—ED.]

COLONEL MARCUSWELL MAXWELL

SIR,—I note in your edition of the *Field* of September 3rd, 1938, that in the foreword to the article by Colonel Marcuswell Maxwell on rhino, together with his excellent photographs, you say that Colonel Marcuswell Maxwell was killed in a flying accident in Kenya early this year. This is not correct. Colonel Marcuswell Maxwell died in a Nairobi nursing home in Kenya on April 21st, 1938, following an operation.

Mr. Marius Maxwell, another distinguished big-game photographer and also a former resident in Kenya, was killed a year or more ago in a flying accident in the South of France. It is probably due to confusion of these names that the error to which I wish to draw your attention has arisen.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR W. SUTCLIFFE
Nairobi, Kenya. (District Commissioner).

LAID DOWN IN 1799
(*See letter "A Relic of an Early Tramway"*)

AN ALPINE SWIFT

SIR,—Whilst out shooting on November 29th with Dr. T. H. Ward, and a party of guns, on Weston about a mile from Totnes, we saw what we took to be an alpine swift hawking for flies.

We watched it for fully five minutes, and it once passed within 5yds. of Dr. Ward and myself. I was pretty certain at the time it was an alpine swift, having seen them many years ago in Crete, where they were fairly common.

On returning to Weston House we looked the bird up in a book by R. Lydekker, and came to the conclusion that it was undoubtedly an alpine swift.

Yours faithfully,
The Mount, F. J. C. HOLDSWORTH.
Totnes, S. Devon.

GAMEKEEPERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

THESE trials for spaniels were held at Barlay, Balmaclellan, Castle-Douglas, on November 29th and 30th, by kind permission of Major H. S. Streatfeild. The judges were Messrs. H. L. May and Ronald MacDonald. Results:

OPEN STAKE (ALL-AGED).—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Liver and White English Springer, Spar O'Vara; 2nd, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise's Liver and White English Springer, Raithburn Prince; 3rd, Miss D. Hardy's Liver and White English Springer b. F.T. Ch. Robinhood Bustle; 4th, Captain E. W. Brook's Lemon and White English Springer b. Kinmount Trixie. Reserve and certificate of honour, Mr. T. B. Laird's Liver and White English Springer b. Solo Event. Certificates of honour: Mr. C. A. Phillips's Liver and White English Springer b. Rivington Flight, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Liver and White English Springer Sprint O'Vara. Certificates of merit: Mr. A. Byrne's Liver and White English Springer Tedwyns Tango, Captain J. H. Rhodes's Lemon and White English Springer b. Harstonia Sally, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's Liver and White English Springer b. Eromtew Judy, Mr. G. Curle's Liver, White and Tan English Springer b. Breckonhill Bustle.

COCKER STAKE (OPEN, ALL-AGED).—1st, Mr. H. White's Jestering Micky; 2nd, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise's F.T. Ch. Raithburn Smut; 3rd, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's b. Yoredale Jen. Reserve and certificate of honour, Major Nelson Scott's Browster Bhoy. Certificate of honour, Dr. W. J. Dawson's Flush of Fews. Certificates of merit: Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington Spat, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington May.

GAMEKEEPERS' STAKE (OPEN, ALL-AGED).—1st, Mr. G. Curle's English Springer b. Breckonhill Bustle; 2nd, Mr. H. White's English Springer Wild Rover; 3rd, Mr. T. Ellis's Cocker b. Solar Girl. Reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. T. B. Laird's English Springer b. Solo Event.

NOVICE STAKE (ALL-AGED).—1st, Captain J. H. Rhodes's English Springer b. Harstonia Sally; 2nd, Captain R. Joynson's English Springer, Altskeith Jock; 3rd, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer Eromtew Pod; 4th, Mr. A. Byrne's English Springer Tedwyns Tangle. Reserve and certificate of honour, Mr. J. Girdwood's English Springer b. Dalshangan Cheery. Certificate of honour, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English Springer Stingo O'Vara. Certificates of merit: Captain L. M. Kerr's English Springer Muick of Tullich, Mr. G. Curle's English Springer b. Breckonhill Brigadier, Mr. J. C. Dalton's English Springer Daily Sport, Mr. H. White's English Springer Wild Rover, Captain E. W. Brook's English Springer Kinmount Punch.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1.—An old lady of the working class, almost 90 years old, has only her Old Age Pension on which to live. Although she has all her faculties, she is now too feeble to clean her room and has to pay a girl a shilling a week, leaving only 9/- for rent, clothes, firing and food. To have to struggle against poverty at her great age is very pathetic. Do please send us gifts of money for this poor old soul, and relieve the anxieties of her few remaining years.

We print the following letter from a reader, who wishes to remain anonymous, which was sent in response to an appeal by "The Friends of the Poor."

SIR,—I saw in the December 3rd issue of the *Field* an appeal for £13 for the "Friends of the Poor" for an old lady of 80. I have to-day been told by a heart specialist that I can do a little shooting again. Please accept cheque for £13 as a thanksgiving. I killed my first grouse 52 years ago and my first salmon 50 years ago, and though I am now in a very different financial position compared with those days, the thought of being able to shoot a little after two years' abstinence makes me want to make someone a little happier.

IN THE CITY

BY OUR CITY EDITOR

MANY securities can be bought on the Stock Exchange to-day to show yields of 9 per cent. and more at current prices and based on latest dividends. Companies, the shares of which offer such good yields, are even now publishing most satisfactory annual reports showing increasing profits and dividends.

I have been asked on many occasions whether such shares are worth buying for capital appreciation purposes. Frankly, they are not. Most of the companies are small. The market in the shares is invariably restricted. It may be a simple matter to buy, but I am afraid it would be a different question altogether when it comes to selling in any lines.

These companies are mainly small engineering concerns. They are doing remarkably well just now. They secure an overflow of armament orders. These orders will be more difficult to get when the full flush of the rearmament programme is at an end. What will happen then may be imagined. Only a little contraction in profits will mean substantial reduction in dividends on a small capital.

Some are inclined to place aircraft manufacturing concerns in the same category as the smaller engineering concerns. This, in my opinion, is a short-sighted view. The aeroplane has come to stay, whether for military or civil aviation purposes. It is naturally readily granted that the aircraft manufacturers are experiencing abnormal conditions at present.

There must, however, be enormous replacements year after year. Besides this, the industry is still comparatively young. There is a great future ahead, and naturally the companies which have made a name for themselves will stand in a strong position when conditions in the manufacturing industry may be less hectic than at present.

I have in mind a company such as Bristol Aeroplane. It stands high in the order of merit. The company has just created additional capital. Many are asking whether it has been wise substantially to increase the capital at this juncture, having in view abnormal state of affairs in the industry. Opinion in responsible quarters is that the company can, and will, make very good use of new money.

The 10/- ordinary shares had a market price around 59/- just before the new issues were made. The price is now nearer 22/- a share. This certainly does not mean that capital has been lost. The fact is that those who bought 100 shares at, say, 59/- have since received 75 free bonus shares and have been given the right to take up a further 100 shares at their par value of 10/- a share.

Therefore, the 100 shares have become 275 shares for a further outlay of £50. That is, 10/- for each new share to which the holder was entitled. Quite naturally the market was rather unsettled following the substantial addition to the number of shares in issue. Conditions have now settled down, and I think that those buying the 10/- shares anywhere under 23/- will not be very far out in twelve months' time.

Other shares in this section which I regard as having very good future prospects include Blackburn Aircraft 10/- ordinary and Boulton Paul Aircraft 5/- shares. The Blackburn company is particularly well known. It paid 15 per cent. on a capital of £400,000 for the year to March 31st last. I think it is reasonable to expect larger dividends as time goes on.

Meanwhile, the shares around 24/6 should be worth putting away. The price went as high as 31/6 last year, when the position of the company could scarcely be as strong as it is to-day.

Boulton Paul Aircraft has not so far paid any dividends. There has been a definite change for the better in the fortunes of the company quite recently. It is now in receipt of direct and substantial contracts from the Air Ministry. Additional capital was recently raised. The 5/- shares standing around 7/- may be speculative but, in my opinion, are worth putting away.

Then there is Westland Aircraft 5/- ordinary standing around 9/6. This company, now under the control of John Brown, Ltd. and Associated Electrical Industries, is a concern likely to bring splendid results. Aircraft shares scarcely appeal to those unable to take some financial risk. Still, I regard various shares as undervalued at present prices.

A MASTER OF MUDSKIPPERS

INDIA has just supplied the Zoological Society with a large quantity of mudskippers. These fish have the valuable quality of adaptability, and to talk of "a fish out of water" to a mudskipper is to leave it in complete ignorance as to the meaning of the phrase, for the creature is amphibious and quite as happy on land as below the surface. Owing to food shortage in the water, the mudskipper, by means of its pectoral fins and tail, frolics over the mud flats and throughout the root forests of its little world in utmost abandon in search of an adequate diet. Owing to its tail being well supplied with oxygen gathering blood vessels it acts as an auxiliary breathing apparatus.

A new flat box

Specially convenient for pocket or handbag
15 for 1/-

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES
10 for 8D
20 for 1/4D
50 for 3/3D
100 for 6/4D
Handmade:—20 for 1/6
T.T. INCLR
One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

New Books

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Another Book by a Countryman in Exile

The Old Enchantment. By SIDNEY ROGERSON. (Nicholson & Watson ; 8/6.)

NOT long ago in these columns I reviewed a book by Mr. Sidney Rogerson on Propaganda. It was a good book ; it made one think, and it left one with a vague feeling of unquiet. In other words it fulfilled admirably the purpose of Mr. Rogerson, which was to draw attention to a weakness in our national system of defence ; and that, of course, is but another way of saying our national system of living.

I do not think that anyone reading that book and then reading this one would imagine that they were written by the same Mr. Rogerson. And that says a good deal for the power of the author's pen. The first book was obviously the work of Mr. Rogerson at work ; this is Mr. Rogerson off-duty so to speak.

Mr. Rogerson off-duty is very much more pleasant, very much more human, very much more tolerant. The old enchantment is the English countryside. Mr. Rogerson knew the country as a boy, and for a short while after the War. Then the pressure of living—the need to make a living—brought him to London, and hard pavements and bright lights ; and all the selfish, superficial, petty-minded, back-scratching people that walk those pavements and make those bright lights possible. The old enchantment lingered and with passing years grew stronger, until the time came when for short periods at any rate London could be left behind. Mr. Rogerson lives again in the country, though one presumes that the major portion of his life is still spent in London making living in the country possible.

The book he has written is a series of essays about varying aspects of country life. He touches on most of the more usual ones, and some that are most unusual. But in each his eye sees new angles, and his mind—a lively and inquiring mind—brings the angles sharply before one. It is a leisurely book, quiet and even-toned, but it has one property in common with that other book. It makes you think.

It made me think again of all the things we are throwing away in this, the peak, of our civilisation. One essay in particular—Stockbroker Country—gave me furiously to think. We all know Stockbroker country ; it is mainly composed of large houses with large gardens situated around golf courses. Is this to be the country of the future ? Are we in place of the old quiet wildness to have this synthetic orderly country ? Mr. Rogerson sees hope for the future of the countryside in the obvious desire of so many people, whose lives are spent in towns, to return to the soil—to own a little land and to make something grow on it. I, too, believe that in the not so far distant future we shall witness a return to the simple, truer things.

All Mr. Rogerson's essays have not got this undercurrent of seriousness. Some are light and not without humour, some merely sketches ; but all are most charmingly written. And the illustrations by woodcuts are as charming.

I would recommend this as a book to buy. Having bought it, do not lend it to anyone ; if you do you will not get it back. B. V-F.

* * * *

Lords of the Sunset. By MAURICE COLLIS. (Faber and Faber ; 15/-.)

Very few books have been written about the Shan States. After reading Mr. Maurice Collis's account of his visit to that country this appears strange, for he bears out all that has been heard of the charm and beauty of that land and its inhabitants. But, Mr. Collis is an artist to whom loveliness is not alarming ; he is able to portray it with no qualms about failure or betrayal.

Mr. Collis had the opportunity to see the States well and thoroughly ; throughout his visit he was the guest of Government officials, who took him about the country introducing him to the reigning princes in their districts, and in turn handing him on to their colleagues, who carried on the programme.

By this means Mr. Collis saw a great deal ; he is, though, one of the few "travel authors" I have met who admit that there was plenty left which he did not see and investigate—he even goes so far as to name some of these objections, and they sound sufficiently interesting to arouse the hope that the author will return to write again.

For this is a really delightful book : the author had already spent many years in Burma, and he speaks Burmese, which helped him considerably in his travels in the Shan. He knows the charm of the life, and also its fatal loneliness. But it is not, of course, of the European's conditions of which we read ; if any one subject is the main theme rather is it the aristocracy of the Shan—the ruling Princes and Princesses. These people are gifted with particular grace and charm ; their manners and exquisite tact and naturalness enable Europeans to mix with them with an ease and mutual understanding which in Mr. Collis's opinion is not found elsewhere in the East.

The descriptions of these men and women are fascinating. Modern conditions and Western education are having an influence upon them, but the picturesqueness is still supreme. Modern architecture is altering the style of the Haw, but the culture within is not spoilt, and cars are increasing the social amenities and opportunities. The visits which Mr. Collis paid to some of these princes and their wives sound happy occasions—the conversations ranging around his travels, their children and gardens, literature and amusements are such as most people enjoy taking part in.

But it is the Eastern elusiveness and charm which Mr. Collis has such skill in portraying ; this beauty, which cannot be appreciated by all, is to him apparent, and he draws it with a skill which is not far short of genius. If he dwells on the pleasant side (there is an absence of squalor and ugly poverty in his recountings) he cannot be charged as untruthful, for he is an artist who has chosen a lovely subject.

The practical side is by no means lacking ; it would be entirely false to give that impression. We hear of the tung oil and the future possibilities of that enterprise—the various opinions on the policy and chances for the States—the intense importance of that epoch-making road-to-be to China—and by no means least, the possibility of the Shan States becoming a very important frontier to our Empire as a result of the present China-Japanese War. C. N.

* * * *

This is Our World. By KURT LUBINSKI. (Hodder and Stoughton ; 15/-.)

The author's travels cover a vast area. He appears to have collected his journeys of a few years and described them in one collection. They include—amongst others—trips to Iceland, Abyssinia, Turkey, Siberia, Austria, Holland and the United States.

This is far too much for one book—at least it would be so for most authors, but not for Mr. Lubinski. He knows how to cover the ground with speed, relating only the most important and typical points ; and surprisingly, the result is most pleasant and soothing !

Mr. Lubinski had two great assets : a wife who enjoyed his travels as much as he did and had an equal sense of humour ; and a camera. This camera has produced the illustrations to the book, and they are exceptionally good.

Prominent personalities appear in these pages, for the Lubinskis are as successful with their interviews as their transport. Kemal Ataturk, Haile Selassie, Schuschnigg, Trotsky—and many another name of interest to-day figures in this way, and we learn in each case something of note. F.

* * * *

The Danube Flows Through Fascism. By WILLIAM VAN TIL. (Scribners ; 10/6.)

Mr. Van Til, who is a young American, is Assistant Professor of Social Studies at Ohio State University. He and his wife became exasperated by the usual mode of touring Europe by rail, and so they decided to start afresh on new lines.

They acquired a folding boat and journeyed 900 miles down the Danube, starting from the source ; thus they passed through lands where Fascism holds sway, and also through Czechoslovakia. This was evidently a delightful holiday, taken lightheartedly and with unlimited scope on the banks of the great river for such ardent sightseers as Mr. and Mrs. Van Til.

But the book is marred by a definite cheapness of style ; true the author is young and very satisfied with himself, his race and his wife "Bee"—alias "the tiny lady" and "lovely blonde." Were they not Americans? They had a "status," they were not the hated English ; in fact, they made the pleasant discovery that they "belonged."

Although the Van Tils heartily despise the English, they appear very pleased to be able to state that English is their native tongue—though authorities on "English" will shudder at the form of literature this author has produced. American idioms, flowery sentiment and slangy jargons abound.

This is scarcely the time for reading high falutin' green advice on Europe from outsiders ; in fact, there is much here which will try most readers' patience—but if next summer you feel inclined to trust yourself to the Danube in a folding boat, here is excellent practical help with a guide book thrown in. C. N.

* * * *

Trout and Fly in Tasmania. By R. H. WIGRAM. (Angus & Robertson ; 3/6.)

Fishing conditions in Tasmania are probably nearer to those of the British Isles than any other part of the Empire, though Mr. Wigram's little volume leaves the impression that trout there are, on the whole, rather larger than here, and that the fly hatches are more abundant and their character perhaps more definite. Most of the fishing he describes savours of our chalk-stream fishing at home, and his tactics, for the most part, those of a South-Country angler. He notes, for example, what is so often true of a chalk stream that anything like a stiff breeze has rather a tendency to put Tasmanian fish down.

This is a book which would prove very acceptable as a practical handbook for anyone visiting Tasmania for its fishing ; but the sport it describes is also sufficiently "like home" to make it welcome on an English bookshelf. H. D. T.

* * * *

Water Gardening. By FRANCES PERRY. (*Country Life ;* 15/-.)

Fifty years' experience of water gardening compressed into one volume makes *Water Gardening*, by Frances Perry, a book that will be not only a delight, but a necessity to all enthusiasts on what is generally acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating branches of gardening. Mrs. Gerald Perry dedicates the book to her father-in-law, Mr. Amos Perry, an authority on this subject with a world-wide reputation, and in the preface states that for cultural methods she has been privileged to call upon his 50 years' experience. The book is so comprehensive and thorough that it will presumably remain the standard work on water gardening for many years. The author deals at length with pool construction and planting, designing both formal and informal water gardens, hardy and tender water lilies, Nelumbos and Nuphars, aquatics of all kinds, bog and water plants including the insectivorous kinds, the making of aquaria and diseases and pests, to mention but some of the chapter headings. The sections on the histories of certain water plants are particularly interesting. E. S. R.

* * * *

RHINE AND MOSELLE WINES.—In the article under this heading, published last week, a picture was entitled "Vineyards at Rudesheim." The view shown was overlooking Oppenheim.

"PETER RABBIT" CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Greeting cards for children of this very popular character of the nursery are again being sold at 2d. each, and can be had from the Hon. Secretary of the "Peter Rabbits" Committee at Itchen Stoke Manor, Alresford, Hants. The profits go to endow beds for the Invalid Children's Aid Society.

EVERYTHING FOR THE YACHTSMAN.—There is no article of equipment for yachtsmen that Captain O. M. Watts, Ltd. (49, Albemarle Street, London, W. 1) cannot supply when nautical Christmas gifts are required. And the selection not only includes the strictly practical article, but also books and many ornamental novelties such as cigarette boxes from the teak of H.M.S. Iron Duke.

Obtainable from all leading Hotels, Restaurants and Wine Merchants.

IN TOUCH

The Importance of Coaching

AT the end of every term a huge crowd of Public School boys pass out of academic life into business and professional paths. They are boys who, during their school days, showed signs of genuine Rugby football ability. What becomes of them?

Naturally many have jobs or inclinations which preclude them from going on with the game, but nevertheless all too many seem to sink into obscurity instead of rising to first-class Rugby fame. Especially is this true in the South, where facilities would appear to be better in many ways than in other districts.

Natural talent, which was beginning to form into trained efficiency by the end of school days, no longer receives the skilled care and interest so necessary for its proper development, and, as far as football is concerned, the boy goes to seed.

Rugby, mercifully, is an amateur game, and for that reason the methods used in professional Association football cannot be operated here, but much more could be done, I feel, if first-class players who have passed from the game owing to their increasing age, &c., were to consider it their duty to hand on to the rising generation the wisdom gained through years of football experience by using their knowledge as coaches.

Coaching is not just anybody's job; it is as difficult to do properly as to play the game itself, but its importance is unquestioned. Natural talent is essential for a first-class player, but it is seldom 100 per cent. efficient unless rigorously trained. Diamonds are diamonds, whether in the rough or when cut and set, but no one can put them to any practical use while they are in an unpolished state.

Habitués of Rugby matches see too many glaring examples of ineffectual coaching. In the forwards it is often bad packing in the scrummages, or riotous fly-hacking instead of careful dribbling. The latter fault is especially noticeable in some clubs, yet it is only necessary to watch such a player as Charles Laborde to realise how tremendously valuable dribbling ability can be.

A common fault behind the pack is not so much fumbling hands as an inability to draw the opposing side before passing. It is the last three or four yards before the scrum half is tackled by the opposition which count for so much, and if, firstly, scrum-halves would learn to pass hard and long from the base of the scrum, and then the stand-offs would learn to run to the bitter end, regardless of a hard tackle, before they hand over the ball, I think we should hear a great deal less of the misdemeanours of over-efficient wing forwards.

Alternate praising and cursing from the captain during a match is of little use, but constant reminders and an effective example during practice games will often turn the mediocre into something really good, or at least improve the technique so as to change the team beyond recognition.

London may supply better facilities and a larger playing personnel than is to be found in the provinces, but at the same time there are increased counter-attractions from the spectators' point of view, and unless London teams in general can produce an improved technique in their matches they are likely to see ever-increasing drops in their gates. No one interested in Rugby will begrudge his 2/6 or his cold feet if he can know that he will be able to go away with memories of attractive football, but if he has to pay to see 30 young fellows mudlarking for 80 minutes, on his one free afternoon of the week, his seat will be empty, and he will be found in the pictures.

At its best, Rugby is a grand game to watch, as well as to play, and it is significant that many will follow it with the greatest zest even if they have but the haziest of ideas as to the meaning of the rules. To them off-side is an enigma and scrummages are a kind of necessary evil, but they, with the rest of us, can appreciate the unity and cohesion of a well-trained team; but take them to a bad match and they will certainly go away saying that Rugby is indescribably dull and is all whistle and scrummage.

The spectator is, quite rightly, a secondary consideration, I know—the game is the thing—but what is not worth the watching is often not worth the playing.

The solution, as I have already said, lies with present captains and with past players. Surely there are sufficient enthusiasts whose days on the field are over who can spare the time to take in hand the semi-raw material annually passing out of our schools and refining it into first-class playing members of the Rugby fraternity.

L. N. R.

SCHOOL RUGBY PRACTICE

"Natural talent which was beginning to form into trained efficiency by the end of school days"

FROM TEE TO GREEN

VII.—Bunker Play

By E. R. TIPPLE

THERE is a great deal of truth in the remark that the golfer who knows how to play bunker shots has few to play, whilst the player who does not know much about these strokes finds himself faced with many. The former is not afraid of bunkers, and if the latter possessed similar freedom from fear undoubtedly he would experience less trouble.

Even during the finest of rounds mistakes occur, and even the experts expect to have to use their niblicks occasionally. They explode their balls out of the sand with amazing success, but the average golfer cannot do likewise. The most common mistake lies in attempting to do too much. In trying to bring off the super bunker shot, which will compensate for the previous mistake, the handicap player fails to remember the vital things that will produce the ordinary recovery, and so he fails to extricate his ball from the trap. It is just as bad to be over-optimistic as it is to be pessimistic. The first lesson that we must learn is that when we are in trouble the primary need is to get out of it. One mistake does not matter and should not make us worry. It is the repeated mistakes that ruin our cards and lose us matches. If the ball is lying badly in the sand play safely for the widest part of the green and be content with getting down in two putts.

Bunkers are often deceptive, so that when playing through the green it is wiser to take a more lofted club than we think is necessary. For example, if our drive is bunkered and the ball is lying nicely in the middle of the hazard, a mashie-niblick instead of a mashie is best, then we will be sure of making up some of the lost distance, and, moreover, will give ourselves a chance of reaching the green with the third stroke. If we think a mashie-niblick can be safely used then we should use it. In other words, safety-first tactics are more profitable.

There is naturally a great variety of sand. If it is firm and the bunker shallow, a straightforward pitch-and-run shot is the easiest of all. Generally speaking, the distance we strike the sand behind the ball depends entirely on the lie. If the ball is tucked up the explosion shot will be necessary. For this type of stroke we are advised to keep our eyes not on the ball but on the spot at which we want the club to enter the sand. The niblick is driven firmly into the sand one, two or perhaps more inches behind the ball, according to the type of sand and the distance to be covered, and the ball comes out with the "explosion" of the sand. Personal experiments and experience will give the necessary judgment of the shot. But, as Cotton says, "you must hit the sand harder than you think you have need." Explosion shots are rarely missed by being too strong. The common fault is timidity.

An 8-handicap golfer with whom I play regularly dislikes bunker shots and consequently rarely recovers at his first attempt. When he is bunkered near the green he is at a loss to know what to do. He tries to scoop up the ball and will not make up his mind to give it a firm, definite blow. He takes the club back no more than 3ft., and then his wrists collapse and the club-head sinks into the sand and stays there. I have watched many women players do the same thing. These short bunker shots are difficult to judge correctly, but at least it is easy to get the ball out somewhere. We cannot afford to be slack and we ourselves must not try to get the ball out; the club will do that for us if we swing it.

The club should, we are told, "be taken back rather abruptly so that the arc of the swing or path of the club-head will be decidedly up and down." Morrison further maintains that "the two most important things are swinging up and down and keeping the head in position until the swing is over. One takes care of the physical side of the job and the other covers the mental side. By swinging up and down we have the best chance of lofting the ball. It is just the opposite of what most players do. They figure that the ball can be raised only by taking the club-head back low to the ground and hitting upwards at the ball. The flat arc tends to keep the ball down whereas the up and down arc raises it." The reason why so many golfers tend to employ a flat arc is because of their natural anxiety to help get the ball out of the bunker. It is not so easy to make up the mind to drive the club into the sand and allow the club-head to do its own work. But that is the right method and the other absolutely wrong.

Wrist action is essential; and it has to be firm. At the end of the backward swing the wrists, says Morrison, "should have a full bend, for it is this added wrist action that puts a snap into the bottom of the swing which helps to flip the ball upwards." He thinks it is a sound idea to count one, two, three slowly before letting the head come up. That is not easy, but it will help to overcome natural curiosity as to the result of the shot.

The modern "blaster" or "sand iron" is a great improvement on the ordinary type of niblick. No golfer should be without one of these really helpful clubs. The ordinary niblick has a sharp edge, whereas the blaster has a broad, flat sole. Moreover, when resting on the ground, the front edge of the sole is slightly in the air. The result of this design is that it is impossible to dig deeply into the sand or ground. The club-head skids under the ball and does not delve deep down into the sand as an ordinary niblick does. Such a club will extricate the ball out of the most difficult of lies, but to obtain the best results with it the golfer must not force the shot; on the contrary, he must swing the club and allow it to come through. As Mitchell has said, "Aim to take the club-head through and not to bury it."

For bunker shots confidence is essential. Do not wait until you are standing in the bunker to plan the shot. Try and have a clear mental picture of the recovery beforehand. And practise two or three swings outside the limits of the hazard. By these means you will encourage yourself and in time acquire some degree of confidence. When that happens bunker play will lose most of its terrors.

CORRECT BUNKER PLAY

This photograph, reproduced from the American Golfer's Year Book, shows how the club should be raised rather abruptly in the back swing so that the arc is as near up and down as possible. This arc, as much as anything else, lifts the ball up into the air

IN MILD PARTS ROSEMARY IS ONE OF THE LOVELIEST WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUBS

The Country House

DECEMBER IN THE GARDEN

Decorative Shrubs at this Season

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE colour and interest of the December garden depend chiefly on the few December-flowering shrubs, the shrubs that are valuable for their foliage at this season, shrubs with decorative barks, the last survivors of the herbaceous plants (notably the button Chrysanthemums) and the December-flowering bulbs, especially *Schizostylis coccinea*, Lady Byng and *Iris unguicularis*.

Certain December flowering shrubs are to be found in most gardens, particularly the winter-flowering Jasmine and Rosemary. The former is frequently neglected with the result that it soon makes a mass of dead wood and bears few flowers. Yet with a little attention this invaluable Chinese shrub, one of Fortune's best introductions, produces its golden star-like flowers in continuous profusion for weeks on end. They are invaluable not only for indoor decoration but also for sending away, for, picked in bud, even before any colour shows, every flower opens perfectly when the stems are put in water and the flowers associate so well with those of *Iris unguicularis*, which also travels well if picked in bud. *Jasminum nudiflorum* needs little, but that little it should have if it is to give of its best—*i.e.*, to be pruned immediately after flowering, cutting back each lateral to one bud and cutting out any dead wood. On light soils a mulch in spring is helpful.

Rosemary is frequently clipped and thereby ruined, for the beauty of this shrub depends on its spire-like branches. In every mild spell throughout the winter at least a few flowers are produced, and it continues flowering more and more till by early summer the branches are thickly wreathed with blooms. The only pruning Rosemary needs is to cut back rather bare growths to vigorous growths, and this should be done in spring after flowering. Except in the mildest parts, this shrub rarely does well in the open. It needs the protection of a sunny wall.

Viburnum fragrans is one of the most beautiful shrubs in flower at this season. Its pinkish cymes of flowers have a crystal-like appearance, and the scent is exquisite. Before the fall of the last Chinese dynasty *Viburnum fragrans* was grown only in the Imperial or Temple gardens. In spite of its beauty it is an accommodating shrub in regard to soil, but does best in a well-dug, moist soil. It should never be planted in a position where it is subjected to cold winds for the flowers are speedily "burnt." In mild parts it begins flowering in November, but not till several weeks later in most parts. *Berberis hyemalis* also flowers as early as November and December in mild parts, but not till as late as February in most parts. The scent of these flowers is almost indistinguishable from that of Lily of the Valley, and it is singularly decorative in growth with its huge pinnate leaves surrounding the central cluster of golden flowers.

Amongst the sub-shrubs the hardiest and most decorative is the invaluable *Erica darleyensis*. Rose-red flowers are scarce indeed in mid-winter, and few shrubs have such a cheery effect as this Erica in mass. It shows up well against a background of a tall growing Lavender such as Walhampton Giant. *Vinca difformis* is an unduly neglected shrub in mild parts. Blue flowers and rose-red flowers are scarce in winter, and this bush-like Periwinkle has flowers of the most charming shade of lavender blue. They are produced all through autumn and winter, and owing to the upright habit of growth of this Periwinkle they are useful for picking. The foliage, too, all through winter is a bright rather pale green. Except in the very mildest parts it is advisable to plant this native of Spain and North Africa against a wall to secure flowers in December.

Big bowls of evergreen foliage are a seasonable decoration at Christmas time, and amongst the best is the golden variegated form of *Elaeagnus pungens*. The leaves are bright gold and even on the dullest days they give the impression of reflecting radiant sunshine. The colouring, as with all variegated shrubs, is best on poor soils. This native of Japan is hardy in most parts of the South. Two New Zealand evergreens—*Leptospermum scoparium var Nicholsii* and *Cassinia fulvida* are amongst the invaluable foliage shrubs in the December garden. The former has dainty reddish-purple foliage in small slender sprays, is extremely quick growing, flourishes in any soil except chalk, and attains about 15ft. It is hardy, however, only in the South. *Cassinia fulvida* is heath-like in appearance, and the young shoots are a golden yellow all through winter, giving the shrub a springlike appearance. It succeeds best in a sandy soil, but does not resent chalk.

We are now once more appreciating the value of Laurustinus as a December-flowering shrub. Its masses of pink buds in their neat corymbs suggestive of a Victorian bouquet are always decorative and no matter how bleak the season the abundant foliage remains a rich green.

SPORTING BREEDS AT THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW

By A. CROXTON SMITH

ALTHOUGH field trials are numerous at the present time, there was a satisfactory entry in this section at the Kennel Club's show at Olympia last week.

Cocker spaniels, following recent precedent, made a bigger entry than any other breed, and it was to one of their number that the honour of being the best in show fell. That was Mr. H. S. Lloyd's incomparable little bitch, Exquisite Model of Ware, who, under three different judges, was similarly placed at Cruft's last February. The same owner's Sir Galahad of Ware was runner-up to the Scottish terrier, Heather Benefactor, owned by the Messrs. Chapman, of Glenboig, for Lord Lonsdale's challenge cup offered for the best dog.

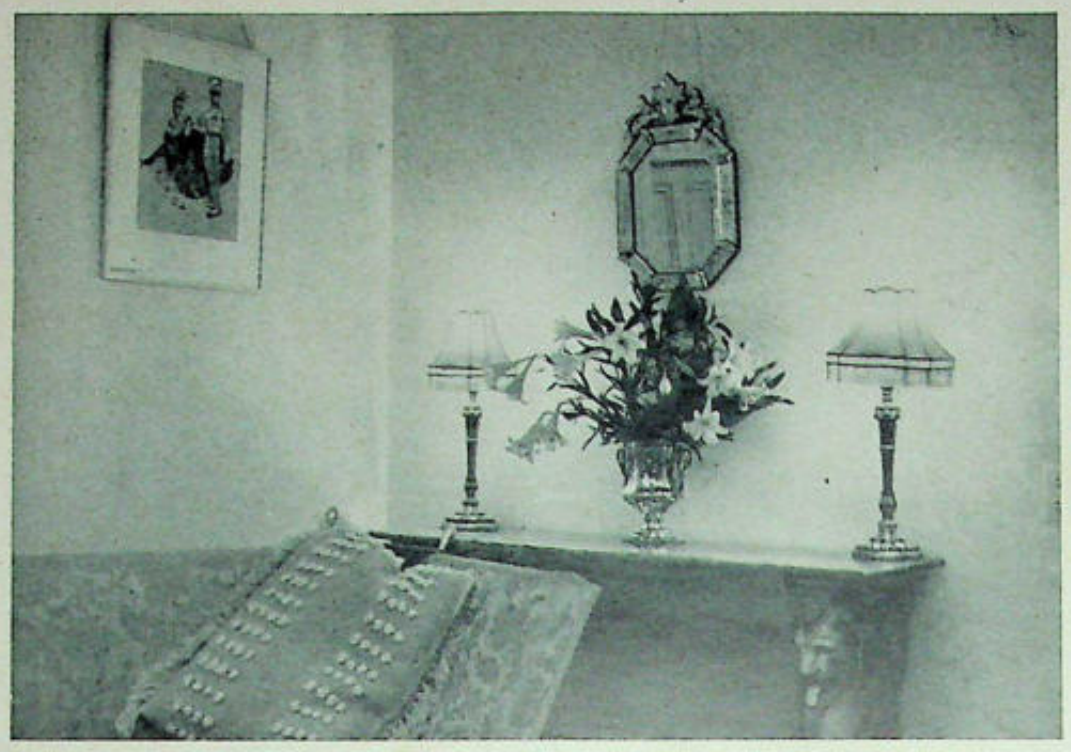
It will be seen that sporting dogs swept the pool and deserved to do so on the day. Several others of the same kind were also prominent. The Send Gold Vase for the best sporting other than gundogs or terriers went to Miss F. Joyce Esdaile's elkhound bitch, Fourwents Grinta, not long out of her puppyhood.

I should have mentioned that runner-up to Exquisite Model of Ware for the Lonsdale Cup for the best of the bitches was Colonel G. Woodwark's stylish wire foxterrier, Ch. Croyland Conquest, who is a little beauty. Now a word or two about the gundogs. In the Field Trial class for Labradors Lorna Countess Howe's celebrity, Ch. Bramshaw Bob, made a reappearance, and his nine years did not prevent him receiving one of the challenge certificates, the other going to the same owner's Banchory Julie. Mr. R. G. Heaton was the judge. In the golden retrievers, which made a good entry, the principal winners were Mrs. R. Lawrence Kirk's Ch. Abbots Trust and Mrs. I. M. Parson's Ch. Torrdale Betty. In the flat-coats, it was a pleasure to see Mr. H. Reginald Cooke doing a double with Woodlark of Riverside and Greta of Riverside.

The old curly coats are again taking their place among the workers, and both certificates went to working kennels, one of the recipients being Mrs. C. Breitmeyer's Snapehill Benjamin and the other Brigadier-General F. F. Lance's Sarona Juno. In the pointers, which made an excellent show, a brace exhibited by Isaac Sharpe, Ltd., did best, these being Bonny Prince Carlo and Ch. Stylish Myrrh. Lady Howe's Stylish Sunray and Mr. A. Eggleston's Pennine Pilot were the reserves. English setters, which are getting more numerous on the show bench, had their chief awards given to Mr. A. Eggleston's Maesydd Masher and Pennine Puregold. The revival of the handsome Gordons is welcome, though there is yet a long way to go before they achieve their deserts, either for work or looks. Miss M. K. Farne's Great Scot and Isaac Sharpe, Ltd.'s Stylish Stagestruck were the challenge winners. Irish setters again had the biggest entry of their kind, and there Mr. D. K. Steadman gave the honours to Mr. and Mrs. L. C. James's Ch. Portlairge Steady of Wendover and Mr. F. H. James's Beorcham Blameless. Clumbers are another variety that are staging a come-back. When the late King George V took them up he did them a great service, and it was fitting that Ch. Sandringham Sparkle, one of his breeding, now owned by Mr. R. Cape and Commander E. Welman, should have received the dog certificate, the other going to Mrs. A. M. Whittle's Maureen Maeve.

Mr. W. H. Gammon, jun.'s, Chg. Ribbenhall Waterwave and Miss A. Morgan's Llanbrynean Barney took the certificates in field spaniels, which are still not numerous. Nor are the Irish, in which the certificates were won by Mr. F. Trench O'Rorke's Breifny Brian and Mrs. E. I. Groves's Croome Bubbles. Welsh Springers were quite a fair lot, the leaders there being Messrs. H. Newman and E. R. Jones's Nellie's Choice and Mr. A. J. Dyke's Ch. Marglam Marquis. Miss M. F. Reed's Ch. Rummy of Oakerland and Miss L. M. Wrigg's Hornshill Meriel led in Sussex. Competition in English Springers is usually keen, and there Mr. E. E. Turner gave his certificates to one kennel, Mr. M. D. Withers's Ch. Showman of Shotton and Speculation of Shotton.

Mrs. J. V. Rank, who judged both Great Danes and Irish Wolfhounds, made the best wolfhounds to be Miss C. E. Ansell's Roland of Pentavalon and Mrs. F. Nagle's Ch. Sulhamstead Kirma. Mrs. Nagle had benched seven of these imposing hounds. Mr. Wilfred Unwin, who judged his old favourites, the bloodhounds, gave his dog certificate to Mrs. O. L. Payne's Barham of Stanton, a young hound with enormous bone, and to Miss B. E. Codd's quality bitch Ch. Tranquil of Wyema. In the beagles, Captain R. C. Hartland-Rowe's Ch. Mischief was the best of the dog hounds, and Mr. E. N. Crowder's Partney Watercress, a Peterborough winner, was first in bitches.



ORDINARY READING LAMPS, PREFERABLY WITH "SUNSHINE" SHADES, MAKE EFFECTIVE LIGHTING FOR WHITE FLOWERS

WATER, LIGHT AND FLOWERS

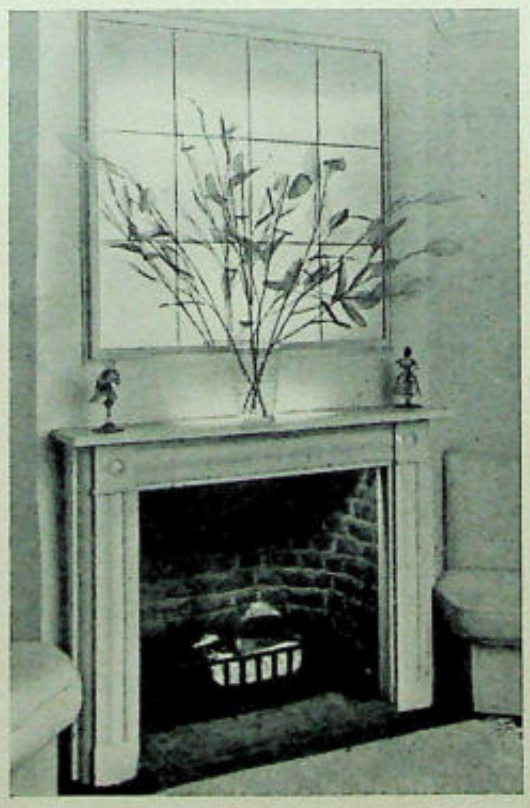
Make Your Floral Decorations Live

By MARGUERITE JAMES

INSTAL a fountain in a garden, and the eyes of every newcomer will turn to it. Floodlight a garden house and footsteps will gravitate towards it. Yet it cannot be seriously suggested that a fountain or a garden house is of greater interest than the flowers. Paradoxically, one may say that the reason the fountain and garden house attract is that they seem to have more life than the flowers and trees—which, of course, is just what they have not. Water has movement, however, and movement suggests life, while Light has drawn human attention even to the point of worship all down the ages. Then, too, light produces changing effects, movement again in another form. But whatever the reason, we are left with the conclusion that one way to draw attention to our flowers is to give them the added attractions of water and light.

Let us see what has already been done in this direction. We will take light first. The most obvious way to enhance the beauty of a floral arrangement is by placing it in a good light, natural or artificial. Colours generally are intensified when lights are set near to the vase, while some colours, such as light blues and mauves, are quite insipid at night unless a strong white light can be directed on them. Ordinary portable reading lamps are of some use for the purpose, but hidden flood-lighting as used in lighting alcoves, or a single spot light directed on to the flowers is still more effective.

When lights are portable, or when there are plenty of lamps installed and one can be selective in their use, almost any kind of floral arrangement can be lit up satisfactorily. If the light is a single one, or if architectural lamps are built in and can only be used in a certain way, the floral arrangement must be considered in relation to the lights. Overhead lighting is natural and easy to use, but not all flowers light well from one side, and a great many are unsuitable for light that comes from below.



WHERE HEAVINESS MUST BE AVOIDED

A light panel built in over an antique mantelpiece is an effective background for artificial or natural flower arrangements

I think a general rough guide to flower selection for unusual lighting effects is to keep to those flowers that display well as hand sprays (*i.e.* often upside down)—arum and longiflorum lilies, tulips, hyacinths and other hanging bells, narcissi, freesias—flowers which one is not afraid to look at from the back. Dahlias, with nearly always ragged outer petals, are better in natural or ordinary studio lighting.

ILLUMINATED FLOWER TANKS

These make useful decorations for a dull room

I have now in my study a firescreen (an adaptation of an antique metal screen) in which I keep a succession of small floral arrangements that are lit from below by hidden lamps. The vases or pots of flowers stand inside a kind of box, of which the front is an oak panel with a circular opening. Standing as it does on the darker side of the room, the tiny circle of light and flowers is cheering by day as well as by night. At different times I have used in it a single spray of roses, a begonia plant, and a group of cacti; I think the Cactus plants light up best of all.

Similar lighting effects have been used to illuminate a floral arrangement in a "false" picture frame: the illusion is of a floral group so extremely well painted that every visitor is drawn to it.

Among non-portable types of lighting for unusual effects are light panels built into furniture or house walls. A good example of this kind of lighting is seen in the illustration of an old hall fireplace modernised by a panel of light over the mantelpiece. A studio group of metal leaves in copper, brass or pewter, oxidised and burnished, might be better in association with such a panel than a natural flower arrangement, as they would be quite unaffected by the slight extra heat of the panel lamps. Or a very sparse arrangement of bare twigs, or of everlasting flowers or grasses might be used.

With flowers of certain colours, good effects are produced by light concealed actually inside the bowl or container. As a rule strong colours light best in this way, just as rather strong colours are best for use in a glass bowl over a table light panel. Also, restraint in the use of material is needed: it is generally better to use a single variety of flower or else to use boldly defined subjects and only a very few stems.

A favourite anecdote of the Chinese gardener who made up beds of bare soil and set just a single tumbler of water in the centre, saying that the sunlight on and in the water was sufficient beauty for a whole garden, occurs to me as I think of water and light and their joint connexion with floral art. Many beautiful modern vases are of transparent, plain colourless glass, through which the stems of decorations show as plainly as do the flowers and foliage. I like these specially where lighting effects are sought, as light through water, either from the side or the back, brings the picture to life in a remarkable way.

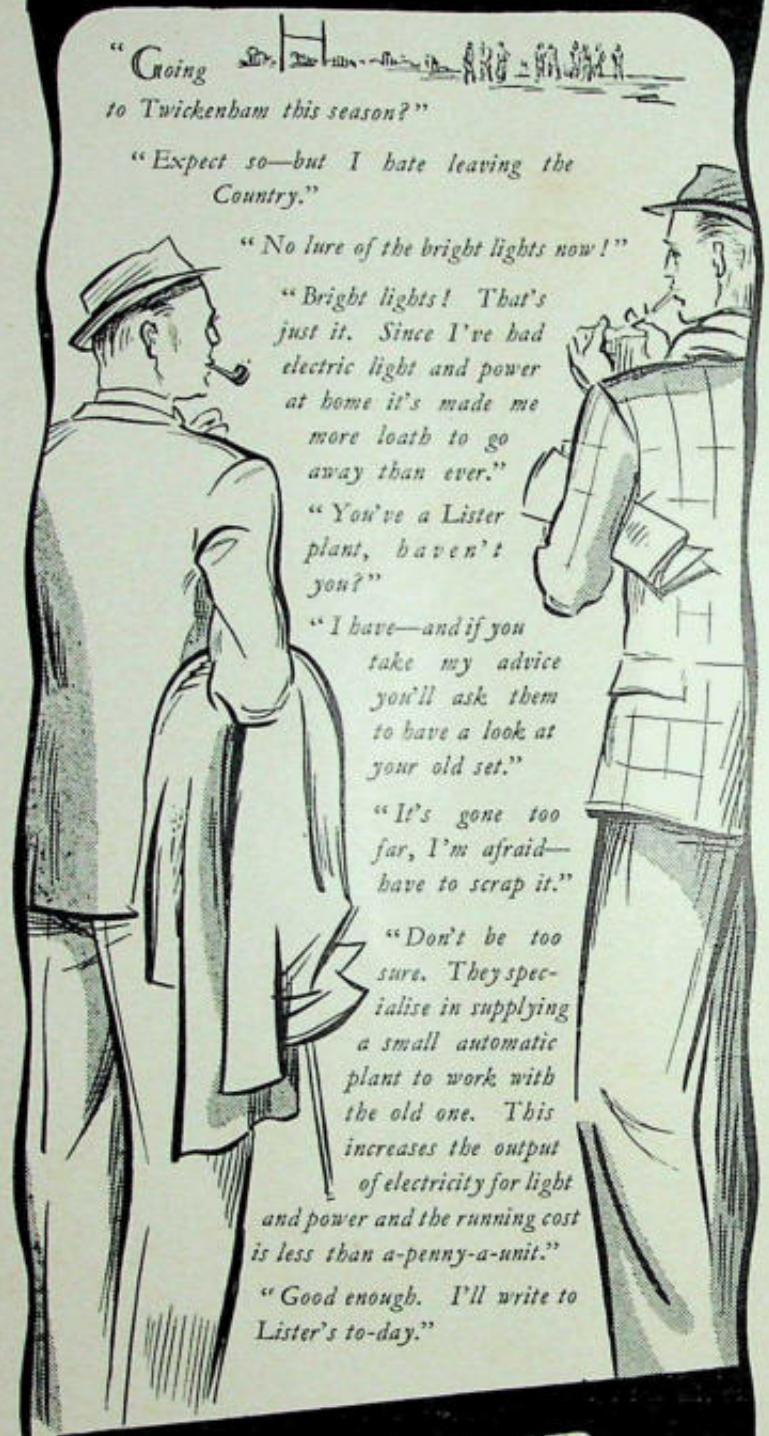
One modern studio produces illuminated rectangular tanks, in which the light is thrown up from a decorative base through the water. Here, too, the colours of the material and the general character of the stems make a great difference to the success of the arrangement. I am told that florists generally do not favour experiments on these lines. They suggest that the added warmth of the lamps makes flowers fade quickly, and that "customers would complain." It is known, however, that though flowers droop a little during a warm day, they rapidly revive if set in a cool place for a night's sleep. (Those who live with central heating might remember this fact.) So that if lighting effects are only used periodically, or if care is taken to use fresh cold water when the flowers are taken away for the night—with a cool spray overhead at the same time—I think the question of early fading need not cause trouble.

For my own part, I like the daily task of "doing the flowers," and I do not want my flowers to last too long without rearrangement! Do you?

LARKSPURS IN THE LIGHT

A single variety of flower is good when the light comes from below

Water & Electricity
IN THE COUNTRY – BY LISTER'S



"Going to Twickenham this season?"

"Expect so—but I hate leaving the Country."

"No lure of the bright lights now!"

"Bright lights! That's just it. Since I've had electric light and power at home it's made me more loath to go away than ever."

"You've a Lister plant, haven't you?"

"I have—and if you take my advice you'll ask them to have a look at your old set."

"It's gone too far, I'm afraid—have to scrap it."

"Don't be too sure. They specialise in supplying a small automatic plant to work with the old one. This increases the output of electricity for light and power and the running cost is less than a-penny-a-unit."

"Good enough. I'll write to Lister's to-day."

R. A. LISTER & CO. LTD.,
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. PHONE DURSLEY 177

will send, without obligation an Advisory Engineer to report on an Independent Electric supply or water pumping.

Largest manufacturers of small Diesel Engines in the World

R.S.V.P.

A PROVED WEAR RESISTING PROCESS

For some time all Lister Diesel Engines have been supplied fitted with Listard (Van der Horst Patents) cylinders. This process of chromium hardening increases resistance to wear by 400%.

Owners of Lister Diesel Engines not treated with this process can, when requiring a rebore or new cylinder liner, have existing cylinders Listard processed.

Christmas comes in Boxes

by

IAN HAY

The famous soldier-author of "Housemaster," "The First Hundred Thousand" and "The Middle Watch" points the moral for all exasperated present-hunters.

Christmas conjures up before me a vision of people scurrying round the shops, darting from counter to counter, getting more and more grubby and exasperated. Being an essentially lazy man, only too anxious at all times to be thoroughly selfish, I solve my Christmas problem in a simple, inexpensive yet princely way. I order Havana cigars for all my most deserving friends. Now, when Christmas comes, I sit calmly back in a deep armchair, drawing quietly and with intense enjoyment at a rich Havana cigar, knowing that on Christmas day my friends will be indulging themselves in the same blissful way; knowing, too, that each time they light a fresh cigar, fresh blessings will be heaped on my head. But apart from the joy of giving—and the greater joy of receiving—a box of Havana cigars, a cigar smoked quietly after moments of emotion or strain, brings with it a sense of security and complete and utter calm.

Issued by the Cuban Government to further the smoking of

HAVANA CIGARS

Comisión Nacional de Propaganda del Tabaco Habano

D.A. 538

FERRETING OUT THE FARMERS' PEST

THE MENACE OF THE RABBIT

Some Problems of Extermination

FEW people, having any interest at all in British farming, will feel like quarrelling with those who, just lately, have again been deploring the vast amount of potential "arable" at present running to waste.

If only for the sake of seeing our countryside's rare loveliness no longer marred by such unsightly wastes, any effort at reclamation would be welcome.

"First things first," however, is always a good working rule. And all this current advocacy of a land survey, with a view of authority itself literally putting its hand to the plough, does appear to ignore an initial problem—that of rabbit infestation.

The fact that "rabbit land" has become the accepted name for so many of these derelict areas is highly significant of what the first step must be, if profitable reclamation is to come about.

Many of these abandoned tracts of sound land represent, tragically enough, the farmer's enforced retreat not so long ago in the face of an ever-increasing host quite beyond his individual suppression.

To-day, many men would gladly take in hand again much of this land that is now doing no good at all. Tractor-plough and the "payment" for wheat offer together a fine incentive; no need for the Government to take on the job. But, as a bit of private enterprise, the whole thing is stalled by the menace of the rabbit.

To be saved from ruinous depredation, any crop would have to be protected by a surround of wire-netting. And, unhappily, not only is wiring on any large scale a most costly business, it can very easily fail in its purpose.

The netting itself has to be of a kind that is the most expensive—of a good width and with a close mesh. To go in for a wide mesh, on grounds of economy, simply means that the baby rabbits get through. Growing as rapidly as they do, in a few days they are too big to get back. Thus rabbits in sufficient numbers to work havoc become actually "interned" on land under a crop at the very start of the growing season.

A good-width wire is demanded because there must still be a height of at least 3ft., after allowing for a turnover at the top and some bending outwards on the ground.

Done at its best, wiring against rabbits still entails a trying amount of subsequent vigilance. There is the constant risk of a yard or two of such a light fence as it is getting trampled down, here and there, or of pegs jumping out of the ground and thus letting up the wire. Only those who have had to protect growing crops or plantations from the ravages of the rabbit by means of a guard can know how wearing is the day-by-day anxiety.

Such is the case where individual enterprise is concerned, and it is not to be supposed that any national plan for land reclamation, which relied upon wiring as a means of combating the pest, would fare better. Indeed, one may well imagine a large-scale employment of labour lacking that cunning and thoroughness with which friend Hodge—knowing the rabbit as he does—goes about the job.

There is, of course, a possibility that in conjunction with any Government scheme for reclaiming the wastes, statutory powers would be sought for putting down the rabbit everywhere, almost to the point of extermination. But it is as difficult as ever to see how such a drastic measure could be made to harmonise with individual interests.

So many landed proprietors and tenant farmers, whilst heartily damning the rabbit for the mischief he does, are bound to say "No!" when it comes to the question of a nation-wide drive against the pest. That traditional 2 guineas is still on offer as a reward to the man who catches the last rabbit on the place; and yet . . .

It is not simply that all of us retain some of our childhood's affection for "Bunny." Quite apart from this, there is a good deal of wanting to have things both ways that would be amusing, if in part it did not explain why, up till now, there has been no concerted action.

The small farmer, moaning as loudly as anyone else over the damage to crops, really likes to see plenty of rabbits about at a time of the year when they can go into the pot or, better still, be marketed off by the score as a "help towards the rent."

Then there is the big landowner to whom an all-the-year-round campaign against the rabbit, waged intensively, would mean serious interference with his sporting interests. Every year, much killing-off of rabbits, in just those places where they most abound, has to be abandoned—and this, too, at a time when they are again coming on in full strength—for fear of disturbing the game.

Tackled one way or another the problem of the rabbit will certainly have to be, before ever any of the wastes that he has made his own can be brought back into profitable use; and it is imperative that this should be soberly realised in the right quarter. Otherwise we may anticipate a series of "supplementary grants," financing a departmental scheme that is failing to "deliver the goods"—or, as it would be better to say in this particular case, to reap where it has sown.

HORACE PHILLIPS.

AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING SCIENCE

THE formation is announced of the Institution of British Agricultural Engineers. Its objects are briefly the advancement of agricultural engineering science and improvement of the status of those in the profession.

For some years now the formation of such an institution has been in the minds of those principally responsible for its inauguration to-day. The engineer is playing an increasingly important part in agriculture all over the world, but the most successful engineer in agriculture is the specialist, and in Great Britain there has been no special training for the work, no special qualifications, and no attempt among the members to act as a corporate body or profession. There has been a trade association of manufacturers, but nothing beyond that.

Meanwhile in many other countries the position of the agricultural engineer has been well established for many years, and special training courses and degrees are available in the universities.

In France, there are 6,000 certificated and trained agricultural engineers. There are colleges for training them at Grignon, Rennes and at Montpellier, and about 50 qualified engineers leave each annually. There is also the Institut National Agronomique, where the standard is very high, though more theoretical than practical. About 70 engineers leave that college each year.

In Germany the number is stated to be considerably greater than in France, and Russia leads the way. Even in Spain there is a considerable number of qualified agricultural engineers, and at Madrid University there is a Chair of Electro-Farming.

In the United States there is a Bureau of Agricultural Engineering within the Department of Agriculture and "Engineering (Agr.)" is a familiar degree at the universities. There is also a flourishing American Society of Agricultural Engineers with its own journal.

With the rapid mechanisation of agricultural operations there is an increasing demand in the British territories overseas for agricultural engineers, and owing to the lack of specially trained men in Great Britain these posts more often than not go to German or French engineers. One result is the diversion of orders for agricultural machinery to the countries from which the engineers come, and because of this the British agricultural implement manufacturing industry is taking a leading part in the launching of the new institution.

There was a recent case of a demand for six agricultural engineers to represent a firm of manufacturers in South Africa at a starting salary of £800 a year. No suitable Englishmen were found, and German engineers who were English-speaking secured the appointments.

Even at home a great change is sweeping over agriculture. Farming methods on a par with the use of the hand-loom in weaving a century ago are being supplanted by efficiently engineered equipments. "Time and motion studies" are being applied to the farm as to the modern factory. Already there are quite a number of farms that can tend, clean, feed and milk over 50 cows per worker as compared with the traditional ten cows per man. The care of about 30 breeding sows and their progeny of about 25 baconers is now the task of one man. Some poultrymen look upon 500 laying hens as the limit that they can look after.

Among the proper activities of the agricultural engineer are visualised the investigation into the mechanical needs of the farmer, liaison with the implement and equipment industry, technical representation of manufacturing firms, employment in agricultural machinery factories, appointment to county councils to work in conjunction with agricultural organisers, appointments in the forestry services, private consultative services, and so on. All branches of agriculture are concerned, from forestry abroad to poultry-breeding at home.

Among the objects of the institution officially set out are:

(*a*) The general advancement of agricultural engineering science and, more particularly, for promoting the acquisition of that species of knowledge which constitutes the profession of an agricultural engineer being the art of directing and applying the sources of energy in nature for the use and convenience of man in the adaption and application of materials and machinery and mechanical methods to the best development of agriculture and its allied purposes in the broadest sense of the term.

(*b*) To promote the consideration and discussion of all subjects affecting the agricultural engineering profession and to watch over and protect the interests of persons engaged therein, providing for them a standing they cannot obtain as individuals.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

LOOKING OUT TOWARDS BROWNSEA ISLAND FROM POOLE HARBOUR IN THE EARLY MORNING
The car is a 7-seater, 4½-litre Daimler designed by Jack Barclay and built by James Young of Bromley

THE MOTORISTS' CHRISTMAS

Sensible Suggestions to Solve the Gift Problem

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

WITH Christmas so near at hand most of us are wondering what gifts we can buy for our relations and friends, and a considerable amount of time is often spent in an attempt to solve the question.

Above all, we are anxious to give a present that will not only be appreciated by the recipient, but one that will, at the same time, prove useful.

Since so many of us are now motorists, no better gift could be given than something to do with the car, as there is such a variety of articles from which to choose, all equally suitable for either sex. If ten or fifteen guineas can be spent a car radio is certain to be very acceptable, or if a lesser amount is contemplated, a pair of the latest Lucas Twin tuned horns, which cost from £3 12s. 6d., would prove most useful. A combined driving mirror and clock, made by S. Smith & Sons, would make an excellent present, and the price, 45/6, is moderate.

A set of maps in a case would be kept by the recipient indefinitely: while, now that the winter is in front of us, there are a variety of articles that would be greeted with open arms. For example, motor rugs are always useful: they are needed for the comfort of the passengers as well as for keeping the radiator warm when the car is stationary.

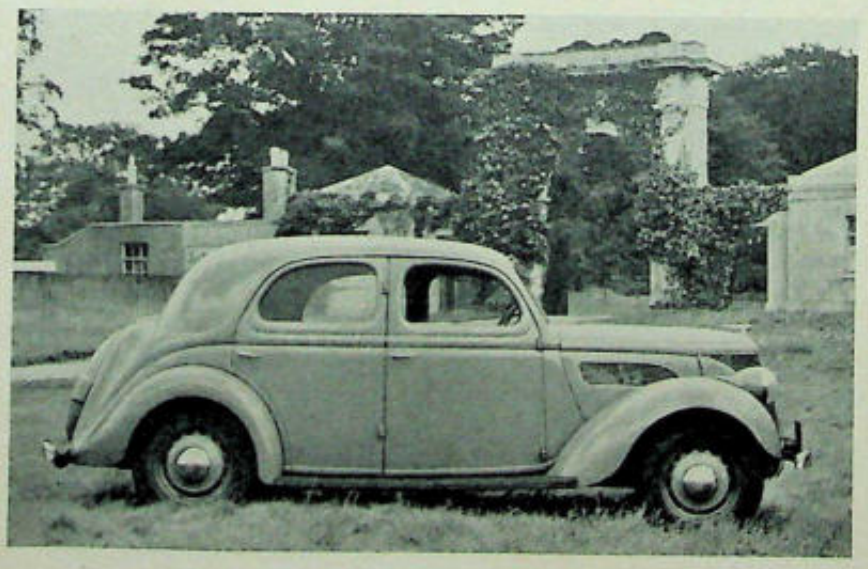
For the ladies, a foot muff is a good idea, or a vanity case and mirror with the usual accessories will be appreciated; one made by Gordon Equipments, Ltd., which can be illuminated for use after dark, costs only 17/6. Another useful gift is the Schroder Spark Plug Pump, price 14/6, which will pump up the tyres, and is driven off the engine. When needed, all that has to be done is to remove one of the sparking plugs and screw in its place the Schroder plug, and when the motor is started up it will pump the tyres to the required pressure. A gift of this kind would be most acceptable to any motorist, since it can always be carried as a stand-by and will last for years.

The eternal problem of being able to carry all the luggage when touring is solved by the Berkshire Carryall, which fits on top of the roof and does not necessitate the drilling of any holes. The cost is 47/6, and it can be fitted in a few moments and removed when not required.

Either two tins of anti-freeze mixture, or a radiator lamp heater, would make a most useful present; then Messrs. J. Lucas market a series of very fine fog lamps, the prices of which range from 30/- to £3 13s. 6d. If touring is contemplated, a luncheon or tea basket complete with Thermos bottles always comes in handy, or if your friends intend motoring on the Continent an interior aneroid or height indicator is an interesting accessory, and especially is this so when crossing over the Alps.

Then there are all kinds of useful presents for the garage that will always be appreciated: a kit of tools, or a trickle-charger for keeping the battery up to standard when the car is not in use, cannot fail to please the recipient. If none of the articles I have already mentioned will meet the case, then possibly an electric torch, radiator muff or a set of sparking plugs might be purchased; an electric cigar lighter, or an extra ash tray.

Then we come to a fire extinguisher, which in my opinion should form part of the equipment of every car. One of the pump action type, made by the Pyrene Co., costs 35/— a small outlay when it is possible that one day it may be the means of saving the vehicle from total destruction by fire.



THE IMPROVED FORD V-8 "22"
Enlarged luggage space is an added attraction of this smart looking eight cylinder car which provides a fine performance at a reasonable cost

In a week or two we may experience a very cold spell of frosty weather and, if the roads are frozen, a set of chains becomes a necessity. There is always a tremendous demand for these on the very first day of icy conditions, so that it is advisable to order them in advance, to avoid disappointment of non-delivery. A set, therefore, would make a most seasonable gift for those who do not already own them.

Another useful accessory is an Easiject oil can, made by Benton and Stone, which costs 7/6, or a set of lamp bulbs, a first-aid outfit, or a car polishing set. An interior heater, operated off the exhaust or water system, is another idea, or an electric defroster which fits on the windscreen, various types of which can be obtained from the Berkshire Windscreen Wiper Co., of Drayton Gardens.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is an abundance of gifts from which to choose, most of them costing comparatively little. There is also no shadow of doubt that they will always be acceptable to the recipient motorist, even if the article chosen costs only a few shillings.

RUGBY AT TWICKENHAM

THE official car parks at the Rugby Football Union Ground at Twickenham are, this season, once again under the control of the R.A.C.

For the assistance of spectators, the R.A.C. is issuing a folder containing a map showing the prescribed traffic routes to the official car parks which will be in operation on big match days and a map of the approach roads over a considerable area.

Within the last two or three years extensive alterations have taken place to certain roads in the vicinity, and, in order to avoid delay in reaching the ground, spectators intending to go to Twickenham by car are advised to secure a copy of this folder. A list of the principal fixtures on the Twickenham ground for the 1938-39 season is also given, together with times of kick-off.

These maps are issued under the authority of the Rugby Football Union and the Metropolitan Police, and copies of the folder can be obtained free of charge on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or to any R.A.C. branch office.

RE-MAKING BRITAIN'S COMMERCIAL AIR PRESTIGE

New Designs for New Needs

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

THE ascendancy of American commercial types on the world's airways has, for some time past, been a source of disquiet to those who rightly feel that this country could, and should, play as prominent a part in building the world's aircraft as, in the past, it has played in constructing the world's ships. The introduction of these imported machines on British lines roused, at the time, considerable controversy. But the facts could not be blinked. A commercial air line has a duty to offer its customers the fastest means of travel; and no British type generally available could compare with the Americans.

Yet, while this unpalatable truth had to be accepted, it was strongly felt that this country should take immediate steps to make good the deficiencies in its range of commercial aircraft. On the one hand, the British industry was producing large commercial flying boats that were setting new standards and acknowledged as superior in many ways by the Americans themselves. On the other, there were smaller British commercial types that, on the basis of economical operation, were practically in a class by themselves. When it came to the medium-sized, high-performance aircraft, however, British production had nothing ready, although this might have been far different if Government support had been forthcoming, as certain interesting machines were either designed or in the prototype stage. Given the market, therefore, British designers are quite capable of turning out machines bearing comparison with anything existing.

There are signs that both the natural stimulus of increasing demand and the new subsidy policy are encouraging British designers to give greater attention to the medium-sized commercial machine, as well as to larger types. In the New Year, if present production plans mature, some valuable additions to the range of British commercial aircraft will be made.

Considerable interest centres round the new D.H.95 Flamingo, which, according to present schedules, should be making its test flights early in 1939. This machine, which follows a formula which is becoming more popular in America, is an all-metal, twin-engined high-wing monoplane with an all-up weight of round about 15,000lb., giving passenger accommodation for up to 20 on short-distance work; carrying, of course, fewer when the range is extended. Performance figures must, naturally, await the actual flying tests, but the cruising speed is estimated as being in excess of 200 miles an hour, with a climb of 1,500ft. per minute.

These figures indicate that the machine should have a performance comparable to that which has given American types their great popularity with air lines the world over; and as it is understood that something like quantity production is in contemplation, it would seem as though here is a promise of a British product that should not only have a wide field of application on British airways at home and in the Empire, but stand good chances of success in the world market.

Somewhat detailed reference to this type has been made because it indicates that new needs are having the right effect in causing the British industry to design aircraft not only in keeping with local specialised requirements, but with the general requirements of air transport in other parts of the world.

It is not, however, by any means the only projected British design of interest. One of the most significant announcements in regard to civil aviation for a considerable time was that made by Captain Balfour, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, some little time ago, when he stated that three new large landplanes were to be developed.

These are being built by Messrs. Short Bros., responsible for the Empire flying boats, and may well be classed among the most ambitious machines of their kind yet projected. Each is to have a gross weight of some 71,000lb. —more than 31½ tons—and to have a power of about 5,500 h.p., which will give them cruising speeds of round about 250 m.p.h.

It is not so much in their large size, however, that this order arouses interest. The most significant point is that one of the trio is to be built for operation at great heights of the order of 20,000ft. to 25,000ft. This model will have a pressure cabin to ensure the comfort of the passengers. Its range is expected to be about 3,000 miles.

Here again is evidence of a serious attempt to meet new needs on the airways. The possibilities of commercial sub-stratosphere flight have been very actively explored in the United States, where the development of special machines with pressure cabins has been energetically pushed forward. On this side of the Atlantic little of practical nature has been done, at any rate in this country and in respect of commercial flying. Yet it might have been expected that the country which held the world's height record until a very short time ago would have taken the lead in this particular development.

Another projected civil machine of an interesting nature has been the subject of a more recent announcement. This is a four-engined low-wing monoplane designed by the Fairey Aviation Company to a specification based on operational experience. This machine will resemble the American D.C.4, and will incorporate a retractable undercarriage of the "tricycle" type. It is to have a maximum speed of 275 m.p.h., and will have a pressure cabin making it also suitable for high altitude flying.

Anxiety was felt until a little while ago that the world-wide effect produced by the Empire boats would not be followed up in a proper manner, and that here the leadership would also pass to America. In this field, too, there is welcome news of fresh construction. New flying boats, considerably larger than the Empire class, are being built, in addition to the enlarged and strengthened modifications of the Empire type now nearing completion. These new flying boats will have an all-up weight of no less than 33 tons.

There thus seems to be hope that in the next two or three years Britain's prestige in commercial aviation may be thoroughly re-established, and that the old policy of continuing to operate obsolescent machines long after their performance has fallen behind contemporary requirements is being reversed. In view of the preoccupation of the industry and the Air Ministry with military requirements, that is a most encouraging and stimulating sign.

A MODEL OF THE NEW LOW-WINGED MONOPLANE DESIGNED BY THE FAIREY AVIATION COMPANY, AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN IN FLIGHT

THE SHORT CHASSIS 2/4SEATER ASTON MARTIN TOURER SELLING AT £475

THE ASTON MARTIN

"A THING of beauty is a joy for ever," Keats tells us. A remark, I feel, which needs qualification. The thing of beauty I have in mind was a short chassis two-four seater Aston Martin Tourer, but to me it was a joy for a week-end alone, and that only through the kindness of the manufacturers, who handed it over to me one Friday night with a tank full of petrol—fourteen gallons—and their permission to drive as far as I liked, as fast as I liked, until the Monday morning.

The aim of the makers has been to combine the qualities of sports cars such as they have built in past years with their high power to weight ratios, resulting in tremendous acceleration and general mechanical efficiency, with the comfort and smoothness of a town carriage. They have been remarkably successful, and I found no difficulty in driving through heavy traffic at a crawl, yet there was that surge of power so reminiscent of the downright sports car available the moment it was required.

There is an up-to-date and valuable device on the dash for adjusting the shock absorbers, and this materially assists in maintaining comfortable and easy motion at all speeds. On bends there was none of that alarming roll, all too often experienced on the modern car, and in every way I found the road-holding abilities exceedingly good; indeed so good were they that on one occasion I drove for about half a mile at 70 m.p.h. holding the wheel with only two fingers. Once I had to brake hard at high speed owing to the proximity of a tight corner which, for some reason or other, I had not seen. The car stopped, although the road was wet, without any trace of a skid in an extraordinarily short distance.

A fast car is a menace to all concerned if the brakes are not in keeping with the speed, but in this car special provision has been made to take the braking torque, leaving other components free for their correct functions, thus making for exceptionally steady and powerful braking.

The makers claim a genuine 87 m.p.h. at 5,000 r.p.m. on top gear, 63 m.p.h. in third, 41 m.p.h. in second and 24 m.p.h. in first. Personally I found 84 m.p.h. well within my scope, and I have little doubt that had I really tried, the official top speed would have been reached without much difficulty.

The four-cylinder engine has an R.A.C. rating of 15.09 h.p., thus making the annual tax £11 5s., while the cost of the car itself is £475, and in my opinion it is well worth it.

The bodywork deserves a word of praise, for it has none of the rakish irresponsibility which was so common in cars of its type a few years ago, but is designed on most graceful lines and built with a care for detail and finish which is associated only with that which is best in coachbuilding. There is something about the whole production that is typically British. It is solid, comfortable and efficient.

When I returned the car after the week-end it was with a feeling of regret, born of the knowledge that I was parting with something of first-class workmanship—later to become someone else's "joy for ever."

W. R. J.

FROM A HUNTER IN THE WILDS OF N. AMERICA

"I have smoked Barneys Punchbowle in the deserts of Northern Mexico where the temperature was over 120°, hunting in Alaska, on the shores of Hudson's Bay and in the deserts of Arizona, and always have found it in perfect condition. It is the only Tobacco that I can smoke continuously and never become tired of."

TO the ends of all the Earth, Barneys travels—and arrives in all the fragrance of its original blending and the freshness of its packing day. And in return comes a stream of thanks and praise from the men who smoke it . . . The letter above, from Canada, pictures the type of men these are . . . big men of Outdoors and Achievement, smokers who appreciate *and need* something *outstandingly* good in the Tobacco *they* smoke.

. . . Barneys *is* good, uncommonly good . . . cool, sweet-smoking, never-failing in its friendly, *satisfying* charm . . . and you *cannot* buy Tobacco in finer condition. Try Barneys next time; it may please *you* better than any Tobacco you have yet encountered.

BARNEYS

Barneys (medium), **Parsons Pleasure** (mild), **Punchbowle** (full strength). In "EverFresh" Tins, 1 oz. 1/2d.

(T. 145) **Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England**

Send *yourself* a Christmas present!

When you come to the end of those special friends to whom you are sending cases of White Horse for Christmas, why not give yourself a few bottles?

WHITE HORSE *Whisky*

GIFT CASES *Two Bottles, 25/-. Three Bottles, 37/6. Six Bottles, 75/-.*

Packed ready for despatch. Screw-capped flasks on sale everywhere.

cruises to the tropics by P&O

VISITING
RIO DE JANEIRO
TRISTAN DA CUNHA
CAPETOWN
ST. HELENA, etc.

46 DAYS · From 92 gns.

Also on **JAN. 14** by the Strathmore to the Spanish Main. 32 days from 64 gns.

JAN. 20 ICEROY of INDIA

APPLY · 14 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1 · 130 LEADENHALL ST., E.C.3 · AUSTRALIA HOUSE, W.C.2

IRELAND

Where ANGLERS rejoice

Tyro and expert—one and all—acclaim Ireland the grandest Angling Country. On their first visit they are amazed at the enormous extent of Ireland's river, lake and sea fishing waters. They are astonished at the endless variety of sport and the abundance of fish. They are delighted with the good and reasonable accommodation in every fishing district. All over Ireland preparations are now being made for even better facilities in 1939, and the Irish Traffic Manager, Great Southern Railways, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin, and Irish Tourist Assn., O'Connell Street, Dublin, in inviting you to take an Irish Angling Holiday, offer a full and free Information Service. Write to-day for a copy of "Ireland for Sport" (free); "The Anglers' Guide" (2/10d post free); or send particulars which will enable them to suggest the ideal fishing centre for your 1939 holiday in Ireland.

You may travel by any of the following steamship routes:—

HOLYHEAD—KINGSTOWN
LIVERPOOL — DUBLIN
FISHGUARD — ROSSLARE
FISHGUARD—WATERFORD
FISHGUARD — CORK

Guides and particulars of Holiday and Tourist Fares from any L.M.S. or G.W. Station, Office or Agency or on application at any of the following addresses:—

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY, EUSTON STN., LONDON, N.W.1
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, PADDINGTON STATION, LONDON, W.2
GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS OF IRELAND, KINGSBRIDGE STATION, DUBLIN
BRITISH & IRISH STEAM PACKET CO. (1936) LTD., ROYAL LIVER BLDGS., L'POOL
CITY OF CORK STEAM PACKET CO. (1936) LTD., FISHGUARD HARBOUR, S. WALES
THE IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION, O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN

THE YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE

Among the Islands of the Grecian Archipelago

GREECE is becoming more and more popular with the yachtsman, not only the owner of a large steam or motor yacht, but also with those people who, like the writer, cannot afford to run a boat of their own, but find it easily within their means to hire a sailing boat in Greece, and use it for weeks of happy sailing along the coast and among the islands of the Grecian Archipelagos.

The country possesses many advantages in the way of sheltered waters, ample harbourage and, above all, the opportunities for chartering boats of all sizes for very reasonable prices, much lower than one could possibly hope to find in England.

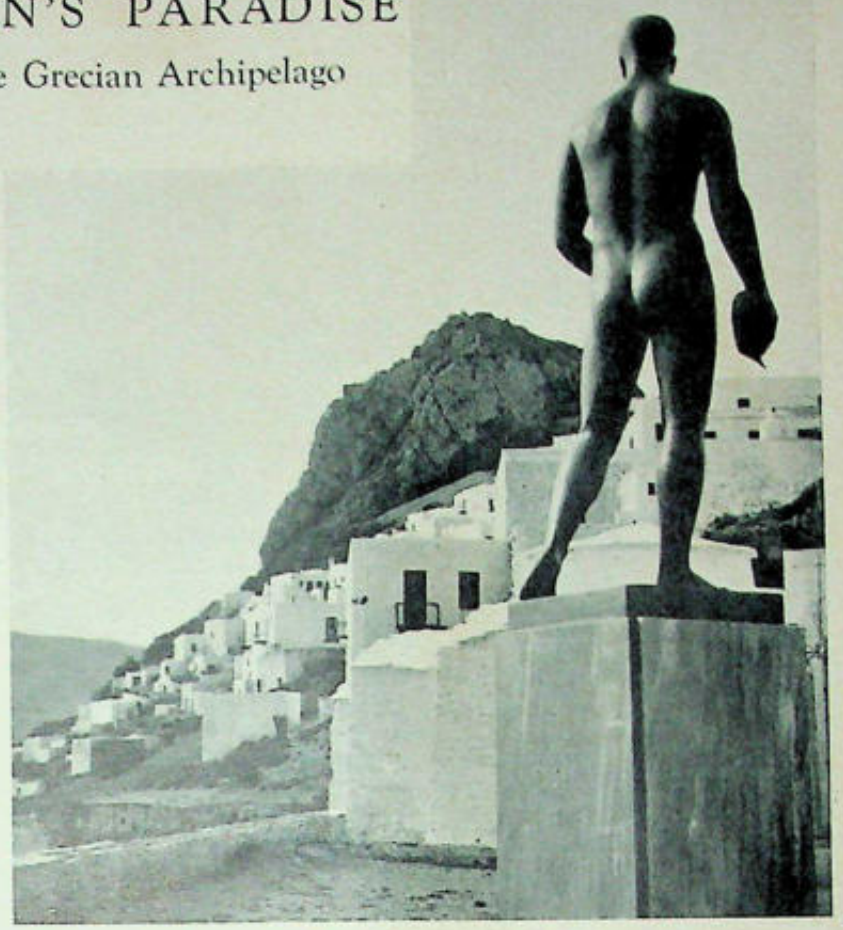
The majority of owners with craft for hire are to be found in Piræus, and their names can easily be obtained from any of the tourist agencies. The Athens Express in particular specialise in this type of charter, and as the firm is run by two Englishmen, one of whom is a yacht owner, I have found them very satisfactory people with whom to deal.

For the man who does not wish to charter his own boat there are ample opportunities for visiting the coast and islands of Greece by the many excellent steamers which operate frequent and regular schedules to the islands from the mainland. Many of these ships started their careers as British cross-Channel or North Sea packets, but others are very much more up-to-date and, indeed, are almost the last word in luxury. As an example of the two types, I recently made the journey from Piræus to the island of Corfu in the Frinton which, 35 years ago, began her life as a packet boat between Harwich and the Hook of Holland. I also travelled from Salonika to Piræus on the Sophia, a most beautifully equipped ship of up-to-date cabins (with proper bedsteads), all of them fitted with running hot and cold water, and many with private bathrooms, the public rooms also being extremely comfortable.

Fares on these ships are extraordinarily low. For example, my passage from Salonika to Piræus, calling at Volos, Ædipsos and Chalkis, cost me rather under £1 for a cabin de luxe with private bath which was occupied for two nights. Meals are, of course, extra, but feeding arrangements on the Greek boats are generally very good indeed.

One obvious and very interesting cruise which can be made either by the owner or charterer, or almost equally well by the regular steamers, is from Piræus to the islands of the Cyclades. This is probably one of the most beautiful and interesting cruising grounds in the world. The sea is generally calm and of an intense blue barely distinguishable from the blue of the sky. The islands themselves, with their olive or pine-clad hills and white houses, add to the beauty, and when one goes ashore the costumes and customs of the inhabitants are found to vary most interestingly from place to place.

Mykonos is a very great favourite with visitors and, indeed, many English people are now settling in the island, finding there a relief from the taxation and high cost of living at home. It is reached by steamer from Piræus in an overnight trip and, though it has no features of any great archæological interest, is beautiful and peaceful with a glorious climate and excellent bathing. Nearby, in fact, almost adjoining, is the island of Delos which, though now uninhabited, was at one time one of the most important religious and commercial centres of the Ægean Sea. The island was regarded as sacred, being the supposed birthplace of Apollo. Recently excavations have revealed the ancient town with its sanctuaries, temples, markets, clubs and many private houses with most beautiful mosaics, but the visitor will be particularly struck by the numbers of carved lions which are still to be seen scattered about the various sites.



THE STATUE OF RUPERT BROOKE ON THE ISLAND OF SKYROS

A QUIET LITTLE ROAD ON THE ISLAND OF MYKONOS

PEACE MIRRORED IN THE WATERS ROUND THE ISLAND OF HYDRA

Syra, Naxos with its associations with Ariadne; Andros, where some of the most beautiful women are found; and Milos, where the famous statue of Venus, now in the Louvre, was recovered, are other much-frequented islands, but perhaps the most curious and in some ways the most beautiful of all is the island of Santorini or Thera. This island is now crescent-shaped, the centre originally having been a volcano which, in prehistoric times, erupted to such good effect that it entirely blew itself out of the sea, the waters rushing into the hollow and leaving only half of the crater still showing above the surface. This has resulted in the formation along the inner side of the crescent of most enormous cliffs of fantastic shapes which are crowned by the white houses of the inhabitants. From the port, where there is a tiny, almost toy, harbour, one ascends on mule back to the top of the island.

On the western shores of Greece are, of course, the famous Ionian Isles. Corfu itself is, I think, almost the most beautiful part of all Greece.

Perhaps the most interesting building on Corfu is the famous Achilleon, built by the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who was searching for an ideal spot to build a house to spend the last days of her life. After her tragic death it was bought by the Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany. Not only is it a lovely building in a glorious situation, but the statuary is the finest and most natural that I have seen anywhere.

On Sundays cricket is still played in the town square of Corfu. It is called cricket and bears some resemblance to the game as played on the village greens in England, but the numbers of people taking part are not necessarily limited to eleven a side; the pitch is of rough gravel, and the game exciting to a degree. This is a relic, of course, of the British occupation, and no sooner does a British warship anchor off Crete, than the local inhabitants at once send the crew a challenge to play cricket and shortly afterwards a battle royal ensues. It says much for the cricket of the Royal Navy that they are as frequently victorious in the test as they are vanquished.

Mr. Aspioti, the President of the local Board of Tourism, is himself a yacht owner and speaks perfect English. He is delighted to see English visitors and can always be relied upon to give information with regard to that part of the world.

W. T. BLAKE.

NILE VOYAGING.—The Nile voyage season opened on December 7th, when the first of Cook's steamers left Cairo for Aswan. There will be weekly sailings until March, with additional departures on February 3rd and 24th. The weekly service will be maintained by the Sudan, Egypt and Arabia, three-decked steamers, each 236ft. in length and 50ft. in width. The return journey occupies 20 days, two nights being spent at Luxor in each direction so that visitors may explore Thebes, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, and the temples of Karnak. There is also a break for two nights at Aswan. The arrangement introduced last season, of dividing the voyage so that those who cannot spare the 20 days may travel one way by train or air, will again operate.

Holidays in SWITZERLAND

Ski on Powder Snow in Winter

All Winter Sports in ZERMATT

5,315 feet.

Railway to Riffelboden gives over **2,000 feet of downhill ski-ing without any climbing.**

The height of Zermatt, and its position, **make snow a certainty** even in the worst winters.

Otto Furrer's ski-school leads the beginner on the road to ski-ing skill.

Tests and Races are organised for all grades of ski-ing skill.

SEILER'S HOTELS

Central for all Sports. Absolutely up-to-date. Ski-ing, Skating, Curling, and Entertainments. Managers in the Hotels. Catering for all tastes—all pleasures—all pockets. 2 Orchestras.

HOTEL VICTORIA
HOTEL MONT CERVIN
HOTEL BEAU-SITE
SEILER'S WINTER HOUSE

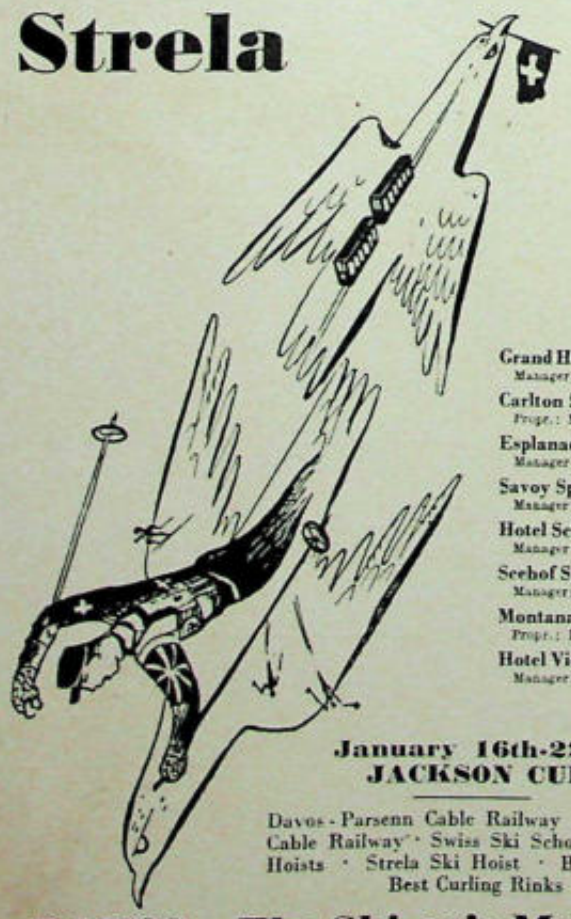
Stay at Seiler's Hotels this season and be sure of comfort and enjoyment.

THE MATTERHORN raises its flag to welcome you

Send for free inclusive brochure to

HOTELS SEILER, ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND

Davos-Parsenn Strela



	BEDS
Grand Hotel & Belvedere Manager: Toni Morosani	180
Carlton Sport-Hotel Propr.: M. Becker-Landry	100
Esplanade Sport-Hotel Manager: J. Steenaerts	100
Savoy Sport-Hotel Manager: A. V. Miville	100
Hotel Schweizerhof Manager: E. Neimeier	100
Seehof Sport-Hotel Manager: P. Schlosser	100
Montana Sport-Hotel Propr.: Family Hasler	70
Hotel Victoria Manager: A. Kuhn	70

January 16th-22nd
JACKSON CUP

Davos-Parsenn Cable Railway · Schatzalp Cable Railway · Swiss Ski Schools with Ski Hoists · Strela Ski Hoist · Big Ice Rink Best Curling Rinks

DAVOS — The Ski-er's Mecca!

FISHING
SHOOTING
CAMPING
SKI-ING
CANOEING
SAILING
BATHING
GOLFING
CLIMBING
RIDING
MOTORING
WALKING

Apply N.Z.S. Co., Ltd., Agents (J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd.), 138 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or Trans-Pacific Passenger Agency, Ltd. (W. L. James, General Manager), 14 Cockspur Street (1st floor), S.W.1, or principal Travel Agents.

Visit NEW ZEALAND

Why not make one of the New Zealand Shipping Company's 17,000 ton luxury liners your home for a "Round Voyage" and see for yourself some of the scenic wonders for which this Dominion is famed?

NEW ZEALAND LINE

Holidays in SWITZERLAND

St. Moritz

THE BELVEDERE
100 beds. Manager, A. Schmidt.

and

THE SCHWEIZERHOF
120 beds. Manager, I. P. Genelin.

The two leading first-class English family hotels. Each one offering you a real home from home. All inclusive terms—full pension, afternoon tea, daily bath, service and taxes—already from **One Guinea a Day.** (£1 = frs. 21.50)

Please write for accommodation to one of the Hotels.

Spend Your Holidays at

LENZERHEIDE (GRISONS 4,856 Feet)

YOU will be well looked after at

SCHWEIZERHOF HOTEL
200 Beds

Owned and managed by F. BRENN

Write for prospectus. English clientele. Pension rates from Fr. 16.–

THE "FIELD" HUNTING REGISTER

Handsomely bound in red **5/-**

Ample space to record details of every run throughout the season. Postage 6d.

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

WHERE TO STAY

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

Grand Peace

In these abnormal times, when those who normally migrate abroad after Christmas are hesitant, we offer them a generous slice of our grand peace. A bedroom, with private bathroom if need be, overlooking the blue and tranquil waters of Tor Bay. A grandstand position *on the level*, a Sun Lounge to cheat the occasional wind and to capture the warmth of the sun. The comfort within of an even temperature and the feeling of wealth around you. A chef who practises to perfection the culinary arts of four continents, yet can, if need be, cater for the simplest taste. In short—an hotel where personal whims are studied and satisfied.

Above all, we offer a tempting all-in price with a sliding plan whereby the longer you stay the less you pay. For further information write to R. Paul, Manager

THE GRAND TORQUAY

Telephone: 2234

5-star hotel. A.A. and R.A.C. 200 bedrooms and suites. Under the same direction: The Headland Hotel, Torquay.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1453

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

CHEQUERS HOTEL, HOLBEACH
Exceptional Comfort. Moderate Cost.
OUTSTANDINGLY GOOD WILD FOWL AND GEESE SHOOTING

AT THE CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON, SOMERSET, you can find warm and friendly COUNTRY QUARTERS. Hunting with five packs, stag and fox hounds. Good horses from our own stables. Rough shooting and billiards. Write for booklet.—Wire NELDER, Dulverton. 'Phone 2

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

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

WEST SOMERSET.—Superior FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION between Dulverton-Minehead; hacks and rough shooting; centre of stag hunting; good stabling.—Box 3392, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—CORDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND
HOLLYBROOK HOTEL
LOUGH ARROW, CO. SLIGO
Good Fishing. Rough Shooting. Golf.
Open Easter-December 31st.

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE LION HOTEL AT BUCKDEN

ONE week until Christmas! It does seem rather impossible, but the years have the most wretched way of skipping along and before we realise the joys of summer we are in the middle of winter.

Admittedly no one likes time to fly past, yet why is it so many people waste the winter months? It seems absurd to crouch over home fires every week-end of the winter merely because it is "cold outside." You should know the countryside in December as well as in May, when song and shade and colour attract everyone to the field. You should face the mire and slippery path. How otherwise can you enjoy the full significance of meadows glowing with buttercups in spring, hedges touched with green and trees clothed with leaves? See a place bare of flowers and you will appreciate it so much better when it is a mass of gentle colours. Besides, beauty comes at intervals, unexpectedly; it cannot be fixed.

I realised this the other day when I wandered up the Great North Road and came upon Buckden in Huntingdonshire. Spelt "Bugden" in other times, some of the inhabitants still pronounce its name this way. As you come into the village you cannot help noticing the sturdy old red-brick walls that partially enclose the grounds whereon stand the ruins of Buckden Palace, while almost opposite the south-east angle of the grounds stands an inn, now known as the Lion.

Like a much-married lady, the Lion seems to have changed its name quite a number of times during its long history. Once it was known as the Lamb, later as the Lion and Lamb, and then by the sign you see to-day. But no matter how many times its name has changed the inn is a grand place to come by on a late winter's afternoon, for it is small enough to be cosy, large enough to be comfortable.

Years ago the celebrated Cartwright—of the "York Express"—himself an owner of a Buckden inn, drove every day to and from Buckden and Welwyn, a day's work of 70 miles. Whether he ever put down passengers at the Lion we do not know, but certain it is that other stages must have pulled in there during the busy coaching days which meant so much to the inns of the Great North Road.

I like to picture the passengers—especially as we are so near to Christmas—pushing eagerly into the warmth of the old kitchen at the Lion. In this room (now the tastefully furnished lounge of the hotel) you can still see the old beams in the ceiling. It is claimed, indeed, that there is one of the most remarkable specimens of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century in its ceiling, the rafters all being concentrated on a round oaken boss in the centre—"like the Cords of a tent," as one writer has it—upon which, in relief, is the representation of the Lamb and Pennon, surrounded by the words *Ecce Agnus Dei* (Behold the Lamb of God).

Undoubtedly the coach passengers would have hugged the old log fire as the circulation came back to half-frozen limbs. And though travelling to-day is not nearly such a test of endurance, you will find yourself just as keen to gather round the old fireplace and raise your glasses with the fervent wish: "A merry Christmas!"

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

APOLLO *Published Monthly 2/-*

THE ART JOURNAL FOR COLLECTORS AND CONNOISSEURS

Articles of absorbing interest to the collector, with beautiful illustrations (many in colour). Notes of the month. Art in the Sale Room. An invaluable aid to those interested in Pictures, Sculpture, Furniture, Glass and Pottery.

FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C. 4.

Welcome in Switzerland

ADELBODEN BERNESE OBERLAND, **PARC HOTEL, BELLEVUE**
The ideal Headquarters for Winter sports. Special arrangements. Apply for prospectus.
E. Richard, propr.

GSTAAD Bernese Oberland **Grand Hotel Bellevue**
English family Hotel in sunniest location. Every room with running water. Opposite skating and curling rinks. Close to famous ski-ing fields, ski lifts. All inclusive 7 days from Fr. 118.- Information through the Manager and the principal travelling agencies.

ZERMATT The Hotels Schweizerhof National and Bellevue
are offering to English visitors a real home. All comfort; exquisite cooking; moderate charges. Winter sports, Summer season.
H. ZIMMERMANN, Managing Director.

IRELAND

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AROSA, SWITZERLAND. 7,000ft. BERGHOTEL PRATSCHLI. Hotel of high standard. Participant at Arosa-Ball in London. Full arrangement for seven days, all included, from £7.

AROSA, SWITZERLAND (6,000ft. above sea level).—EXCELSIOR, first class, 18/- to 26/- daily.—Man.-Prop.: SIEBER. Repr.: HANFORD, 12, Henrietta Street, W.C. 2.

HAUS ISLA, AROSA (SWITZERLAND). —Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking; fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs.13.50, during winter from Frs.16.50.—M. HAERLIS.

ST. MORITZ (SWITZERLAND). HOTEL BELLEVUE AU LAC. Family Hotel on the lake. Pension terms from Swiss fr. 12.

ST. MORITZ-CAMPFER (Switzerland). BRISTOL HOTEL. Good family hotel, every comfort, near ski slopes Suvretta. Terms from Frs. 12.-.—Manager, J. STAUB.

PAYING GUESTS

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN, Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations. —TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish Country House. Very moderate terms, especially for parties or for long stays; three packs. Hiring easy and reasonable.—Apply Miss JOHNSON, Ballinapierce, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.

HUNTING IN IRELAND.—PAYING GUESTS welcomed in large country house near Dublin. Ward, Meath, Louth Hunts and Harriers; golf, Portmarnock; inexpensive, excellent stabling and hiring. Moderate terms.—LADY MARY CORBALLY, Rathbeale Hall, Swords, Co. Dublin.

WINES AND TOBACCOS

EXCELLENT SCOTCH WHISKY. Specially selected Standard strength. Enquiries invited.—DUNLOP, Wine Merchant, Greenock. Established 1840. Prices 61/- per gall. and 122/- per dozen cases or two-gallon bulk carriage paid.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR
PRINCE of WALES HOTEL, Harrogate
Programme of Festivities sent on request
Free Garage. Phone, 4676. 'Grams: "Elegance."

BRIDGE

POINTS OF LAW

Questions by Correspondents

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

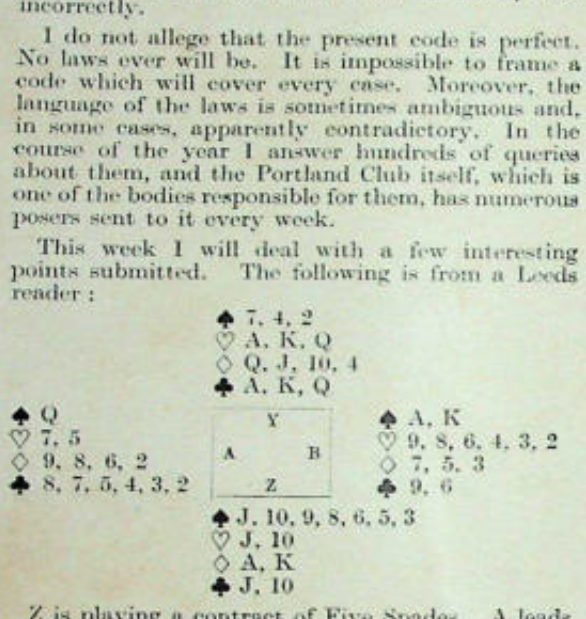
(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*.)

IT is astonishing how few players have more than a nodding acquaintance with the Laws of Contract Bridge. Mark that they are *laws* not rules, although they are often erroneously referred to as rules. Between laws and rules there is a distinction. I know many regular practitioners who acknowledge that they have never read the laws. They rely upon picking them up in a general sort of way or on there being always someone at the table or in the card-room who will give a decision on a knotty point.

This is a form of laziness or indifference which exists, I imagine, at no other game. Knowledge of the laws will not, of course, make you a good player; but it would save a lot of time and trouble, and probably, also, would save you points, as penalties are often exacted incorrectly. Wrong decisions are sometimes given or, when reference to the book is made, the law is interpreted incorrectly.

I do not allege that the present code is perfect. No laws ever will be. It is impossible to frame a code which will cover every case. Moreover, the language of the laws is sometimes ambiguous and, in some cases, apparently contradictory. In the course of the year I answer hundreds of queries about them, and the Portland Club itself, which is one of the bodies responsible for them, has numerous posers sent to it every week.

This week I will deal with a few interesting points submitted. The following is from a Leeds reader:



Z is playing a contract of Five Spades. A leads a Diamond and Z, winning the first trick, puts his hand face upwards on the table and gives his opponents three tricks in Spades. Who would score?

Now at first sight the answer seemed to me easy. Relying upon Law 29 (3): "If a side concedes a trick which it could not lose by any play of the cards such concession is void."

Here Z, in his hurry, obviously thought that he must lose three tricks in trumps. As you will see, owing to the crash, he need not lose more than two and can make his contract by any reasonable or likely play.

My first decision, therefore, was that Z has conceded a trick wrongly and that he was entitled to score his contract. But further consideration, and consultation with a member of the Card Committee of the Portland Club, caused me to revise my opinion.

The case is not so simple. The law refers to "*any* play of the cards."

If Z were foolish enough to play three rounds of Hearts before leading trumps, A would make a trump separately, and Z, in consequence, would be one down. On the strict letter of the law, therefore, Z having conceded three tricks, the opponents are entitled to score them. Even so, I have my doubts. I think the adversaries might have asked Z how he proposed to play, and if he said at once that he was going to lead trumps at trick 2 they should not have enforced their claim. But I am told that I am wrong, and that the opponents need not make any such inquiry and that Z must incur his penalty.

The second case is also interesting. Z bids One Heart and is raised to Four by Y. B, before deciding to make a bid, pass or double, says to A: "You lead partner?" meaning it in the form of an interrogation. But before he has time to qualify it as such, the Declarer claims that this closes the auction and denies him the right to make a declaration or to double which latter it was his intention to do, and also denies his partner the right to make a bid or a double. Was he justified?

Answer.—We are told that B's words were intended as an inquiry, equivalent to "was the first call in Hearts on my left?" The Declarer cannot claim that they are equivalent to "I pass, it is you to lead partner." First, because it is contrary to fact and, secondly, because he is bound to accept his opponent's statement in regard to his intention.

This I believe to be the right solution, although the words used by B might well have led A to suppose the auction was closed.

A player detaches two cards from his hand face upwards on the table. Has he the right to say which of the cards he is playing and which is the penalty card?

Answer.—The player names the card he intended to play, and if he is defender, the other card becomes a penalty card, but not in the case of the Declarer.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

The following game shows some ingenious play by Keres.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE. Fine.	BLACK. Keres.	WHITE. Fine.	BLACK. Keres.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	30. Kt takes R	P takes P (*j*)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	31. Kt to Q 5	Kt to Q 6 (*k*)
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	32. R to Q 2	P to Kt 7
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	33. R to Q sq (*l*)	P to R 4
5. Castles	B to K 2	34. R to Q Kt sq	P to Q B 5
6. Q to K 2	P to Q Kt 4	35. K to B sq	B to B 4
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	36. K to K 2	R takes P
8. P to Q R 4	B to Kt 5 (*a*)	37. Kt to K 3	P to B 6
9. P to B 3 (*b*)	Castles	38. Kt to B 2 (*m*)	Kt to K 8
10. P takes P	P takes P	39. Kt to R 3 (*n*)	R to B 4
11. R takes R	Q takes R	40. K takes Kt	B takes Kt
12. Q takes P (*c*)	Kt to R 2 (*d*)	41. K to Q sq	B to Q 3
13. Q to K 2	Q takes P	42. K to B 2 (*o*)	B takes P
14. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q	43. R to K R sq (*p*)	B to K 4
15. P to Q 4 (*e*)	B takes Kt	44. R takes P	K to B 2
16. P takes B	Kt to Kt 4	45. R to R sq	P to Kt 4
17. K to Kt 2	R to Kt sq	46. R to K sq	K to B 3
18. B to Q B 4	P takes P	47. R to K Kt sq	K to Kt 3
19. P takes P	Kt to K 3	48. R to K sq	B to B 3
20. P to Q 5	Kt to B 4	49. R to K Kt sq	P to Kt 5
21. Kt to B 3	Kt to B sq	50. P takes P	P to B 5
22. R to K sq	K to B sq	51. P to Kt 5	B to Q 5 (*q*)
23. R to K 2	P to B 4	52. R to Q sq	B to K 6
24. Kt to Kt 5	Kt to Kt 3	53. K takes P	B to B 8
25. P to Kt 3	Kt takes Q P	54. R to Q 6, ch	K takes P
26. Kt to Q 4 (*f*)	Kt to Kt 5 (*g*)	55. R to Kt 6	P to B 6
27. B to Q 2 (*h*)	P to Q 4 (*i*)	56. K to Q 3	K to B 5
28. B takes Kt	R takes B	57. R to Kt 8	K to Kt 6
29. Kt to B 6	P takes B	Resigns (*r*)	

(*a*) Not P to Kt 5 because of Q to B 4. The usual move is R to Q Kt sq.
(*b*) Not 9. P takes P because of 9. . . . Kt to Q 5.
(*c*) This position was reached in a game Book v. Alexander in the Margate tournament last Easter.
(*d*) Alexander played Kt to Q R 4. The text-move is much better.
(*e*) After this move White gets the inferior pawn formation. This he could avoid by playing B to Q sq.
(*f*) Apparently a strong move, but Kt takes Q P is better.
(*g*) Not 26. . . . Kt to B 3 because of 27. R takes B, K takes R; 28. Kt to B 6, ch.
(*h*) Threatening B takes Kt followed by Kt to B 6.
(*i*) A very good move.
(*j*) Black has two passed pawns for the exchange.
(*k*) Very good. If now R takes B, then P to Kt 7 and wins, or, if, instead, Kt takes B, then Kt to B 5, ch, and wins.
(*l*) Not Kt to B 3 because of B to Kt 5.
(*m*) Not 38. K takes Kt, B takes Kt; 39. K takes P because of 39. . . . B to B 8.
(*n*) Not 39. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 40. K takes B because of 40. . . . P to B 7, and not 39. K takes B, Kt takes Kt; 40. K to K 2 because of 40. . . . Kt to R 6.
(*o*) If 42. P to R 3, then 42. . . . B to B 5; 43. K to B 2, B to B 8.
(*p*) After 43. K takes P, B to K 4, ch Black wins with his three pawns to one on the King's side.
(*q*) Not B takes P because of K takes P.
(*r*) If 58. K to B 2, then 58. . . . P to B 7; 59. R to Kt 8, ch (if R to K B 8, then B to B 5), K to B 6; 60. R to B 8, ch, B to B 5, and wins. If, instead, 58. R to Kt 8, ch, then 58. . . . K to R 6; 59. R to R 8, ch, K to Kt 7; 60. R to Kt 8, ch, K to B 8; 61. K to B 2, P to B 7; 62. R to K 8 (or 62. R to K Kt 8, K to K 7; 63. R to K 8, ch, K to B 6; 64. R to B 8, ch, B to B 5), K to Kt 7; 63. R to Kt 8, ch, K to B 6; 64. R to B 8, ch, B to B 5, and wins.

A game from the ninth round.

(*French Defence.*)

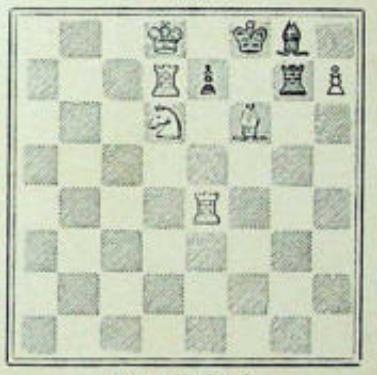
WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Capablanca.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Capablanca.
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	19. Q to Q 2 (*h*)	P to R 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	20. P to R 4	Kt to R 2
3. Kt to Q 2 (*a*)	Kt to K B 3 (*b*)	21. P to R 5	Kt(R2)toKt4(*i*)
4. P to K 5	K Kt to Q 2	22. Kt to R 4	Kt to K 5
5. B to Q 3	P to Q B 4	23. Q to Kt 2	K to B 2 (*j*)
6. P to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	24. P to B 3	Kt(K 5)to Kt4
7. Kt to K 2	Q to Kt 3	25. P to Kt 4 (*k*)	P takes P (*l*)
8. Kt to B 3	P takes P	26. B to Kt 6, ch	K to Kt sq
9. P takes P	B to Kt 5, ch	27. P to B 4	Kt to B 6 (*m*)
10. K to B sq (*c*)	B to K 2 (*d*)	28. B tks Kt, ch	R takes B (*n*)
11. P to Q R 3	Kt to B sq (*e*)	29. Kt to Kt 6	R to Q sq
12. P to Q Kt 4	B to Q 2	30. Q R to Q B sq (*o*)	B to K sq
13. B to K 3	Kt to Q sq	31. K to Kt 3	Q to K B 2
14. Kt to B 3	P to Q R 4 (*f*)	32. K takes P	Kt to R 5
15. Kt to Q R 4	Q to R 2 (*g*)	33. Kt takes Kt	Q tks R P, ch
16. P to Kt 5	P to Q Kt 3	34. K to Kt 3	Q to B 2
17. P to Kt 3	P to B 4	35. Kt to K B 3	P to R 4
18. K to Kt 2	Kt to B 2	White won (*p*)	

(*a*) Keres played this move (instead of the usual Kt to Q B 3) against Capablanca in an earlier round (see *Field*, December 3rd).
(*b*) Against Keres Capablanca played P to Q B 4, but failed to follow it up correctly. The text-move is not good since after 4. P to K 5, K Kt to Q 2 White, having his Queen's Knight at Q 2 instead of Q B 3, has not got to move it in order to be able to reply to Black's P to Q B 4 with P to Q B 3, but can, instead, make a developing move.
(*c*) This is stronger than 10. B to Q 2, which would allow Black to force exchanges by 10. . . . B takes B, ch; 11. Q takes B, Q to Kt 5.
(*d*) If, instead, he castles, White can start a strong attack by playing P to K Kt 4.
(*e*) It would still be dangerous to castle. Moreover, a move by this Knight is necessary before the Queen's Bishop can be brought into play.
(*f*) This turns out very badly, but Black has already the inferior game.
(*g*) If 15. . . . B takes Kt, then 16. Q takes B, ch, Kt to B 3; 17. B to Q Kt 5 with advantage in position to White.
(*h*) This move and his next two are played to prevent P to Kt 4.
(*i*) 21. . . . Castles (K R) is better, but after 22. Kt to R 4, K R to B sq; 23. Kt to Kt 6 White has much the better position.
(*j*) If B takes Kt, then P takes B followed by P to B 3 wins a piece.
(*k*) A good move.
(*l*) This is necessary to prevent the loss of a pawn.
(*m*) If Kt to K 5, then B takes Kt followed by Kt to Kt 6 wins the exchange. Kt to B 2 is, however, slightly better than the text-move.
(*n*) If 28. . . . K takes B, then 29. Q to B 2, ch, K to Kt sq; 30. Kt to Kt 6 wins the exchange.
(*o*) Threatening K to Kt 3 followed by K takes P and K takes Kt. If, instead, 30. K to Kt 3, R to B sq; 31. K takes P, then 31. . . . R to B 5 followed, if 32. Kt to B 3 or Q to Kt 3, by 32. . . . Kt takes Q P.
(*p*) In making his 35th move Black exceeded the time-limit. His game was, in any case, quite hopeless.

PROBLEM No. 3992

By T. K. WIGAN.

BLACK (4 pieces).



WHITE (6 pieces).

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3991

1. Q to Kt 7 (threatening 2. Q to Kt 7, ch), R to Q 2 (if 1. . . . R to Kt 4, then 2. Q to Q 4, &c.); 2. Q takes P, R to Q Kt 2; 3. Q takes R, mate.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO C.OSSWORD No. 495

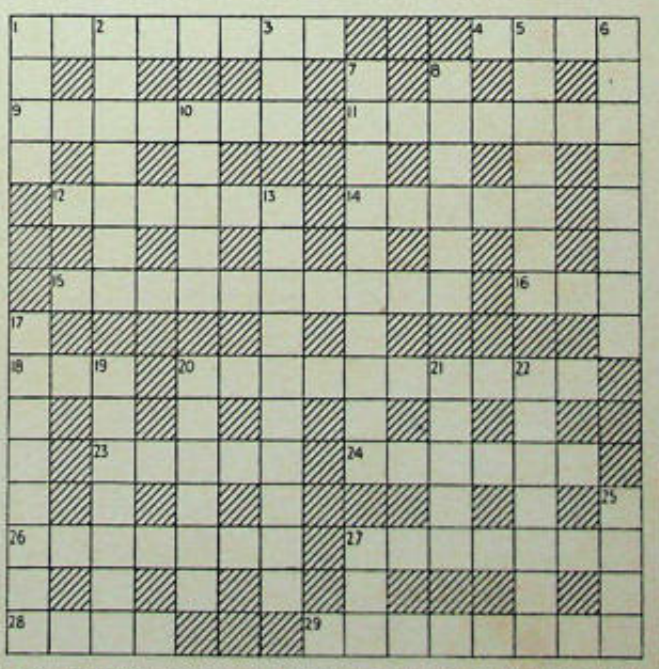
ACROSS.—1, When you go abroad, of course, you invariably have a little pastime and sport. 4, "Sweet Vale of Avoca, how . . . could I rest" (Moore). 9, Although subverted, may still be made to serve. 11, Weapon cases. 12, Is it blistered feet that makes them shriek? 14, Shuffle the 'e and give us air! 15, Extracts from a neat simile. 16, A beastly piece of poor poetry! 18, He makes a vital organ of it. 20, "The sheltered cot, the . . . farm" (Goldsmith). 23, The members asked for the full details of the revolt and were promised more news before the House rose (hidden). 24, Even when you see the hunt go out of correct formation it may really mean nothing, after all. 26, Unprofessional appearance of a true M.A. 27, By secret methods, this clue might very well prove the last. 28, Band. 29, In common with 12, they are said to be looked upon with disfavour by irritable motorists.

DOWN.—1, It supports a negro in a seaside resort. 2, Particular places I knocked about. 3, This would appear rather above her. 5, The solution here is positively stated.

SOLUTION TO No. 494

Published December 10th

	H	A	R	E	A	N	D	H	O	U	N	D	S	
C	B	Y	E		O		G	R		S				
H	A	Y	L	O	F	T		S	O	L	V	E	N	T
E		S	T		T		T	Y		A		E		
L	A	S	T		C	L	E	E	K		I	D	L	E
T		E		T	E		L		C		E		P	
E	N	S	U	R	E	S		S	C	A	N	D	A	L
N			O					N					E	
H	A	M	B	U	R	G		C	L	A	S	S	I	C
A		I		T		R		H		L		H		H
M	E	S	A		M	A	R	E	S		C	O	M	A
S		T		M		N		L		M		O		S
P	O	R	T	E	N	D		S	C	U	T	T	L	E
A		A		A		E		E		M		E		S
	S	L	E	D	G	E	H	A	M	M	E	R	S	



6, They may not be strictly described as tame animals, though, perhaps, nags must. 7, This is where you put in a request concerning horsemanship. 8, Things appear completely disorganised in these times. 10, When the teams become disorderly do they let it off? 13, Less fur now (anagram). 17, Would hunters and fowlers describe them as "plucky acts"? 19, Clannish patterns? 20, In no case can craft be found here. 21, Morning fixed on purpose to entertain. 22, Gives out. 25, Just so! 27, It follows the fashion in modesty.

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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Cricket

The West Indians.—As you suggest, it is the West Indians' turn to visit us this summer. The first fixture to be arranged between the two countries was in 1928, when they came over here and lost five of the six matches played, the remaining one being drawn. The year following, however, they had improved so much by the experience that they not only held the team we sent out there, but actually won the majority of the matches played. Since then, although they have as yet been unable to produce a team of true Test match standard, the fact that several brilliant individual players have come from the West Indies gives every indication that the day will come when they will do so. Amongst the greatest of these is George Headley. Hailed at one time as the "Black Bradman," he indeed proved a thorn in the flesh of the M.C.C. touring side of 1930. After making a brilliant 176 in his first Test match at Barbados, he proceeded to make a century in each innings of his third match, and concluded with 223 in his fourth. His total for the rubber was 703, and his average 87.87. Although he could not produce quite the same sensational results on English wickets when he came over in 1933, nevertheless his 169 not out at Manchester will long be remembered by all who saw it as a brilliant and technical piece of batting. Other well-known names in West Indian cricket are those of L. N. Constantine, I. Barrow, J. E. D. Scaley and C. A. Roach.—*K. D. C., Windsor.*

Garden

Walled-in Garden.—You are quite correct in your supposition that walls A and B will be the two shady ones. Though the walled-in garden will be on the small side, we think the advantages to be obtained from the wall will far outway any trouble that may arise through the shade. The border at A will be considered the north wall and can be planted up with Morello cherries, currants and gooseberries. Avoid draughts behind the trees by having the wire quite close to the wall. B is practically the east wall, and that will accommodate pears and plums. As to varieties, we can recommend the following pears: Doyenne du Comice with its pollinator Gleu Morceau, Souvenir du Congres, Beurre Superfin, Conference and Easter Beurre. With plums we would advise Victoria, Kirk's Blue, Jefferson's Gage, Laxton's Gage, Early Transparent Gage, and Dennison's Superb. It may be necessary to protect these during flowering with some ordinary fish netting. In the case of the red currants for the north wall, grow Laxton's Perfection and Fay's Prolific, and the gooseberries might be Lancashire Lad, a red, Careless, a white, Leveller, a yellow, and Berry's Early Kent, a green. You will be able to obtain these varieties from Messrs. Rivers, of Sawbridgeworth, Herts. Be sure and ask for the cherries, plums and pears on dwarfing stocks. We would like to recommend to your notice a new book, *Up-to-Date Fruit Growing*, by W. E. Shewell-Cooper, which we think will be of value to you.—*C. D. S., Whiteley Green.*

Miscellaneous

Answers to Questions.—We give below the answers to your series of questions. Unfortunately, we are unable to trace both the meaning and origin of the "Flick Wheel" and would welcome any suggestions on the part of readers: (1) Horn Book—This was a first book for children, which formerly consisted of a single leaf set in a frame with a thin plate of transparent horn in front to preserve it. (2) The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the Rising Sun, built by Lord Cochrane in 1818. (3) Alpapa is a flower grown on the pampas of South America, and is used for the making of paper. (4) Zeugma—This is a figure of speech by which an adjective or verb, which agrees with the nearer word, is, by way of supplement, referred also to another more remote *e.g.*, "The girl arrived in a sedan chair, and a flood of tears." (5) Curari (also spelt curare, urari, woorali and woorari). Webster, in his Dictionary, describes this as, "Black resinoid extract prepared by the South American Indians from the bark of several species of strychnos (*S. toxifera, &c.*). It sometimes has little effect when taken internally, but it is quickly fatal when introduced into the blood, and is used by Indians as an arrow poison. (6) The 9° Channel runs through the Laccadive Islands in the Indian Ocean. (7) The Wreck Flag—The colour of this flag is green. (8) Shere Thursday—According to A. R. Wright, in the *British Calendar Customs*, Vol. I, it is the name for Maunday Thursday commonly used in olden times, and is written in the forms, Shere, Sheer and Clare Thursday. It has been suggested that this name follows, almost as a corollary, from the processes of shaving and cutting hair performed on Maunday Thursday as a preparation for Good Friday and Easter Day. (9) Gall on Oak Trees—Gall is an excrescence of any form produced on any part of the plant by insects or their larvæ. They are most commonly caused by small hymenoptera and diptera which puncture the bark and lay their eggs in the wounds. The larvæ live within the galls. Some galls are due to aphids, mites, &c. (10) The Horse that asked for Forgiveness—This is a Biblical quotation which comes from Job 39 v. 25, and reads: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." (11) The Golden Bough—There is a book by Sir James Frazer under this title dealing with customs. The book got its name from the story in the Æneid, Book 6, where Æneas cut a golden bough which he took to Hell with him, as a safeguard in danger. (12) Ferdinand Armine was one of the lovers of Harriet Temple in Disraeli's romance of that name. We have no knowledge of Nigel Armine. (13) Mme. de Chevreuse appears in the *Three Musketeers*. (14) Colonel Sapt appears in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. (15) Squire Western appears in *Tom Jones*. (16) Ben Gunn was the madman in *Treasure Island*. (17) The First Henley Regatta was held in 1839. (18) Nylghaie—A large species of antelope in Central India, the males of which are of a bluish colour. (19) Sheep Dog Trials—The first sheep dog trials in the British Isles were held at Ulverston.—*S. B., Whalton.*

Naturalist

Rat-Control.—This is the report on the subject, published by the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare, which we consider answers your questions adequately: "Rats are highly sensitive and intelligent animals. Their destruction should be carried out humanely, though thoroughly. Any sense of vindictiveness should be avoided as being irrational. Rat-proofing.—Buildings should be so constructed and repaired that the entrance of rats is prevented, and access of these animals to food and water should be cut off. Fumigation.—Cyanide fumigants (cyanogas, cymag, calcid) are extremely effective and humane, and can safely be used in hedgerows and cornstacks; in buildings they are dangerous, however, in inexpert hands. The exhaust gas from a motor car (containing carbon monoxide) is humane, effective and safe. Sulphur fumigants and other irritant gases should not be used, since a non-fatal dose causes subsequent suffering. Ferrets and dogs and guns provide an effective and relatively humane method when well trained and handled. Bait Poisons.—Most of these are excessively inhumane, but red squill, which is effective and a specific poison for rats, is the least inhumane and has the advantage of not affecting domestic animals. Viruses are less inhumane than most bait poisons, but are open to other objections. Cats, though hardly humane, have the advantage of permanently keeping down the rat population if they are of a good ratting strain. In districts where gin traps are extensively used, cats cannot be kept because they are constantly caught in the traps. Traps. The best traps are either of the breakback type, such as the Nipper, Gripper, Veto, &c., which kill the rat outright, or of the double-door cage type, like the Brailsford. The gin trap (toothed steel trap) should never be used, on account of its cruelty; experiments carried out by the Zoological Society in 1919 showed that the much cheaper breakback trap is little less efficient, and that the double-door cage trap is substantially more efficient. Traps should be set in tunnels or drain pipes, or under slanting boards leaning against a wall."—*E. C., Caterham.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Disease among Aviary Birds.—One of the common causes of death among aviary birds is chill, especially due to a night frost following a warm day, or a cold wind with an updraught on the perching birds. Of this trouble we have to report the deaths of two finches, a canary and a budgerigar. But a more serious cause of loss is contagious germ infection of which we report psittacosis in a collection of budgerigars' pasteurellosis, and coccidiosis in cordon bleus and budgerigars. The essential curative and preventive measures to be taken against these infectious diseases can be summed up in two words—regular sanitation. Aviaries, including all the fittings should be thoroughly cleaned out at least once per week, and by cleaning we mean scrubbing with hot soda water and soft soap, collecting and burning all the litter, and scouring the food and water utensils in boiling water. Labour-saving devices, such as spraying disinfectants through various gadgets, merely exploit the user's credulity. Public health measures in our towns for safeguarding human health are based upon the proper use of water in flushing drains and closets, scrubbing floors, tables and food larders, washing up dishes and cooking utensils, and washing our own clothes and bodies at least once per week. And yet people erect aviaries or other accommodation for birds without a thought of how water can be used with soft soap and soda as a necessary and effective cleansing agent. Water for drinking and possibly as a bird-bath may be part of the design; also the watering of the pretty foliage and flowering shrubs within the aviary may be intended. Aviaries designed as ornaments are not easily kept sanitary, and a sanitary aviary is necessary for the preservation of the birds' health.—*D. S., Salop; J. B. L., Devon; C. M. A., Perth; M. F., Devon; S. C., Jersey; M. M., Blairgowrie; S. M., Ross-shire; S. G., Skye.*

Travel

Where to Stay.—We are sure you would like the Montague Arms at Beaulieu, Hampshire, which is situated twelve miles from Southampton and seven miles from Lyndhurst. It is a fine example of a country house hotel. Then there is the East Close Hotel at Christchurch. You would be within easy reach of both the sea and the New Forest if you were to stay here. Also in the New Forest is the White Horse Inn at Romsey. The inn is long and narrow, as is so often the case with the old-world hostels which Trust Houses have acquired and preserved so admirably. The bedrooms lead off what were once galleries open to the courtyard beneath, but which are now protected from the weather by windows. In No. 2 bedroom, the Elizabethan oak panelling has an unusual cable moulding; while an adjoining room shows signs of a later age in eighteenth-century panelling, and boasts a graceful fireplace of the same period. But it is the cellars which will arouse the interest of the antiquarian. They are mostly in stone, patched and altered with Tudor brickwork. On one side, now beneath ground level, is the bottom part of a Gothic window with saddle-bars still in place. There are also queer niches in the wall, and, leading from the cellars, a brick-up passage which goes towards the Abbey. In this passage, now with an oblong bricked head, is a well or shaft giving access to fresh water. If walls have tongues as well as ears, what tales these cellar walls could tell! In the coaching days the White Horse shared with the now extinct Bell the posting trade of the district, for, though Romsey stands on no big main road, travellers from the West of England to the South pass through it, and a regular coach from London to Poole served the place a hundred years ago. Of a rather different style is the Langdown Lawn Hotel at Hythe. The main building of Langdown Lawn was built over 200 years ago, and new wings were added about 150 years ago respectively, work being carried out in the "soft-toned yellow Beaulieu brick" which, when partly covered with ivy, virginia creeper and climbing shrubs, settle amazingly well in the mild climate for which Hythe is renowned. Like some other country hotels of repute, Langdown Lawn has an authentic ghost, though the haunted room is not among those which are used by visitors to the hotel, it having been reserved for private use. The apparition, so the story goes, takes the form of a kindly old lady, who smiles on those who happen to be in the room when she cares to appear. In the grounds, some quarter of a mile away from the house, another ghost is supposed to appear, digging feverishly. Yet another ghost is said to patrol near one of the gates, and this one is firmly believed in by the local residents, though it is much more likely that the noises of footsteps which they hear are made by the Forest ponies. You might also consider the Beech House Hotel, which is situated on the southern fringe of the New Forest. So many people to-day seem scared of what, for want of a better term, they call "rural boredom," and, for this reason, they avoid the country. But at Beech House you cannot easily become bored. It does not rely solely on the beauty of the grounds; it provides equally for rest and recreation. You can, according to the dictates of your heart, play tennis or golf or wander through the 150 acres of woodlands which comprise the hotel grounds, where occasionally a New Forest pony grazes contentedly in a clearing. Being so near the sea, the air is always strong and bracing, which is just the tonic so many people need, either on holiday or for long week-ends away from the rush and worry of everyday life. In Wiltshire, we think you might like the Crown Hotel at East Everleigh, situated on the edge of Salisbury Plain. Its facilities for riding are unrivalled. There is also the Old Bell Hotel at Malmesbury, and the Old Ship at Mere. The Old Ship was first licensed as an inn at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in due course it became a calling place for the coaches running between London and Exeter, being so built that passengers on the outside of the coach stepped out on to the first floor. The archway through which the coaches used to drive now leads to a spacious yard, beyond which there is a picturesque garden. We do not know whether you will have definitely decided to go to Hampshire or Yorkshire, but if you have not, may we recommend the Cotswolds as being the ideal Mecca for a country holiday at this season of the year? We have information concerning a great number of delightful old inns in that district, and we shall be only too pleased to pass it on to you, if you will let us know whether you will require it.—*T. B., S.W. 1.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland.	*Canada.*	*Elsewhere abroad.*
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

In view of the Christmas holidays, small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than the first post on Monday December 19th, to ensure inclusion in the December 24th issue, and not later than the first post on Friday, December 23rd for the issue of December 31st. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Dec. 17, 1938

THE FIELD

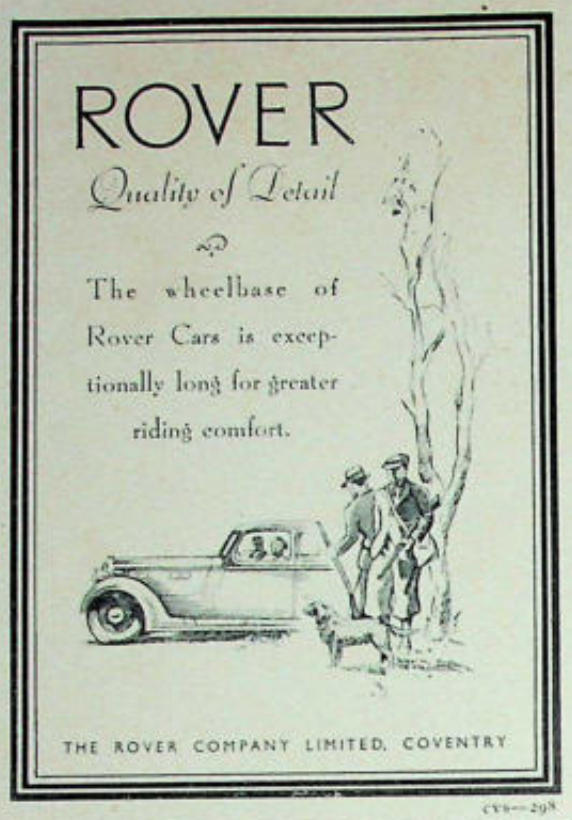
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4487. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.

EARL CADOGAN

From the portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings

This season Earl Cadogan took over the Mastership of the Grafton, which has enjoyed extraordinarily good sport this month. He was, from 1936 to 1938, Joint Master, with Mr. H. Nell, of the V.W.H. (Cricklade). Having served in the Coldstream Guards, he now holds a commission in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry



THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1517
FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE WORLD . . . 1517
SALUTE THE CIRCUS! 1518
INCALCULABLE SEA TROUT 1520
WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS WINTER? . . . 1521
TWO CONTRASTING RURAL RIDERS . . . 1522
EXPERIMENTS WITH WEEDS 1523
WOODCOCK PICTURES 1524
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS 1526
THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP 1529
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1530
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1530
THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL 1530
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Encouraging Athletics; The Little Owl; Hatching Pheasants 1531
IN THE CITY 1534
NEW BOOKS 1535
FROM TEE TO GREEN—VIII 1536
IN TOUCH 1536
MISTLETOE AND THE YULE LOG 1537
SOIL TESTING—I 1537
LIGHTING AND COLOUR 1538
SHOOTING TESTS FOR GUNDOGS 1538
COMMERCIAL DAIRY COWS 1539
THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION . . 1540
THE FLYING POST 1541
TROGLODYTES OF TUNISIA 1543
CARDS AND CHESS 1545
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1546

HUNTING AND FARMING INTERESTS

THE relationship between hunting and farming has necessarily changed very much during the last twenty years. The plight of modern agriculture prevents many farmers, who still have hunting in their blood, from taking more than a conversational interest in the activities of their local hunt. Yet the fact that they are unable to hunt themselves must not be taken—as is so often the case—as evidence of their desire to see hunting abolished. For the majority of farmers have little of which to complain in their relations with the men and women who ride over their land. If damage has been done to their stock or property they are invariably compensated, so that they do not lose by it, and our experience, gathered from all parts of the country, goes to prove that the farming community as a whole would be unwilling to see the last of their local hunt. Frequently they take the utmost pride in the knowledge that a brilliant and unforgettable run took place over their own land.

Many hunts are themselves more concerned over this relationship than are the farmers. The merest glance at any hunt accounts shows how much of the hunt funds is expended in the satisfaction of poultry claims, the wire fund, and compensation to farmers in cash and in kind. We do not believe that in the whole history of hunting have the legitimate claims of farmers received more serious attention than at the present day.

Nor are such claims the most serious consideration of the modern hunt. For a considerable proportion of every field is made up of some men and women who, though they may be excellent fox-hunters and generous subscribers to the hunt funds, are yet by their nature ignorant of their proper conduct towards the farmers over whose land they ride. It is true that such persons are in the minority, yet it is for their faults that the hunt as a whole is compelled to answer.

It must never be forgotten that, while some claims—notably those of game farmers—would appear to merit more consideration than in fact they do, hunting is a source of income to farmers in many ways. Some horses are admittedly obtained from dealers, but sufficient are bought from farmers to warrant their breeding them. It is true that much forage comes from towns, yet many farmers find a profitable trade in supplying members of the hunt. It is more the fault of the Government than of the hunting community that farmers have not the facilities to combat the town forage merchant and to make it easier for owners of horses to patronise them. While the town trader has all day in which to convey the forage in adequate lorries, the farmer must frequently start to deliver it late in the evening after his day on the farm is over. It is by no means unusual to receive a visit from such a farmer in the region of midnight.

Yet undoubtedly hunting people should, at whatever cost and inconvenience to themselves, make every effort to secure the welfare of those farmers upon whose support their hunting ultimately depends. It should never be forgotten that while farming could continue without hunting, the existence of the sport is in the hands of those who own the land.

We believe that the future of agriculture and of hunting lies ultimately in the same hands—in the hands of those men who are countrymen before they are politicians. The political and sporting history of England, until the present chaos in agriculture and anxiety as to the future of hunting, is an argument for this view. It should therefore be the concern of every hunting man and woman to make every effort to weld together the two twin interests, for both are not only a feature of the great tradition of English life, but could also be an integral and valued part of English economic welfare.

PEACE ON EARTH

THIS issue of the *Field* is dated for Christmas Eve, and the occasion is not only one for wishing everybody the customary "Merry Christmas," but also for hoping they may enjoy the Peace and Goodwill of our sacred observances on Christmas Day. Signs of either have been sadly lacking. Every political speech at home or abroad has been charged with the fear or threat of war; two great wars are being waged; the Press is almost engendering the idea that war will have to be faced, and from a section of it we are provided with a daily scare based on dangerous rumours that have to be killed as soon as they are born. Without indulging in foolish optimism, and without neglecting very necessary preparations for national defence, an appropriate Christmas wish may be made that war will figure less in talk and print in the political and newspaper worlds, and that a more hopeful and characteristically British spirit will prevail, especially where the future of the Empire is involved. The public also might be given a respite from ominous warnings concerning eventualities the course of which the individual is powerless to influence. Our legislators are appointed to deal with these, and those who seek office have never been known to exhibit a lack of confidence to do so when appealing to the electorate.

BACK TO THE HORSE

Our old country inns are to resume their traditional connection with the horse through the medium of riding tourists. Five hundred of them with adequate stabling accommodation are to be registered as suitable centres by the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, of 66, Sloane Street, London. After each inn has been approved by the institute as having stabling for at least three horses, the landlord will receive an illuminated certificate of official appointment by the Institute of the Horse. In most cases these certificates will be framed and hung in the lounge of each inn. The institute will also permit each registered inn to display its special stabling sign depicting a white "cut out" of George III. on horseback. These signs will be erected at the main entrance, as are the signs provided by the various motoring organisations. To facilitate the work of inspection of suitable inns, landlords, who can provide good stabling and who have not yet been registered, are invited to submit their names direct to the institute, which is stimulating public interest in riding by issuing itineraries and maps for riding tours of over 100 miles in many parts of the country.

WINTER SPORTS INDOORS

If we cannot go abroad for winter sports, the pleasures of ice and "snow" can be enjoyed under cover at home. The holding of the British Figure Skating Championships at Wembley recently provided the finest display that can be seen on any rink in the world, and those in search of novelty were introduced to lawn tennis on skates. But the most ambitious winter sports programme yet staged must be that at Earls Court, where, framed in Alpine scenery, a "mountain" 118ft. high soars up to the ceiling of the arena. There are ski runs on manufactured snow, ski hoists, and all the equipment of a winter sports centre, and an innovation was a series of slalom races for the "British Indoor Ski Championship." There is also an Indoor Ski Club with such experts as Bill Bracken and Audrey Sale Barker to instruct. For the production of the snow huge blocks of ice are placed in a machine which can crush 50 tons an hour, and then spray out the powder through a tube, and in this period it manufactures 150 cubic yards of snow.

CHRISTMAS AND THE ANGLER

Christmas Day, perhaps of all those marked upon the calendar, is the one on which the river banks are most deserted; even the sound of road-borne traffic has lost its dull insistence; the voice of the river seems suddenly to fill the silence as the whispering crunch of the foot among the frost-bound sedges approaches its softly-swirling current, and the plops which recall the sounds of a summer evening are seen to be caused only by the melting hoar frost falling from the overhanging bents, and floating off downstream till, spreading widely, the river adds them to its store. A moorhen moving jerkily along a reed-girt bay can still be traced by shaking stems long after she has made escape from her imagined danger. A sudden spirt of leaping fry shows where a pike, too, is keeping feast day, and regret for the rod reposing in its case at home may add itself to the emotions that the silent river bank provides. But better still, perhaps, is the thought of Christmas cheer towards which our home-bound steps will presently be turned.

THAT NEW GOLF RULE

The golfing world resignedly awaits
  Enforcement of the rule, arranged between
The R. and A. last year, which stipulates
  A set of clubs must not exceed fourteen.

The caddies will be pleased; there's little doubt
  They'll bless the kindly action of the men
Who'll make exacting golfers do without
  An extra driver, or a "number ten."

But for these players will it not provide
  A rather tricky problem? They must find
It will not be so easy to decide
  Which clubs to use and which to leave behind.

They'll hate to lose that "double" three or four,
  And yet that little "runner-up" is just
The thing for keeping down a mounting score,
  Despite its groggy shaft and coat of rust.

But if it is suggested that their game
  Will suffer, they'll deny it with a laugh—
Yet won't they feel a longing, all the same,
  To use that lovely "seven and a half"?

DOUGLAS HILL.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

SOME weeks ago I stayed the night in a noisy but faded little market town, and, while dressing in the morning, happened to glance at the yew-tree, whose branches darkened the window. It was full of crossbills. I called out to my wife: "Do you want to see a sight as rare as eating a good English cheese?"

The decline of the English cheese is one of the best examples of how commercial values have ruined good taste and discrimination. In 1850 it would have been difficult to find a single farmhouse in Britain which did not make its own cheeses, just as it cured its own hams, baked its own bread, and brewed its own beer. People at that date used to talk about "good cheese hands," as we to-day talk about "green fingers." In still earlier days most of the farmhouses possessed cheese presses, some with a great squared slab of stone, others with a square wooden box filled with stones in which the cheese was squeezed, on the same principle as cider in the cider press. Where the cheese press was absent the cheese was wrapped in a cloth and pressed down into the vat under a heavy stone. Weyhill cheeses—has England forgotten Weyhill Fair, where the cheeses of the west met the sheep flocks of the east? Seeing what Weyhill is to-day—a fringe of vulgar hoardings round a green—it is no wonder that this illustrious mart of English cheeses is forgotten.

How many out of this multitude of local cheeses survive in our day? English cheeses have vanished with English cooking, that once had none superior to it in Europe, even in France which, if first in some things—soups, for instance—was second to us in as many others. Now English cooking is derided as the worst in Europe, and we will not even call an English dish by an English name. We not only live on tinned importations but eat vamped-up messes under French or other foreign names in the fond delusion that we are being Continental. The menu has generated as bastard a brood of monstrosities in language as any spawned by scientific invention. And where are our cheeses? All, all are gone, the old familiar slices, except Cheddar and Stilton. I once bought a pound of Cheddar at Cheddar and left it at Cheddar (in the ditch), and the fact is that properly matured Cheddar is rare. It too often has that venomous bite to it, that rancid comeback that betrays how its makers have forgotten the cardinal desideratum of all good cheese (as of most other things)—"the ripeness is all." Besides, most people happily eat Canadian Cheddar; they do not know the difference, just as they do not recognise the difference between a good and an indifferent cheese. So, a genuinely ripened Stilton is as rare as a needle in a bottle of hay.

A handful of other English cheeses most precariously survives—Wensleydale, Cheshire, Dorset Blue Vinney, Leicester and Double Gloucester. Most people have never heard of them, and yet each is as fine a cheese as exists anywhere in the world. Personally speaking, I prefer Double Gloucester to any of your Bries and Camemberts; for richness and softness of flavour matching its beautiful colour of autumn beech leaves it is without a peer. There are, I believe, two shops in the whole of England where you can buy it—the proud Englishman prefers pieces of foreign stuff like soap wrapped up in tissue paper. It is not so strong as Wensleydale and Leicester, fine cheeses both, but it has a fullness and a tone that make it the perfect cheese with celery.

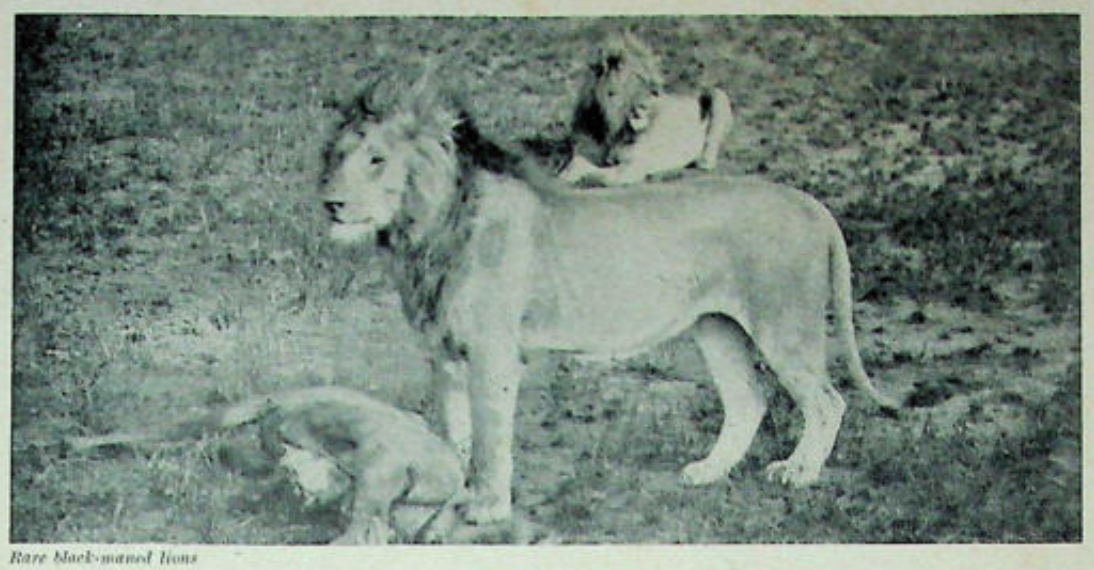
Quite recently an Oxford provisions dealer had a felicitous idea. He organised a cheese week, so that English people for the first time in their lives had the opportunity of choosing between more than two English cheeses. As a result of that week I learn that Double Gloucester is to be on the permanent list. By the shade of Cobbett, that is what I call good news. It will help to regenerate the decadent English taste in food. For half-a-dozen farmhouses overlooking the Vale of Berkeley it will keep the wolf from the door. Best of all, it will perhaps save an English rural industry from extinction. How remarkable it will be for English people to discover that the English countryside can produce good things; that it is something more than a series of sites for bungalows, aerodromes, garages and roadhouses!

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a novel:

"The following day there was a thrill in the wheat-field. The binder was vanquishing the army of stalks. . . . The farmer brought his gun from under the oak, and the men pulled sticks from the hedge. The binder kept at its steady clacking, devouring the last of the wheat. A whirr of wings and sudden shouts made the horses toss and jingle, and I saw a hen pheasant rocketing desperately. The driver pointed into the wheat where twelve olive eggs lay polished in the sun."



Rare black-maned lions

FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE WORLD

Next Year's Important Conference

IN the autumn of 1939 a Conference is to be held which will be of very great importance to the preservation of the flora and fauna over nearly half the earth's surface. All the Powers signatory to the African Convention are to meet again in London to discuss what further steps they can take to improve existing conditions, while at the same time a Conference is to be held of all the countries in South-Eastern Asia and Australasia. In our own case this will, of course, include India, Burma and Malaya. It is understood that these two Conferences will be convened together, dividing into committees as necessary. It will be the most comprehensive gathering of its sort ever held.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that the preliminary work of the Conference should be prepared with purpose and forethought, and it is highly important that the Indian Empire and the Colonial possessions should do all that they can to set their houses in order before the stock-taking takes place. Nobody—certainly not the Colonial Office—would desire that the nakedness of the land should be revealed as pitilessly as it was last year. Under the first heading of preparation the work will devolve on the Economic Advisory Council, the Colonial and India Offices, and the Governments they administer overseas, and as intermediaries on the Dominions and Foreign Offices. The Economic Advisory Council can be depended on to see that the technical machinery of the Conference runs smoothly, and it must be largely to their efforts that the necessary co-ordination will be achieved. Where good will is apparent they will find that such co-ordination is easy. Where opposition or conflict of interests is encountered they will no doubt, as in other cases, feel the lack of an administrative head actively interested in the work of the council, and having a seat in the Cabinet. But their handling of the last Conference leaves one with a feeling of competence, and in Mr. Hemming—soon let us hope to be intervening on non-intervening in more peaceful spheres—we have a Secretary-General who may be described without bathos as the Maurice Hankey of Game.

As regards the preparations which may be set in hand by the Colonial Office, these will, for the most part, concern Africa, and it seems to us that much useful work could be achieved by a preliminary conference of game wardens, to be held, say, in Nairobi fairly early next year. These acknowledged experts could then help to formulate some sort of an agreed policy (which, as far as the *Field* is aware, has never been laid down) for the British Colonies in Africa. It is interesting in this connection to note that that highly important document, the Hailey Report, contains practically no reference to the future of game on the Continent. This meeting of game wardens, provided the position is fully and frankly discussed, should have a most beneficial effect. It must, however, be remembered that the last word rarely lies with the game wardens. They are aware better than any of us where the dangers and difficulties are, but their efforts are all too often blocked by other departments, and by the eternal bugbear of finance. The future of game in any one colony or protectorate depends probably on one factor more than any other—the support that the Governor gives to the game warden's department. And, to use a homely metaphor, whenever father has turned we have all turned.

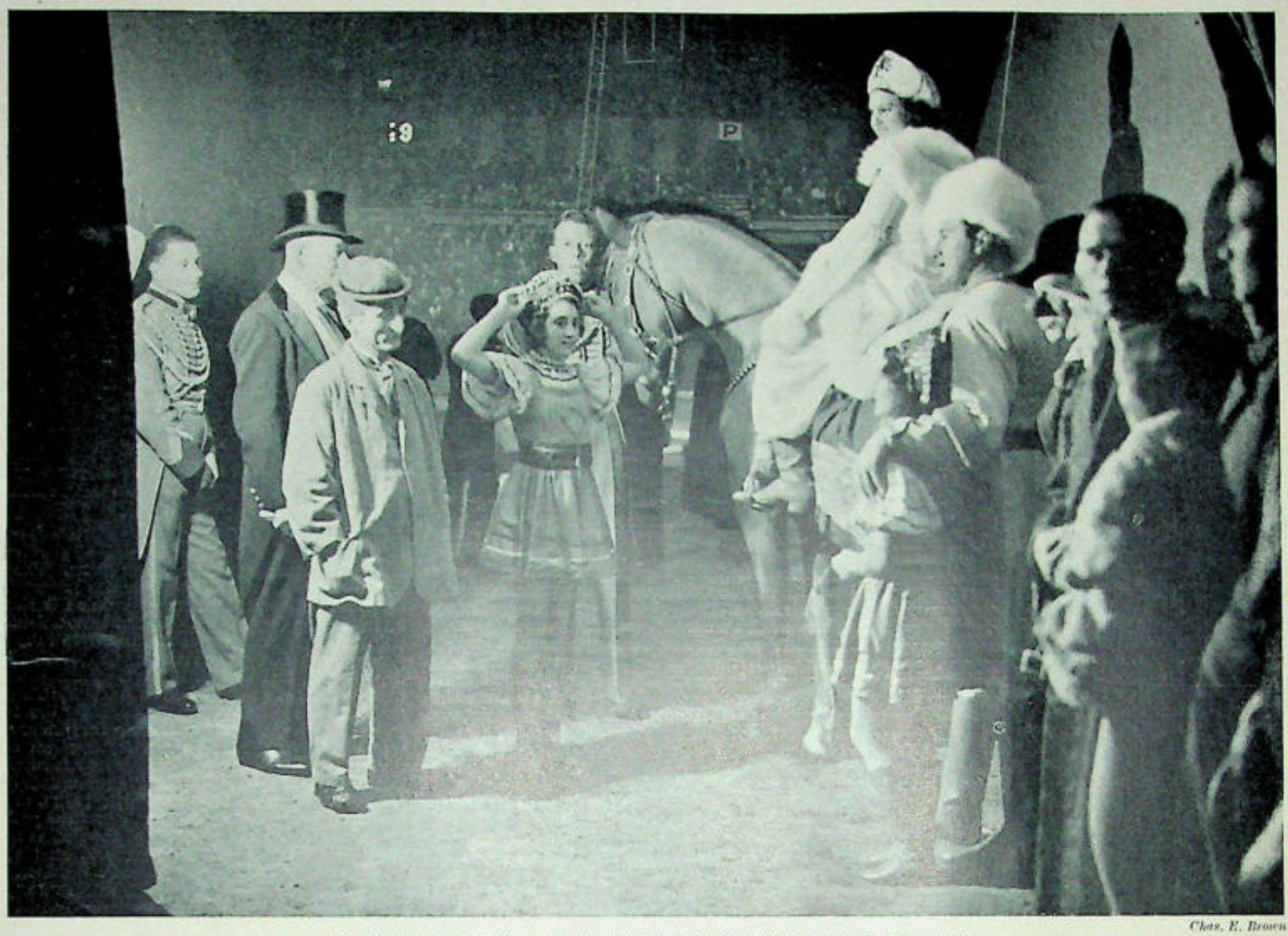
The need for such a preliminary conference is even more necessary in India than in Africa. That sub-continent contains a fauna more rich and varied than any part of the world, and it is decreasing in a most alarming manner. The non-enforcement of the Arms Act, and the lack of control outside forest areas, are denuding vast areas of game. The most hopeful portent in an otherwise unpromising situation is that Indian public opinion is showing an interest in the subject. It is at least a debatable point whether it would not be better to take game preservation away from the sphere of the forest department, and create, in most of the provinces at any rate, a game warden's branch. This suggestion was resisted for many years by the Indian Forest Service, whose work for game preservation was beyond praise, but the circumstances of the Service are much altered. Subjects such as these might be discussed at a general preliminary conference for India, to be held at Dehra Dun, or some similar centre. Even that is only half the problem, for there remains the question of the Indian States. Whether or not they can be represented at the London Conference is too complex a question to be dealt with here. It involves the whole question of their relationship with the Paramount Power.

It is of great importance that efforts should be made to ascertain the views of the Indian princes on the points at issue, and to get them to subscribe as far as is practicable to any arrangements made at the Conference on behalf of India. Under any circumstances the problems of game in India are on so grandiose and varied a scale as to demand most thorough preparation. It is not unfair to say that the extermination of wild life outside the forest areas has been a blot on our administration. Given the necessary fillip from High Places something can still be done.

There remain two considerations which are, apparently, like the poor, ever present with us. The first is the inevitable time lag. As regards fauna preservation, nothing is done until it is too late. When it is found that another rare beast has ceased to exist, or another once thickly populated area has been denuded of game, everybody says, "How dreadful!" But action has been postponed till it is too late. Nobody seems able to think ahead in this connection. Even when plans are agreed to in London it is generally a matter of years before they reach the state of effective action overseas and often effective action never follows.

There remains a second, but not unimportant, consideration. The whole trend of the various conferences held in recent years has been towards the creation of National Parks. As far as it goes, this is excellent. But at times this leads to a disregard of all other considerations. Having proclaimed a suitable National Park and seen that it is adequately policed, it is not enough to sit back and ignore game elsewhere. In all parts of the world there are huge areas which could not fairly be proclaimed as parks or reserves, but which will, or could, contain game, as far as one can see, for all time. Simply because we have proclaimed a park we cannot sit by and ignore the game question in these areas. We must remember that we are trustees for the nations. Not infrequently they require to kill animals for food. We must limit this killing to a quota which will allow the game to continue to exist in reasonable numbers, otherwise in a few years' time there will be no such source of food supply left. No good trustee allows the capital under his control to be squandered; he attempts to live on his interest, or, in this case, the breeding turnover. It should, therefore, be laid down as a maxim till that unfortunately far-distant date when the African can see these things for himself, that outside the parks and reserves, except in cases of emergency such as famine, the killing of animals by natives should be restricted to an agreed level.

M. T. S.



THE ARTISTES GATHER AT THE ENTRANCE LONG BEFORE THEIR CUE COMES

Chas. E. Brown

SALUTE THE CIRCUS!

Ancient Customs, High Courage and—No Frontiers

ONCE, at the end of a performance, I stood with the late Bertram Mills watching six thousand people pour from the vast arena, eagerly discussing the thrills and spectacles of the show.

"And the pity is," commented Mr. Mills, "no matter how brilliant a programme we give them, when it's over, they have still had only a glimpse of the immense fascination of this business. I often wish I could take them all, one by one, and introduce them to the circus folk at home, in their wagons, at work in the practice ring, or journeying along the road. It would double their enjoyment."

Everyone who has even scratched the surface of circus life must agree with him. To explore the circus from the inside is not to meet disillusionment, but rather to increase one's sense of wonder and romance. They say that anyone who has ever worn out a pair of shoes in the ring will for ever have the circus in his blood.

And assuredly, all the "amateurs" who have made it their business to peep behind the scenes have remained the staunchest enthusiasts for the sawdust ring—people like Lord Lonsdale, who himself rode in a Continental circus as a young man; Lady Eleanor Smith, who has toured with various circuses, gathering first-rate literary material; Dame Laura Knight, who, when she toured with the Mills Circus, appeared on the pay-roll at a nominal wage of half-a-crown a week in order, as she insisted, that she should be regarded by the circus folk as a fellow-worker; Edward Seago; Miss Frances Doble; and scores of journalists, photographers and others whose work has taken them into the inner world of the circus.

It is a world like no other. A world of ancient customs, precise etiquette, high courage, simple philosophy and—a strange language of its own. Circus slang is the esperanto of the profession. The French clown, the German acrobat, the Cossack rider, the Cockney groom—all know that "tober" is the site or pitch of the show; that "munjari" is food; that the "spieler" or "barker" is the leather-lunged crier outside the side-shows; that horses are "prads"; and that usually the "starbacks" have the most "dinari" (meaning, the patrons in the best seats have the most money).

Technical terms abound. The circus tent, of course, is the Big Top, supported by main masts, known as the King Poles, with scores of "quarter poles" to support the huge weight of canvas and hundreds of side poles to stiffen the tent walls; the process of erection is called the "build-up," to be followed in due course by the "pull-down."

All feline acts—performing lions, tigers, panthers, pumas, cheetahs—are known as "cat" acts; horse acts are in three classes—*haute école*, or high school, in which the horse, carrying a rider, performs various high-stepping movements and dances, such as the "Spanish trot," polka, waltz, *passage*, and changing step at the gallop; Liberty horses, which may perform in troupes of up to sixteen animals without riders, and controlled only by word or gesture from the trainer; and rosin-backs, these latter being the broad-backed, even-trotting horses, used for bare-back riding, acrobatic and ballerina acts. They are so named because their backs are dusted with rosin to provide a grip for the artistes' shoes.

JOE CRASTON, DOYEN OF ENGLISH CLOWNS, WHO LEADS THE FUN-MAKERS AT OLYMPIA

Incidentally, the ballerina jumps through a "balloon," not a hoop. Similarly, circus folk speak of "perch" acts when they mean the acrobat who balances on top of a pole held by another. They never talk of coconut shies, tight-rope walkers or bare-back riders; instead they refer to coconut *sheets*, *wire* walkers, and jockey acts. Again, clowns are, technically, only those with chalk-whitened faces and traditional clown costumes; the funsters who sport outrageous attire—huge-striped vests, baggy trousers, patched coats, battered "toppers," or immense Eton collars—are not clowns, but Augustes.

Circus folk are true internationalists. For them, frontiers do not exist and international "tension" has not a chance in the friendly, workaday world beneath the Big Top. Czech and German, Austrian and Italian, Chinese and Japanese, all mingle in perfect harmony, united in a common loyalty to the show, for which they will work, fight, endure danger, hunger and fatigue without a murm[ur]. Every big circus is a League of Nations in min[i]—and one which works, for though the va[ri]nationals preserve their own customs, eat their special foods, cling to their religions, and obs[erve] their national feast days, they have seen too muc[h] of the world to believe in hating another because he does not speak the same language.

Language, as it happens, is seldom a difficulty. Circus folk are perforce good linguists, with usually enough English, French and German to get them round the world. Many of the children can speak three or four languages before they are in their teens.

Probably the most distinctive characteristic of the circus artiste is his all-absorbing passion for his work. To him, work and play are synonymous. No call-boy is ever required in a circus; the artistes gather at the entrance long before their cue comes,

eager to get into the ring. Their ambitions are almost wholly to do with their performance. Thus, I once asked Lilian Leitzel what was her highest ambition. She was the charming and brilliant girl who used to hang from a rope 50ft. or 60ft. above the ring and, suspended by one hand only, turned more than a hundred lightning somersaults without a pause. Her reply was: "To do 150 somersaults, of course." And she did. On her birthday, at Olympia some years ago, she achieved 167 revolutions, and there wasn't a happier girl in the world that day.

A profound sadness overcame the entire circus world when, soon afterwards, in Copenhagen, the rope broke and this talented child of the circus was killed.

For years, the supreme ambition of all flying trapeze artistes was to accomplish a double somersault while flying through the air. At last it was achieved. Then Codona, perhaps the greatest trapeze artiste of all time, made circus history by performing a two-and-a-half somersault. And later he accomplished a full triple somersault, which everyone had sworn was impossible. Others have followed him since. An American girl has "done a triple."

And the circus world now waits for the quadruple somersault. So far nobody has succeeded, though I believe, some years ago, an Italian attempted it in Dublin, with fatal results.

Rastelli, the incomparable juggler, achieved feats which nobody had dared attempt before—possibly because, on one trick alone, he spent eight years' practice before presenting it in public.

Similarly, Con Colleano, the Australian who dances the tango on the wire, practised in private for five years before he, too, created circus history by being the first man to perform a *forward* somersault on a tight wire. This, incidentally, is a good example of a feat of consummate skill and artistry which, through ignorance of the difficulties, is not wholly appreciated by the uninitiated. In a backward somersault, which many artistes had been able to do for years, the performer's eyes have a sight of the wire before his feet come round to it; in a split second he is able to adjust any error in his flight. But in the *forward* somersault, a vastly more difficult feat, his toes must find the wire "blind."

In a different sphere, Joe Barry, one of the Mills *haute école* riders, has lately broken fresh ground by training his horse, Black Diamond, to dance around the ring fence. This latter is the raised banking, only 16in. wide, surrounding the ring. A grown man would find some difficulty in running round it without losing his balance; for a horse to do so, changing step, and carrying a rider, is a superb achievement.

Black Diamond is a *natural* performer. Many horses are. Like certain dog breeds, they seem to have a quicker perception and imitative knack than their fellows. Many of them never see the circus ring, but remain the pets of their proud owners. Such was Merlin, one of Lord Lonsdale's shooting ponies—though Merlin did, one year, condescend to appear as an "amateur" in the Olympia Ring.

Some years previously, the King had presented Lord Lonsdale with a mare called Usury, one of a team of cream Hanoverians which formerly drew the royal coaches. Merlin was one of her foals. Very soon this pony displayed a remarkable intelligence, and Lord Lonsdale, who has always had a marvellous command over his horses and dogs, soon taught him all the circus tricks—dancing, jumping, begging like a dog, and picking up handkerchiefs at the order. Indeed, all Lord Lonsdale's ponies, more than 30 of them at that time, had been taught to lie down, roll over, and cross their legs at the command.

Every day spent "behind the scenes" of a circus yields its grain of knowledge. The layman learns, for instance, that dancing horses never dance to the band, but that the band keeps in time with their movements; that loud speakers, arc lamps, and troupes of stable boys waving papers are introduced to the practice ring to encourage new horses to be at ease for their first public appearance; that it takes about two years to train a Liberty horse troupe, at the end of which period the animals know their places so well that if one, by chance, goes astray, the others will cheerfully kick him back into position.

Did you know that all circus rings are precisely thirteen metres in diameter; that it costs a shilling a mile to transport an elephant; that elephants hate mice, fearing one may run up the inside of their trunk; that a good elephant team may be worth £10,000; that the safety net is disliked by most aerial artistes, who imagine it is a slur upon their skill; that an animal trainer, if clawed by a lion, never jerks his arm away, but, instead, thrusts it towards the animal and so unhooks himself; that "fat boys" in the freak booth are usually paid by weight—about £1 a stone a week for these "boys" of 25st. to 30st.; that a bearded lady may earn £20 to £25 a week?

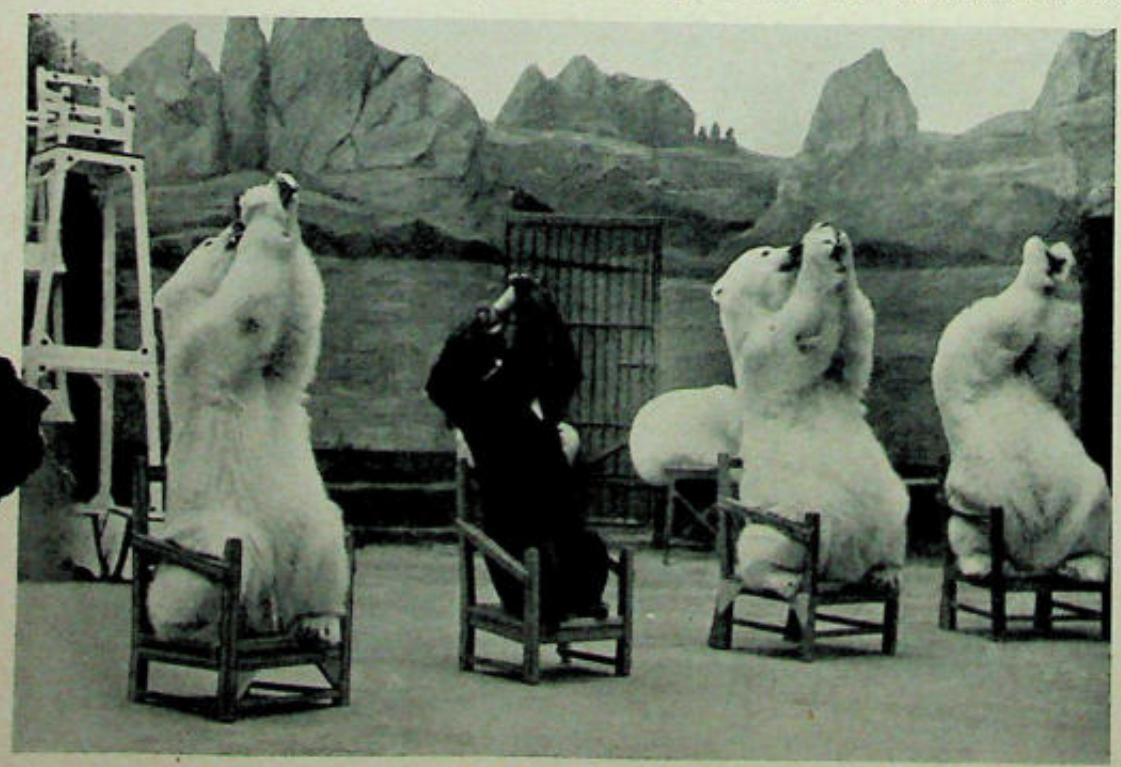
The earnings of circus stars are among the chief surprises to the ordinary public. Circus talent of the highest class is one of the rarest commodities in the world. Even a circus like the Mills show, recognised among circus folk to be the pinnacle of ambition among the world's circuses, may have to wait from two to five years for a star attraction, so solidly booked are all the outstanding acts. The Bronetts, among the highest paid clowns, have been paid £300 a week. In America, Tom Mix was reputed to earn £1,000 a week, the circus providing him with his own private Pullman coach, his own valet, stenographer and chef!

Clowns are scarce. The humblest ring tumbler can nowadays earn £10 a week, while the inimitable Grock, who was a circus clown long before the music halls claimed him, has been known to refuse £600-a-week offers. The late Bertram Mills told me that the most he ever paid for a juggler was £400 a week to Rastelli.

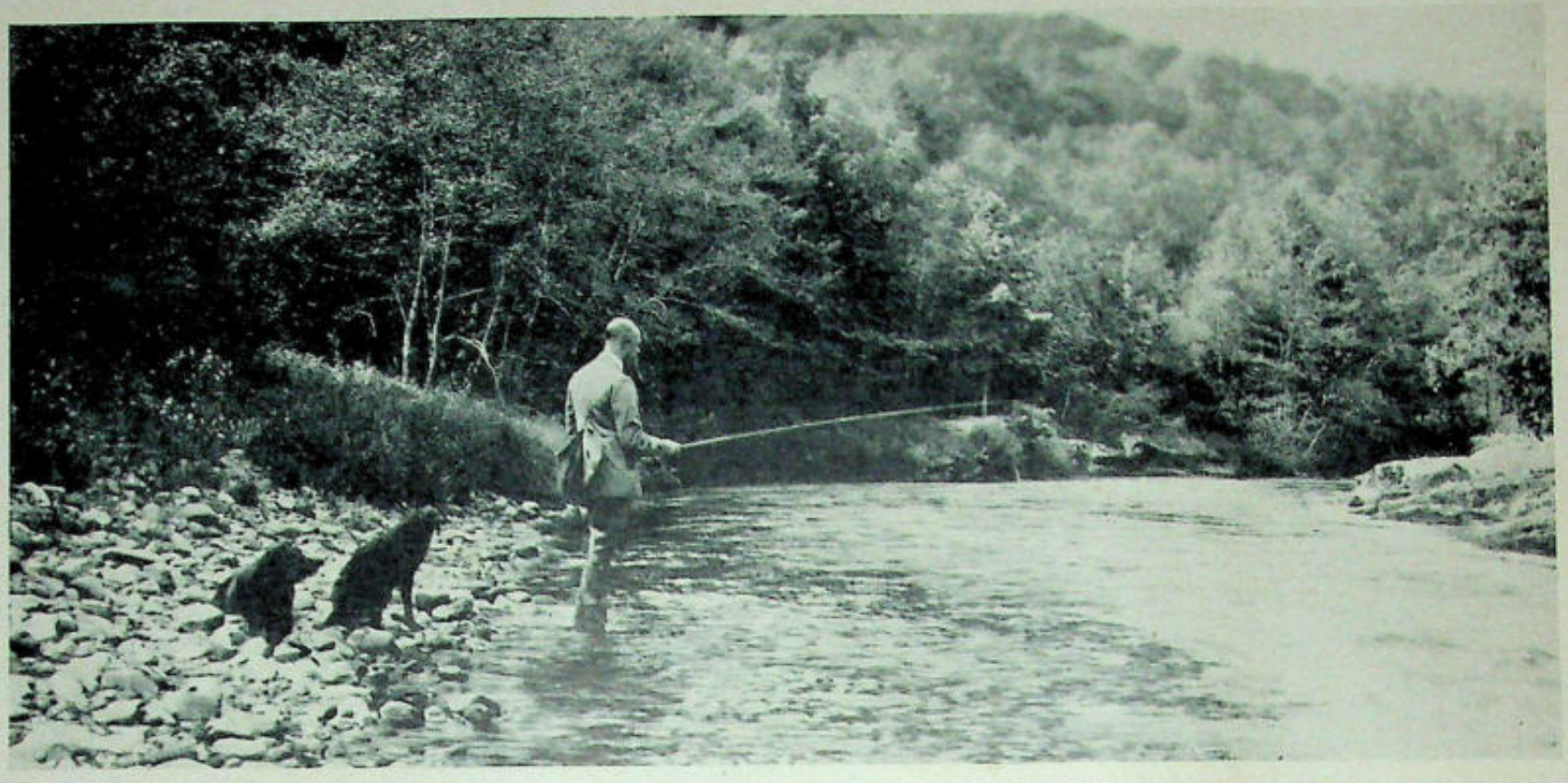
His total wage bill for the five weeks' season at Olympia was in the region of £30,000, and the same policy of paying high prices for the cream of the world's talent is being maintained by his sons, Cyril and Bernard Mills, who this year knew that before a single person paid for his circus seat they had staked £80,000 on his doing so. He and many thousands more. Fourteen thousand a day, in fact.

FRANCIS DOUGLAS.

ONE OF THE TWO REVERHOS
". . . the safety net is disliked by most aerial artistes, who imagine it is a slur upon their skill"



PERFORMING POLAR BEARS
They belong to Hagenbeck and are a most extraordinary act



"GRAVELLY RUNS . . . WHERE THESE SMALL PEAL LOVE TO LIE"

INCALCULABLE SEA-TROUT

What is it makes Good Fly or Minnow Water?

By "WEST COUNTRY"

BACK-END salmon fishing on Devon rivers is of very indifferent quality as a rule. It is rare for more than an odd fresh fish to come into the rivers after August, and those caught late in the season are, in nine cases out of ten, salmon which have been in the pools for months. Therefore, whenever conditions permit, I prefer to devote myself to sea-trout during September and October, for in the Tavy at this time of year there are, particularly in the lower reaches, big shoals of school peal, the herling stage of sea-trout, which average around 12oz. to 14oz. They come into the river from July onwards. Some, the early comers, push upstream, and a percentage spawn. But later arrivals, and I have caught them carrying sea lice well on into October, do not go far above the tide, and are mostly not breeding fish. They are, therefore, still in prime condition, and on light tackle afford excellent sport, for on a good day one may "meet" several score, although the number in the bag at the close will be vastly less than this.

Our West Country peal are wily creatures. One cannot go out by day with orthodox sea-trout tackle and make a basket as is done in Scottish and Irish waters. An odd one or two may be picked up by fishing dry with tiny trout flies and the finest gut. But for the most part they are killed after dark, or when the rivers are in fairly heavy spate. Good peal water has a definite meaning on the Tavy, and signifies that the water is pretty dirty. In such conditions, and in such conditions only, can one expect to catch sea trout by day in Devon streams.

That was one belief which has held good over more years than I care to remember when other, apparently well-founded theories, the fruit of considerable experience and observation, have crashed in ruins. And now, this autumn, every notion I have ever held about sea trout has been exploded, except that they are the most incalculable species inhabiting the waters of this country.

My disillusion began on a Monday. There had been a 5ft. flood the day before, but when I arrived on the river about 9.30 a.m. it was to find that the water, although a good height, was a clear amber-ale colour, instead of still being fairly dirty as I had hoped. The first words the keeper uttered when he saw my threadline spinning outfit, were: "Bit clear for minnow, sir. Better for fly?" I agreed, and in the first mile and a half I did not touch a fish. But as soon as I got down out of the big wood into the Lower Hams of the Buckland Abbey water, I began to have runs. Moreover, those which did notice the little 1¼in. devon meant business, not like one day I had on this same beat in August. Then I must have pricked fully 70 sea trout in catching half a dozen.

I have had this maddening experience before. Tug-tug-tug: sometimes I would run four or five fish without moving a yard; now and then one would take hold, kick and splutter for a few seconds, and then escape. Occasionally a bolder, or more foolish, fish would make a mistake and get well hooked, but the vast majority played the game of tip and run with consummate skill. How they can give the bait such a heavy pull without getting hooked is one of the wonders of the universe.

Presently I came up with another angler, a very skilful fly fisher, and, to my surprise, found that he only had one against my four. After lunch, it began to rain cats and dogs, and I started to work homewards, still behind the fly fisher. Four times I got a peal within a few minutes of his trying a run without a rise, and when we finished my total was ten and his four, although to all appearances the water had been far more suitable for fly than bait.

The rain continued; that night the river rose big again. Next morning the water was much thicker than it had been the previous day, and I wondered idly if I should be able to carry back to the car all the sea trout I proposed to catch. Such a thought was, of course, quite enough in itself to ruin any day, and may have been responsible for the fact that five hours' hard work only resulted in a bag of three peal out of seven runs.

On Thursday the water, although big, contained hardly any colour at all, and on the gravelly runs 3ft. to 4ft. in depth, where these small peal love to lie, one could see the bottom the whole way across. It looked pretty hopeless as I only had spinning tackle, but low down in the tidal reaches the "schoolers" were moving here and there, and by the time I finished at 3 o'clock I had nine, in spite of what should have been quite impossible conditions. To make it all the more astonishing another rod on my bank, and two fishing opposite, all using small flies, creeled one peal between them.

But this was not by any means all, and soon confusion was to be still further confounded. Torrents of rain late on Saturday caused another big flood. I arrived at the river about 10 a.m. on Sunday and found it a bright yellow colour and quite unfishable; but by 2 o'clock it had cleared into perfect "peal water." I chased down to the bottom end of the beat, as time was limited, and worked home. In three hours of ideal conditions I ran one sea trout and landed nothing. Next day I found nearly all the colour had gone, and the river was pretty much as it had been when I had killed the nine. Yet in six hours I had one good pull, which did not materialise into anything further.

And so I ended the season of 1938 completely bewildered, certain only of one thing: that I know a great deal less about the habits of sea trout than I thought I did.

ECONOMICAL TROUT STOCKING

DURING the passage of recent years popular opinion among trout preservers has completely boxed the compass of stocking methods. Stocking with ova, fry, yearlings, two-year-olds, and, to some extent, three-year-olds, have all had their enthusiastic devotees. All are good in circumstances favourable to their adoption, if, at the same time, you stock with discretion.

The cheapest way is to stock with ova, which consists in laying down the impregnated trout eggs in a stream under conditions that materially lessen the, say, hundred-to-one chances against the embryo fish ever achieving maturity. An effective way of doing this, if a well-equipped hatchery is out of the question, is by the employment of Kashmir boxes, which I have described in detail elsewhere *; but if something cheaper is required, an old tin trunk, such as grandma used for the transport of her frills and furbelows when she visited the seaside, will give good results.

Punch one end full of holes $\frac{3}{16}$in. in diameter, and the other end, bottom and sides with holes $\frac{1}{4}$in. diameter—not more. The holes should be punched from the inside, so that any jagged edges are on the outside. Fill the trunk to one-third its depth with clean gravel about the size of a pea. On this the impregnated ova are carefully spread, and gently covered with a thin layer of the gravel. The trunk is then anchored in the stream at sufficient depth to ensure a flow of water through it, the end with the larger holes facing upstream to admit the water which percolates through the gravel and emerges through the smaller apertures.

In this sanctuary the ova are hatched. In due course the resultant alevins wriggle their way through the interstices in the gravel, secure the dangers that beset the spawning beds, still enjoy the protection of the trunk until yolk sacs being absorbed, the spirit of adve combined with a craving for food, impels them outside exploration via the small holes in t lower end and sides.

Much more than this can be done to safeguard their infantile career if, some distance downstream, a grill can be placed across the stream to foil the piratical incursions of other fish, and the whole of the nursery carefully wire-netted to keep out such feathered enemies as kingfishers and dippers. A watercress bed in the nursery is a most valuable adjunct, as it provides both shelter and food for the infant fry.

W. C. P.

* *Trout Streams and Salmon Rivers*. By W. CARTER PLATTS. (Field Press; 10s. 6d.)

WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS WINTER?

Some Topical Suggestions

AS soon as the fogs come, and the swallows have long since winged their way, I begin to have a twinge in my joints. It is then time to move. Just push across that atlas and let us have a look at Africa.

We might go tourist, of course, but if you are like me, you'll want an old bandook among your baggage. Take the East Coast, it sounds more familiar and must be the better climate.

Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli are no good to us, too "touristy," with an overlay of "sights" and expensive hotels dotted along super motor roads, quite inexpressive of the real heart of the land, where unrest still mutters and visitors are discouraged. Besides, there is very little left to shoot.

Let your finger pause at Egypt—you are getting warmer. If time is short and you have a youthful lust for camel trekking—just to see what it feels like—you might shoot a Nubian ibex not too far south of Suez. The heads are small unless you can tempt a beauty out of the once Royal Reserve, and of other game you will not see a sign; but the climate is good, you will hob-nob with the sun from dawn till eve, and camps, though waterless and treeless, yet spell the glamour of the desert.

More ambitious? Well, speed on then to Port Sudan. You are at the true gates of Africa now, with the key to three far different shooting grounds in your hand; mountains, desert and jungle. Choose one, for not the hardiest Nimrod can achieve them all in one mouthful.

If it is to be the mountains, you have chosen the easiest and, even if the game be scantier, yet to my mind, perhaps the most attractive of them all. Easiest, in that your hunting ground lies almost at your elbow, as you leave your ship. As the sun sinks or rises (for the mid-day haze fogs the interior) you can see the outline of your Red Sea Hills, and, in that 50 miles broad switchback of ridge and wadi, dwell your quarry of ibex, kudu, gazelle, dik-dik and klipspringer. A lorry to ..., a caravan of camels to meet you, and for ...ks you can call the world your own. It ...lthy shoot, too, with good stalking, trophies ...owning and much rugged scenery that charms ...art.

...r you can train to Khartoum and thus open ...e secrets of both Niles. But here, though your ...ag is quite different and ten times more varied, ...he glamour is wearing thin. The climate is less pleasant, the expense greater, the scenery north Central African thorn bush, the game humdrum, if plentiful; the camps still littered with last year's safaris' jam tins.

Or you can be ultra ambitious and aim for the finest shoot in Africa (or at least one of them) and steer for the Libyan Desert. This entails two clear months from Khartoum (best make it three) and more than the average preparation; but it will repay you. You have heard of the lure of the desert? There you will find it, that inexplicable something, which gets into your blood. You will learn the value of water, the joy and the curse of a camel steed, the charms of a bare rolling plain, teeming in mystery and shared with wild Nature alone. A place where all game animals are rare and even the smallest living thing, bird or beast, is somehow aloof from all the world. You will bag addax, white oryx and Barbary sheep, if your luck is good, besides half a dozen lesser beasts, and you might even bump into a lion. If you are keen on archæology you will be on almost virgin ground, and there is more than a little to tempt you.

The Sudan fails to lure you? Well, on, then, to the southward. You might disembark at Massawa, and climbing the escarpment by train to Asmara, beat northwards through the same Red Sea Hills you skipped at Port Sudan. A fine country this, with a narrow plateau top (Asgede) to follow, banked high with white clouds to the east, where lies the sea, 7,000ft. below and overlooking, westward, a maze of wadis and lesser mountain spines. Your transport will be mules and mountain ponies, and at first it will be an idler's life with little to shoot bar duiker, oribi, a rare bushbuck and klipspringer, giant francolin and guinea fowl, but as you near the Sudan frontier at Karora you will pass through the best kudu country in all Africa, and in the highest ranges along the border still lurk the best heads of all the Nubian ibex.

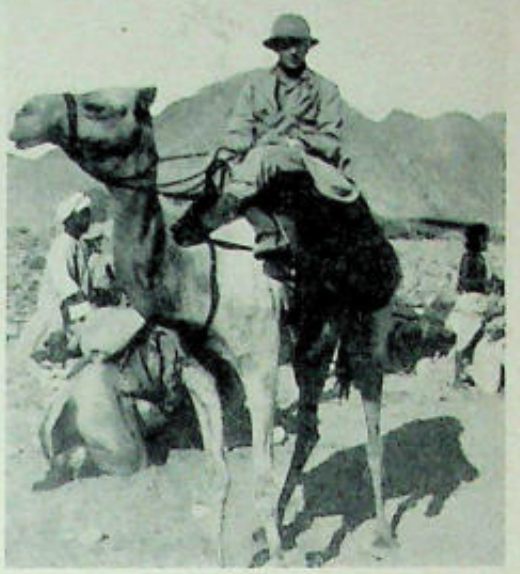
It is Italian country, of course, which may give you pause, and, if so, it is needless to mention Abyssinia, which even to the most reckless must sound Tom Tiddler's ground for the moment. But do not lock the idea too far away, lest one day the door should open and find you unawake. For there lie two shooting grounds, whose rivals can be found nowhere else on this hackneyed earth, save, perhaps, the far Thian Shan. The nearest gate is again Massawa and now, with new Italian roads, it may be less than a six months' journey to thrill at Semien's precipices after walia ibex or to revel in Arusi's wooded highlands after the kudu's half-brother, the mountain nyala.

Our ship ploughs south; you are at Berbera now, with a tranship at Aden for British Somaliland. Here is a trip for the simpler-minded, and the easiest of them all. A day or so's halt at Berbera (not too pleasant, perhaps) and a lorry or even the humble motor bus will carry you up the escarpment, that natural and ubiquitous rampart of all Africa, and dump you in the midst of your shooting grounds. You can use a private lorry all the way if you choose, or change at times to the less sophisticated camel and riding pony. In some ways it is a tame shooting country, and its game are not giants in size or rarity, but two of them—Dibatag and Beira antelope—are not found elsewhere, while Oryx Beisa, kudu and lesser kudu, besides gazelle, dik-dik and klipspringer are something better than common beasts, and lions are still not unknown.

It is a very cheap shoot with a moderate licence; the climate is good and so are the native servants, who not only speak English without being spoilt, but are trained in the ways of sahibs and are at their best on trek.

A DIBATAG FROM SOMALILAND

"This Somali shoot is the best of all beginners' shoots, where a man wishes to run his own show without great experience or paying through the nose"



"...THE JOY AND CURSE OF A CAMEL STEED..."

This Somali shoot is the best of all beginners' shoots, where a man wishes to run his own show without great experience or paying through the nose.

Let us skip Italian Somaliland, a replica in most ways of its British counterpart, with one gem alone on the Tana river, Hunter's hartebeest.

So we come to Kenya and Tanganyika. Since I should be loath to offer to play cicerone round Athens or the Pyramids, where trained guides are rife, let me leave them to my betters. Good sport is guaranteed, so is the beaten track. Fine countries in which to serve one's apprenticeship, but apt to be costly. If that is a light item, they are to be recommended. You need arrive with nothing but rifle and field glasses, and you have two score of game varieties to choose from.

If you are still treading the deck of our fancy steamer as Mombasa and Dar es Salaam drop astern, watch out for Port Amelia and Beira, the next likely stops, and the keys to Portuguese and British Nyasaland. But do not forget that you are now well south of the Equator, and that in November the rains will have broken in earnest, to continue intermittently for three months and, with them, comes the growing of the grass. It is the hot time of year, too, and the worst for fever. Like Rhodesia, June and July would be the best climatic months, although the grass will still be high. There are men who say that the beginning of the rains is the best time to hunt on the Nyasa highlands, when tracking is at its best and the rains have cooled the air.

If you are tempted to try this not overdone locality, Blantyre and Zomba by rail from Beira are your two best fitting-out places, and a lorry and porters will be your transport. You can bag a score or more of Central Africa's usual trophies in Nyasaland, but with patience and determination you may include a Nyala—one of the really worthwhile prizes—to say nothing of an outstanding kudu, eland and bushbuck.

As Portuguese Nyasaland is far less protected and not so attractive a country, besides containing no special game, it were better to skip Port Amelia for Beira.

South of Beira in our winter months there is little to tempt you. P.E.A. will be shrouded in rain clouds and riddled with fever, as well as being unattractive at the best of times. Northern and Southern Rhodesia in the rainy season are not to be recommended.

Zululand would be bearable and tempting for its one "star" turn, the Zulu Nyala, and the same applies to Cape Province for its few remaining little specialities, Vaal rhebok, Rooi rhebok and other smaller beasts, but in the Union it is their "close" season until May.

And so we turn the toe of Africa and work up the west coast. It is all Union territory until we reach Angola, the next "open" season country, and of that I will be able to tell you more in six months' time. Giant sable is now protected game, but there is a certain "Black-faced" impala, who needs further acquaintance, and my old friend the gemsbuck still calls for a joust with his grand horns topping a cunning brain.

So there are still places to go this winter!

H. C. MAYDON.

WILLIAM COBBETT'S BIRTHPLACE AT FARNHAM, SURREY

TWO CONTRASTING RURAL RIDERS

John Byng and William Cobbett

IT is scarcely to be expected that the Hon. John Byng, for the last fortnight of his life Viscount Torrington, formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the Foot Guards, would be likely to view rural England through the same glasses as William Cobbett, the son of a small farmer and a man who had been imprisoned and fined by the Government of the day for libel.

Certainly they would not have made good companions on any ride.

Byng started his rides in 1781, when he was 39; and Cobbett set out on his 40 years later, at the age of 59. When Cobbett completed his rides he was a man of 70, and when Byng finished his he was eight years younger than Cobbett had been when he started on his first ride. Yet of the two, Cobbett was immeasurably the younger man. Byng covered altogether some 6,000 miles, and Cobbett, probably, much the same. Many of their rides were over the same country.

Byng generally rode with a companion, and was nearly always accompanied by a servant. Cobbett rode along with his thoughts. Byng travelled for pleasure—Cobbett on his burning mission of exposing the wrongs of the labourers in rural England. Byng appeared to have no grievance against the Government of the day, nor was he worried about any political questions. Cobbett loathed the Government of the day and all its works—the "Thing," as he always called it. He abominated the Corn Laws, the Enclosure Acts, the Emigration Acts, the Borough system, plural livings and paper money—in fact, he abominated every single thing, without exception, that the Government of those times was responsible for. On some minor matters the two men shared common views. Both of them hated towns. Byng had, indeed, applied the name of the "Wen" to London before Cobbett started to use it himself as his favourite term of approbrium when speaking of any large city. Yet, strange to say, Byng set out on all his rides from the front door of his house in Duke Street, W.1; and Cobbett mounted his horse at his home in Kensington, S.W.! They both loved the old English trees, the oak, the elm, the beech and the ash, and detested larches and Scotch firs—mean, pitiful things they call them. They both deplored the passing and decay of the old English mansions, and the desertion from the country to London of the people who formerly occupied them. And, most illogically, both poured ridicule and contempt on the efforts of any "new" man to erect another one to take their place.

"Came through a place called a 'park' to-day," writes Cobbett, "belonging to a Mr. Montagu, who is now abroad. Of all the ridiculous things I ever saw in my life, this place is the most ridiculous. The house looks like a sort of church in somewhat of a gothic style of building, with crosses on the tops of different parts of the pile. There is a sort of swamp at the foot of a wood, at no great distance from the front of the house. The swamp has been dug out in the middle to show the water to the eye. . . . Here is a fountain, the basin of which is not 4 feet over and the water spout not exceeding the pour from a teapot. Here is a bridge over the river of which a child four years old would clear the banks at a jump. I could not have trusted myself on the bridge for fear of the consequences to Mr. Montagu: but I very conveniently stepped over the river in imitation of the Colossus. In another part there was a lion's mouth spouting out water into the lake which was so much like the vomiting of a dog that I could have almost pitied the poor lion. In short, such fooleries I never before beheld!" Byng, in his milder way, is no less scornful of every effort in the shape of a new country house that he sees. Neither of them liked the new fast roads and the influx of vice poured in upon every corner of the country by the quick and easy communication of travel—Byng took five hours to get from Slough to London in fine weather, in a coach, and he was in a hurry! He would like to have seen half the new turnpike roads, which had brought milkmaids on the roads with the dress and looks of Strand misses, ploughed up. In the days of bad roads the country could not be strip'd of its timber, or despoiled of its honesty, cheapness, ancient customs and civilities. Gentlemen, then, were bow'd to with reverence. Cobbett raved against the new fast road to Brighton—stock-jobbers, Jews, and even worse people, skipped backward and forward in coach from London to Brighton in the day. Hundreds of men and horses were at work on the road to make pleasure and quick travelling for those dreadful people. The land and the labourer paid for it all. After this there is not much to be found in common between the two men.

Byng's diaries are full of his reckonings at the numerous inns he stayed at, and also of the play-bills of the various dramatic performances he attended when he got the chance. The inn beds and their sheets are one of his principal subjects of comment; in fact, if you put together the number of times he uses the word "sheets" in these three volumes it would fill several pages. He detests inns, so he says, though it is difficult to believe him. "The imposition in travelling is abominable," he writes; "the innkeepers are insolent, the ostlers are sulky, the chambermaids are pert, and the waiters are impertinent; the meat is tough, the wine is foul, the bed is hard, the sheets are wet, the linen is dirty, and the knives are never clean'd! Every home is better than this." Cobbett tells us very little of the inns he stayed at and disdains altogether to talk about such domestic trifles as sheets. It was Byng's custom to send his servant, one Thomas Bush, ahead of him so that he could prepare for his master's arrival in advance. Bush had to take the precious sheets with him, but his master carried a great coat, night cap and a few other etceteras in a small cloak bag on his own horse. Elsewhere he tells us something about the horse he rode. "At two o'clock I bestrode my little nag, who is of pretty shape, with a well-fitted false tail covering a short dock." How Cobbett would have laughed. Byng gives us the expenses of one of these expeditions which he did with a friend. They amounted to £40, viz.: £20 each, "including every sixpence for ourselves and four horses, as expensive as ourselves, now considering we were out 25 days, had four meals each day, saw many places, and tipped genteely, this will not appear an extravagant business."

Byng was fond of riding. He thought it good for the preservation of health and for the conducement of old age. Most of the old men he knew had been great riders. He, also, appears to have been fond of hunting, but beyond some worthy reflections on the subject as he rides along he does not indulge in it on his travels. Cobbett, however, never misses a chance. He was as enthusiastic about the chase as Mr. Jorrocks, and he was devoted to dogs of every kind. Coursing, also, was a favourite sport of his. He gives us a fine description of a day's sport with the harriers in the course of one of his rides. "A whole day most delightfully passed in hare-hunting with a pretty pack of hounds kept here by Messrs. Palmer. They put me upon a horse that seemed to have been made on purpose for me, strong, tall, gentle and bold, and that carried me either over or through everything." It is difficult to imagine Byng's pretty little nag with the faked tail doing the same. Byng tells us nothing in his diaries of what is happening in the great world, and never mentions politics. The two topics of conversation he abhors are politics and children. He scarcely mentions the subject of agriculture, and says little about the condition he finds the labouring classes to be in.

On the subject of the countless women he must have met on his rides he is equally uninforming. They are either buxom or pert—neither of them very illuminating terms. At times, however, he becomes playful and recommends punch for ladies if you want them to become jovial and amusing. Cobbett does it better: "There were some very pretty girls here, but as ragged as colts, and as pale as ashes." A lovely sentence. Just enough and no more. He admires the grace of the English women and observes them wherever he goes. No woman who was alone with Cobbett would ever have needed punch. In one part of Hampshire he notes that the women are usually tall, straight, fair, round faced, excellent complexions and unusually gay. Somewhere in Sussex, he tells us, they have high cheek bones and are tall and dark. One day he meets a gypsy girl with beautiful features. He pulls up his horse and begs her to tell him his fortune. She declines to do so "but with a look as that seemed to say, it was too late; and that if I had been 30 years younger, she might have seen a little what she could do with me." Poor Cobbett, and not more than sixty! Towards all women Cobbett was as chivalrous as a Knight of the Round Table. Needless to say he was an ardent supporter of Queen Caroline in her troubles. In the whole of his two volumes teeming with abuse of countless men no woman of any degree falls under the lash of his whip. He is constantly referring to their courage and endurance, and to the help they give their men folk in the distressing times he depicts.

In their powers of general observation there is no comparison between the two men. Nothing escapes Cobbett's notice. He notes the difference of soils in all the counties he rides through almost down to each field. No tree, bush, flower, bird or weed, that is anything out of the ordinary, fails to draw a remark from him. His description of some of the scenery he passes through is very fine, and on occasions, such as when from a high hill he views the beautiful valley of the Avon river spread out before him, it rises to a high level. Cobbett loved his England with an intense love. As Trevelyan says, "Burke, though he sang Britain's praises, had not our island note. But Cobbett, though he abused all that Burke praised, was John Bull incarnate." But what is one to think of the mental balance of a man who, because he disliked the rotten borough system describes such peaceful little English towns and villages as Bletchingley, Marlborough, Calne, Cricklade, Wootton Bassett and many others, all situated in the heart of rural England, as vile, villainous holes and rascally places, and declares that he can even see villainy imprinted on the faces of their inhabitants! All this because, through no fault of their own, they return members to Parliament. But even this is eclipsed by the maddest of all his mad outbursts when he reaches the valley of Chilworth, where his hated bank notes and detested gunpowder were made. "Here in this tranquil spot," he says, "where the nightingales are to be heard early and later than in any other part of England; the first bursting of the bud is seen in spring; no rigour of seasons can ever be felt; where nothing seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness; here has the devil fixed on a spot of the seats of his grand manufactory."

Yet after all the weariness of reading these never-ending harangues against the Government and their doings it is impossible not to like and admire Cobbett. He feared no man, however rich or great. He was chivalrous to all women and to all the weak and oppressed. He was a great naturalist and a fine sportsman. As a companion on a rural ride most men and all women would have preferred his company to that of Byng's. It is impossible to think of Cobbett riding through rural England on a horse with a false tail.

CHARLES HIGGINS.

EXPERIMENTS WITH WEEDS

How Water Buttercups Solved the Fly Problem

By PETER CLARKE

So much has been written on the making and improvement of trout water that there can be little excuse for ignorance of the principles to be followed on the part of anyone sufficiently interested to make a study of them. It is in the practical application of these principles to any particular stretch of water where mistakes can easily be made with a consequent loss of time, labour and money. Generally speaking, writers confine themselves either to the fast-flowing rocky river or the true chalk stream, but there must be numerous rivers which, like ours in East Anglia, fall into neither category and on which the problems presented are more difficult to solve, so that it may be of interest to recount how an initial error in management has been subsequently rectified.

RANUNCULUS ONE MONTH AFTER PLANTING, RIVER WHITEWATER, MAY, 1938

The stream on which we have been working varies from a width of about 6yds. to 15yds.; it suffers from winter floods, which raise the level some 2ft., but even at these times, except in the narrow parts, the water never flows at any great speed. The bed is mostly gravel or clean silt, but except for three stretches of 100yds. or so where it is shallow and clean, it was covered with a deposit of mud varying from 1in. to 1ft.

The weeds natural to the river were mainly water dropwort, some small patches of water buttercup in the higher reaches, a little starwort, which never looked very healthy, some Canadian waterweed, a heavy growth of dense pondweed, which appeared in the middle of May and died away in the autumn, and banks of sedges along the sides and, in places, in the middle of the river.

One of the most unsatisfactory points was that in July; as the water level began to fall there appeared over the whole bed a vast growth of moss and algæ, due, I believe, to drainage from the manured agricultural land on the sides of the valley. This used to rise in hot weather and get hung up round the weeds making the water unfishable, until a storm washed it away and dumped it in great lumps in the still water at the bends of the river. We realised that if only we could get a faster flow we could prevent this mud deposit and probably the formation of the moss. The faster flow could be achieved either by narrowing the river or by cutting weed beds.

The narrowing of the river was a comparatively simple matter although it took time, nor could the whole length of some two-and-a-half miles be tackled all at once. Wherever we found a sedge bed beginning to form we placed boards set out at an angle from the bank in a down-stream direction. Each of these boards formed a backwater behind it, in which a great deal of the mud brought down by the winter floods was deposited. These mud banks were planted with sedge to consolidate them, and when they had reached well into the river the outermost edge was scooped up and deposited on the part near the bank, thus making a solid bank. These new banks were under water during flood times, but the stream was prevented from doing damage by the old banks behind them which confined it to its original channel.

It was when we came to the increasing of the weed beds that we struck trouble. As the main natural weed was water dropwort we, rather naturally, thought that this would be the best weed to encourage, especially as it appeared to hold a certain number of snails, shrimp and larvæ, and where it was established it grew profusely. Unfortunately, presumably because dropwort does not like being transplanted, we failed to get many beds established, and even in cases where the new beds appeared to be flourishing the growth of dense pondweed, together with the moss, soon made them unhealthy and they died out.

During all this time, there had been a sad lack of fly life on the river, and rising fish were few and far between, although we knew that we had a good stock.

When things were in this state I had the opportunity of inspecting an old-established fishery some miles farther down the main river into which ours empties. Here some water buttercup, which had been obtained from the Test, had been planted and had become thoroughly established on the gravel, where it was living side by side with dropwort. A look at these weeds soon established the superiority of the buttercup. From a handful of dropwort the nymph and shrimp could be counted in units, whereas in the buttercup they were present in tens and even hundreds. Further, the keeper, who had been there for many years, stated that he considered dropwort a thoroughly bad weed, it was not much good for trout food, it formed bad mud banks, and he was in the process of digging it out and replacing it with buttercup.

This opened up a new line of attack on our problem, so a search was made for our existing beds of buttercup. These were broken up and planted in other places. We learnt two lessons from this planting, the first that it is useless to plant this weed in mud, and the second that it is useless to plant it in anything except fast water, but where we had been lucky in choosing the correct place, the small plants of a foot in length put in in the autumn were long flowing weeds of 2yds. or 3yds. the following spring.

We now felt that we had some really valuable information on which to work, and it was a question as to how best to employ our knowledge. The essentials were a gravel bottom and a fast current, so we hoed out everything for a width of about 6ft. down the centre of the river. The hoe moved the weeds, and the mud and the resulting current cleaned the bed along the hoed strip. A reconnaissance of other rivers within 20 miles found plenty of buttercup, so, with the consent of the owners and the help of a Ford Utility van, many zinc bathfuls were collected. Incidentally in collecting the weed, hundreds of nymphs were transferred to our river.

Small bunches of weed were planted in the cleaned strip about 18in. to 2ft. apart, and a second and third row put in 1yd. or 2yds. downstream in the spaces so that the current deflected by the plants in the first row flowed directly on to those of the second and so on.

The plants very quickly began to grow, and as they became obstructions to the flow of the water, the current began to flow on either side cleaning new gravel. As this appeared more planting was done, usually encouraging one side of the river and leaving the old weeds on the other.

When the dense pondweed began to show it was ruthlessly hoed out, and where this was done it did not appear the following year.

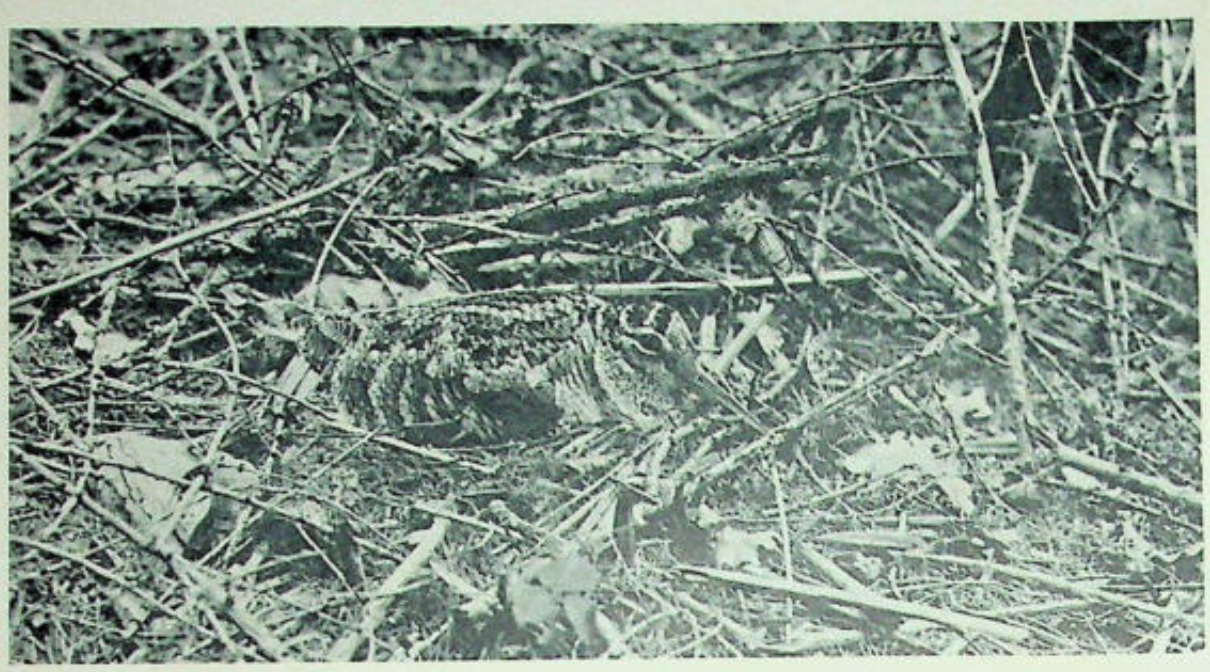
We continued planting till nearly three-quarters of the width of the river was covered with weed with narrow channels of water flowing between. Small bunches of starwort began to show now that the conditions were more to its liking and still more was planted.

The result of all this work was very apparent this season up till July. Before that date we enjoyed greatly improved fishing with plenty of fly, clean gravelly runs to which the trout came to feed and a freedom from moss. Unfortunately, after July we suffered a drought, the water level falling as low as it ever has since we have had the river, and, as a consequence, there was not sufficient flow of water in some parts to keep the weed healthy, and it died back, but the roots are still there and the young shoots are appearing again now.

Further, in one or two places, cattle got into the stream and undid in a few hours what had taken months to build up. This can and will be put right with fencing, and our outlook for the future is very optimistic.

RESTOCKING. ON THE LEFT A CONSOLIDATED MUD BANK PLANTED WITH SEDGE

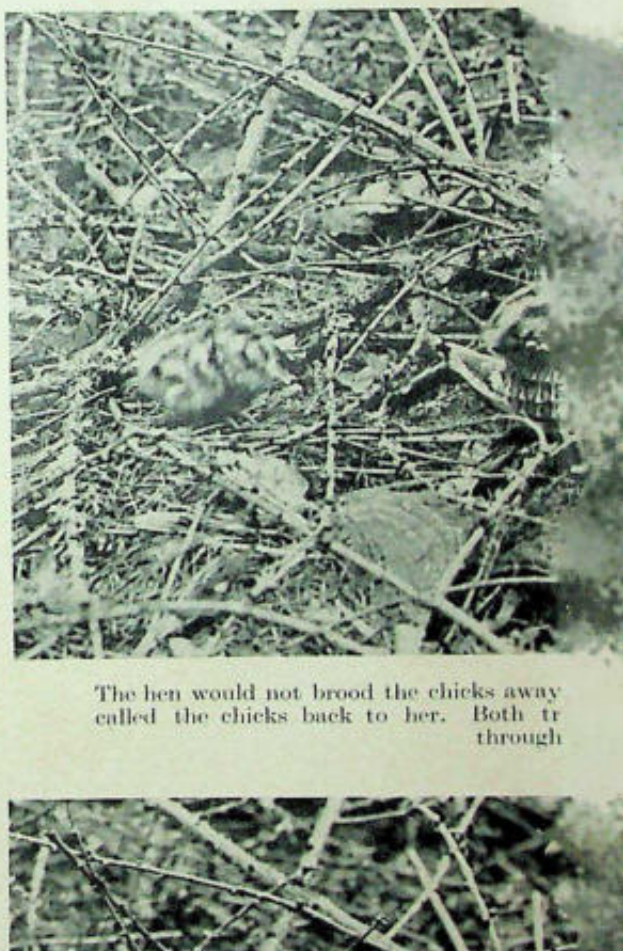
THESE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC J. HOSKING WITH HER CHIC



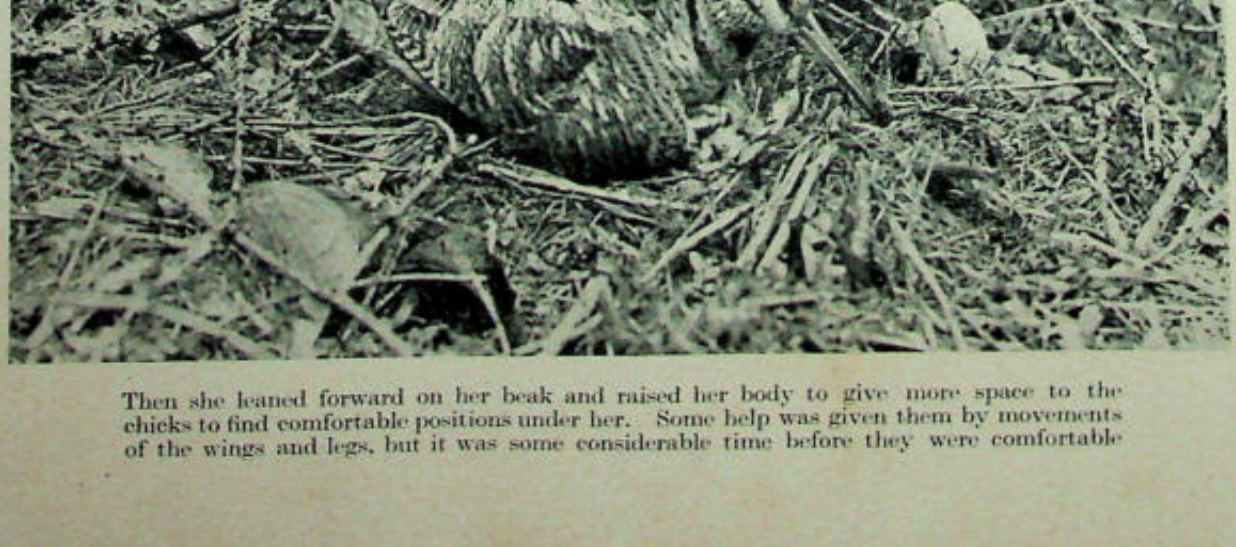
The woodcock harmonises so well with its surroundings that when this brooding bird was first pointed out to Mr. Hosking among the undergrowth in the dull evening light he had great difficulty in seeing her at all as she sat crouched on the nest

The eyes of the woodcock are set very far ba
of which has not yet been satisfactorily
looking away from the hide it seemed

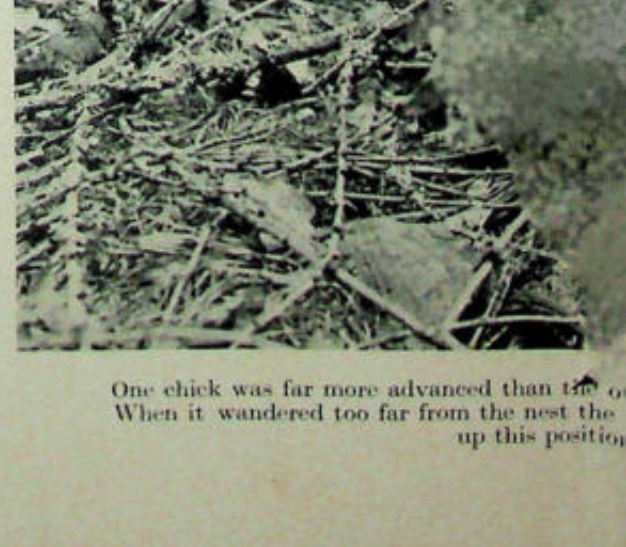
One of the chicks ran out of the nest to meet its mother, and endeavoured to push itself up between her wing and body. Two of the chicks were hatched and the other two eggs can be seen in the nest in front of the second one



The hen would not brood the chicks away
called the chicks back to her. Both tr
through



Then she leaned forward on her beak and raised her body to give more space to the chicks to find comfortable positions under her. Some help was given them by movements of the wings and legs, but it was some considerable time before they were comfortable



One chick was far more advanced than the o
When it wandered too far from the nest the
up this position

RE THE FIRST EVER TO BE PUBLISHED OF A WOODCOCK S AT HER NEST

n the head (a fact the biological significance). so far back that even when she was she could still see the photographer

The morning on which the eggs hatched was very wet, and it was so dark in the middle of the larch plantation that this photograph had to be taken by flashlight. On the hen's approach to the nest the tail was spread and fanned as though in display

nest. She settled on the eggs and then their way under her body by pushing ers

She was not at all impressed by this expression of filial devotion, and called them round to her head, and as soon as they had responded to her calls, helped them both to get underneath her with the aid of her beak

s and would go for short walks on its own. would call it back, and it would then take der her beak

When the chicks were dry the hen walked very slowly from the nest, coaxing the chicks to follow her. She took them some yards away and then brooded them again. After 30 minutes she took them a little farther, and so on until they were out of sight

THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS HUNT NEAR SHAFTESBURY, DORSET
The hunt enjoying a gallop over the grass in the vale country near Shaftesbury

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Pytchley's Brilliant Week

A WEEK of foxhunting at its best, is perhaps a fairly apt description of the four days under review.

Monday, 12th. Sywell Aerodrome. A fox found in some kale nearby was hunted for an hour without going far afield, was fresh found after some interference by motor cars, and killed near the Wellingborough Golf Course.

From Hardwick Wood another fox was hunted straight through the 200 acres of Sywell Wood, into and through the starting point, and marked to ground near Harrowden, all at a good pace. A fine, if circular, hunt started from Wilmer Park. Hounds had to compete with "sad" wheatfields and endless foil, but hanging to the line were close at this fox in Gib Wood; they hunted him in and out of Wilmer Park and only darkness prevented the fitting end to a fine hunting run.

Wednesday, 14th. Crick. A really fine day's foxhunting, and a long one to boot. A quick find in the famous covert and the pack were soon in Claycoton parish, where, during a check in some small and heavily stocked fields, a couple and a half got on. Forces were joined below the Hemploe, through which the pack took their fox without hesitation, thence ran well past Welford, as though for Sulby Hall. The fox had run the concrete dam of Sulby Lake, over which the pack hunted without a pause. Thereabouts the fox was viewed but only with Barker's help could hounds hunt on; and how often in this hunt was his help required? It is impossible to say. This fox of great experience tried some earths on the Naseby battlefield, turned back, was viewed near that village, hunted to the reservoir, where at least a brace of fresh foxes were on foot, and up to where the line was getting fainter. Colonel Lowther, as is his wont, sat still, made up his mind, then told Barker he had seen and heard some hounds running back along the bank. One bitch and almost the senior white collar got a view, and soon the fox was killed, after two hours and a point of near enough eight miles.

Not much of this great hunt was fast, for owing to a winter up to date milder than was ever known (would it had remained!) 90 per cent. of the many pastures crossed were fully stocked. From the Twenty-four Acres Covert, hounds ran fast, through the Hemploe once again, through Down Town Spinney and pointed for some pleasant riding country beyond. In a huge field covered in Welsh ewes hounds checked and for some moments all seemed lost. Barker held them left-handed over the railway, hit off his fox, and the pace was good and the cry a sheer delight, till Stanford Park was reached. After some difficult situations had been dealt with with success, and as the fox had run obviously into a covert of good repute, and as the sun had set, hounds were stopped perforce.

On Friday from Norton the mixed pack had a chance, of which they availed themselves, to show their mettle with just a useful scent. In moderate light they hunted well between the place of meeting, Daventry and Dodford Holt, killed one fox and lost another. Wilton Osier Bed provides good lying despite the rains which have made the going in this country perfect. Hounds had drawn only half when a whimper soon developed into a chorus shortly followed by a welcome holloa at the Buckby end.

This good fox and old friend set his mask up a valley where lies the Point-to-Point course, and up which hounds ran well without much pause till the walls of Althorp Park were sighted. Nobottle Wood, the prospect of a change, seemed certain, but pressure was too great and the fox decided to try the intricacies of Little Brington Village. After a long check and conflicting information the huntsman hit off a line beyond, then lifted the pack to Waydale Hill, wherein the hunted fox was viewed and from which a fresh one went away. After some covert work the pack, sticking to their hunted fox, ran past Brock Hall and almost to Floore Village, turning with a persistence ominous of the end. The end came not long after, for hounds were gaining ground, and in a small covert called Hobhill they killed a beaten fox in the gathering gloom. Time, two hours.

On Saturday (17th), a large field met hounds on the village green of Creaton. A rising glass and an atmosphere which became colder as the day wore on promised a scent, and yet throughout it the pack could never really run. From Creaton Covert hounds were soon away and hunted nicely over the Northampton Road, across the valley, then left-handed to the grounds of Teeton Hall. The fox was only just ahead from here, and turning past Teeton Mill hounds hunted on towards East Haddon, turned left-handed and killed in the open, one field from Holdenby House, in 50 minutes. From Moss Hall began a hunt which set the seal to a week such as the opening sentence of these notes attempts to summarise.

Hounds raced past Pursers Hills into the Privet without a check. The fox had been headed on the main road beyond, and so a gallop became a hunting run. Twice hounds ran into the Teeton Valley after running well through Cottesbrooke Village, and in the second visit may have changed foxes on the banks of the new reservoir which lies below Hollowell. A change took place of some sort, for no one fox could have withstood such constant pressure. Hounds recrossed the main Northampton Road, ran straight for Pursers Hills through Lady Milton's Gorse, past Halsbeach and Taliho.

All this with a lovely cry such as is heard with a holding scent, and many of a contented field, while on their homeward way, said that the cry would remind them of this good day's sport for weeks to come. 'The light was fading and most horses jumping short, as on the Kelmarsh—Clipston Road hounds marked their fox to ground in a deep drain. A six-mile point two hours of time and sixteen miles at least hounds must have run.

EMERITUS.

THE QUORN RUN FAST

IT is, I suppose, useless and quite hopeless wasting time and the space of this paper in appealing to those—the greatest of all nuisances—followers of hounds in motor cars. It is, however, impossible to restrain oneself from writing a few words after the disgusting exhibition of last week. Then, again, I suppose it is quite hopeless, as it is questionable if the disgust on the part of foxhunters expressed through any lines that might be written are even read by the guilty parties as I rather doubt the owners, or editors of any publication (the context of which is rather more likely to reach the offenders referred to) allowing the contribution of suitable admonition.

What on earth would our fathers or grandfathers have thought; and not for one moment dare one reflect the vocabulary that would most certainly have been brought into action regardless of the times we now live in. I often wonder if these people ever for one instant realise the harm rendered to hounds by these continued frustrations of natural instinct, and the enormous worry falling on the shoulders of a poor wretched huntsman who already troubled, perhaps, with a poor scenting day, has this new evil thrust on him when trying his utmost to show good sport to the 200 or 300 riders crowding and surging on him; and then, again, there is the distracted Master. If only the motorist would be satisfied to see hounds find, and then if they must follow, do so at a distance unlikely to interfere with fox or hounds and thereby not spoil the sport of people who pay huge sums of money in support of a pack of foxhounds, and who naturally look for some return as do most certainly those followers in cars in their own particular business or sphere in life. It is possible to see and hear hounds run from a car and it can be done with ordinary thought and decency in a way that does not interfere with the sport. For Heavens sake do not race away as soon as hounds find; this is fatal and will only end in spoiling not only riders' fun but your own. Cars doing this, of course, do not always go in the same direction, and one or other is bound to head a fox off, thus doing irreparable damage to a gallop. Much has been written before on this same subject, but perhaps, the editor will graciously allow of these lines in the hope that they may in some way or other come to the notice of those for whom they are intended.

The sport in the morning from Widmerpool was rather disappointing. Several foxes were housed in the plantations at the back of the hall, and after one had been hunted round by Guys, back by the Sandhills and killed, hounds went on

to draw Flint Hill blank. Curates, the next draw, has been, and is, so often associated with excellent sport, that it came as an unexpected, so to speak, disappointment when one of a brace of foxes, after being hunted over the two fields to the railway, dived into a drain at the top of the embankment under Folly Hall. The danger of trains at this particular spot, owing to bends in the line, is always upsetting, apart from the fox making his escape in the way he did, practically on the line, thereby adding to the danger. All anxiety past and the fox left, Ella's Gorse, a usual stronghold was then drawn blank; likewise Mundy's and Craddock Ashes; but on reaching Walton Thorns a good fox was found, a merry gallop being the result. Going over the Burton Road, hounds ran nicely by Harvey's Lodge nearly down to Wymeswold before bearing left-handed and pointing for Burton Village. Continuing to go to the left, the fox crossed the Burton Wolds and going over the Seagrave—Six Hills Road went on nearly up to the Old Fosse Road.

There is no doubt he was headed at this point and turned short to the left. It was a great pity, as hounds had been running at a great pace and would in all probability have killed him had he kept a straight course over the road; as it was, he went back through Craddock Ashes and was viewed in a sorry state over the Birton Road into Mundy's. It was now getting dusk, and although hounds had a line into the gorse scent was failing, and a first-class hunt came to an end.

Heading of foxes by cars is far too numerous to mention. Tuesday the 13th, was the day that prompted the writing of earlier lines in these notes, and the day on which I witnessed the spoiling, in the late afternoon, of a good hunt with a fox found in British Piece.

Going away at the top end they ran nicely over Charlie Knoll down over the Shepshed Road to Charlie, through Cat Hill on to the Roughs. Then leaving Gisborne Gorse on the right they ran back left-handed by Charlie Hall, and continuing to run beautifully up the plough, would most certainly have left the field at the pace; but, alas, on reaching the Shepshed Road up went their heads. Several motor cars standing on the road plumb in the line of a fox, were, of course, the main cause; but, to make matters worse, their occupants had holloaed in the face of the fox. Hounds were held to the right, and a good cast then made towards the road again put matters right, or rather improved things, the line being hit off when the fox, determined to get over, had crossed higher up nearer Charlie's Cross Roads. Although the particular incident already mentioned had gone a long way to spoil the hunt, there was more to come, as going back over Charlie Knoll, the fox then made his way up the road above Longeliffe, and would most certainly have crossed into Whittle Hill had he not again been confronted with cars that had rushed on from Charlie, and turning short back into Longeliffe, it was not long before he was master of the situation, and no wonder.

Now we come to Friday. Keyham. "By Jingo! hounds ran fast with their first fox from Scraptoft," were remarks one overhead. "The fastest thing I've seen!" "Never seen hounds run so fast in my life," &c. Away from the gorse like a flash, left-handed over the tunnel, still left-handed under Keyham Village, and left-handed again back by Scraptoft Hall; now down to and over the railway. What a pace! and never a check. Over the Leicester—Uppingham Turnpike up to the back of Thurnby Church in Fernie's country, and it was over. Thirty minutes as hard as they could go. There are a lot of old poultry-houses in some gardens close to the church, and no doubt the fox had taken refuge under one or other. The difficulty for hounds was the wire netting, and the fox, no doubt, well knowing his way, made his escape. Next a fox from the Oak's Spinney, or very close to, provided a nice hunt over a bit of country very often crossed by foxes from the Oaks or Bay. Going back to the left, they ran pointing down to Old Ingersby, then right-handed over the railway, and leaving Keyham Village and cemetery on the left went back right-handed nearly to Hungarton Fox Holes, where they ran out of scent. Hounds had a brace of foxes in front of them in the latter stages, and the holloa forrar'd on the top side of Hungarton Village proved to be a fresh fox, and the Master, after changing horses, gave orders to draw Billesdon Coplow.

Contrary to the general rule, Botany Bay was blank, hounds finding on the Knoll. Very possibly the foxes (as there were more than one) had been disturbed and crossed over; at any rate, hounds hunted one back over the road separating the two coverts through the Bay, and away on the Oak's Spinney side, and then back left-handed across the road back on to the Knoll, going over the road once more. This time leaving the Bay on the left they crossed the Ingersby Road into the gorse field, and going on between Cold Newton and Sludge Hall ran very fast up to and over the Tilton—Loseby Road. Checking in the bottom on the Tilton side of John O'Gaunt, they flung forward, and hitting the line off went on, now slowly, to within a field of the Red Lodge in Cottesmore country, when it is very probable he got into an old drain. This ended what had been a glorious day's sport.

In contrast, on the Saturday, from Belton, scent was not good first start off, and went from bad to worse as the day wore on. A fox found in the Asplin's was hunted through Breedon Cloud Wood, away at the bottom end, and running parallel with the railway towards Tonge bore to the left before reaching the village, and leaving Breedon on the right they ran out of scent on crossing the main road pointing for Spring Woods. Returning, they found a brace or more in Breedon Cloud Wood, and hunted in this thick covert for some time before going away with one for Barrow Hill, which, however, was lost after a short hunt. Tonge Gorse and Langley Priory were blank, and a fox from Langley New Wood was hunted slowly with scent now very bad by Langley Park to Woodhouse Farm, when hounds were stopped at dusk.

SCARLET RUNNER.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S GOOD WEEK

A GOOD week's sport concluded with a very good day's hunting on Saturday. The early part of the week had been unseasonable weather—Friday a day of glorious Riviera-like sunshine, Saturday changing to early morning fog and a north-east wind suggesting the icy conditions reported on the Continent. Hounds ran well all day, but were not helped the way things happened. They met at Foxley Green, a large field out and most people ready for a ride, wearing their oldest coats, knowing the state of the water-logged country! The going, however, proved quite good, and it was only the tail-end of the field that slipped and slithered about in greasy mud. The first covert drawn, Hyam, proved blank, but a fox lying out in a hedgerow went back through Hyam, crossing the Malmesbury Road near Twatley and pointing as if for Broken Borough crossed Fosse Farm and got to ground in a drain in the orchard of Boakley. This was disappointing, as hounds went off at racing pace with only a few really with them.

Returning to draw along the banks of the Avon, a fox was quickly found in Mr. Rich's small plantation. Again running fast, hounds this time went up wind, over the river to Cowage, where the fox turned back left-handed, running by the gorse to Thornhill Farm, where he again made a quick turn to go down wind at the back of Malmesbury, on by Hyam, Fosse Farm, over the Shipton-Moyne Road, and so to Shipton Wood. Here he was viewed very tired, and hounds killed him in the garden plantation near Estcourt House. Going back to draw Easton Grey another fox was soon found by the river, and he went by Brawsdown Bottom and on over that nice bit of grass country towards Rushmore. Here, after running the foil of cattle, the fox turned away, crossed the road and went on by Tug Wells Gorse and Hill Court as if for Doughton. Here there was a check, where he had run through a field of kale, but recovering the line hounds ran on very fast for Westonbirt Park, and swung into the garden of the school just as their fox left via the tennis court on the other side. Running on, they stuck to him in the Arboretum, and hunted beautifully, forcing him again to take

A MEET OF THE HURSLEY HOUNDS AT CHILWORTH MANOR

to the open by Down Farm and Elmstree Farm, but turning back on to foiled ground in the Arboretum they were unlucky to lose him in the thick brambles behind Mr. Middleton's house, a fresh fox taking away half the pack and darkness coming on to finish a hard day. FIELDFARE.

CATTISTOCK'S CONTINUED GOOD SPORT

I MET the Cattistock Hunt Secretary, Captain A. Douglas Pass, at the meet when hounds met at Ridge on Wednesday, and in the course of the conversation he said to me: "I wish when you write your article for the *Field* you would make some mention of the fact that, although this influx of visitors which we are getting from neighbouring Hunts is very flattering, we must request those who do not hunt with us regularly to refrain from coming out now, when their own hounds are stopped by foot-and-mouth restrictions. I know it seems inhospitable," he went on, "but I do not think it quite fair to the farmers under the existing conditions, although ordinarily we like to see them." Now, since I was asked to, I preface my report this week with these remarks.

On Tuesday, hounds met at Chilfrome, and there, Wednesday; for the bracken, which usually holds must have been exposed to the fury of the storm all night, and I see no reason why any self-respecting fox should have been there. However, hounds found a good fox—a brace in fact—in Pipsford, and going away behind one of them, they gave the Field as good a 50 minutes' hunt as I have seen this season. I saw it all on my feet. The fox whose line hounds hit off ran straight away toward Westcombe, turned back right-handed from the covert, and setting his mask for Mapperton, came back across the lower end of Pipsford Farm; skirted Hooke Park and went on toward Beaminster. They all came very near to where I was standing—the fox, the hounds, the huntsman, and the Field, and I followed them with my eyes down the valley until they disappeared behind Mapperton Hill. It was a lovely clear day, and what little wind there was brought the sound of hounds' cry clearly to me, as they swung right-handed and drove on for Cox's Gorse. I think that fox must have known that he had a "gallery"; for he skirted the gorse and came back toward Westcombe over a mile of open country, where one could watch every move, and see easily through a pair of field glasses the entire Field as they swept across the

THE OLD BERKS MOVING OFF FROM THE MEET AT SPARSHOLT

in the house so long occupied by the Rev. E. A. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, who now occupy it, entertained the Field before hounds moved off. Maiden Newton Withy-bed does not often fail us, but it did that day, and it was a small thicket near Lower Wraxall which harboured the first pilot of the day. He went away toward Daws Hill, swung right-handed for Wraxall, thought better of it, and setting his mask for Toller, took us over the hills, past the Rookery, and over the Crewkerne Road to the Punchbowl. Here hounds dwelt for a moment, but quickly hitting off the line, they raced down the ridge above the Toller Valley toward Maiden Newton, re-crossing the road and forcing their fox back to the thick covert of the Rookery. It took some time to dislodge him from here, but he was eventually holloaed away, and this time he ran nearly to Chilfrome before turning back to Kingcombe Wood, where he was presently lost. It was a twisting hunt, but there were a good many fences in it, and the "riding" division of the Field had a good deal of fun; in fact one lady told me that she considered it an excellent hunt.

I did not; but then, I like to see hounds account for their fox. We had another gallop in the afternoon from Daws Hill; another twisting fox, that was finally killed near Rampisham; but the day, as a whole, I should term an unsatisfactory one.

It rained on Tuesday night, and I was not really surprised that hounds failed to find at Ridge on cut-and-laid fences which, in that part of the country, divide the grass fields; and, as if to cap the climax, the fox turned at Westcombe and brought the Field straight for us, getting to ground in the valley below, near Toller Whelme, not more than half a mile away. It sounds a twisting hunt, but I can only say that the circle was a very large one, and that those of the Field who were lucky enough to get to the end told me it was one of the best and fastest gallops they had had this year.

Winterbourne Abbas can always be relied upon to provide hospitality for the Field and a good fox afterward. Last Friday it was Captain and Mrs. Simonds to whom we were indebted for the former, which was very much appreciated by everyone. A root field hardly a quarter of a mile away produced a good fox, which, running over the Downs, crossed the Roman Road, and leaving Town Hill Farm on his right, led hounds to a covert about half a mile beyond. Scent was very good, and hounds could go at top pace. There were two foxes in the little covert, one of them running across the hills toward Compton Valence; but hounds stuck well to their hunted one, who brought them back over the Bridport Road, and was killed above Winterbourne Steepleton after a very fast 30 minutes' burst. The second hunt, and the best one of the day, came with a pilot from Winterbourne Gorses, who after running very much the same line of country as that travelled by the morning fox, sank the valley and turning right-handed toward Muckleford looked at one time as if he meant going to Bradford Peverell.

I think he must have been headed, however, for he swung sharp left-handed and running parallel with the Frome River, traversed the coverts above Frampton Court and went on to the end of Cruxton Gorse, taking the Field over a nice line of country, but one which in the heavy going, took a lot out of their horses. When he turned back at Cruxton Farm hardly any of the Field were with hounds, but some stragglers coming from behind were able to nick in, and watched hounds mark their fox to ground in a covert back of Frampton Court, at the end of 55 minutes. We were galloping all the time, and in the heavy hilly going it was all that a horse could do. At the end of this hunt so many people went home that the Master decided to call it a day, and hounds were in their kennels early in the afternoon.

The week, which up to then was really a brilliant one, ended with one of the worst day's sport we have had this year. There was a big field out when hounds met at South Perrott on Saturday, but Fate was against them; for after having drawn Picket's blank when they finally found a fox in the same rushy field that produced such a good hunt the week before, he refused to run, and went to ground less than a mile on. Hounds were jogged back toward North Perrott, found another pilot in a thick double hedge just across the Crewkerne Road and went away as if for Misterton, but scent was very catchy, and hounds losing repeatedly were soon run out of scent. It was most disappointing and the Master in desperation drew the Somersetshire Holts, but here again the result hardly justified staying out longer, and hounds were ordered home as light began to fail. This week, however, has been a very good one, and certainly no one can grumble at one poor day—as an old huntsman once said to me: "It's the glorious uncertainty of foxhunting." "LINCOLN."

BEDALE'S GOOD SPORT

ON Monday (12th), the Bedale Hounds met at the Mess of the Royal Corps of Signals in Catterick Camp, where the officers kindly entertained the field. The first fox was found in Tunstall Whin and gave a nice 20 minutes gallop over a nice line to Brough beyond which the fox was marked to ground. After hunting several foxes in Brough without getting away any distance hounds were called off and taken to the Kennel Whin, where a short running fox was marked to ground in Sandholes after some hunting of a local nature. Gasshouse Plantation near Hornby Castle provided the next fox. Going away by Milky Hill hounds pointed for Tunstall bending left-handed by West Appleton and Hornby Castle, where they entered Spring Wood; crossing the Park with Winterfield on the right the pack again entered Milky Hill, then bending eastwards they ran down to the New Covert. Here a very tired fox was viewed, and going away over the Park as far as the Hornby Castle Drive, hounds got a view and rolled him over just entering Chain Pond cover after a capital hunting run of 50 minutes.

The meet was at Azerley Chase on the 14th, the weather promising, and all looked well for sport after a succession of foggy days, but unfortunately foxes were difficult to find; nearly all the Mowbray House and Azerley coverts were drawn blank, and it was past 1.30 before a fox was found in Juniper Wood. He attempted to go away on the north side, but was headed back, and finally got a good start. Going away on the Azerley side hounds hunted nicely, leaving Thunder Wood just on the right, then, swinging left-handed nearly to Azerley Tower they crossed the Kex Beck. Bending southward by Nether Close they entered and ran the length of Hollin Head Wood, crossed over the Ripon and Azerley Road with Sutton Grange on the left, entered Fisher Wood and checked beyond it. Kilbourne, who was hunting hounds, cast them over the Ripon Road and hit his fox off on the east side; now hunting at a slower pace over Ripon Parks hounds reached the flooded River Yore, which was past all idea of fording and over which some workers on the far bank had seen the fox swim. Fortunately hounds were not running fast, and it was possible to stop them. It was just past three o'clock and hounds were sent home after a nice hunting run of 70 minutes.

OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW HUNT WELL

THE Old Surrey and Burstow had one of the best days of the season from Scarletts Cowden, on December 14th. Scent was good, and in spite of very heavy going and woodland country hounds hunted all day with a wonderful cry, finally accounting for their fox in a brilliant hound hunt of one hour 35 minutes in the afternoon.

They found first in Shernden, and after a circle through Cobhambury back to covert ran back through Cobhambury almost to Edenhall. Swinging

right-handed, they hunted through Minepit and the Old Furzefield and raced over Upper Stonehurst to Lullenden. Taking a line through the kale field, their fox pointed for Hammerwood Church, but turning short ran parallel to the brook, and crossing the lane at Scarletts ran hounds out of scent beyond Drew's Rough.

A fox from Jules Wood gave hounds a capital hunt in the afternoon. They found immediately, and with the pack close behind him the fox crossed a ride between the horses' legs of the field, and went away towards Shernden. Turning back short of it, he ran through the Willow Bed to the Old Furzefield. Hunting with a great cry, hounds drove him right-handed over Dry Hill into the Plantation and ran on almost to Greybury Farm. Here they swung left to the Marsh Green Road, where the fox was headed and took a line back to Greybury Farm. Hounds were beautiful to watch as they picked up the line over the plough into Greybury Wood, and without checking pushed their fox straight through the covert to the Plantation and back into Jules. Pressing him hard, they hunted through Greybury Ghyll, where it looked as though he was making for Shernden. But their tired fox would not face the open, and hounds steadily gained on him as he twisted and turned in the Ghyll, and finally bowled him over after a hunt of exceptionally good hound work in difficult country.

SPORT WITH THE LEDBURY

FRIDAY, December 16th, these hounds met at Cold Elm in glorious weather, very different from to-day, when there is a bitter north-east wind blowing and prospects of hunting to-morrow seem negligible. Finding in the Blacksmith's Coppice, a fox ran into the Dene, where a brace were on foot. Fastening on to one, hounds ran to the Mitre, then on nearly to Swinley Court, where they turned right-handed over Nashend and Hardwick Hay nearly to Berta Hill, where there was a check at the Pigeon House—30 minutes to here. The line was then carried to Hog's Pitch, where the fox probably lay down, as he was next seen retracing his steps to the Pigeon House. John soon had hounds on, and they ran back to Nashend, where the fox was marked to ground in a hedgerow. This was a nice hunt of some 90 minutes over a good line of country. The next fox was found at the Thistles, but soon went to ground in a hedgerow by Throat Cut Lane. Another fox found in Downend seemed one of the right sort as he crossed the main Tewkesbury—Ledbury Road through a line of cars and numerous people, who holloaed in his face. Subsequently he proved less enterprising, as turning short of Blacklands he circled back to Long Green and the line was finally carried to Downend, where he was lost. This ended a very busy day.

GIN AND TONIC.

MORPETH FOXHOUNDS

THE going all this season has been very heavy, rain and still more rain, with no frosts to harden the ground. What this means to the farmers perhaps only too few appreciate; the Morpeth, however, is lucky in having a very sporting lot.

On Tuesday, December 6th, hounds met at Linden Hall. Two foxes were quickly found in the shrubberies, one of them set his mask north-east, running by Bywell and East Moor. There was a brief check at the Brocks. This country is very heavily wired, and Mr. Cookson did well to hunt his hounds dismounted till they picked up the line again across the Stobswood—Felton Road.

Leaving Cheeveley on the south, they ran to Acklington Wood; here several fresh foxes held up proceedings, but hounds stuck gamely to the hunted fox, and forced him across the flooded Coquet. The fords were impassable, and although the fox was viewed across the river, hounds had to be called off. This was a five-mile point.

On Saturday, after a very heavy mist in the early morning, hounds met at Saltwick. Creighton's Whin was drawn blank, but the Gubeon as usual was alive with foxes; scent in cover was fair but very patchy in the open. Later in the morning a fox found in Cockhill took hounds by the Gubeon North to Springhill, where he laid up in the allotments. He was roused again and finally beat hounds to a badger earth by West High House.

Edington Whin proved a sure find, and the evening gave a sporting hunt by Molesden and Meldon Village back by Penny Hill to the Whin.

THE RUFFLE.

SOUTH CHESHIRE'S SPORT

MAJOR AND MRS. TOMKINSON entertained a small field, which met Mr. Barbour at Willington Hall on Monday.

Sunday night having been unthinkably rough, one wondered if any self-respecting fox would be anywhere except underground; and only the best and keenest earthstopper out on such a night.

Hounds quickly killed a fox found in the long Plantation. Ox-Pastures, Ash Wood, and the Waterless were drawn blank. From Waverton a good hunt of 75 minutes followed. A fox going away in the direction of Golden Nook Bridge, swung left-handed, hounds running nicely over good country before circling back towards Waverton, and without touching the covert ran in the direction of Cotton Edmunds. Running through Tofts Covert, they pointed for Stapleford Mill, the field crossing the River Gowie by the bridge on the Eggbridge—Duddon Heath Road.

Hunting slowly, hounds ran keeping Stapleford Hall on the right, swung left-handed over Mr. Shaw's farm to Hockenhull Hall, killed their fox on the main Tarvin—Chester Road by Holme St. Hall.

The Tuesday field which met Mr. Clegg at Wilkesley were compensated for a bad morning by a good afternoon hunt, having quickly killed a fox found in Hopetown. A slow hunt from Courts Gorse to Sound Heath, over a bad country followed.

Finding in the Rookery, which lies in the centre of the Broomhall country, so admirably managed by Major Ashton, a good hunt followed over a nice country via Broomhall. Hounds crossing the main Nantwich—Whitchurch Road and the railway, ran to within a field of Starkeys Gorse, where hounds were stopped in the dusk, with only the Hunt staff, the Master and one member of the field in attendance. The week concluded with the best day of the season to date, from Tattenhall Village, where a large field met Mr. Barbour and Mr. Clegg. From the coach drives hounds went away over some of the best Bolesworth country, through Hanley, over the brook by the old hunter trial course, crossing the main Chester—Whitchurch Road, lost their fox on Mr. Jackson's Farm.

J. D. H. S.-M.

Owing to Christmas press arrangements, no accounts of hunting runs will be published in next week's issue.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP

Some Promising Entries

THERE has been no racing worthy of mention during the past few days, but there were two quite good meetings earlier, the one at Windsor and the other at Hurst Park. At Windsor the weather was warm enough to do without an overcoat, but at Hurst Park on the second afternoon the cold was intense. On the first day at Hurst Park rain fell as heavily as it did on the unforgettable afternoon at Aintree when Troytown, one of the greatest of all jumpers, won the Grand National, and a number of well-known racegoers later died of pneumonia!

There was a time not so long ago when horses who could get barely a mile on the flat could win hurdle races run over two miles, but those times seem to have passed away. Yet at Hurst Park a horse named Petoford, by Stratford, whose best distance was six furlongs at the outside, won the Osterley Hurdle of two miles, and what is more he won it with ease. There was no suggestion that this four-year-old, who had never been seen over hurdles, was much expected to win, and he started at 20 to 1 in the ring and at more than 120 to 1 on the totalisator. Yet he was not unbacked, and one lady racegoer, who is well known, had him in the daily double. She thought that she knew the second half and went to Tote Investors and placed Too Dear in the office as the second half of the double. She then met a gentleman, who is not altogether uninterested in Tabor's stable, in which Too Dear is trained, and asked him what chance the horse had. She was told that it had none at all, and so she went back to the Tote Investors and changed her horse. The tragedy of it was that Too Dear won on a tight rein. He was not fancied in the least and went in the market from favourite to 10 to 1 offered, while in running one of the leading bookmakers offered as much as 33 to 1 against him. The tote double paid more than £430 to 10/-.

And yet there are many people who state that the trainers of horses always know when one of their horses will win and when it has no chance at all. On this showing Too Dear is about the best three-year-old hurdler yet seen out and a really good one, for he won this race, the Surrey Hurdle, with a stone in hand. On the second day of the meeting at Hurst Park another three-year-old hurdler, Main Mast, won the Marble Hill Hurdle against older horses with many lengths to spare. He had beaten Iceberg II, another three-year-old, earlier in the season, and Iceberg II had won twice since. Main Mast is trained by that great master of training, Tom Leader, who won the Grand National with Sprig. Ever since then Leader has been regarded as a National Hunt trainer, only much to his detriment, but he can train flat-race horses just as well if he is given the chance, as he showed last summer when he won a number of races with a very few horses.

The Lincolnshire Handicap is a long way off, for it will not be run until March 22nd. Yet the entries were made known a short time ago in the *Racing Calendar*. Sixty-seven horses have been entered against 68 last autumn. As a class they are much the same as they have been for many years, the days when classic horses such as Sir Galahad III and Tapin seeming to have passed. Yet such a wonderful filly as Sceptre was entered for the race, and was beaten by only St. Maclou, who afterwards won a number of handicaps and finished up the year by winning the Manchester November Handicap. It has always been thought that Sceptre should have won that Lincolnshire Handicap, and she afterwards won all of the five classic races except the Derby.

The best-class horses in this next Lincolnshire Handicap would seem to be Agincourt, The Hour, Thankerton and, it may be, Domaha. The first two, like Zoltan, are trained by Jack Jarvis, who saddled the winner last spring in Phakos. A few years ago he sent out Flamenco to win the same race, and if he makes up his mind to go for the race this year he should not be opposed. I like Agincourt, a colt by Bosworth out of Valescure, owned and bred by Lord Rosebery, the best of his three entries. This colt showed much promise as a two-year-old, but was then regarded at first as a three-year-old as a sprinter, and that in spite of his breeding. He was then found to be able to stay a mile, and after running away with a mile race at Doncaster was much expected to win the Cambridgeshire. He ran rather indifferently in that race, and later failed in another race. Still, he seems to be of rather better class than most of his possible opponents. Jarvis has private ground of his own at Newmarket, and can get his horses ready for the race with greater ease on that account than many other Newmarket or provincial trainers. At the same time, The Hour was a very good three-year-old, and if he can recover that form would also have a very good chance.

I am tired of Thankerton, who has done little for a long time, and would seem to have trained off. He is now owned by Mr. Westhead and trained by Tabor. He is being run over hurdles this winter, and that may give him back his courage and will keep him fit. Still, the last hurdler to win this race was Clarence Hatry's Furious, just after the War, and hurdling does not keep horses fit any more now than good work at home if the winter is open. Domaha is an interesting entry, for on his best form he is as good a miler as there is in the country. The manner in which he won at Doncaster last September proves that, and further, he ran very well in the Cambridgeshire last autumn. The distance there may have been just too far for him, and he will certainly like the Lincoln mile much better.

Harry Peacock has won the race twice in recent years. He won it in his first year as a trainer with Jerome Fandow and he won the race the year before last with Marmaduke Jinks, who is now running over hurdles and might win one soon in the colours of his new owner, Miss Dorothy Paget. Harry Peacock has entered three horses for the race, the most interesting of them being Mrs. Robinson's Lode Star, a winner last back-end and a horse bred to win this race. His dam won the Cambridgeshire for Mrs. Robinson, who also bred her and this horse. Zaimis, who was second in the race last year, and then was much expected to win the Cambridgeshire, in which he was far from disgraced, is another interesting entry. If I had to make a suggestion now as to the probable winner of a race for which the weights do not come out until February 2nd, I would choose from J. Jarvis's selected and Zaimis, for horses who have run well once in this race over this somewhat peculiar course have been known to do so again. Zaimis has done so, and, further, is a horse who runs best when he comes out fresh and unraced for some time.

There will be a lot of good racing this coming week with meetings especially well worth a visit, at Kempton Park on Boxing Day and the following day, and at Newbury at the week-end on Friday and Saturday. It is to be noted by members that they can take their children to both days of Kempton Park so long as they, the children, are under eighteen years of age, free passes being obtainable for them from the office on the course. There should be some really good racing on both days if the frost, which is prevalent as these notes are being written, has by then passed away, as, like all other racing men, I hope that it will have done. It is not so much a hardship for some of us as it is for the men who rely on it for a living, such as the ring-keepers and gate-keepers, the riders, who at the best for the most part get a bare living, and the many people attached to the catering and bookmakers' business, such as waiters, waitresses and runners and clerks.

GNOSTIC.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

CONSIDERING the large number of four-footed beasts which roam the world, there are but few which we honour with our gastronomic patronage. To millions of men and women in the East, the ox is sacred, and all flesh is repugnant; to many more, not merely in the East, the pig is a disgusting scavenger, and pork is untouchable. But to the great majority of broad-minded and broad-waistcoated Englishmen, roast beef and Yorkshire ham are among the very best things on earth. In Belgium and in some parts of France, horse-flesh is recognised as butcher's meat, whilst in most mountainous districts of Europe, the goat—and preferably the kid—are greatly appreciated. In the Balkans, both venison and bear abound, and are consumed upon a considerable scale. In England, however, bears are safe and so are park deer, the ox, the lamb and the pig supplying practically the whole of the demand for our daily meat.

There is no better beef in the world than English beef, except Scotch beef. The reasons for such superiority are, first, that bulls serve but do not work in Britain as they do on the Continent; second, that the grazing is more plentiful and more suitable than in other lands, where the heat of the summer and the cold of the winter are so much more extreme than they are either in England or in Scotland, where God's good green grass has such a lovely time. Truly tender and white veal, such as one gets in France from milk-fed calves, is vastly superior to the immature beef known in England as veal.

English lamb is admirable, but there is no more any English mutton deserving the name; Welsh mutton is still praised as the finest there is, so that it is probably still to be obtained, presumably in Wales. Queen Victoria always kept sheep in Windsor Great Park which were not brought to the royal table before they had attained the age of discretion, even if not the age of consent, which for sheep is three years. The sheep that has lived peacefully and been properly grazed from three to four years has had a chance to cushion its saddle with close grain meat of truly excellent flavour and quality. The trouble is that wool from Australia, South Africa and the Argentine reaches England in such large quantities and at such low prices that the English farmer cannot sell the fleece of his sheep at a price that will pay for the sheep's keep from year to year; hence the slaughter of the innocent lambs, and the fact that butchers who offer us home-killed meat in England deal very rarely in more than two sorts of lamb, new lamb and old lamb, which they call mutton.

Pigs, of course, are the more human of all quadrupeds; they do not vote, but they are omnivorous, eating meat, fish, and everything that they can get, without ever showing any signs of gratitude, but, on the contrary, never ceasing to grunt and to want more. Yet, when the end comes, as come it must, they amply repay, to the last drop of their blood, all favours received.

IN THE SALEROOM

AT the Notaries' Sale Room, 7, Marché aux Grains, Louvain, Belgium, the magnificent Van Dyck portrait of Sieur Vinck is to be sold on January 21st. Listed by Smith, Vol. III, No. 487, it comes from the Vanden Schrieck Collection, and will be sold without reserve. The companion picture, the portrait of Madame Vinck, is now in a private collection in England.

The disposal by Sotheby's of the final portion of the Schiff Library was not quite so well supported as the previous sales, but the total of nearly £13,000 brought the amount realised for the complete library to over £50,000. The following are some of the prices obtained: *The Gessner* (*Salomon*) *Œuvres* (three volumes, Paris, 1786-93) fetched £155; Voltaire's *La Pucelle D'Orléans* in contemporary French red morocco, possibly by A. M. Padeloup, extra-illustrated with an original water-colour title and 29 drawings, was sold for £110; *Xenophontis Opera* (in Latin), Grolier's copy, with his name and motto on the covers (Basle, 1534) secured £150; Diego Lopez De Zuniga's *Annotationes Jacobi Lopidis Stunicae*, Grolier's copy (Alcalà, 1520), fetched £235; and *Les Sainctes Prières de l'âme Chrestienne*, "escrites, gravées après le natural de la plume par P. Moreau," and bound in very fine contemporary Parisian red morocco, possibly by the mysterious Le Gascon (Paris, 1649), brought £130.

Claud W. Heneage's fine collection of English and Continental porcelain and pottery and Chinese porcelain and works of art was, apparently, affected by world affairs at the sale at Sotheby's on December 8th, and the prices realised were moderate, and doubtless many collectors were able to obtain genuine, fine pieces at prices much less than they anticipated.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of December 22nd, 1888.

TRAVELLING at Christmas. "Imagine what was the lot of your ancestor at a time when railroads were not. The interior of even a third-class carriage is a warmer berth than the top of a coach, and what may be slow for a train would, nevertheless, be quick travelling on the road. Moreover, in case of a block in the snow, or a thick fog, those under cover have the best of it; they are neither choked by the one nor are they called upon to get down and lend a hand in whatever direction the guard might suggest. It is said that a former Dean of Rochester was once asked to ride one of the leaders of a snow-bound coach to summon assistance. . . . Anyone who happened to be in the vicinity of the Edgware Road on Wednesday morning last might have had his mind carried back to the olden time of stage coaches as upwards of a dozen were to be seen near the Marble Arch. They were engaged, however, on no merry Christmas errand. . . . They had come together to follow to their last resting place in Highgate Cemetery the remains of James Selby, the proprietor of the Old Times coach."

Sand Grouse Protection Bill. "The Bill as it stands provides that, for three years from February 1st next, anyone who shall knowingly or with intent kill, wound, or take any sand grouse, or shall expose, or offer for sale a sand grouse killed or taken in the United Kingdom, shall be subject to a penalty of 20/- for each offence . . . Sydney Buxton."

"'I regret to say that I am still of the opinion that the birds will all die out or disappear before long, though perhaps a few stragglers may linger longer than I at first thought, whatever may be done to protect them from persecution.—E. Delmé Radcliffe.'"

Magazine Rifles. "On Thursday, in the House of Commons, Colonel Eyre rose to ask the Secretary of State for War whether his attention had been called to the *Field* newspaper of Saturday last, December 15th, as to the penetration attained by a bullet, the invention of Mr. Farini, and to the machinery by which rifles can, without alteration, be converted into machine guns."

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

THE Southern Counties Gun Dog League held their retriever trials at Idsworth on December 9th and 10th by kind permission of their president, Lady Howe, who judged them with Mr. W. East and Mr. G. T. Woodger. Results:

STAKE 1 (limit fourteen nominations and winner eligible for the Retriever Championship trials).—Equal 1st, Mr. J. A. Rank's Labrador Withington Nith and Mr. A. B. Simpson's Labrador Bill of Upperlodge; 3rd, Mr. R. V. Garton's Labrador Langbourne Midnight; reserve, Miss Newton-Deakin's golden retriever b. Silence of Tone. Certificates of merit: Major B. M. Bebb's Labrador Hiwood Shimey, Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's golden retriever Noranby Ranter, Major F. E. Davies's golden retriever Rakelands Copper, Mr. J. A. Rank's Labrador Withington Sam, Mr. K. J. Malcolm's Labrador b. Gem of Glenmorag.

STAKE 2 (for retrievers not having won first, second or third prize in any stake up to November 26th).—1st, Mr. R. G. Heaton's Labrador b. Cheverells Amber; 2nd, Mrs. E. M. Harvey's Labrador Nero of Harpotts; 3rd, Mr. Henry S. Loebl's Labrador Hesloe Flash; reserve and certificate of merit, Major F. E. Davies's Labrador b. Braeroy Fay; certificate of merit, Mr. J. A. Rank's Labrador Withington Sam.

BLIND GARDENERS—The blind competed at the National Rose Show this year, and they have won prizes for their exhibits in past years. Growing plants seems an extraordinary procedure for the blind, but here is evidence of what they can achieve. They sow the seeds and do all their work by touch, tending with care flowers and vegetables they can never see. But they enjoy the work, and that they can follow such an occupation is due to the inception of The Garden Club for the Blind, Tressillian Lodge, St. John's, London, S.E. 4. Many people have helped with plants, seeds, implements, &c., and assistance will bring pleasure to many blind gardeners.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—If you not do know what this commandment stands for, it is "Thou shalt not be found out." A trial performance of a play by Edward Hyde Kent bearing this title was given at the Twentieth Century Theatre. The theme is a good one and deals with the difficulties of an aspirant to Cabinet rank when threatened with the revelation of a divorce which took place in his youth. The last acts were spirited, and, with some adjustment of dialogue in the early acts, and some additions and polishing, the play would have distinct promise in the hands of a West End caste, as was revealed by the acting of Deirdre Doyle and Aithna Gover.

THE GLAMOUR OF CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS EVE. We have put holly above the pictures, and along the picture rails. We have hung mistletoe up in the hall, not because anyone will make use of it this year (we are all far too old) but because we always have hung mistletoe up in the hall. We have examined the Christmas cards on the mantelpiece, on the top of the piano, on the overflow tables; we note that So-and-so has not remembered us this year and glow inwardly when we think of him looking at our card; we try to forget that we shall have to buy several cards when the shops open again, and hope that the recipients will put down their late arrival to the vagaries of the Christmas post and not have the *nous* to look at the post-mark. And now it is time to go to bed.

* * *

Christmas is still a time of excitement even in middle age. To-morrow morning we shall receive presents; not so many as we did years ago, of course, but still presents. One or two, in the nature of things, will be rather unsuitable. They will call forth expressions of deep gratitude—sincerely meant, if not for the gift for the spirit that prompted it—and be placed in a drawer against the future. And then, of course, there are the presents which we are not supposed to know anything about; the presents we saw being smuggled into the house during the last week (just as we were seen smuggling in our own); the presents we were asked about so casually during the past month or so. And, of course, one or two that we do not know anything about. And it is all very exciting. It is nice to get presents: it is nice to give presents. It is nice to know that some people still retain an affection for us: it is nice to be able to show affection occasionally. It is nice to recapture one's childhood once a year.

* * *

Do you remember your early Christmases? I do, for I loved them more than anything. When I was a very small boy I used to sleep at the top of a very large house. I went to bed early normally and slept soundly (except on those occasions when I had my one nightmare—that of being chased, generally up the side of a house, by a large stallion of the cart variety) and woke early. On Christmas Eve I went to bed early, but I did not sleep. I would lie awake waiting for the visit of Father Christmas. Father Christmas, in that household, never wore red, and had no long white beard beneath red cowl. A beard, yes, and white, but short; and the clothes well-worn tweeds. Father Christmas tip-toed to the end of the bed and filled the bolster-case that hung in place of a stocking. When he looked my way my eyes were shut. But he knew I knew and I knew he knew. Christmas was Christmas. One kept up appearances.

* * *

In those days I opened my Christmas presents about midnight by the light of a candle: teddy-bears, and tin soldiers, and railway trains. Christmas and nothing to worry about. And then, later—the first presents of adolescence. And the first Christmas when one smoked in public, and drank in public. And all the Christmases since. The Christmases that brought, each one of them, happiness; that brought, each of them, additional responsibility; that brought, each of them, added weight and thinning hair; the Christmases that retained, each of them, some measure of the thrill of those early Christmases.

* * *

To-day I hang up no stocking; to-day I sleep soundly and wake late. But yet I am excited. The lighted shops, the hurrying crowds, the general atmosphere of festivity, the balloons and teddy-bears and dolls, the vendors on the pavements with their somersaulting toys, buoy me up. I only wish that toys were not now beyond my reach.

* * *

It is fitting that we should every now and again return to childhood, even though our hair be thi and our breath short. That we do so but once year is unfortunate in a great many ways. Fortuna for our purses, fortunate for our digestions—bu unfortunate for our natures. In this hurrying mechanised world, in this mad struggle to live (which really means no more than keeping up appearances beyond our means), in this vast pantomime that is modern life, the things that matter—really matter—are forgotten; are so frequently forgotten that they may one day cease to exist.

* * *

Christmas brings back good-will. It is the children's festival. So let us all be childish, and wear paper hats, and eat too much, and pull crackers, and blow paper squirters—and be happy.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ENCOURAGING ATHLETICS

SIR,—The method of encouraging those athletes who do not reach the standard of the champion in their own class as advocated by the Hon. Recorder of the Scottish Athletic Federation, is a most admirable one. There is no doubt that both the raw novice and the keen athlete of only second-class ability will be enormously encouraged if only they have some means of comparing what they can do with what others in a similar position to themselves are achieving. Likewise, a class, a house or a whole school, will be able to compare its average standard with that of other classes, houses or schools.

As it happens, the means for this comparison is in existence. It is the Finnish Scoring Table, adopted by the International Amateur Athletic Federation for scoring in the Decathlon competitions in international matches at the European Championships and at the Olympic Games. In this table—actually a small book—marks are awarded for almost any performance at every event on a comparative basis. Off-hand I am sorry to say that I cannot give the exact method of computing the tables, but, roughly, it is as follows: 1,000 marks was given in each event for the standard of a world champion, this standard being an average of the performances recorded by several world or Olympic champions. A curve was then drawn for each event showing marks against performance, the curve being very carefully worked out so that 500 marks, shall we say, for the high jump was of equivalent value to 500 marks for the 100 metres or 1,500 metres. (The running events are all worked out for metric distances, as are used in the Olympic Games.)

In this way a direct comparison may be made between a mile run in 4min. 53sec., a 33ft. put with the weight and a long jump of 20ft. 1in., simply by looking up in the book how much each is worth in points. Adjustment for metric distances, of course, has to be made.

The hon. secretary of the Amateur Athletic Association, 118, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2, will, I am sure, be glad to forward all particulars as to where the booklet can be purchased. It is the scoring table used by the A.A.A. for their own Decathlon championship.

As Mr. J. B. T. Mackay pointed out, there are other considerations besides the actual performance which are needed for an accurate comparison of standards, and I suggest the following points for guidance in the matter:

1. Children should be grouped by ages, boys and girls always being kept entirely separated. Sometimes a child who has developed quicker than usual will be outstanding in a certain age group, but the difficulties of deciding how much should be allowed for extra height or weight seem to be so great as to preclude any variation of this rule being adopted.
2. The same size of weight, discus or javelin should be used on every occasion by any particular age group. Those used in the A.A.A. Junior Championships, give a guide for the older boys.
3. No difference should be made for grass or cinder tracks. Contrary to usual belief, a firm, springy grass track is faster than many cinder tracks; in fact, the English native 880yds record was lowered less than three years ago on a grass track.
4. All distances should be measured with a steel tape. A linen tape stretches with age, and with the strength of the manipulator.
5. All times should be taken with at least two stop-watches. In championships at least three watches are used, but in schools and clubs this number may not be available; none the less, two should always be used, for obvious reasons.
6. The A.A.A. rules for competitions should always be enforced. This may seem an unnecessary point to bring up, but unless it is constantly in the minds of those responsible for the competitions under consideration there is always the chance that some small rule may be neglected, usually with the intention of making things go better, and later on much bitterness may result.

Yours faithfully,

R.N. College, F. W. COLLINS.
Greenwich.

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—With regard to the assertion of the British Field Sports Society that it was not invited to take part in the Little Owl Food Inquiry, I have before me as I write three cuttings from *The Times* of 1936, dated May 23rd, May 29th and June 3rd respectively.

1. An account of the activities of the British Trust for Ornithology, with an appeal for help with its investigations, including that of the little owl.
2. A letter from Mr. J. W. Fitzwilliam, secretary of the B.F.S.S., in which he expressed his opinion that the inquiry should not be confined to the examination of pellets.
3. A letter from myself, in which I wrote: "It is the truth about the bird that is being sought by the Trust, and for this end it is necessary that every possible source of direct information should be tapped."

Could any clearer invitation have been given? Moreover, the B.B.C. broadcast, in April, 1936, by Mr. Tom Harrisson, stressed the point that the appeal for help was made very specially to those interested in game.

The contents of all the gizzards examined during the special game chick investigation were prepared for me at the British Museum by the head of the bird department.

The evidence of the whole inquiry was presented in the Report for everybody to read, and the conclusions drawn from it were endorsed by the four distinguished members of my advisory committee. A suggestion of bias under the circumstances is preposterous.

Yours faithfully,

Hilary, ALICE HIBBERT-WARE.
Girton,
Cambridge.

HATCHING PHEASANTS

SIR,—I run a poultry farm of about 600 to 700 head of stock, and a friend of mine, Major Passy, of Blackford, Cornwood, Devon, has for several seasons asked me to make an experiment hatching pheasants' eggs. The object of the experiment was to see how far pheasant chicks could be raised on ordinary poultry chick foods and under ordinary chick conditions. This year I carried out the experiment, and at Major Passy's request I am sending you a few details in case it might be interesting to other people.

On May 11th 52 pheasants' eggs were put in a 100-size Gleoum incubator, run at 103° and treated just as hen eggs.

On June 5th 27 chicks were removed and placed in a 100-size Visi-chick hover run at 90° to 95° as for chicks, in a room in an old Army hut with special windows and chick verandah, room bedded down with peat moss.

Of the 25 eggs that failed to hatch, twelve were clear, twelve failed soon after starting, and one died later.

The chicks required careful handling out of the incubator, as they were wild and very quick; three jumped out of the incubator and were damaged by the fall.

The chicks were started on Silcock No. 1 baby chick mash, but were rather slow taking to it, so were given about two feeds a day of Spratt's Chiko. Once they took to the mash they appeared to like it as much as the grain.

Some chicks refused to leave the hover and had to be removed by hand and shown the food.

Eventually fifteen good chicken were raised, the casualties being mainly those which refused to feed properly at the start.

They were kept intensively till August 20th, when they suddenly started a bad attack of feather-pulling; the verandah was opened and they were allowed to go free. From the first day they roosted out, but remained in and about the garden and near-by fields, returning once or twice daily to their own house, where a feed of plain wheat was left on the verandah for them to help themselves. This continued for some time until they eventually split up into twos and threes and only returned once in a way. There is plenty of cover handy, and as there were no wild pheasants about I have requested farmers around to do their best to preserve them this year in the hope they will increase naturally next year.

Yours faithfully,

Coombe, G. T. B. HEXT.
Hessenford,
Torpoint, Cornwall.

DRAINING GROUSE MOORS

SIR,—Mr. Laming's letter, in your issue of November 18th, on what might be termed the depopulation of grouse on Scottish moors, cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

Mr. Laming does not apparently realise that the majority of moors are sheep grazings first and foremost, and that the drains he complains of are put there in order to improve the land for sheep.

In the old days estate owners and their gamekeepers were always at loggerheads with the tenants and shepherds of sheep farms on the question of drainage, heather burning, &c. It is now pretty generally recognised that grouse are more numerous on moors which are well farmed for sheep, and I could show Mr. Laming numerous moors in various parts of Scotland which are very badly drained, and on which, I am sure, he would very soon tire of tramping miles through bogs, and only see a few brace of birds.

Mr. Laming is wrong in his assumption that a wide-bottomed drain is a deathtrap to young birds. During the spring and early summer I have many times seen "cheepers" get in *and out* of these wide drains, which, even after heavy rain and thawing snow, only carry a shallow flow of water. On the other hand, the deep, narrow drain or ditch has caused the loss of dozens of birds, and many sheep.

May I humbly suggest that the cause of poor bags is not due to the causes he mentions, but to the fact that the standard of the "shots" in the majority of shooting parties is very much poorer than of old?

Having had a varied experience of sheep farming I know the keen interest the shepherds take in grouse generally, and any old shepherd will tell you that.

The Scottish moors are, on the average, in better condition for both purposes to which they are put than they were 20 years ago, but unfortunately for the shooting tenant his guns are not so accurate.

Yours faithfully,

Glasgow. IAN P. CHRYSTAL.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter in your issue of November 19th on the above subject.

While it is true that there has not been a bumper year throughout Scotland for some time, one cannot help doubting if it is quite correct to say that there has been a very appreciable decline in the head of Scottish grouse. One can recall some very big bags made since the War.

It so happened that I heard some time ago of Mr. Laming's idea concerning draining, and coming from such an authority it has occasioned much thought. It is, of course, quite true that a wide, deep, straight-sided drain, as so often made by sheep farmers, is disastrous to any young grouse that may fall into them, but I cannot think that there are enough of these to cause a general decline in the numbers of grouse throughout Scotland.

It would be very interesting if Mr. Laming would give his reasons for supposing that these drains are detrimental to heather. My experience has been exactly the reverse. When one comes across these drains in low ground it is usually found that the only good heather grows alongside them. I am not, of course, defending drains of this type—they are an abomination—but I am quite sure that a well-drained moor is more likely to carry a good stock of birds than one that is ill-drained or not drained at all.

I am equally sure that all moorland drains are a curse to fishermen as the water runs off so quickly that the river is down almost as soon as the rain stops.

I quite agree that a full discussion on the subject would be very beneficial.

Yours faithfully,

The Bath Club, BERNARD CAZENOVE.
34, Dover Street, W. 1.

SIR,—Mr. Laming's letter in your issue of November 18th *re* the draining of grouse moors will, I hope, start a very interesting discussion.

There is one point, however, which he does not mention and that is the effect that extensive hill draining has on the salmon rivers. In the old days after heavy rain the river took a day or two to rise, but when it did it came gradually, stayed big for some days, and then went back gradually, and the water was clean, having filtered through the ground. Nowadays heavy rain just rushes down the drains, the river rises at once, and is the colour of black coffee. Fish will not take in this black water, even if they come into it from the sea.

The Spey in the last two years demonstrates this well. I refer to one of the lower beats. 1937 was a dry year, no black water and a record season, though the water was low. In 1938 the season was good till May, but from then on the river was high and black, and there were no more fish.

Yours faithfully,

Blairs House, A. P. GORDON CUMMING.
Altyre, Forres, N.B.

BIRDS AND THE GRID

SIR,—It is a matter of common knowledge that large numbers of game birds are killed by flying against telegraph wires, and the grid cable is now an additional danger.

On a shoot in the county of Devon there have been found this year killed against an electric wire crossing over a small field of less than two acres in extent the following numbers: Five landrail, two snipe, three woodcock and one ringed plover.

It is remarkable that so many landrail, which are now seldom seen or heard of in this county, should have met their death in one small spot. The five landrail were all picked up in the early part of September, the two snipe in October, and the three woodcock and the ringed plover in the early November moon.

Yours faithfully,

Bicton, CLINTON.
East Budleigh,
E. Devon.

COMFORTABLE BEDS

SIR,—It is often said, and truly, that the Swiss hotel proprietor prides himself on the great comfort of his beds.

To-day in England in the better-class hotel, I consider the beds compare favourably with those in Switzerland or any other country. Unfortunately, however, there are still a host of smaller hotels, country inns, and seaside boarding-houses where, to judge by the feel, the mattresses are stuffed mainly with brickbats and iron filings.

Recently I made a very comprehensive tour of Switzerland, staying only at the most modest village inns. In every case my bed was a direct inducement to over-sleeping.

This delightful state of affairs was explained when I discovered that in almost every village there is a professional mattress cleaner. I took this picture of one of the younger generation at work in the village street with his funny old-fashioned machine. Once a year everyone sends a mattress to be opened up. The stuffing is passed through the machine and emerges clean and resilient as when new.

THE PROFESSIONAL MATTRESS CLEANER AT WORK
(See letter "Comfortable Beds")

Since such complete comfort is obtained by merely opening up and cleaning the mattress once a year, it seems a great pity that the proprietors of our smaller but otherwise most comfortable hostelries should ignore this most important detail.

On my return from Switzerland I spent a weary and sleepless night at a moderate price hotel in one of our main ports of entry for foreign tourists. Next morning the comments on the beds by a party of Continental tourists, who had also spent the night there, were anything but flattering to British hotel keepers.

Yours faithfully,

Cheshire. M. HUNTER.

A HEN SITTING IN A TREE

SIR,—A year-old hen of mine, a cross between an Indian game cock and a Barnevelder hen, took to flying up into an elm tree quite early in her career. Some time ago I noticed that she flew down with much cackling every afternoon to join the other hens at feeding time. I suspected nothing, but in a day or two it became obvious that she was a sitting hen. My gardener, with the help of a ladder, explored two elms. In the first he found a jackdaw's nest, with three fledglings nearly ready to fly. Quite close by, in the second, he discovered the hen sitting on fifteen eggs in a hollow quite twenty feet from the ground. One day, my cook and I were feeding the hens—the expectant mother busy picking up food with the rest—when we heard cheeping, to the accompaniment of much excitement among the birds in the surrounding trees. I fetched the gardener, who ascended and brought down five lively chicks, one chick slightly and another fatally wounded in the neck by some bird of prey (owl or hawk which had swooped suddenly while the hen was out of the nest), and four eggs; while below the mother was walking about cackling loudly, accompanied by two lusty chicks which somehow or other she had in the meantime conveyed to the ground. One chick had fallen down and was dead, and one had been carried off by the robber bird. Of the four eggs one was addled, one contained a dead chick, and the other two we hatched out on the top of our hot-water tank, thus adding two more to our brood, which now numbers ten.

Yours faithfully,

Lavington Rectory, (Rev.) F. H. A. WILLIAMS.
Graffham, Petworth.

FIVE GIANT PANDAS

SIR,—Looking over things I think life out here must make one adaptable. It sounds a formidable task to house five giant pandas, two blue sheep, a musk deer, a marmot, a golden-haired monkey, and three attendants in a well-filled dogs' home, built for about 50 dogs. But in fact it was not! Within two hours of the first enquiry, the collection and attendants had been unloaded, housed and settled down, and my staff were carrying on with their routine work.

The condition of the animals after a three weeks' journey across China, skirting the war area, ending with two days on an overloaded tramp in heavy seas, had best be left to the imagination. But I would like to add an opinion that, if the zoos of the world must encourage this trade in wild animals, they should, at least, supervise the trade, and not leave it to private enterprise. However, I thought you might like to get the impression of a cargo of giant pandas from a European who has had them in her supervision for nearly twelve days.

The giant pandas ranged in age from three years to ten months, and their weights from about 300lb. to 50lb. The fur reminds one of sheep's wool, and appears to be 2in. thick or more in places. Their disposition seems to be that of the Himalayan bear, now in the Liverpool Zoo, which I had for six months, and of the other bears of which I have read. They seemed perfectly content in the open grass run, fastened with a leather collar and chained to an iron stake, but one rainy night I had to bring them into the kennels; after this, they were always restless out of doors, demanding permission to go inside, so much so that one pulled the stake out of the ground and marched straight up to the kennels, demanding admission.

For food, the Chinese keepers cooked a sort of biscuit, made from oatmeal, water and sugar; while for liquid they were given a very much watered milk. They refused water alone.

At first they were suspicious of condensed milk when I offered them a tin with the usual small holes. However, after a few minutes, each one realised that it was something really worth having. The "baby" quickly learned to pick up the tin and roll on her back, in which position she would remain until the tin was taken away. A tin of milk was the only thing which would arouse the oldest, whom we called "Grandma." The tin would last her for three hours, a greater part of which was spent in licking the milk from her hair, on to which it had spouted when she gave the tin a crunch.

It must be remembered, however, that the giant pandas are nocturnal animals, and I did not see them at night. The keepers told me that they were much more active in the dark. However, they do not seem to have made any strenuous efforts to escape from their chain or the kennels.

I was rather astonished at the size of the canine teeth, in view of the fact that they are purely vegetarians and their natural food is the bamboo.

It was also strange that only one of the five would take to sugar cane.

Two other features which struck me most were the shape of the ears which are small and curiously rounded, reminding one of nothing so much as a pompom, and the thick mat of hair on each foot, so useful to give a grip on ice and rock and, possibly, on snow. I do not know sufficient of bears to know whether this is common to the family.

The facility with which they used their joint between the paw and the forearm for holding their biscuits, and anything they want to pick up, reminded me of my previous bear.

Due to my ignorance of zoology, I was not able to appreciate the blue sheep or the musk deer, except that it was a great joy to give them the freedom of a large run and to get supplies of fresh grass for them.

The whole collection was absolutely fearless of human beings, or even the dogs, with which the blue sheep rubbed noses through the wire within half an hour of arrival.

The musk deer had a broken bone just above the hock. I was able to clean and disinfect the wound but, after consultation with a local surgeon, came to the conclusion that the risk of attempting to set the bone was greater than leaving it alone, particularly so as she seemed more timid than anything I have ever handled.

There was nothing to be done for the birds as I had no aviary.

I enclose a photograph which may interest you as I think it is unique. The panda on the right is in her favourite position—she used her iron stake as a back rest and usually had her nose right in the air.

I think it is proper to add that (on behalf of the local S.P.C.A.) I took charge of the animals for their benefit and for no other reason. There cannot be the slightest doubt that, during the twelve days they were with me, the animals all made remarkable improvement in condition. They were just beginning to show their joy of life and to assert their independence when they were recrated for the journey to the Zoo.

I hope the *Field* will make its influence felt to improve the conditions under which this traffic is carried on, if it must be carried on; but it is only fair to add that the animals showed that their owner, Mr. Smith, had a remarkable knowledge of animals and their needs, but this does not alter the fact that a wealthy public body, like the Zoo, could afford to spend much more on their animals than a private trader, and should do so, or not encourage the trade.

Yours faithfully,

H.K.S.P.C.A. Dogs Home, ROSA LOSEBY.
Tam Kung Road, (Hon. Sec., Dogs Home)
Kowloon City, Hongkong.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS DREAM COMES TRUE
(See letter "Five Giant Pandas")

WHITE ALSATIANS

SIR,—In your issue of December 10th you answer an enquirer about white Alsatians, and end by saying that the "depigmentation" is considered a sign of degeneracy. At the risk of seeming tedious I would like to explain several points about this fallacy of "degeneration." I am in a position to do so because I have bred, trained and worked white Alsatians for over five years.

As far back as 1606 the ancestor of the present-day Alsatian was white by preference. "They must be white as the sheep, so that the latter should not be afraid of them, and that they should be easily distinguished from the wolf, so that they should not be shot by mistake." This was written in 1606 by P. C. Gessens, and in 1701 Hohberg mentions the same point again.

The first Alsatian ever exhibited was a dog called Kirass, a grey and white; the second (Greif) was white. These were shown in 1882. In 1888 another white (Greifa) was shown at Hamburg, and a white and yellow (Greif) at Berlin in the same year. In 1889 at Cassel Show were exhibited Stummel (yellow) and Greif II (white). These details are quoted from George Horowitz's standard work.

So undoubtedly the majority of Alsatian ancestors were white, and it is, not surprisingly, those ancestors who are responsible for the present-day white Alsatian, a simple case of atavism, or throw-back. The fallacy of degeneration arises (as far as I can see) from a total confusion between albinism and atavism. The former is, of course, an undesirable abnormality, and I have never come across an albino Alsatian, though I have seen a very great many whites. This understandable atavism has also frequently been confused by those who should know better with depigmentation. Breeders apparently imagine that if their stock becomes gradually paler in colour, the eventual result will be white, whereas in reality white puppies come quite spontaneously from dark parents. There have been black-and-white puppies in the same litter, white puppies from a black sire, and so on.

I should like to point out that "depigmentation," as far as whites are concerned, is an erroneous expression. Except for the colour of the coat, the ideal white Alsatian should have (and always has) dark eyes, a black nose, black lips and black pads, exactly the same as required in Samoyeds or white Pekingese.

As for "degeneration," my own dogs work hard all through the shooting season, have not suffered from hysteria for many years, and are natural workers from the time they are weaned. Could one ever train successfully a degenerate animal?

Yours faithfully,
HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

Yarcombe,
Devon.

A STRANGE CASUALTY

SIR,—I was very interested to read your letter in the *Field* of December 3rd entitled "A Strange Casualty."

The only possible, and I should imagine quite probable, solution to the mystery is that the bitch got her tongue caught in the teeth of a rabbit gin; and naturally being frantic, exerted all her strength to get away and thus tore it out by the roots.

I once heard of this happening to a Labrador dog, which also had to be destroyed.

Of course, in a case of this kind if one had the time to persevere for a few weeks in pouring nourishment down the dog's throat it would in all probability learn to eat, and instead of lapping liquid would suck it down; taking as example, a very good hound in the pack of the Carmarthen and Pembrokeshire Otter Hounds, which was born tongueless and does not appear at all inconvenienced by this hard deal from nature.

Yours faithfully,
LORNA G. LEWIS
(Hon. Sec., Down House Beagles).

Pontardawe,
Glamorgan.

SIR,—With reference to a letter in your number of December 3rd under this heading, a very similar incident happened to a pointer belonging to a friend of mine. The dog was working on a hill in Scotland when it suddenly returned to its master, bleeding profusely at the mouth. On examination, it was found that the entire tongue was missing. This, we imagined, had been bitten off when the dog galloped into a hidden hole, and in consequence bringing its bottom jaw a bang on to the ground. After bathing it as best we could, it was taken back and shut in its kennel. Next morning, to everyone's amazement, the stump had stopped bleeding and looked a healthy clean cut. The dog soon learnt to eat its food and to drink its water. So I do not think it was actually necessary for the beagle bitch to be destroyed, but, on the other hand, she would never again throw her tongue!

Yours faithfully,
H. N. C.

Essex.

SIR,—The strange casualty to a hound recorded in your issue of December 3rd reminds me of a similar accident, in which the victim was a bullock. No one could imagine how the bullock had lost its tongue until the severed organ was found beside a closed-up rabbit snare.

The bullock had put its tongue within the loop of the snare while grazing, or when about to chew the wire of the snare, which is a frequent habit of cattle.

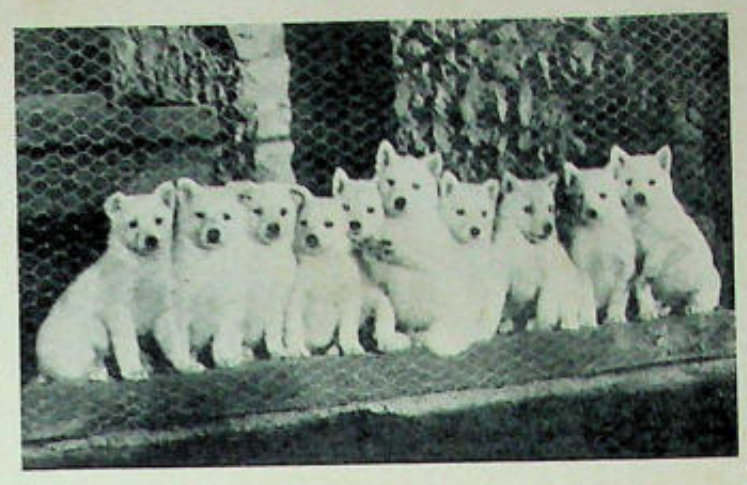
It is probable that the hound which lost its tongue was running with its head to ground and mouth open when it got its tongue caught in a snare, when the animal's own weight would sever the organ as by a knife.

No doubt the man who set the snare found the dog's tongue beside it, and, equally without doubt, he hid it.

Such accidents to cattle or dogs are rare, but snares should not be left standing open in daytime where cattle graze, or where hounds may be running.

Yours faithfully,
DUGALD MACINTYRE.

Comrie.



NO SIGN OF DEGENERACY HERE
(See letter "White Alsatians")

MOVEMENTS OF CAMELS

SIR,—I have just seen the correspondence in the *Field* of November 26th, where Muybridge's work in recording the movements of animals is referred to, and although you indicate that the correspondence is now closed, it occurs to me that you might like to inform your readers of the following.

Muybridge left all his lantern slides, made in the '80's, a large selection of his plates from the various books he published, and his "Zoopraxiscope" to the Kingston-upon-Thames Museum. The "Zoopraxiscope" was a forerunner of the modern cinematograph. By printing transparencies of successive movements of an animal round the outer edge of a glass disc, and revolving this in a specially constructed type of magic lantern, a moving picture was projected on to the screen. Muybridge first demonstrated the machine on May 4th, 1880, at San Francisco. Muybridge was born in Kingston-upon-Thames in 1830, but all his work was accomplished in America. He died at Kingston-upon-Thames in 1904.

Yours faithfully,
H. CROSS.
(Borough Librarian).

Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery,
Fairfield, Kingston-upon-Thames.

BELLE OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1924
(See letter "The Greatest American Polo Mare")

THE GREATEST AMERICAN POLO MARE

SIR,—I have been looking at the photographs of U.S.A. polo ponies you reproduced in your issue of December 3rd. The best photograph is that of Tornasol, and you may like to use the enclosed of Belle of All (the dam of Honu), as you describe her as "the greatest American polo mare ever foaled." I photographed her with 23 other ponies played by the American team in 1924, at Mr. H. P. Whitney's stables on Long Island, New York. Mr. Louis Stoddard, who owned the mare, had a large photograph from me to hang up in the Meadow Brook Club at Westbury, L.I.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. ROUCH.

London, W.C. 2.

Yes, my darling daughter?

So that explains the decline and fall in Father's stock of Gold Flake. Of course, she's only one of many these days. Women have developed a liking for a man's cigarette. And a Wills's Gold Flake—*the* man's cigarette—certainly *is* something worth smoking. It has the distinctive flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos. Look how men have been loyal to Gold Flake for years and years and years.

WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 592

A PRECARIOUS RESTING PLACE FOR AN EGG
(See letter "Fairy Terns at Rodriguez")

KILLING GAME

SIR,—I was interested in the question asked, "How to kill a wounded pheasant," and notice so far only one suggestion in reply.

I have been one of shooting parties for many years, and have witnessed some sickening methods used both by gamekeepers and guns.

I consider one of the cleanest, quickest and effective is to carefully place gun on ground, raise the bird by both legs in one hand (avoid gripping tail and other long feathers), and with the other open hand cut twice, knifewise, across the neck just back of head (similar to correct way of killing a rabbit).

There is usually no later movement or flapping by this means. I shall watch for other suggestions in your columns. Yours faithfully,

64, Hamilton Road, Felixstowe. E. E. BURT.

GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—I have shot down these pests here for many years, and now the leaves are off and the gales have destroyed their nests I have just bagged a dozen or more in a few days. There are plenty more to get later. I understand it is now a legal offence to "harbour" grey squirrels, and that a government official could be sent to kill them, but this law is futile and ignored, and few seem to pay any attention to it. My records show grey squirrels are more numerous this autumn than for several years. They have now got well established north of here, between Wrexham and Chester.

A posse of small birds, chattering and flitting

about in a tree, almost always indicates a squirrel or more. Two shots are generally needed, as they instinctively cling to the tree before eventually falling. Yours faithfully,

Bryn-y-Grog Hall, Marchwiel. R. STEWART-BROWN.

FAIRY TERNS AT RODRIGUEZ

SIR,—Rodriguez, a small island of 42 square miles, is one of the Mascarenhas Group, and is situated about 300 miles east of Mauritius.

It is surrounded by a coral reef which, on the eastern side is very close to the land, but which on the west and south goes out to a distance of nearly ten miles. There are several small islands inside the reef, and one, named Cocos Island, is the breeding ground of large numbers of sooty and fairy terns. This island is half a mile long by 100yds. wide.

The sooty tern builds its nest, roughly constructed of twigs, in the casaurina trees which flourish here, and hatches out its young in a normal manner, but the fairy tern, which in most parts of the world lays its egg on the ground, here lays it on a bough without any nest to hold it in place. It is often precariously balanced, and it is amazing that the bird is able to get up suddenly when frightened without knocking the egg off. In due course the chick is hatched off and remains on the same bough until it can fly. There are a lot of rabbits on this island, and it has been suggested that they eat any eggs found on the ground, thus driving the birds to nest on the boughs. At a neighbouring island, less than a quarter of a mile away, which has similar facilities in the line of suitable boughs, but no rabbits, nearly all the eggs are laid on the ground. Yours faithfully,

6, Cleveland Gardens, Hyde Park, W. 2. C. P. BARTLETT.

THE BRAMSHILL HUNT

SIR,—I have in my possession a set of four old coloured hunting prints, by F. Pollard E. Gill of the Bramshill Hunt.

These prints have never had any margin, and the above information is taken from a cutting with two illustrations of the prints taken from a paper which is stuck on the back of one of the prints, and gives the information that the two illustrations are taken from prints in the possession of Kenyon Fuller, Esq.

Can anyone give the history of this pack?

Yours faithfully,

Kingsthorpe, Northampton. A. G. SEWARD.

HOOKED THROUGH THE GILLS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. D. J. Reid's inquiry, I have often, when using a greased line and very small flies, caught a salmon with the fly through the gills, and I was under the impression that it was quite a usual occurrence. May I refer Mr. Reid to the late Mr. A. H. E. Wood's chapter on greased line fishing in the Lonsdale Library's *Salmon Fishing* (1931)? Here, on page 250, Mr. Wood says:

"I have often landed a fish and found the cast through the mouth and gills, and the hook in the side of the fish. The chewed fly had been ejected through its gills; a clear proof that my line had no drag and was slack. This fish takes somewhere down-stream of me."

Yours faithfully,

Uxmore, Checkendon, Oxfordshire. F. P. LANDON.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, are in urgent need of funds to help one of their old pensioners. Mrs. C. is aged 86 and has been a widow for some years; she lived with a sister who died suddenly whilst they were having tea together, and it was many months before the old lady recovered from the shock. Her only income is the Old Age Pension of 10/- weekly, out of which she pays 7/6 a week for rent and 2/6 a week to her landlady who cleans her room and does her shopping. The Friends of the Poor have been sending her an allowance of 7/6 weekly, which just covers food and warmth, and this help must be continued, for the poor old soul's one dread is the Institution. Please send gifts towards her fund.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

INVESTORS have found excellent investments in the securities of electric power distributing companies. Development of the industry in this country lagged behind other countries until the coming of the Central Electricity Board. The "grid" system brought about a distinct change. Expansion in the industry since the War years has been material.

During 1928, or ten years after the end of the War, the total amount of electricity generated in this country was 9,073 millions of units. By the end of 1937, the latest figures available, production had increased to 22,905 millions of units. There is every probability that expansion will continue for years to come.

Distribution of electricity both for domestic and industrial purposes is carried out by numerous public companies and municipalities. In most instances the undertakings owned by public companies are purchasable by their respective municipalities at various dates. These usually give the companies a life of 42 years.

As times goes on, the tendency will be for the whole of the business of supply to be owned by local authorities, many of them with very small areas. Various boards have been set up for the purpose of amalgamating lighting undertakings of adjacent municipalities.

There is, for instance, the London and Home Counties Joint Electricity Authorities, as well as the West Midlands, North-West Midlands and North Wales and South Cheshire. The London and Home Counties is interested in an area of nearly 1,800 square miles. This comprises the whole of the counties of London and Middlesex and parts of Herts, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Bucks and Berks. Every method possible is adopted to develop the use of electricity.

Some of the distributing companies are of fairly old standing. County of London Electric Supply began supplying London with electricity in 1895. This concern may be regarded as one of the most important in the land. It has an excellent record, which has satisfied many investors.

Quite recently the company issued new ordinary capital in £1 shares at a price of 43/6. The money is required for the further development of the company's activities. For seven years now the ordinary dividend has been 10½ per cent. The new shares will not rank for dividend for 1938, but the £1 shares which are entitled to a 1938 distribution stand around 44/-. They certainly look cheap.

In comparatively recent years investors in electric power undertakings have benefited very substantially from new capital issues. New money was usually raised by the issue of shares to shareholders on bonus terms. That policy is not so much in evidence nowadays. Shareholders rely more on regular dividends on their investments and less on scrip bonuses.

There is the case of Scottish Power Company, which for many years has paid a regular 8 per cent. ordinary dividend. In 1927 the ordinary capital was £750,000. To-day it totals £3,800,000. Most of the increase has come in the way of new issue on bonus terms. All this time the dividend h been a regular 8 per cent. The £1 shares have market price of 35/3. The yield is not much ove 4½ per cent., but this return is regarded as safe.

There is quite a selection among the electric power issues. Clyde Valley Electric £1 ordinary are usually very popular. This company serves the industrial districts around Glasgow. Recent dividends have been 8 per cent., with the shares standing around 35s. 9d.

Edmundson's Electricity Corporation £1 ordinary units are an interesting proposition. This concern controls, or is financially interested in, about 100 electricity supply undertakings. These are dotted all over the country. The concern can point to a good record.

The capital at the end of the year to March, 193[9] was increased by a 50 per cent. scrip bonus. D dend on the old capital for 1938 was 9 per Interim for this year on the larger capital has 2½ per cent. against 4 per cent. The units are va around 35/6.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

LAST week there was a fire at the Kingston-on-Thames power station, and as a result candles were at a premium. It must have been annoying once more to eat dinner by the light of "starry lamps and blazing cressets," but even more embarrassing for the inmates of the Chessington Zoo, who supped in outer darkness. The large carnivora, usually fed in the publicity of flood lighting, viewed their rations by hurricane lamps, while the less dignified chimpanzees grabbed their keeper's torch to assist them in their celebrations. The penguin's keeper, being without a light, slipped into the pool to join his wards—presumably on the principle that you cannot help a person in difficulty until you see things from their point of view.

New Books

THE SPIRIT OF THE SALTINGS

Life Through the Binoculars of an Ornithologist

At the Turn of the Tide. By R. PERRY. (Lindsay Drummond; 12/6.)

MR. PERRY needs no introduction to readers of the *Field*, for he has contributed to its columns on matters ornithological for the past two years. Mr. Perry is a student of bird life. By that I mean that he is a great deal more than just an observer of birds, and a very great deal more than a mere lover of birds, but that he has not as yet—and I do not think ever will—acquired that rather dusty outlook which is so prevalent amongst those who call themselves ornithologists. He has lived most of his life in wild places and he has developed that acute observation, the ability to notice and register small details, which comes to anybody whose life is spent close to wild creatures. You can feel this on every page of his book. He knows his birds and understands his birds; he knows what their calls mean; he knows, I think, what they think and what they feel. He knows and understands his birds, as I have said, but he has no desire to dissect them.

It is an attitude for which I have, indeed, much admiration. One can (there can be no doubt about it) learn a tremendous lot about birds in museums. But one can learn a very good deal more about birds in their natural surroundings. Birds are animate creatures with feelings and thoughts, and it is their feelings and their thoughts that make them the interesting creatures that they are, no less than it is the feelings and thoughts in man that make man so interesting. The skeleton in a museum, the mounted specimen in a glass case, the skin in a drawer, all are instructive; it is only in the open that one can approach the individuality that is a bird, and it is only in the open that one can really learn of birds.

It is perhaps, if you are good that way, not so very difficult to learn. It is very much more difficult to put that learning down on paper in a way that will hold the reader and at the same time instruct. Mr. Perry, as most of the people who read this review will know, possesses a fluent and descriptive pen. His pictures of bird life around our coasts are living and vital. I myself—until the last three years—spent my life in wild places and had for my daily companionship the cries of gulls and terns and the piping of all the many small waders that visit us on their way north or south. I did not realise until I read Mr. Perry's book how much I missed them, how great a portion of my being had been cut off. This book (I cannot pretend that I agree with all the author's ideas, and with some I am in definite disagreement) has produced in me a great longing for the saltings and mudflats of our coasts. It gave me a nostalgia for the good earth, and in doing so did me much good. I do not know if that is a big side of a great book—great is a horrible word, anyway, for things can be great only in comparison with things less great—but it is definitely the criterion of a good book, and I am convinced that that will not be my opinion only. You may have your own ideas about such things as the eclipse of drakes; I have. You may have your own ideas about this and that and the other thing, about migration and breeding behaviour—fostering and so forth. They may not agree with Mr. Perry's. But if you love birds I defy you to read this book without feeling the great urge to go as quickly as you can to some lovely coast line, and the illustrations, whether they be in colour or from photographs, will but increase that urge.

L. G. K.

* * * *

The Film of Memory. By SHANE LESLIE (Michael Joseph: 15/-).

Once again the Book Society have made a wise choice. Mr. Leslie has written his memories, and they are both charming and interesting. Born into a wealthy and cultured family, he has passed his days in pleasant circumstances in company of renown, culture and wit. But, above all, Mr. Leslie has watched the play of Time and epoch-making scenes: the last years of a century of magnificent pageantry and the commencement of another—none the less dramatic—changing from a sparkling social peak to the horrors of war, and that hectic recovery which has brought us to a precipice to-day.

Mr. Leslie attributes the clearness of his earliest recollections to his recent accident and subsequent concussion; certainly his telling of his youthful memories are some of the most fascinating in his story. The first home was in Ireland with the Leslie grandparents (Sir John and Lady Leslie) at their Castle Glaslough: here was a boy's Paradise, ruled over by a Master and Mistress, who were typical of a type now gone and sadly missed: feudal but loving, surrounded by servants who were friends, and holding sway in their village or over the society which poured up the great staircase of Stratford House, their London home.

It was in that setting that the little Leslies grew up to recognise their first sounds—the rooks in the tall trees and the cuckoo clock; their best friends were the servants, the gamekeeper and the welcoming villagers. Here are Irish characters in plenty. The old woman who danced at her third wedding when she was 103; the little girl who, when asked at the village school religious examination, what food St. John the Baptist had, replied: "Was it midges he was ateing?" Or the witty Derry Possmore; the Beresford cousins (who deserve a volume to themselves), and nearly every Irish name of wit and culture of those days.

Later came inevitable changes: the Fraulein had to be exchanged for schools, and in turn Ludgrove, Eton and Cambridge fill the pages: each brought new friends and experiences and a ceaseless flow of "personages."

> "Links with the past give the restless mind a halting place. Can a generation pass so quickly? Has one only to live to eighty, or even fifty, to become a mark by which others can measure the passage of historical time?"

But not only the pleasanter side of life has been experienced. He spent some little time living and working in London slums, meeting many pioneers of the missions and clubs.

> "Perhaps the most important tendency of our time for the social historians to unravel will be to show how the whole Labour movement has passed into secular hands towards Communism, in spite of the many Christian sources by which it was fed in this country."

Mr. Leslie looks at the changes to-day, the large departmental stores standing where he dined and danced with illustrious company in mansions of dignity and grace; he sees our ribbon development scarring a countryside which he loves; he despises motor cars for removing man's leg muscles, and he marvels at the levelling of all class distinctions by the modern dress.

Whether or not you regret "the good old days," you will enjoy re-living them in such good company.

C. N.

* * * *

Your House and Mine. By GEOFFREY BUMPHREY. (Allen & Unwin: 15/-.)

The origin of this book was in a series of broadcasts for children. Mr. Bumphrey found that they were appreciated and not only by those for whom they were intended. (I was, myself, one of those who listened as regularly as I could and always with enjoyment.) And so he has remodelled his talks and formed a book which he hopes will appeal to all readers. A modest hope: Mr. Bumphrey has written a book destined to rank as a classic. It is no good trying to criticise it—I can't: and I certainly can't review it (whatever that may mean)—I should only quote large portions of it. I can only tell you that it contains the history of homes from the cave dwelling to the flat; from the rush on the floor to steel furniture. I can only tell you that it is magnificently illustrated and charmingly written; I can only beg you to buy it.

B. V-F.

* * * *

Alone. By REAR-ADMIRAL E. BYRD. (Putnam; 7/6).

Admiral Byrd has flown over both the North and South poles, and he was the leader of two expeditions which established the Antarctic base, Little America. Obviously he knows the polar regions as well as anyone else in the world—probably he knows them better. But he is not so good at setting down what he knows, on paper in popular form. I believe he took four years to make up his mind to write this book, which is the account of his five months' stay alone at Advance Base on the Antaretic ice barrier, 123 miles south of Little America. Alone, yes: but not absolutely isolated. There was wireless—and if there had not been wireless there would not be this book. As a record of an astonishing and courageous vigil it is magnificent: as popular reading (and presumably the book is meant to appeal to a wide public) I do not think it more than fair. The fact is that we are all of us dependent upon our surroundings and our contacts with other people. Without them we would be lost. Admiral Byrd's surroundings were snow and ice, just snow and ice, and his contacts were vocal over miles and miles of space. An imaginative novelist could make something of that. This is real life.

B. V-F.

* * * *

Cecil Beaton's New York. Illustrated from drawing by the author and from photographs by the author and others. (Batsford; 10/6.)

This is really a collection of photographs with rather unimportant but very readable text alongside. The photographs are most original, and vary from lines of tenement washing, reflections in puddles, ghettoes, to cabarets, skyscrapers and a corpse in a coffin. The angles at which Mr. Beaton has seen these objects is perhaps unusual, even a little askew, but perfectly sound. They all hold attention. There is no other "guide book" to New York like this one. Sordidness is shown, wealth shines out—only drab respectability and suburbia is left out. The sketches suffer from their close proximity to the photographs, but they are alive and amusing. Mr. Beaton has produced a work in keeping with his renown, and his publishers have excelled their own excellence.

C. N.

Punter's Pie. By WILLIAM FAWCETT. (Duckworth; 5/-.)

In *Punter's Pie* Mr. Fawcett has collected for the first time in one volume many of the racy racing stories which have been bandied about club and paddock, stable and saddle-room, during recent years. Some you may not have heard before, but old or new, careful selection of subject-matter has made this a readable and amusing book.

It is not uninteresting to see how some of the new stories came to light. Following upon the idea of the book an appeal was made in the sporting press, and this brought a huge mail to the author's doorstep. From its contents we get some of the hitherto unpublished jokes in *Punter's Pie*, many of which are illustrated by Patrick Bellew. There is, too, a foreword by Tom Walls, and it is natural to find that such a team, given free rein, have run a good race.

W. G. L.

* * * *

Beware of the Dog. By MARY DUNN. (Collins; 5/-.)

Of late it has been my lot to review a number of serious books about dogs. This volume is far from serious, but in spite of, or because of, this it is eminently readable. We English are essentially a dog-loving people, and Mary Dunn makes use of this characteristic to write an exceedingly witty and amusing satire on the peculiarities and absurdities of dog owners in general.

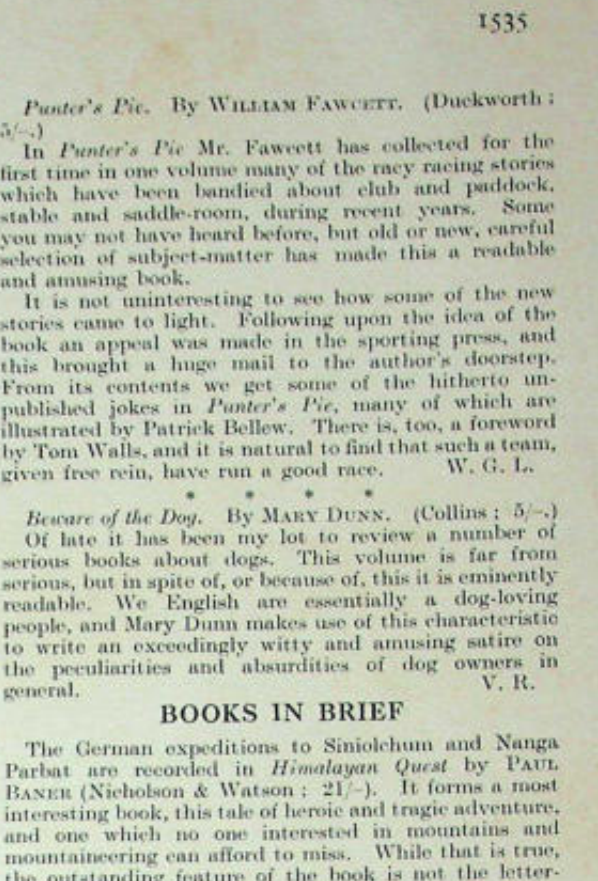
V. R.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The German expeditions to Siniolchum and Nanga Parbat are recorded in *Himalayan Quest* by PAUL BAUER (Nicholson & Watson; 21/-). It forms a most interesting book, this tale of heroic and tragic adventure, and one which no one interested in mountains and mountaineering can afford to miss. While that is true, the outstanding feature of the book is not the letterpress (which is indeed only ordinary), but the photographs, which are amazingly beautiful and produced in a way that does infinite credit to the publishers.

A most beautifully illustrated book—the letterpress is almost non-existent, and is largely in the form of long captions—is *Sand and Sea in Arabia*, by NORMAN LEWIS (Routledge; 15/-). The photographs are really exceptional, the work of an artist who is not afraid of angles, and the book is one which you can keep and look at again and again without any fear of satiation.

Miss Frances Pitt's latest book, *Wild Animals in Britain* (Batsford; 8/6), is an excellent all-round introduction to the wild mammals which live in our woods, by our rivers and around our shores. It is necessarily short, but nothing of real value is omitted, and the photographs are excellent. A very good present for any young naturalist.



PEOPLE do appreciate Craven 'A' quality, for they give more Craven 'A' than any other cork-tipped cigarette in the whole wide world at Christmas time. Craven 'A' are so fresh, so cool, so luxuriously smooth to the throat that they are always sure of a welcome.
You can buy Craven 'A' in their smart, colourful gift boxes everywhere—six convenient sizes to choose from, each with a card on the back for your personal greetings.
Give throat-smooth smoking this Christmas — give Craven 'A'.

HANDY TO POST
25 for 1/3 · 40 for 2/- · 50 for 2/6
100 for 5/- · 150 for 7/6 · 200 for 10/-

Made specially to prevent sore throats

Carreras Ltd.—150 years' reputation for quality

C.A.9.X.

IN TOUCH

The Second English Trial

I HAVE often wished that I did not write about football—it is so easy to make statements and so galling to have them proved incorrect a day or two later. But better far to write and make mistakes than to be a member of a Selection Committee and have others pointing out one's errors, unforeseen at the time.

I motored down to Bridgwater full of hopes, and determined to choose my English team from those playing as if I, too, were a selector. I motored home again almost as undecided as when I went there, and with doubts as to the potential greatness of this season's English team—I do not think it will prove a vintage year.

To watch, the game was quite good fun, even if not good Rugby. There is that quality of irresponsibility about a trial which belies its name—the changes of shirts and sides at the whim of the committee, the good tempered grins of the players (so different from the actual international matches), and, on this occasion, the pardonable levity of the touch judges who, whenever the occasion warranted it, raced each other to the posts in an effort to keep warm.

So much for the game—what of the play? The score is more or less immaterial (Probables 15 points, Possibles 19 points), apart from the lesson it teaches as to the defensive qualities of the two sides. The real interest lies in the type of play produced.

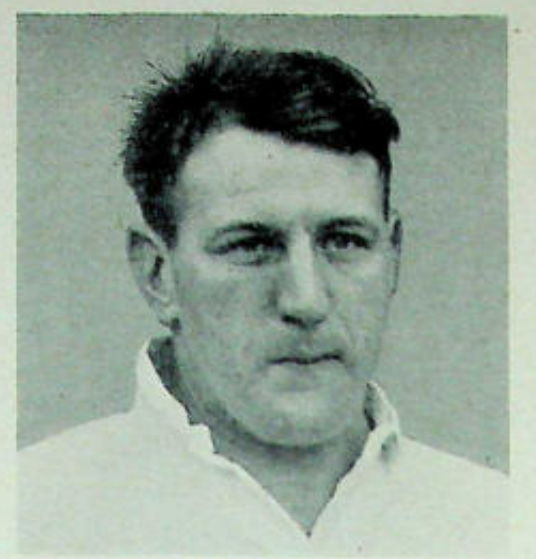
Perhaps the key to the position was in the hands of the scrum half-backs, and a good deal of food for thought was forthcoming from the play of these two individuals. R. T. Campbell (St. Mary's Hospital) who, as a new man, had taken the place of P. Cooke, was not a success. Although he was playing with T. A. Kemp (his club partner) at stand-off half, he seemed very ill at ease and his passing terribly erratic.

At half time Campbell and J. Ellis (Wakefield), his opposite number, changed shirts. It was a wise move on the part of the committee, and immediately the play began to improve. Ellis seemed to be everywhere, and played a first-rate game. Kemp's play improved with the change also, and he showed a great deal more dash than at the beginning. Neither he nor H. J. Kenyon (Coventry), however, pleased me overmuch on the form of this match, and here is a situation vacant for anyone with genuine talent.

In the three-quarter line C. B. Holmes (Manchester) put up a stout performance, and a good turn of speed, coupled with a sturdy frame, appeared quite convincing. G. E. Hancock (Birkenhead Park) played solidly, but he hardly showed signs of latent greatness. Heaton (Waterloo) I found a little unconvincing at right centre and, as a result, Obolensky (Rosslyn Park) saw less of the ball that he deserved. Heaton's kicking, too, was poor, and it was manifestly obvious that the team needed someone like Freakes, who was not playing on this occasion, to show them how to kick. Obolensky himself looked as if he wanted to run with the ball, but when it did get out to him he seemed to be well held in check and did little that was spectacular.

R. L. S. Carr (Old Cranleighans and Manchester), Obolensky's *vis-à-vis*, played a good game and provided that individual with plenty to think about, twice giving him the slip. On the other wing was R. H. Guest (Liverpool University), a player with dash and quite a flair for side-stepping. Inside him played Kemble (Harlequins), but on the whole little was seen of him, and it is possible that he may play at stand-off half in the final team.

ONE OF THE FAMOUS BROTHERS
H. F. Wheatley who packed in the front row for the Probables



A WELL-TRIED COVENTRY PLAYER
A. Wheatley who played as a second row forward for the Possibles

Harrison, who began in the match as left centre for the Possibles, pulled a muscle within the first five minutes, and his place was taken by Edwards (Birkenhead Park), who played a steady, if undistinguished, game.

The packs I thought to be rather scrappy, and all the players that should have shined seemed lost in the general rampage. R. N. Marshall (Oxford University), H. F. and A. Wheatley (Coventry) and R. J. Longland were not their usual outstanding selves, but Toft (Waterloo), who hooked very proficiently, Mycock (Harlequins), A. A. Brown (Exeter) and D. E. Teden showed plenty of brains and harnessed them with good effect.

The full back play was a little disappointing. Of the two players, G. A. Hosking (Birkenhead Park), for the Possibles, was the better man, but this was not surprising, for R. A. Gerrard (Bath), a veteran if ever there was one, had come in at the last moment to take the place of G. W. Parker, who was unfortunately involved in an accident on the eve of the match. Gerrard was gallant but slow.

By the time this is read the teams for the final trial will have been announced, and then will begin that last—I was almost going to say despairing—separation of the sheep from the goats which will culminate on January 21st in the first international match of the season, England versus Wales at Twickenham.

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

VIII.—Recovery Shots

By E. R. TIPPLE

ALL golfers have to play recovery shots, because everyone makes mistakes—some more frequently than others. Watch the professionals in any tournament, and you will discover many of them attempting to hack their balls out of awkward lies. Such a sight is very comforting to the struggling player who seems to experience the oddest difficulties every time he goes on to a golf course. We all appreciate and understand that it is very easy to get into trouble during a round, but few of us find it so easy to recover satisfactorily. That is quite a different matter!

There are many players whose game is upset by the least mistake. They may accomplish several holes according to their normal standard, then one bad shot is hit, they become worried, frequently attempt the impossible, and, for the completion of the round, are in a hopeless plight. That one mistake has caused as much trouble as the throwing of a spanner into the midst of delicate machinery.

To those who suffer in this way Morrison's advice should prove very helpful. Start the game with an allowance of mistakes. Permit yourself to many errors per round according to your average performance. "When you do find yourself slipping a bit just check off one or two errors against the number you make ordinarily. By this method you should very often find yourself well ahead of the game in the matter of mistakes, all of which should encourage you to be more optimistic about the rest of the round."

There is much to be said for this idea, for it should help to preserve the individual's peace of mind and alleviate annoyance. If you set yourself, say, ten mistakes for a game and only make six, you have kept well inside your estimate and will be satisfied, perhaps to such an extent as to forget being angry over the mistakes that did occur!

When faced with a difficult recovery shot the golfer should remember that his primary task is to get out of the particular trouble. Walter Hagen proved himself an adept at extricating himself from seemingly impossible situations. He put into practice his own advice, "Do not try to do too much; there are always other shots to follow." That was one reason why he was so successful.

If the ball is lying badly in the rough it is better to use a mashie and be certain of getting back to the fairway than to use a more powerful club which might not extricate the ball at all. For such a stroke the feet should be fairly close together, and the club held shorter than usual. This will give more control. The narrow stance will help you to take the club back with an upright swing then the ball will be hit a descending blow and the club will do the rest. Although from some really bad lies a follow-through will be impossible, this should be attempted. A shot is liable to be ruined if you plan to stop the swing as the club meets the ball.

Obstacles such as trees and bushes have a demoralising effect on some players. Even if they have plenty of room to clear the top of these trees they try to help the club get the ball up sharply, and only hit it straight into the middle of the wood. Again, the upright swing is essential using a mashie niblick or even a No. 6. But if the height of the trees makes you dubious and causes you to worry whether your ball will clear them, even if hit perfectly, employ safety first tactics and play to one side. That is better than wasting more strokes.

Awkward stances give the average golfer a great deal of trouble. He dislikes hanging or up-hill lies. These strokes are more simple than many imagine. If you are standing below the level of the ball the natural tendency will be to pull the shot. Mitchell thinks that the safest way to cope with such a situation is "to take a straight-faced club—that is, a slicing club: for example, a driver instead of a brassie; a No. 2 instead of a No. 4, &c.—a quicker shot will be required." If you are standing above the level of the ball—a slicing position—you will be tempted to use a "long-handled club." This we are advised is fatal because to counteract the slice one must have loft. Therefore a spoon is better than a brassie, and so on. In this case the player should stand nearer the ball than for the other stroke, weight back on the heels. And for both it is essential to maintain your poise.

When playing downhill, that is, from a hanging lie, the tendency is to knock the ball down. As the slope will nullify the loft of the club a more lofted one than would be necessary for the required distance from a level stance is necessary. The stance should be open with the ball rather nearer the right foot than usual. Mitchell believes that one should keep the swing, particularly on the follow through, following the slope.

The left leg must remain firm throughout, and a free formed movement of the body should sustain the blow. The conditions for playing uphill are the reverse of the above. Because of the stance the weight will be forced back to the right foot, so that whatever the club used the ball will be sent high into the air. Bearing this in mind, the player should use a straight-faced club. The shifting of the weight to the right disturbs many swings in these circumstances, so the stance must be slightly in the rear "to enable the club to be swung freely up the slope." Mitchell continues: "This is a case where you should over-club somewhat and stiffen up your grip." It is worth while remembering that you will need a more powerful club to cover the distance with a slice and, conversely, not such a strong club to cover the same distance with a draw.

Sometimes we put ourselves in such peculiar places that trick shots are necessary. I remember watching Hagen playing at Porthcawl, and during the round his ball lay against a shelter. He faced the wall, hit the ball at it instead of away from it, and the ricochet stroke was a complete success. That demanded courage and confidence to a great degree. Then there was the case of the enthusiastic golfer who, playing the last hole in an important match, hit his ball on to the roof of the club-house. Obeying the old rules of playing a ball from where it lay, he fetched a ladder, climbed up, and to everyone's astonishment hacked the ball out of the gutter back to the course! Such bravery warranted victory, which I hope he achieved.

These shots, and indeed all recovery strokes, demand confidence. Confidence is a priceless asset, and care should be taken not to lose it by attempting some daring stroke when the occasion does not warrant it. You must decide when a risk is worth while. If a perfect shot with, say, a brassie, will reach the green, and the state of the match is serious, it is worth a chance, but if you could never get the distance required with the club then leave it alone and make sure of recovering with an iron or mashie following up with the subsequent stroke and a possible single putt. Lack of strategy is the cause of many disappointments that could so easily be avoided.

MISTLETOE, COMPARATIVELY EASY TO GROW, HAS LONG ASSOCIATION WITH CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

The Country House

MISTLETOE AND THE YULE LOG

Old Customs and Christmas Rites

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FROM time immemorial Mistletoe has been associated with Holly and the Yule log for Christmas festivities. This traditional use carries us back in thought to pre-Christian times, for Mistletoe figures conspicuously in Norse mythology in the well-known legend of Baldur, and was regarded as sacred by the Druids, and the Yule log is also believed to be of Norse origin.

Mistletoe is the only parasitic shrub that is a native of this country, and possibly this accounts for the attention it attracted even in the remote past. On account of its connection with Druid rites it has always been banned by the Church for church decoration. There was formerly, however, a remarkable exception to this rule, for in York Minster it was the custom for a branch of Mistletoe to be laid on the altar. The origin of this custom is unknown.

The Druids regarded Mistletoe as so sacred that it was never allowed to fall to the ground when cut, and, even in Elizabethan times, it was never allowed to touch the ground when cut for medicinal purposes. For this we have the authority of both Gerard and William Langham. The berries in past centuries were worn enclosed in small silver boxes as amulets, and they were regarded as a valuable medicine for many ills. Sir George Colbatch, one of the most distinguished eighteenth century physicians, wrote a treatise, entitled *A Dissertation Concerning Mistletoe*, on the medicinal uses of the shrub.

Mistletoe has several curious characteristics. Unlike most plant parasites it is green and gets some of its food from the air. It is also one of the very few parasites that can both live and produce fruit when growing on another parasite, that is, on another Mistletoe. Further, it is most capricious, at least in this country, in regard to the localities in which it grows. It grows abundantly in the West Country, but not in Cornwall. It is not a native of Ireland, but was probably introduced there in very early times. It does not grow in the Isle of Man. The range of hosts on which it thrives is remarkable, at least 80 trees and shrubs, the tree on which it is rarest being the oak, with which it is most closely associated in popular imagination. It grows very commonly on the Apple, Mountain Ash, Black Italian Poplar, both the English and Wych Elm, Sycamore and common Spruce.

The origin of the custom of kissing under the Mistletoe has never been satisfactorily explained, but the custom is peculiar to this country. In the North of England, where Mistletoe is a rare native, it was formerly the custom to make a substitute for Mistletoe in the shape of two hoops covered with evergreens called the "kissing bunch."

Growing Mistletoe is comparatively easy, but it is best to sow the seed on the same host as that of the plant from which the seed was taken. Also the seed should be fully ripe, and this is usually not till early spring. Before sowing the skin should be removed, for the whole berry attracts birds, especially thrushes and blackbirds. When birds attack the seeds they pierce through the gummy substance within, and it is in the act of wiping their beaks to and fro to get rid of it that they "sow" the seed. Crush the seed on to the bark of the tree chosen, a cleft in the tree being a suitable position. It is best to choose a smooth young bark, and there is no need to make a cut in it for the gummy substance keeps the seed in position. This substance is rainproof, and consequently protects the seed until it has germinated.

Mistletoe is extremely slow growing. Sown in spring, the first tiny leaves do not appear till the following spring, in the second season each leaf stalk of the old leaves produces a pair of leaves and so on from year to year. Consequently it is possible to tell the age of any plant of Mistletoe by counting the number of joints.

There are altogether 30 species of Mistletoe, but only one, besides our native species, is a native of Europe. This is the golden-berried Mistletoe of Southern Europe, *Viscum cruciatum*. The golden berries, though lovely, lack the mysterious attraction of the milky white berries of *Viscum album*, and, unlike those of our native species, the berries of *Viscum cruciatum* fall off at the beginning of winter.

The Mistletoe is unisexual, but the male kind, having no berries, is seldom used in decorations. We still adhere to the rule laid down by King Alfred that the festival of Christmas should be kept for twelve days, and decorations are usually removed on Twelfth Night. It has always been customary to burn them. In 1719, the hall of Christ Church College, Oxford, was set on fire when the Christmas decorations were being burnt.

Nowadays we speak of the Yule log, but formerly at least two trees formed the "log." They were the Ash and the Hazel, the two sacred trees of Norse mythology. A large log of Ash was bound with Hazel and lit on Christmas Eve with due ceremony with a brand from last year's log. The log was kept burning throughout the twelve days of the festival.

SOIL TESTING—I

CAN I plant roses in this soil? Will rhododendrons grow here? Should I plant European or Japanese larch? These and other questions can only be answered after an examination of the soil, but they are questions to which many landowners will require a reply, though they may relate to no more than a small area of garden.

Those who wish can always obtain the advice of the local agricultural (for farms) or horticultural (for gardens) organiser, whose address can readily be gleaned from the clerk of the local council. For the majority surely half the joy of landownership lies in seeking to understand nature and get into tune with the countryside. What a welcome relief from city activities. What a perfect corrective for jangled nerves and sorely tried judgments. To these persons an understanding of the why and the wherefore adds greatly to the enjoyment of the countryside and the benefit obtained therefrom.

It is fortunate that with little pains the layman is able to form sound judgments on soil questions, without calling in experts or having elaborate soil analyses. He must first grasp the essential soil differences and understand their bearing on plant and tree life.

Chalk makes an excellent and porous subsoil, but a very poor top soil. If within 4in. or so of the surface then the soil is very poor and will grow little but beech and barley. Where there is a loamy soil 12in. or so deep overlying chalk, most plants and trees will not only grow but thrive.

Clay, another extreme type, is, of course, impervious to moisture and air. When broken up by cultivation and frost it is highly fertile, though always difficult to manage. Oak grows well in it, but conifers are unsuitable, with the exception of Douglas fir and one or two rarer species, which may be planted if the rainfall is over 30in. per annum.

On the other extreme is light sand, recognised by the large size of the grains and the lack of adhesion. Soil of this type, if of dark colour, is fertile, though hungry, requiring frequent and heavy manuring. In the woods oaks grow well and fast with a high proportion of heartwood, but an unfortunate tendency to shake. Sweet chestnut grows to perfection, and most conifers will also grow well.

It is the intermediate soils which present the greatest difficulty in classification. Chalk and clay are generally clearly defined and do not occur in intermediate forms, though clay is sometimes rendered less intractible by the presence of stones. Stones form the basis of some of the gravels, most of which are dry and poor and characterised by Scots pine and birch. They are easily identified.

The sandy soils vary greatly in the size of the particles, in colour, in subsoil and in condition. They are in places by streams modified by a rich, dark-coloured alluvial deposit of great fertility.

Sandy soils are acid in character, as distinct from the alkaline chalk soils and the neutral clays, and this acidity varies from the extreme of the bog to the neutrality of areas fertile and subject to past agricultural influence.

The ruling factor is usually the subsoil. If this is impervious to moisture then the water-table will be high and the soil less desirable from a plant's point of view. A high water-table is indicated by flecks of iron rust in the soil. Another type of wet soil is formed on the finely divided sands, which are really silts suffering from all the defects of the clays, but lacking their basic fertility. They are usually light in colour, very fine and clay-like in texture, but not staining the hand when rubbed.

The coarser-grained sandy loams are subject to a common tendency to leaching. That is, the loss of the colouring and food material in the surface layers, which is washed downwards and forms a hard pan a foot or so below the surface. These leached soils are grey in colour and poor in fertility, of no use save for growing Scots pine and birch.

The principal soils apart from the chalks and the clays are sand derivatives. Those influenced by alluvial deposits are very fertile and suitable for fruit growing. The deep, dark-coloured and coarse-grained sands are fertile, though hungry, but early and easy to manage. Sandy loams of finer texture, lighter colour, and overlying an impervious subsoil at 9in. deep are not very desirable owing to low initial fertility and high water-table. They are improved by the formation of a humus on the surface. Silts are poor, and the leached grey sands are very poor.

REGINALD DAVEY.

LIGHTING AND COLOUR

Reflective Properties of Wall Surfaces

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

As a reaction from the confusion and fussiness of late Victorian times and its influence on furnishing in the early years of this century, there has been a fairly prolonged fashion in off-white interior decoration. There were, and still are, many good reasons for the use of simple backgrounds for normal rooms, but in London and other cities, there is perhaps not the desire or good sense in having quite so much of the furnishing fabrics and wall coverings in similar colourless materials.

Colour in fabrics and interior decoration has always been more effective when used sparingly or in contrast with neutral backgrounds and surroundings. This applies not only to colour, but to intricacy of detail in items of furnishing, and there has been a general realisation of the fact that objects of great intricacy, not only of form but of colour, look at their best in simple interiors. It has been found that highly decorated and ornate things like Venetian mirrors have a jewel-like quality against plain walls and look better in these surroundings than they did even in their original settings.

In off-white rooms good lighting is perhaps more simply and easily achieved than under any other conditions. By their general reflective qualities, light ceilings and walls acquire a luminous quality even from mediocre lighting, while rooms with coloured walls and intricacy of detail require particularly appropriate lighting if their character and appeal is not to be completely lost.

There are two main aspects of lighting and colour—first the effect of lighting from normal lamps. Second, the effect of coloured light, either from coloured lamps or through tinted glass.

In the first instance, colour under artificial lighting conditions is approximately, but not, of course exactly, the same as under normal daylight. Colour is, therefore, a part of the furnishing and decorative scheme, and not a part of the lighting. Of course, pure colours in fabrics lose considerably under even the whitest and most direct forms of electric lighting in ordinary use. The composition of the light is not that of daylight, and although corrective lamps have been invented and used for remedying this, the results are not entirely desirable.

Dealing with the second consideration—that of lighting with colour, this practice is in its infancy. On the stage and in the theatre colour lighting has played a very important and a very thrilling and exciting part. In fact, the developments of stage lighting have made possible effects and beauty which are quite impossible by any other means and have, in fact, produced quite a new theatre technique. In the home, however, theatrical methods are not easily adaptable and are not, in fact, particularly appropriate, but there must be great opportunities for the use of the simple underlying principles for the use of colour change adapted for domestic use. This does not mean that colour will be changing all the time, but it would be used to create a totally different, or a subtly different atmosphere, either for different times of the year or for particular occasions.

It is quite surprising how even with the simplest possible means, unusual and often very pleasing results can be produced. For example, in an indirect floor standard supplying general lighting for a small room, if in the top reflector a flame lamp replaces the usual pearl lamp, a room can be bathed in a warm comfortable light. When this is supplemented by other lighting fittings or floor lamps and table lamps, the warm effect of the light is not immediately apparent, and the source of it is invisible. The effect of the lighted room, however, even with this slight warmth, is very much more attractive than with the usual white light, and it is on these lines that there may be greater opportunities for introducing quiet, but nevertheless effective colour changes into home decoration. The use of coloured light does, however, introduce big problems if developed further. In the streets and on the big roads we know the disturbing effects on people's faces and on the colour of their clothes, from the use of gaseous discharge lamps of either mercury vapour or sodium, giving everything a blue or a yellow bath. If all our faces and clothes and buildings were given a coat of whitewash, the effect of this coloured light would be very beautiful, but unfortunately, owing to the varying colours on to which the light falls, many unhappy and ugly colours are produced. Under a bluey light our faces look a death-like peculiarly greeny colour, and it is almost impossible to distinguish between the colours of postage stamps or money.

Obviously, violent colour effects are quite impossible indoors, and in any case in the streets and also in the factories, these gaseous discharge lamps are having their colour corrected by the introduction of other normal lamps. However, the fact remains that even with the slightest colour in home lighting, we must be prepared for surprises in its effect on the colour of carpets furnishing fabrics, and even clothes. The effects cannot be described in detail, but obviously, blues lose their freshness and are turned more green as a result of the red and yellow in electric light. Almost all lighting is also transmitted through some intervening medium of glass or shade material, so that this effects the colour that falls on the walls, ceiling surfaces and the furniture of the room. The result of this tinting of the light is comparable to the effect that would be produced if a water-colour sketch when completely finished, were to be washed over with a tint of pale yellow or pale pink. The freshness of the original colour would disappear, although there would be a blending of the whole sketch with less harshness and contrast.

It is a curious thing that there is now a realisation that electric lighting has produced a new sense of decoration and colour when daylight has gone. The shops have begun to realise that the choosing of dress materials for wearing under these conditions, must be made under similar artificial conditions, and in many designs for large stores and dress shops daylight is being excluded at any rate for all those sections dealing with clothes for evening wear. This applies not only to clothes but to make-up, and there is no need to emphasize the special reasons for relating the use of these to the conditions under which their effect will be seen. Different colours have widely different capacities for reflecting light. Objects and colours are visible to the eye only as a result of the light that they reflect, and are less visible the more they absorb and fail to reflect light. This means that when lighting our rooms, either direct or indirectly we must be very careful to take into consideration the varying reflective properties of rough or smooth textures, light or dark tints and varying shades of colour.

To take an extreme example, if the whole of the ceiling and walls of a room could be white, including white curtains over windows, and white doors, possibly as much as 80 per cent. of the light from the lamp would be reflected and not absorbed, with the result that the room would be brilliantly lighted and very little light from the light source lost. If on the other hand, the ceiling and walls and curtains were black, then only 2 per cent. or 3 per cent. of the light would be reflected from these surfaces, so that the room would be badly lighted, and we should be losing almost all the reflected light from the light source. In between these extremes there are an infinite number of colours and tints that reflect or absorb in varying degrees and while it is not essential that wall and ceiling surfaces and fabrics, should be light, there is a great incentive to keep them so, if we regard economy of lamp wattages, and therefore of lighting costs as a reasonably important factor.

Very little is known about the psychological effects of colour. Blues and bluey greens are commonly referred to as "cold," red as exciting, green as restful and so on, but there is no information available to link this scientifically with interior decoration and lighting. Attempts have been made to link colour with music, and in the Paris Exhibition last year there was a fountain which was synchronised to change its shape and colour with music. The effect was very wonderful, but there is no formula which would enable us to introduce coloured light or coloured surfaces to suit our temperament or moods. The idea, however, of developing along these lines is not impossible, and in the same way that rooms have an atmosphere due possibly to their shape and other associations, so other atmospheres particularly suited to their purpose, may one day be produced by subtle effects of colour through the medium of electric light.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, January 31st. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do *not* send negatives.

SHOOTING TESTS FOR GUNDOGS

A Field Trial Departure

An interesting field trial meeting was held by kind permission of Sir John Leigh, Bart., M.P., at Witley Park, Godalming, on December 10th. The object of the trial was to show that it is perfectly possible to test the abilities of retrievers under normal shooting conditions.

In view of this object it is interesting to note that the course of the day's shooting was not altered in any way for the purposes of the trials, and that the final result was that the seven drives were completed in the usual time, the pick-up for the day was as good as on any other day this season, and the judges, Mr. S. Ruffett and Mr. E. Crosswell, were able to come to a final decision at the end of the sixth drive.

The shoot, which was so kindly placed at the disposal of the promoters of the meeting, was ideal in every way and afforded, among other things, a most excellent water test. Throughout the day birds flew well, and great credit must go to the head keeper, Curtis, for the way in which they were shown. The guns were Sir John Leigh, Bart., M.P., Mr. John Leigh, Mr. Eric Leigh, Captain Crispin, Colonel Rushbrooke and Mr. George Evans, M.F.H. In addition to the host, Sir John Leigh, Sir Walter Windham and Colonel H. C. Elwes kindly consented to be patrons of the meeting, and took an active part in the making of the necessary arrangements.

The system that was followed throughout the day was that which would have been employed had the dogs been the property of the guns. Three dogs were put into the line at each stand, one being allotted to two guns, and at the end of the drive each dog and handler had to gather the game which had been shot by the guns to which it was posted; when the guns moved on to the next stand the dogs went with them, and any picking-up that remained to be done was attended to by the keepering staff, though, in actual fact, the amount of work which they were called upon to do in this respect was very small. As is the usual practice, the work of the dogs and their handlers consisted of picking up the game in reasonably short time, and handlers picked up that which was lying close at hand while the dogs were sent for birds which were further afield or more difficult to reach. The judges did not specify which birds were to be retrieved, but allowed the competitors to carry out their duties in the ordinary way, and left it to their initiative and that of their dogs to decide upon a course of action.'

The rules for the trials, which were framed strictly in accordance with shooting principles, proved a strong attraction, and many owners of working gundogs were numbered among the competitors and the spectators, who included Admiral Sir Sydney and Lady Fremantle, Sir Egerton and Lady Hammond-Graeme, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Crofton, Lady Windham and Lady Leigh. The stake was won by Mr. F. Andrews's black and white Springer spaniel dog, Dash of Chilgrove, which distinguished itself early in the day by collecting two runners in quick time at the first stand, and subsequently put up a good performance at the water, which it entered smartly and from which it retrieved well. This dog was a very good gamefinder, under perfect command, and should have a good future.

Second place was taken by Miss A. M. Bickerton's crossbred retriever, Shelsley Niky, which ran the first dog very close indeed. This dog did all that was asked of him, marked his birds well throughout the day, and was very well handled. He is a good dog with a nice delivery, and distinguished himself at the sixth drive when he was sent for a bird which had fallen at a considerable distance and on the far side of a roadway and a wire fence; he went well out to a good distance, found well, and made a good retrieve.

Third prize and the special prize for the best puppy in the stake were awarded to Sir Walter Windham's liver and white Springer spaniel bitch, Flo. Though only nine months old, Flo is shaping exceptionally well, and although leaving a little to be desired in the water test, showed herself keen and a quick mover with plenty of brains and a good delivery. Mr. F. Andrews, the owner of the winning dog, also featured again on the award card as the owner of the reserve with his golden Labrador, Dawn.

The enthusiastic reception which has been accorded to this type of trials by a large circle of supporters has led those responsible to make arrangements for another meeting of a similar nature to be held in January, and it is hoped that such meetings will now become a regular feature.

R. A. W.

"THE GREAT NEED OF THE COUNTRY TO-DAY IS A MUCH LARGER SUPPLY OF REALLY GOOD, SOUND, COMMERCIAL DAIRY COWS"

COMMERCIAL DAIRY COWS

Replenishing Attested Herds

DAIRY farmers have been telling me recently that there is quite a shortage of really good dairy cows, and that it has been very difficult to replenish herds in the ordinary commercial way, while it has been especially difficult to find cows and heifers that are deep milkers and are qualified for entry to attested herds.

I think this difficulty of replenishing attested herds could plainly be seen by most people interested in dairying, for it was obvious that with a scheme so recently started there could be no great supply of spare attested cattle in the country.

This is a matter that will right itself, given time, but it is during that time the difficulties occur.

Naturally, the effect of this has been to raise prices at such sales of attested cattle as have been held, and where cows and heifers of this classification and possessed of heavy milk yields or are bred from animals with such heavy yields in their pedigrees come under the hammer, the competition for them has been keen.

We are no longer content with medium yields; we ask for heavy yields and a clean bill of health, and that is just another difficulty at the present time. Some are beginning to question whether we have paid sufficient attention to constitution and stamina ere we developed abnormal yields, but against that opinion are those who maintain that these heavy yields are by no means abnormal, but are simply latent possibilities developed now by the science and skill of man.

Figures and records are so scanty that we are unable to tell with sufficient accuracy as to make it perfectly certain whether, in the days of our ancestors, the health of the dairy cattle was better than it is to-day.

One thing seems to be tolerably certain, and that is a cow lasted longer in the herd than she does to-day. Possibly that may have been owing to the reason that not so much was expected of her in the way of milk production, and also because cows were then fed on more or less natural foods grown on the farms themselves.

Of course, we did not hear so much about tuberculosis in cattle, nor did we know so much regarding mastitis, contagious abortion, and the like, and yet, without doubt, they must have been present in our herds.

Yet, given all these factors, the truth is driven home that our cattle lasted longer, even though they gave what to our modern eyes would seem to be but a mediocre yield. As with poultry, so with cows; we seem to make an effort to get all we can from them in the shortest possible time, and thus we are inclined to adopt a policy which one might term "milk and scrap."

I am convinced that the "clean up" of our herds will do a great deal towards lengthening the useful life of the cow in the herd, because if only tuberculosis can be eradicated many of the other ills, which now follow in the wake of that dread disease, may well be eliminated, or drastically reduced. It follows, therefore, that the future of our cattle industry, so far as the dairying branch of the industry is concerned, rests largely on the success of the attested herd scheme, and already the success of this scheme is assured as witness the fact that there are now 2,680 attested herds in Great Britain, while at the recent London Dairy Show only T.T. cattle were allowed to enter.

I can visualise the time when our great autumn sales of dairy cattle will be practically confined to animals from attested herds, or that are eligible for qualification for such herds, and although there are not yet sufficient of them in being to supply a great reserve of these cattle from which ordinary herds could be replenished, that time is steadily drawing nearer.

The great need of the country to-day is a much larger supply of really good, sound commercial dairy cows, for although no one will deny that the type and quality of the cattle on offer at the best-known markets has been greatly improved of late years, yet there is a long way to go before one can feel perfectly secure in purchasing cows in the open market that such cattle are fitted to enter the herd direct.

There are thousands of cows and heifers of the very best type and quality on offer to-day, but how many of them come from attested herds or are eligible to enter such herds? Very few, and naturally that detracts from their value to-day in the open market, although they will find their home at a price in such herds as are not attested.

Going back to what I must call the "normal" side of the business of dairying, just the commercial man who is not attested but possesses a herd of deep milking cattle of a good type, autumn is the time of year he seeks to replenish his herd at the big sales of down-calvers, or of heifers with a calf at their side. It has ever been the time for such sales, and many a farmer has made a very useful living by producing heifers of good working type, not too much got up for the occasion, but whose bags and general appearance show them to be the type the ordinary farmer needs. To-day many a man has made an extra £1 or so per head by producing and selling these heifers backed by their ancestors' milk records, and this brings us to the factor which I hold to be the start and foundation stone in all schemes of improvement in our dairy breeds, namely, Recording. All progress dates from the interest aroused by recording, for that has plainly shown us how easy it is to be deceived by appearances and hasty judgment, on the old saying: "She gives a bucket of milk each milking," and that the only means of knowing with accuracy how much milk a cow or heifer gives, and for how long she continues in milk is through recording, and again *not* by privately recording, but through the official channels.

Just a word, too, on the subject of preparing down-calving heifers for sale. While every effort should be made by correct feeding, and handling, and even massaging to produce a good udder, it is very inadvisable to "doll" a heifer up for sale. By that expression I mean to resort to such artificial aids to beauty as polishing the horns, curling the coat, or brushing it up to such an extent as to make it look as though the cattle had to be so got up to sell them, that there was probably something not quite genuine about them.

A long experience of agriculture and farmers in general has taught me that the average farmer has a great fear and hatred of anything that seems to be in the least way "artificial," or produced for his especial benefit.

DAIRY COWS ON THE EDGE OF THE CHILTERNS

So those who wish to make the most of their heifers at these autumn sales should sell them in as natural condition as possible. One more thing which is worth remembering; and that is most men like to see cattle carrying some condition. This is all very well, but I know, full well, that many a really excellent cow or heifer has not made all the money she should have fetched because it was suspected that she had been well fed up for the sale, and was thus too far forward in condition to be a really commercial proposition.

E. WALFORD LLOYD.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

PONIES ARE A GREAT PROBLEM IN THE NEW FOREST, AND, AS IS WELL ILLUSTRATED HERE, CONSTITUTE AN EVER-PRESENT DANGER BOTH TO THE MOTORIST AND TO THEMSELVES

THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION

A Large Improvement in Body Refinements

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

LARGER crowds than ever attended the New York Motor Exhibition this year, which, as usual, was staged under the auspices of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association of America. The exhibition, as on previous occasions, was held in the Grand Central Palace of New York, and was the 39th of this series.

Other similar exhibitions, on a smaller scale, are, however, held in some of the principal cities of America during the same period for the convenience of those who are unable to travel across the continent of the United States for this purpose. The 1939 models have undoubtedly been greatly improved in a variety of ways, even though I could find no really radical alterations in design for the coming season.

Manufacturers appear to have concentrated their energies for the most part to body refinements; the interior of the coachwork is roomier and more elegant, whilst the exterior lines are even more pleasing to the eye than before. The principal exterior changes are to the front ends, most of the new models being equipped with much lower radiator grilles, which give a very neat appearance. In the case of the Ford products, the radiator itself and the opening of the bonnet has been considerably lowered, which is a great improvement, since it gives easy access to the motor. It is interesting to note that the Lincoln Zephyr was the first car to appear on the market with the low radiator grille, and, since its advent, most of the other leading American manufacturers have now followed this example.

Another point well worthy of mention is that 60 per cent. of the latest models are being fitted with the gear lever situated immediately below the steering wheel, instead of having it placed in the central position as formerly. The primary object for this change is to leave the floor boards clear, so that the driver can use either door when entering or leaving his car, and to enable three passengers to be accommodated on the front seat with comfort.

Hydraulic brakes have certainly come into their own for the 1939 season, and 94 per cent. of the cars which were on view are so equipped.

I was very interested to see that over 50 per cent. of the latest models are now fitted with some form of independent front wheel suspension, and although I think that the methods at present employed for springing the wheels independently have by no means reached perfection, yet the fact that this system of springing has become so popular signifies that considerable progress will be made in this direction in the near future. Many of the new cars are fitted with vacuum-controlled ignition, and, with the object of reducing petrol consumption, upwards of three-quarters of the models on view were equipped with a thermostatically controlled hot spot in the induction system.

For 1939 most of the windscreens are wider than they have formerly been, and the width of the screen pillars has been reduced, thus affording better vision and consequently contributing to safer driving. Interior heaters and defrosters are now being almost universally employed, some systems favouring the exhaust gases, while others use the engine cooling water for this purpose. Radio in the car is becoming very popular, and, although it is charged as an extra, the public demand is so great that over 33⅓ per cent. of new cars now being sold are so equipped; the latest sets are fitted with push-button tuning.

All Chrysler cars for 1939 are being turned out with a new safety speedometer, a jewel in the dial displaying a green light up to 30 m.p.h., an amber light from 30 to 50 m.p.h., and a red light appears on the face of the instrument from 50 m.p.h. upwards. This innovation should appeal to British motorists in particular, since it would assist them considerably when travelling in built-up areas.

Several entirely new chassis have been introduced for 1939, the most interesting example of which is the Mercury, a product of the Ford Motor Co. It has a V8 engine which gives off 95 b.h.p. with an R.A.C. rating of 32.5 h.p., and the wheelbase of the car is 116in., *i.e.*, 4in. longer than the popular 30 h.p. V8 Ford. I have often wondered why American manufacturers have not adopted the sunshine roof which has proved so popular in Great Britain over a long period of years, but at last it is being taken up and is now fitted as optional equipment to Cadillac and La Salle cars. I venture to predict that it will not be long before the demand for the sliding roof will become as great in the States as it is in our own country.

Controlled overdrive is another new feature which has been introduced by Chrysler, De Soto, Packard and Studebaker as an extra for 1939, and, although the overdrive itself is not a new idea, yet its method of control certainly is. It is now possible when using the overdrive to return to direct top at any speed desired by merely depressing the accelerator pedal further down to the floorboard and beyond the open throttle position. Previously the unit changed over automatically at whatever road speed to which it had previously been adjusted—usually in the region of 40 m.p.h.

This device, which is made by Warner Gears, is now fitted with an electrical control which closes a circuit when the accelerator pedal is fully depressed and thus brings into operation a solenoid which changes the overdrive to direct. This overdrive unit, as heretofore, provides free-wheeling when in direct top gear, but this and the overdrive can be put out of action at will by a lock which is fitted on the instrument panel.

Many steering wheels on the new cars are now fitted with three spokes instead of four, and in the case of the Mercury it only has two; the reason for this innovation is to give the driver an unrestricted view of his instruments, which in the past has so often been impeded by the fourth spoke, which is, in any case, superfluous.

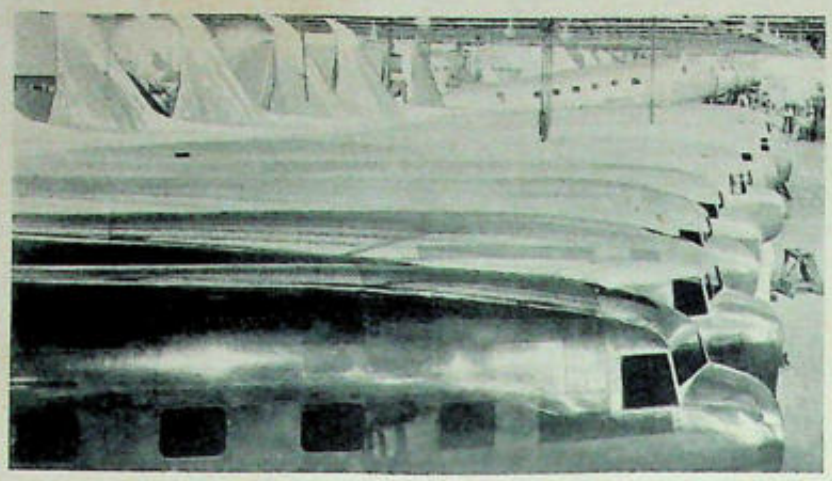
I noticed that in some instances the orthodox ammeter has been replaced by an entirely new instrument which is called a battery condition indicator. This device is, to all intents and purposes, a special voltmeter with a dial marked H. N. and L. (high, normal and low), and when this is fitted the driver can tell at a glance the condition of his battery, which is more important than knowing the amount of current that is actually being generated by the dynamo.

Although on the whole prices are lower than they were last year, yet manufacturers are offering greater value for money than ever before. It is obvious they have gone to great pains in adding refinements to their new vehicles, in affording greater riding comfort, and in giving considerably more seating and luggage accommodation than in previous years, and these facts, combined with the revival of trade in America, lead one to believe that the 1939 season will be a busy one for the American motor car manufacturer.

MOTORING IN FOG

Not always does fog give warning of its approach. Sooner or later the time must come when there is nothing for it but to drive on and hope for the best. The many excellent fog lamps now on the market have made driving in fog considerably easier than it used to be.

Not all cars, unfortunately, are equipped with these lamps; and to their drivers the R.A.C. fog discs are a very welcome help. These discs, which are made of amber paper of a special type, and fitted to the headlamps, have been proved to be of great assistance in driving in fog. Since the inauguration of the scheme, the R.A.C. has supplied over half a million sets of discs free to its members. Supplies are obtainable from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1, from R.A.C. Branch Offices, or from any R.A.C. roadside telephone box.



AMERICA DOING THINGS IN A BIG WAY

Douglas Transport planes awaiting their wings on the assembly floor. In a national emergency the Douglas plant can produce between 100 and 150 military planes in a month.

THE FLYING POST

Practical Results of the Empire Air-Mail Scheme

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

THOUGH it has grown commonplace to talk of the growth of the air mail and to point to its immense significance in the world to-day, it is perhaps only during the past few weeks that the facts have presented themselves in such a form as to be readily grasped by all. This year it has devolved upon air transport to carry the whole of the Christmas first-class mail to the greater part of the Empire; and steps taken to meet this need have demonstrated clearly not only the volume of the mail now borne by air, but the large resources of men, machines and organisation it demands.

Perhaps the first indication to the general public of the new state of affairs was the announcement that this year Christmas mails, if bearing the full letter postage, need not be sent until later than in former years. In this way, the great saving of time effected by the Empire services was strikingly brought out, especially to those many people whose only correspondence overseas takes place at Christmas. Figures now available bear witness to the great volume of the traffic to be handled.

Though exact quantities cannot, of course, be known until the full statistics have been worked out, it is estimated that the total weight of mail carried by air this Christmas will amount to some 350 tons. This is by far the largest quantity ever consigned by air in the normal course of events. Of this, some 200 tons is represented by outgoing mail from Southampton, the balance being composed of incoming and intermediate consignments. These figures become, perhaps, more immediately impressive when it is said that this 200 tons represents roughly 11,000,000 letters.

Such figures are not easy to visualise, but it may serve to stress them if it is said that every machine in the Imperial Airways fleet has had to be pressed into service, including on the one hand, the older, obsolescent aircraft, such as the Heracles class, and, on the other, newcomers such as the Mercury, the upper component of the Short-Mayo composite machine. The latter, by flying non-stop with a ton of mail to Egypt in the course of a single night, proved what has been urged before in these articles: that the use of non-stop special machines for mails can prove of the utmost advantage. To facilitate this service several of the regular Empire boats were scheduled to fly without passengers, and with a minimum crew.

These glimpses of what is being done at the busiest season of the year for mails are far more impressive than any mere comparison of statistics could be in illustrating the remarkable practical progress of the Empire air-mail scheme. In view of the great activity, it is, in fact, somewhat difficult to realise that it is barely three years since the policy of consigning first-class mail by air without surcharge was decided upon.

This scheme has, indeed, brought about a complete change in the business of the air mail. The air carriage of letters dates from 1919, when the first London–Paris service was inaugurated, if one sets aside experimental services before the War, and the communications work carried out by the R.A.F. immediately following the Armistice in 1918.

In those days a heavy surcharge was made for air carriage, and, while the list of countries served by air mail was continually added to as commercial flying developed in the ensuing years, the basic policy remained the same. Surcharges gradually fell and times of transit were reduced; but the air mail itself was a separate service, which correspondents could use or ignore at their pleasure.

The Empire scheme was inaugurated in 1936 and is practically in full operation, the obvious gap being the lack of a transatlantic service to Canada. But though this was the first large-scale plan for carrying air mail without surcharge, it was not absolutely the first of its kind under British auspices. Internal air mails with the Orkneys were carried by air in 1934, and according to a statement recently made by the Assistant Secretary of the General Post Office, some 600 tons of mail are now carried regularly every year on our internal air lines.

How great has been the increase in air mail as a result of the Empire scheme is seen by figures given by the same authority. Taking the year 1935 for comparison—the last full year in which the "surcharge" system was in force universally—European destinations provided the greater proportion of the air-mail traffic to and from this country. The total weight carried, however, in the year was less than 100 tons. Australian traffic was less than half, Asiatic slightly less than European, and African less than Asiatic.

The figures for the present year show an enormous increase. Europe is again first—the "no-surcharge" system having been largely adopted on the European services—but the total has grown from less than 100 tons to a total that, at the end of the year, is expected to approximate to 1,000 tons. Australian mail has advanced to about 300 tons, Asiatic to about 450 tons, and African to about the same figure.

These developments may be regarded as the first stage of the Empire scheme—the transference of all first-class mail to the air. The second, and no less important, must be acceleration, and the official goals in view are two-and-a-half days to India, four days to South Africa, and seven days to Australia. The third stage must be the establishment of the transatlantic service. Great though the advance has been, the Empire scheme cannot be considered complete until Canada enjoys the same easy communications with the rest of the British Commonwealth as the other dominions and colonies.

ACHIEVING THE CHRISTMAS TOUCH: ACTUALLY THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN 75 MILES EAST OF MOOSONEE, NEAR JAMES BAY, IN THE SUB-ARCTIC WASTES OF NORTH QUEBEC

LOADING CHRISTMAS MAILS ON TO ONE OF THE NOW OBSOLESCENT UNITS OF THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLEET

CRUISES
DOWN THE
WESTERN ISLES
BY THE
BLUE FUNNEL LINE
(FIRST CLASS ONLY)

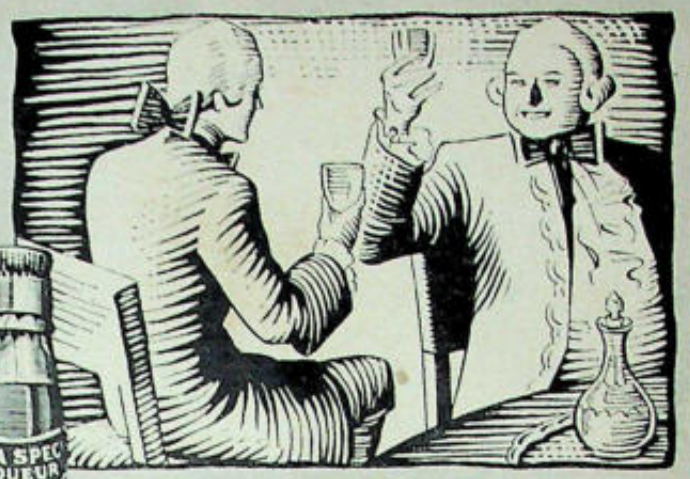
LONDON TO GLASGOW VIA THE NORTH AND WEST COASTS OF SCOTLAND WITH TWO DAYS IN
HOLLAND
SIX DAYS IN SHIPS OVER 10,000 TONS.
22nd Mar., 19th April, 17th May, 4th Oct. - 7 gns.
15th June, 15th July, 10th Aug., 7th Sept. - 8 gns.

SPECIAL CRUISE TO NORWAY AND THE BALTIC SEA.
By ULYSSES (14,646 Tons).
Sailing from Glasgow 6th May, 1939, via Western Isles, Copenhagen, Gdynia and Hardanger Fjord, including 3 days ashore at Zoppot
14 DAYS - - 20 GNS.

For further particulars apply to:
8, Billiter Sq., London; 101, Leadenhall St., London; 69, Buchanan St., Glasgow; 80, Buchanan St., Glasgow.
Hull: Ocean House, Alfred Gelder St.
Southampton: 1, Oxford St.
or India Buildings, Liverpool

ALFRED HOLT & Co. INDIA BUILDINGS LIVERPOOL

ESTABLISHED 1760.



for Quality

Should you enjoy the better things of life here is one that costs no more than its inferiors. Insist on

SANDEMAN'S
V.V.O. SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

If your merchant does not stock it write direct to Messrs. SANDEMAN & SONS, Ltd., 25/27 Forth St., EDINBURGH

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

(Continued from page 1513)

FOR SALE, LADY'S NAVY SIDE-SADDLE RIDING HABIT by well-known London tailor; never worn; height 5ft. 2in., bust 34in., hips 36in.; cost £42, accept £20.—Box 3425, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

FENCING AT HALF PRICE

NEW ANGLE-IRON FENCING STANDARDS
5ft. 9in. 1¼" × 1¼". Holed for six wires.
Pointed feet. Dipped black bitumen.
BANKRUPT STOCK (were 18 - per doz.) Reduced to **9/6** per Dozen
F. T. WHITE & CO., MILNTHORPE, 2.

FAMOUS ECONOMY DOG FOODS.—"JOHN PEEL" T/Mk. PURE WHEATEN BISCUIT; nice thin pieces, 18/- cwt. "OWD BOB" T/Mk. ROASTED RUSK (small squares), 16/6.—Argyle Mills, Argyle Street, Liverpool.

FRAZER'S SCOTCH TWEEDS.—Special End-of-Tourist-Season Reduction in Real Harris, Orkney and Scotch Tweeds. Save from 1/9 to 6/6 per yard; send for patterns.—FRAZERS OF PERTH, LTD., Dept. "J.," Perth.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES.—OFFICERS' UNIFORMS and HUNTING KIT WANTED; high prices paid; carriage refunded; correspondence under plain envelope. Bankers, Lloyds. Established 45 years.—CHILD, 32, Hill Street, Birmingham, 5.

GUARANTEED 100 PER CENT. ENGLISH WHEAT WHOLEMEAL.—Dog Biscuits, 18/6 per cwt.; Graded Biscuit Meal, 20/- per cwt.; Fine Meal, 12/6 per cwt. Carriage paid your station.—J. P. HARVEY & Co., LTD., Kidderminster.

JOHN PEEL CUMBERLAND TWEEDS woven from pure virgin wool. Ideal for sports and country wear. Price 10/6 yard 56in. wide. Patterns post free.—REDMAYNES, 7, Wigton, Cumberland.

KENNELS FOR EVERY BREED, cool in summer, warm in winter, and bone dry. Write for Catalogue 587.—BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., Norwich.

MINIATURES.—TREASURED MEMORIES exquisitely painted on ivory from any photograph, from 1 guinea. Your miniature makes a charming present.—VALERIE SERRES, 68A, The Hill, London, S.W. 19. Telephone, Wimbledon 5459.

Make a note of the number

Put this number in your notes for gifts. It will save a deal of pondering when your list says "Cigarettes," and you're particularly keen to buy something a little different, yet something you can be sure any smoker would welcome.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA
50 FOR 3/4

3.P.53C

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

RATS.—All interested in the destruction of these pests should apply to GUEST & SONS, Hawkhurst, Kent. Estimates free. Outstanding results guaranteed.

SEND US your old favourite Suit and we will copy it exactly in one of our John Peel tweeds. Prices from £4 17s. 6d. suit, £2 17s. 6d. jacket.—Patterns and particulars from REDMAYNES, 7, Wigton, Cumberland.

SCOTCH SEED POTATOES.—Selected certified stocks, carefully packed. Wholesale prices for present or forward delivery, cwts. or truck-loads, for farm or garden.—J. E. ENGLAND and SONS, Seed Potato Growers, Ladybank, Fife.

TO STOP SMOKING in few days, permanently, secretly, harmlessly, as grateful thousands testify; either sex; medically prescribed; world-wide sale. Established 1903.—CARLTON CHEMICALS, LTD., 236, Birmingham.

WHITE QUARTZ GRIT for GROUSE, Pheasants and poultry. Delivered any station England and Scotland. Samples and quotations from THE SILICATE COMPANY, LTD., Hemel Hempstead, Herts. 'Phone Boxmoor 84.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET on MINK RANCHING. Our "WORLD'S STANDARD OF QUALITY" pure LABRADOR BREEDERS for SALE at substantial savings.—ROYAL CANADIAN MINK RANCH, 140, Schell Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE

ROLLS-ROYCE 25 h.p. saloon, modernised at cost of £125, beautiful condition throughout, £375.—COOPER, Coachbuilder, 253, Putney Bridge Road, London.

MEDICAL

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST RHEUMATISM.—Spa treatment asserts itself in the great cause.—Write for free booklet, *Spa Treatment at Home*, Dept. F.C., THE RADIUM SPA, First Avenue House, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. Phone: Chancery 7509.

TROGLODYTES OF TUNISIA

One of the Most Extravagantly Fantastic Places in Africa

THE TUNNEL WHICH LEADS TO THE SURFACE FROM A TROGLODYTE HOME

DOWN in Southern Tunisia, close to the Tripolitanian border, live some of the strangest people that inhabit the earth. They are Arab troglodytes.

We were on our way to Cairo and Jerusalem by car when we first heard about them at a small coastal town called Gabes. The mountains of Matmata, where these people lived, was only 40 miles away, and we determined to visit them, even if it took us all day.

As the car pushed upwards in the heat, the ground became steadily more stony and broken, the countryside more grim and forbidding. At one moment the tyres were gashed by beds of sharp knife-like flints; the next they swung into patches of yellow sand. The way was not only steep and rough, but very narrow—so narrow in places that there was scarcely room between the outer wheel and the edges of sheer precipices for a starved cat to pass. No people, no houses, no animals except perhaps a few stray goats were to be seen. Solitude and desolation reigned supreme.

The noise of the car's exhaust seemed to reverberate in the mountains. Still the interminable trail led on, dropping down into the beds of dried-up rivers, crossing by narrow bridges the creeks cut in the soil by smaller torrents, crawling cautiously around the rocky shoulders and skirting the brinks of chasms whose walls dropped away from our wheels thousands of feet below as we scaled the face of towering cliffs by a series of narrow shelves hewn from the solid rock.

At long last we topped a rise to find ourselves on a lofty tableland sprinkled with palms and sparsely covered with grass, with great peaks of high mountains rising in a rocky rampart all around.

It was hard to realise that underground were houses accommodating 12,000 people, who have dug their habitations out of the hillsides. These subterranean dwellings were built primarily because they were an efficient protection against marauding bands—and here live these people like moles beneath the surface of the earth.

A shaft about 30ft. square and about 30ft. deep is sunk in the soft earth. The bottom of this shaft is levelled and forms a courtyard. From this yard six or seven normal-sized rooms are excavated, some on the same level as the floor, others higher up which are reached by ropes. Finally, a tunnel is driven up from the courtyard to the surface several hundred feet in length to end amongst small hillocks, and is secured against intruders by a stout timbered door with enormous hinges of wrought iron.

SOME OF MÉDININE'S TROGLODYTE DWELLINGS

Some of these doors are said to be more than 1,000 years old.

The rooms, which have vaulted ceilings, are neat and clean and are decorated with primitive designs in vivid colours. They are warm in winter and cool in summer. The beds and furniture are cut out from the earth itself. The open courtyard serves as a stable for camels, donkeys, sheep, goats, chickens and dogs.

Midway between the eastern slopes of the Matmata plateau and the coast—close to the Tripolitanian border—is a small town called Médinine. It is one of the most extraordinary places in the world. Here, too, the inhabitants are troglodytes, if by troglodytes is meant those who creep into holes, which is the classical definition. But whereas the troglodytes of Matmata might almost be called "rabbit-men" because they live in holes under the ground, the inhabitants of Médinine might be called "bird-men" since they live in tiny mud buildings, sometimes five stories high, which are entered by a very small hole from the outside.

Médinine lies in a shallow depression in the desert, and we came upon it suddenly as we topped a rise in the yellow plain. The town consists of some 2,000 dwellings, which rise from the ground as abruptly as the chimney of a factory. The dwellings are packed together in rows and squares and lean drunkenly against each other. Seen from a distance they look like enormous sewer pipes of greyish concrete, about 10ft. in diameter, ranged in rows on the ground or stocked in tiers sometimes rising to a height of 50ft.

IN THE NARROW SOUK OF MÉDININE

The walls of enormously thick rubble and mud are windowless, each apartment only obtaining light through its tiny doorway, which is not much larger than that of a dog-kennel. The doors are of wood, very stoutly secured by an enormous sliding wooden bolt from the inside. To reach the doors of these dwellings is a very hazardous performance, for the stairs are on the outside and must be scaled on hands and knees. These rude stone steps are extremely steep and narrow, and perilously slippery in wet weather. In most cases the inhabitants have to climb up and down on small stones, hardly large enough to afford a foothold, which project from the surface of the house.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF ONE OF THE TROGLODYTE HOUSES ON THE MATMATA PLATEAU

How a troglodyte who has imbibed over freely of palm wine manages to get home at all is a mystery, for, having reached his home, he must still unbolt the door.

A locksmith would howl with laughter if he could see the "door keys" of the Médinine houses. These consist of a strip of wood about 2ft. in length, on the end of which is a flat knob, studded with four or five wooden pegs. The key is inserted through a hole in the wall close to the door, which is just large enough to admit a man's hand. It is then swung around in the region of the wooden bolt of the door until the pegs fit into corresponding holes, allowing it to be pushed back. The key has to be carried constantly by its owner who takes extravagant precautions to lock up every time he leaves his house. Presumably its weight and bulk are compensated by its handiness as a weapon.

Médinine is one of the most extravagantly fantastic places in Africa. It is like a disconnected dream, curious, exciting, incredible. A good rain might wash it away, but then good rain in this part of the world is very scarce.

GEOFFREY MOREY, F.R.G.S.

THE OASIS OF GABES. THE STARTING POINT FOR THE MATMATA RANGE

ARRIVAL ON THE PLATEAU OF MATMATA WHERE 12,000 PEOPLE LIVE UNDERGROUND

WHERE TO STAY

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

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244
FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales.
1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).
SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.
RIDING.
Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.
See page 1508

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.
DECEMBER JANUARY FEBRUARY Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

If you are keen on **WILD FOWL SHOOTING** write to The Manager,
Chequers Hotel, Holbeach, Lincs.,
for particulars. Moderate Tariff. Exceptional Comfort. H. and C. all rooms. A.A. and R.A.C.

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
14 miles of Trout Fishing.
SNIPE SHOOTING over **9,000 ACRES.**
Free to Guests.
Telephone: Lifton 44 and 45.

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone: 4080 Brighton.

FOR COMFORT and a liberal table stay at "Hartmoll," Country House Hotel, Bolham, one-and-a-half miles from Tiverton, Devon. Hunting, golf, fishing and swimming.—Write MANAGERESS for illustrated tariff. 'Phone: Tiverton 290.

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

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—COBDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

SCOTLAND

LOCH NESS.—Salmon fishing opens January 15th. FOYERS HOTEL. Ideal centre for salmon fishing. Under new Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. DUFF EDWARDS. Comfort and personal attention.

IRELAND
HOLLYBROOK HOTEL
LOUGH ARROW, CO. SLIGO
Good Fishing. Rough Shooting. Golf.
Open Easter–December 31st.

CONNEMARA.—MONGAN'S HOTEL, Carna. Excellent white and brown fishing; 60,000 acres good rough shooting free to guests; sea fishing, bathing; electric light, h. and c. running water; garage.—Particulars PROPRIETOR.

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

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AROSA, SWITZERLAND. 7,000ft. BERGHOTEL FRATSCHLI. Hotel of high standard. Participant at Arosa-Ball in London. Full arrangement for seven days, all included, from £7.

AROSA, SWITZERLAND (6,000ft. above sea level).—EXCELSIOR, first class, 18/- to 26/- daily.—Man.-Prop.: SIEBER. Repr.: HANFORD, 12, Henrietta Street, W.C. 2.

HAUS ISLA, AROSA (SWITZERLAND).—Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking; fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs.13.50, during winter from Frs.16.50.—M. HAERLIN.

PARIS

HOTEL DE FRANCE ET CHOISEUL, 239-241, Rue St. Honore (Place Vendome); first-class; large inside garden; 125 suites and rooms. Rooms from 10/-.
RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

ST. MORITZ (SWITZERLAND). HOTEL BELLEVUE AU LAC. Family Hotel on the lake. Pension terms from Swiss fr. 12.

ST. MORITZ CAMPFER (Switzerland). BRISTOL HOTEL. Good family hotel, every comfort, near ski slopes Suvretta. Terms from Frs. 12/-.—Manager, J. STAUB.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

CAROLS, somehow, seem to demand certain accompaniments—snow and frost, starlight and lantern-light, a mingling of church bells, and above all their own simple, haunting music. That is how I feel about it, but then as a romanticist I am one of those people who believe footprints in the snow to have been unfailing provokers of sentiment ever since snow was first a white wonder in this drab-coloured world of ours. A Christmas without snow fails to excite us half as much, though your foxhunter will bless you for wishing for a heavy fall.

I look back with high pleasure to Christmas Day spent in many odd corners of England. Once I was in Keswick—a grand spot at this time of the year—and I shall never forget the way the snow-capped mountains were reflected in Derwentwater. On another occasion I tucked myself away in a little inn in the Cotswolds. I remember it snowed quite heavily that year, and here and there great branches had been torn away by the sheer weight of the snow. Robins perched and hopped on them in their perky way, and they followed me down the lane as I walked and thought of all the other ways of spending Christmas Day which people might find more pleasant—for them. But I enjoyed that holiday. Chestnuts spitting and roasting on a superb log fire, a good book and some old wine are surely the best welcome a man could want after a walk in a snow-covered countryside?

Many people, I know, have always spent their Christmas at home, but if you do decide at the last moment that you would like to go to an inn for the final holiday of the year I would advise you to make for a country hotel. That is, of course, if you are not set on gay evenings in a ballroom and crowds of people to accompany you wherever you go. If you like that sort of holiday—and many do—then you would have to go to a larger hotel.

But if you are like me, you will make for a small country inn where log fires predominate and the proprietor knows that one hot water bottle in the bed is worth six brass warming pans on the wall. It is great fun to return to the cosiness and contentment of an old lounge as the wintry sun hangs red and low on the horizon. As I write this, press arrangements being what they are with the approach of a bank holiday, we are still some days off Christmas, but I recall that little verse of Kenneth Grahame's:

> "The Time is drawing nigh when Trees
> Shall rustle in the parlour breeze;
> And pines and firs shall wave indoors,
> Scattering their needles on the floors.
> Then we shall wander neath the boughs
> That whisper in the scented house
> And, looking up for Stars, shall see
> Pink candles twinkle bashfully."

Whether you decorate a Christmas tree in your own house; whether you go down into some small country inn; or whether you go to a big hotel, I take this opportunity of wishing all readers of this column a very happy holiday.

During the past year a great many of you have written to me, and I have valued your letters. I hope during 1939 many more readers will ask me for advice if they require it. What little help I can give will be given willingly, for I do think we are getting a far greater understanding between hotel-keeper and travelling public. There is still a lot to be done if our hotels are to be brought up to date, but there is no doubt that there has been a tremendous improvement all over the country during the last few years.

Yet this evening my wish can best be summed up in a quotation from *The Joys of Christmas*:

> "Be merry all, be merry all,
> With holly dress the festive hall;
> Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
> To welcome merry Christmas."

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

SMALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

15 words 3/- (minimum), each extra five 1/-. **For a series, seven insertions for the price of six.**
Use of box number 1/- extra—five words—to be included in advertisement.

All advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening for the following Saturday's issue. Cash must accompany all orders.

Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to The FIELD PRESS (1930) Ltd.

INDEX

Country Houses and Estates for Sale and to be Let . . . 1505-1508
Sporting Quarters and Fishings for Sale and to be Let . . . 1507 & 1508
Sporting Quarters and Fishings Wanted . 1508
Foreign and Dominion Sport and Estates, &c. . . . 1508
Farms for Sale and to be Let . . . 1508
Gamebirds, Pets, Waterfowl, &c. . 1508 & 1510
Situations Vacant and Wanted . . . 1509
Pisciculture . . . 1509
Dogs at Stud . . . 1510
Dogs for Sale or Hire . . . 1510
Dogs Wanted . . . 1510
Guns and Ammunition . . . 1510
Wines and Tobaccos . . . 1510
Horses for Sale . . . 1512
Gardening . . . 1512
Miscellaneous . . . 1513 & 1542
Medical . . . 1542
Motor Cars for Sale . . . 1542
List of Hotels, Travel Resorts, &c. . . . 1544
Paying Guests . . . 1544
Pupils and Schools . . . 1544
Stamps . . . 1544

Welcome in Switzerland

First-class family hotel near Parsenn Funicular
100 Beds.
Every comfort.
En pension from Fr. 15.
Savoy Sport Hotel Manager A. V. MIVILLE
DAVOS-DORF

GSTAAD Bernese Oberland
Grand Hotel Bellevue
English family Hotel in smallest location. Every room with running water. Opposite skating and curling rinks. Close to famous ski-ing fields, ski lifts. All inclusive 7 days from Fr. 118.— Information through the Manager and the principal travelling agencies.

MÜRREN Hotel Jungfrau
Bernese Oberland
The good Family Hotel in the centre of all Sports. Moderate Prices. Schad — Knöri.

PAYING GUESTS

EXPERIENCED SPORTSMAN.—Rough SHOOTING, coarse FISHING FREE. Proprietor's bag (one season): 1,100 snipe, besides duck, woodcock, plover, curlew, rabbits. Unsurpassed local knowledge. Golf (two links); horses available. British and Colonial recommendations. —TOM STUDDERT, Clifden, Corofin, Clare.

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

GUESTS RECEIVED in comfortable Irish Country House. Very moderate terms, especially for parties or for long stays; three packs. Hiring easy and reasonable.—Apply Miss JOHNSON, Ballinapierce, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.

HUNTING IN IRELAND.—PAYING GUESTS welcomed in large country house near Dublin. Ward, Meath, Louth Hunts and Harriers; golf, Portmarnock; inexpensive, excellent stabling and hiring. Moderate terms.—LADY MARY CORBALLY, Rathbeale Hall, Swords, Co. Dublin.

ONE OR TWO PAYING GUESTS TAKEN; gentleman's country house, charming position Quantock Hills, Taunton five miles. Good hunting, stag and fox; stabling if desired. References required and given.—Box 3444, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4

PUPILS AND SCHOOLS

BRANKSOME-HILDERS, Haslemere, Surrey. BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings.—Prospectus Y.

HOME TUITION (postal)—Economic scientific Mixed Farming. Pig, Poultry, Fruit. Colonial Farming, Estate Management.—FIELDING, D.S.O., N.D.A., P.A.S.I., Agricultural Correspondence College (Sec. K), Bath.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

VACANCY FOR FARM PUPIL on large mixed FARM, all crops grown, all descriptions of stock kept, including dairy and pedigree flock Oxford Down sheep; good hunting and shooting.—HUGH STILGOE, Adderbury, Banbury, Oxon.

VACANCY FOR PUPIL.—Thousand-acre mixed FARM; world-renowned pedigree Dairy Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep; clean milk dairy, good hunting, shooting, fishing. —HOBBS & DAVIS, Kelmscott, Lechlade, Glos.

STAMPS

EARLY BRITISH COLONIALS.—Advertiser is dispersing Choice Collection, selections of picked copies on approval at one-third catalogue. Also superb used and mint modern at over half catalogue.—"F.," 6, West Hill Road, London, S.W. 18.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR
PRINCE of WALES HOTEL, Harrogate
Programme of Festivities sent on request
Free Garage. Phone, 4676. 'Grams: "Elegance."

BRIDGE

GOULASHES

Amusing Variation of Bridge

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

DO you play Goulash ? If not, at this Christmas season I recommend you to give it a trial. It is great fun and a pleasant relaxation from strict Bridge. Introduced some years ago, I think from America, it practically died out for some time, but has been revived and is, in fact, played at the Portland Club, which recently promulgated the following regulations :

(1) Goulashes can be played only when all four players have so agreed.

(2) In such cases they shall be played whenever (*a*) all four players have passed on the first round of the auction, or (*b*) a bid of " One " which has not been doubled and which does not give game is left in. Here, before the Goulash is played, the Declarer scores his contract as made, and any player entitled to claim an honour premium may do so.

(3) The player who dealt the hands then places his cards arranged in suits face downwards on the table, and the other players in rotation to the right (*i.e.*, not in the rotation of the game) do likewise, stacking them as a pack.

(4) The same player, after cutting this unshuffled pack to the player on his right hand, and after the latter has cut it back to him, deals in three rounds, five at a time in the first round, five at a time in the second round and three at a time in the third round. He then opens the new auction.

(5) In Goulashes the slam premiums are 400 and 800 when not vulnerable and 500 and 1,000 when vulnerable.

To make rule 3 quite clear Z is the dealer of the hand which has been passed. Having arranged his hand in suits he places his hand face downwards on the table, B puts his hand on top of it, followed by Y and A. The built-up pack is not shuffled, but there is a double cut as described in rule 4.

Bidding and play are as at Contract, except that the bidding suffers a " sea change." It is topsy-turvy Bridge.

Freaks abound. Singletons and voids in a suit are usual. If you have six cards of a suit you may find the other seven in one opponent's hand. Amazing things happen. You cannot, or should not, bid on the same principles as in serious Bridge.

Indeed, pre-emptive bids are not to be recommended. Contracts in No Trumps are preferable when every suit is securely guarded, because there is always a probability in a suit declaration of cross-ruffing by the opponents. Here is a hand from play :

♠ A, Q, 10, 8, 4, 3
♡ None
◇ A, K, J, 9, 6, 3, 2
♣ None

♠ None ♡ Q, J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 3 ◇ None ♣ Q, J, 9, 6, 3, 2	Y A B Z	♠ K, J, 9, 7, 6, 5 ♡ None ◇ Q, 10, 8, 7, 5, 4 ♣ 5

♠ 2
♡ A, K, 8, 5, 4, 2
◇ None
♣ A, K, 10, 8, 7, 4

Score, love all. Z opened with One Heart ; Y replied with One Spade. Z now bid Two Clubs ; Y, fairly certain that there was a game in something, bid Three Diamonds. Z, still bidding his own hand, went Three Hearts ; Y Three Spades ; and Z called Three No Trumps. This Y willingly left alone.

A led the Queen of Hearts, which Z took with the King and led the Ace and King of Clubs. He thus discovered that B was left with nothing but Spades and Diamonds. Z, therefore, made his Ace of Hearts and led his Spade, giving B the lead.

This hand illustrates how fatal it is to pre-empt in a Goulash unless your suit is long and solid. The only bid at which Y-Z can get game is No Trumps. But a good deal of conversation is necessary between them in order to arrive at it. Sometimes you will find yourself with a good hand, but with no suit long enough or solid enough to bid. In that case, in a Goulash, say One No Trump.

There is an understanding among good players, amounting almost to a convention, that if your partner has anything worth showing he will then bid his longest suit.

Many players have a prejudice against playing a Goulash hand in No Trumps. Certainly the final bid should not be No Trumps unless you know that every suit is securely guarded, otherwise a long suit may be led out against you. But often, as in the example given, the best bid is No Trumps. In a suit bid, the adverse trumps may be massed on your left, or the opponents may set up a cross ruff.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

The following game was played in the fourth round.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

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

(*a*) A move of doubtful value. Either B to K 2 or Q Kt to Q 2 is, we think, to be preferred.

(*b*) 5. B to R 4 is not good because of 5. . . . B to Kt 5, ch ; 6. Kt to B 3, P takes P with a good game for Black.

(*c*) Playing to keep two Bishops, but in our opinion 5. . . . B to Kt 5, ch is preferable, *e.g.*, (1) 6. Kt to B 3, B takes Kt, ch, followed by Q takes B ; or (2) 6. Q Kt to Q 2, Q takes B, to be followed by B takes Kt, ch.

(*d*) Preventing B to Kt 5, ch, and threatening to win a pawn.

(*e*) If Q to Kt 3, then B to Q 3 followed, if Q takes P, by K to K 2.

(*f*) A novelty. In two well-known games in which this variation was played—Baerger v. Sir George Thomas (Hastings tournament, 1926) and Dr. Alekhine v. Dr. Asztalos (Keckemet tournament, 1927)—Black played B to K 2 at once.

(*g*) Offering the sacrifice of a piece, *e.g.*, 11. . . . P to K B 4 ; 12. Kt to Kt 3, P to K 5 ; 13. K R to K sq, K to Q sq (not 13. . . . B to K 2 because of 14. Kt takes K P, P takes Kt ; 15. R takes P followed by 16. Q R to K sq, and not 13. . . . Kt to B 3 because of 14. Kt to K 5) ; 14. Kt takes K P, P takes Kt ; 15. R takes P with fine attacking chances for White.

(*h*) White now threatens Kt to K B 5, in reply to which Black cannot play Q takes Kt (B 4) because of Kt to Q 6, ch.

(*i*) Played (1) to allow him to move the Knight at K 4 without having to part with the Bishop after Black's Kt to B 4 and (2) to make a way for the Queen to move along the third rank, if necessary.

(*j*) White has a very good game. In some variations he can play Kt to Kt 3 followed by Kt (Kt 3) to B 5.

(*k*) Not good. White should, instead, play 16. Q to Q B 3, threatening 17. P to K Kt 3, Q to B 2 (if Q to Kt 5, then P to B 3. If, instead, Q to Kt sq, then Kt takes P followed, if P takes Kt, by Kt takes Kt, ch, or, if Kt takes Kt, by Kt takes B, ch) ; 18. Kt to Q Kt 5 followed, if 18. . . . P takes Kt, by 19. Kt takes Kt, ch, or, if 18. . . . Kt takes Kt, by 19. Kt takes Q, Kt takes Q ; 20. P takes Kt. If (in reply to 16. Q to Q B 3) 16. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 17. R takes Kt, Q to B 2 ; 18. Q to K 3, B to Kt 4 ; 19. P to B 4, B to B 3 ; 20. P to K B 5, B to Kt 4 ; 21. Q to B 2 or, if, instead, 16. . . . R to Q sq, then 17. P to K Kt 3, Q to B 2 ; 18. Kt takes Kt, ch, B takes Kt ; 19. Kt to Kt 5. In either case White has a fine game.

(*l*) Threatening 21. R takes B, K takes R ; 22. Q to B 3 with a strong attack, Black being forced to play 22. . . . K to K 2.

(*m*) A very good move.

(*n*) If R to K 4, then B to Q 2 followed by an exchange of Rooks.

(*o*) If now White plays 22. Kt to K 6, ch, then not 22. . . . P takes Kt (because of 23. Q takes P, ch) but 22. . . . B takes Kt ; 23. Q takes R, B to Kt 5 with advantage for Black, for if (1) 24. P to B 3, then 24. . . . B takes B P, if (2) 24. R to Kt sq, then 24. . . . B to Q 5, if (3) 24. R to K B sq, then 24. . . . B to K 7, or, if (4) 24. Q takes Kt P, then 24. . . . B takes R ; 25. B takes B, Q to Q 7 ; 26. Q to Kt 3, Q to K 8, ch ; 27. K to R 2, B to K 4, ch.

(*p*) A mistake. He should play P to K Kt 3.

(*q*) A strong move, threatening to win the Queen by B to K 3.

(*r*) If, instead, 23. Kt to Kt 5 (in order to reply to R to K 3 with Kt takes B, ch), then 23. . . . R takes Kt ; 24. P takes R, R to Kt 5 ; 25. R to Q 8, R takes R ; 26. Q takes R, Q to B 8, ch ; 27. K to R 2, Q takes B ; 28. Q to B 6, ch, K to Kt sq ; 29. Q to Q 8, ch, K to R 2 and wins.

(*s*) Not R takes Kt P because of R to Kt sq followed by B takes B P.

(*t*) If P to Q Kt 3, then B takes R P. As White plays, Black can win a pawn only by parting with one of his Bishops and allowing Bishops on opposite colours.

(*u*) In spite of the Bishops being on different colours, Black has a winning game.

(*v*) Preparatory to P to B 4 followed by K to B 3. If at once 29. P to B 4, then 29. . . . R to Q 5 ; 30. P to K B 5, P to K Kt 4.

(*w*) Not K takes P because of R to R sq, mate.

(*x*) Practically immobilising all White's Queen's side pawns.

(*y*) If 45. B takes P, then 45. . . . K takes P ; 46. B takes P, K takes P followed by the advance of the Queen's Rook's pawn.

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from the Norwegian Championship Tournament, shows a strong attack by White.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE. Gulbrandsen.	BLACK. Rojahn.	WHITE. Gulbrandsen.	BLACK. Rojahn.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. P to B 4	Castles (K R)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15. P to B 5 (*d*)	K R to Q sq
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	16. Q R to Q sq	B to B sq
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	17. B to Q 4	Q R to Kt sq
5. Castles	P to Q 3	18. Q to K Kt 3	R to K sq (*e*)
6. B tks Kt, ch (*a*)	P takes B	19. P to K 6	P takes P
7. P to Q 4	B to Kt 5 (*b*)	20. P to B 6	K R to B sq (*f*)
8. P takes P	Kt takes P	21. P to B 7, ch	K to R sq
9. P to K R 3	B takes Kt	22. R to B 4	Q to Q 3
10. Q takes B	P to Q 4	23. Q to Kt 5	R to Kt 5
11. Kt to B 3	Kt takes Kt	24. R to R 4 (*g*)	P to K 4
12. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2 (*c*)	25. Q to B 5	Resigns (*h*)
13. B to K 3	B to K 2		

(*a*) There are several alternatives here, among them 6. P to B 3 and 6. P to Q 4. The latter move involves after 6. . . . P to Q Kt 4 ; 7. B to Kt 3, Kt takes Q P ; 8. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt the pawn-sacrifice 9. P to Q B 3 since 9. Q takes P leads to the loss of a piece after 9. . . . P to B 4 and 10. . . . P to B 5. In a game Yates v. Rubinstein (Carlsbad tournament, 1923) the continuation after 9. P to Q B 3 was 9. . . . P takes P ; 10. Kt takes P, B to K 2 ; 11. Q to R 3, B to Kt 2 ; 12. Q to Kt 3, Castles ; 13. B to R 6, R to K sq ; 14. P to B 4 with a strong attack for White.

(*b*) A better move here is 7. . . . Kt takes P, to be followed after 8. Q to K 2 or 8. R to K sq by 8. . . . P to K B 4.

(*c*) A bad move. He should, instead, play P to Q B 4.

(*d*) White has a very promising position.

(*e*) 18. . . . P to B 4, which looks as if it would seriously inconvenience White, is refuted as follows : 19. P to K 6, P takes P (if Q to K sq or K 2, then B takes Kt P) ; 20. P takes P, Q takes P (if Q to Q 3, then B to K 5 ; or, if, instead, Q to K sq or K 2, then R to B 7) ; 21. R takes B, K takes R ; 22. B takes P, ch, K to Kt sq (if K to K sq, then R to K sq) ; 23. B to B 6, ch, K to B sq or B 2 ; 24. B to R 4 (threatening R to K sq) and wins for, if 24. . . . Q to K 6, ch, then 25. B to B 2, or, if 24. . . . R to Q 2, then 25. Q to R 8, ch.

(*f*) If 20. . . . K to R sq ; 21. P to B 7, R to K 2, then 22. Q takes P, ch and mate in two more moves. 21. . . . K R to B sq (instead of 21. . . . R to K 2) leads to the position which actually occurred after Black's 21st move.

(*g*) Threatening R takes P, ch followed by Q to R 5, mate. Black has no satisfactory reply.

(*h*) If P to Kt 3, then B takes P, ch followed, if B to Kt 2, by Q takes R, ch and Q takes Q, mate, or, if Q takes B, by Q takes Q, ch, Q to K 8, ch and R takes R. If (instead of P to Kt 3) P to R 3, then B takes P followed, after Q to B 4, ch, by Q R to Q 4, the threat of R takes P, mate then being decisive.

PROBLEM No. 3993

By V. FÜHRER.*

WHITE (9 pieces) : King at Q R 7, Queen at K Kt 3, Rooks at Q R 2 and Q B 5, Bishops at Q Kt sq and K Kt 5, Knights at K B sq and Q Kt 2, Pawn at Q R 3.

BLACK (8 pieces) : King at Q Kt 6, Queen at K B 6, Rook at K R 4, Bishop at K 8, Knights at K R 5 and K B 7, Pawns at K R 2 and K 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *El Ajedrez Espanol*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3992

1. K to B 7, any move ; 2. R or B mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 496

ACROSS.—1, Bomb-proof shelters for fellow defendants ? 5, The explorer who kept the seaman in bed. 8, Giant strides towards mutual protection. 10, The dimensions of the schoolboy's headgear ? 11, Safe way of confusing an employer. 12, A peach of a songstress. 13, Such a record is cheerless when on so late ! 16, Does the hounder intend an empty sort of victory ? 17, The object of a Scandinavian legislative body. 18, He has his destiny as a slave. 20, One-third of a rosary. 22, 45-inch letters. 23, Periodical producer of music. 24, His wife gave Osiris no alternative. 28, Mohammedan confession to being a ship's officer. 29, Tender hue. 30, Another letter and this knotty point would be without particles of dirt. 31, An Irish competitor for Nell Gwynn ?

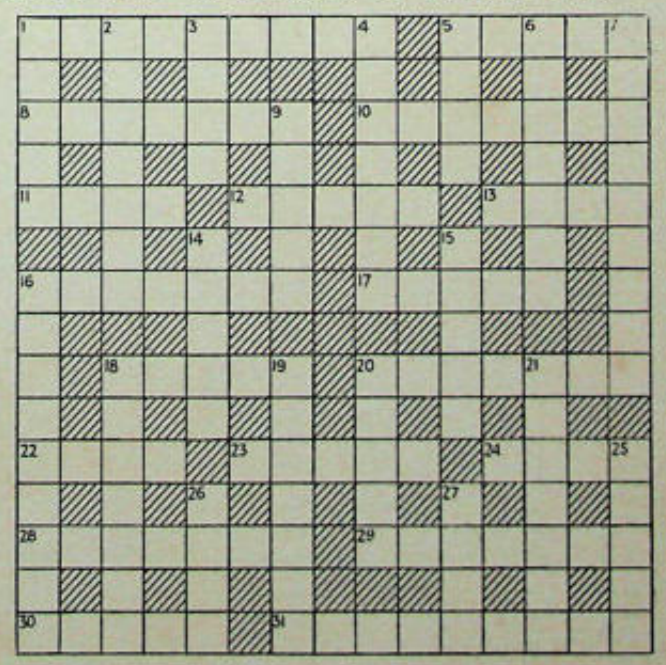
DOWN.—1, When these horses go off it may be with a bang. 2, Boxed. 3, She was invited into the garden. 4, This instrument is only at the bottom of the bag. 5, A headland extremely important in 10. 6, Putting water on the safer side of the boat. 7, Biting insect known to Tommy Atkins ? 9, Forbidding feature of the sailor's life. 14, Somerset town, Kentish author. 15, Where a fellow about 19 lives in Italy. 16, Colne rain produces this small tree. 18, Where they talk 50 per cent. double-Dutch. 19, Explosive feature of foot or pedometer. 20, " Blow, winds, and —— your cheeks ! rage ! blow ! " (*King Lear*). 21, A period of five years. 25, The seat of a French surrender. 26, Trees with unusually prominent barks ? 27, The South African antelopes have been made comfortable.

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. 495

Published December 17th

P	A	S	S	P	O	R	T				C	A	L	M
O		P				A		E		N		V		U
O	V	E	R	S	E	T		Q	U	I	V	E	R	S
L		C		T				U		G		R		T
	H	I	K	E	R	S		E	T	H	E	R		A
		A		A		U		S		T		E		N
	E	L	I	M	I	N	A	T	E	S		D	O	G
G						F		R						S
A	R	T		C	U	L	T	I	V	A	T	E	D	
M		A		A		O		A		M		X		
E		R	E	N	E	W		N	O	U	G	H	T	
L		T		O		E				S		A		T
A	M	A	T	E	U	R		S	T	E	A	L	T	H
W		N		S		S		T				E		U
S	A	S	H				C	Y	C	L	I	S	T	S



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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Athletics

The Next Olympiad.—Although Finland was only recently awarded the next Olympiad, building operations on the Helsinki Stadium, where the athletic contests take place, were commenced as long ago as 1934. The first athletic contests were held there in June this year. At the present time the Stadium holds only 30,000 people, but work in connection with its enlargement has already commenced, and, by August, 1939, it will hold 63,000 people. The oval running track is of red powdered brick, and has a length of 400 metres to the lap. Its breadth, which is 8.5 metres, permits of seven runners participating in the shorter distance races at one and the same time. The straight sides of the track are each 96 metres long. The arena faces north and south, the grand stand being on the western side.—*L. C., Birmingham.*

Canoeing

Danish Canoe Association.—The first kayak club in Denmark was founded in 1917 at Klampenborg, near Copenhagen, but it was not until six years later that the Danish Kayak and Canoe Association was founded. The association was dissolved in 1925 and reorganised later in the same year under the title of "Dansk Forening for Kajaksport," this title being changed to "Dansk Kajak-Forbund" on April 18th, 1929.—*P. T., Exmouth.*

Cricket

Alan Melville.—Your suggestion that Alan Melville is well versed in the art of captaincy and will be a most capable leader in the approaching Tests in South Africa is well founded. He captained Oxford University for the seasons 1931 and 1932, and, of course, has often led Sussex in the County Championship. As to further details of his earlier cricketing career up to the time he qualified for Sussex, we hope the following summary will prove adequate. He was born on May 19th, 1910, in South Africa, and went to Michaelhouse. He obtained his "Blue" at Oxford in 1930 as a promising batsman and a useful bowler, and finished the season with an average of 32.83 with a top score of 118 against Yorkshire. The following year found him second in the 'Varsity averages with 35.05 per innings and a top score of 87, while the year after that his average was 32.30 with highest innings, 113, against the Free Foresters. It was in this season that he gained some success with the ball, taking 24 wickets at a cost of 19.25 each and first place in the 'Varsity bowling averages. In his fourth and last year at Oxford we remember him making a glorious 127 against Surrey, and finished that season with an average of 28.99 and second in the bowling averages. Melville never had much luck or success in any of the 'Varsity matches in which he took part, and the highest score he managed to obtain was 47. After qualifying for Sussex, by residence, in 1934, he has continued to represent the county on and off ever since. As can be seen from his record, none of these mammoth scores can be expected of him, but we speak from experience when we say that when Melville really starts to see the ball, he ranks amongst our most attractive players.—*R. E. C., Beverley.*

Garden

Fruits Sent for Identification.—Black fruits are those of black nightshade (*Solanum nigrum*); red fruits are those of black bryony (*Tamus communis*).—*H. B., Norley.*

Kennel

Inoculation Against Distemper.—The few cases that go wrong are no argument against the desirability of inoculating dogs against distemper, so it would be well to have this dog inoculated before he becomes exposed to infection.—*G. M., Ambleside.*

Salukis.—We know of no monograph upon this breed, though the standard works contain chapters about its appearance and history. In *Sporting Dogs* (by A. Croxton Smith; *Country Life*; 12/6) there is a fairly comprehensive description of the breed.—*B. A. F., Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Hard Mouths.—The question of how to deal with a dog that has a hard mouth has always been the great concern of trainers, and it is not easy to advise you how to combat the evil. One authority wrote that the only cure of which he knew was an ounce of shot well placed. In his opinion, mouths were more in the hands of the breeder than the breaker, although if one wanted to keep dog's mouths at their best they should practise the quick return and give them less time to play with the game, and should never allow a dog to carry game that had been badly smashed. When you are teaching the dog to retrieve an object, never snatch it from him and incite a tug-of-war, but open the mouth gently.—*G. F. W., Canterbury.*

Miscellaneous

Game Research Bureau.—The Bureau, which is a University institution, carries out investigations on various animal population problems of scientific and economic interest, amongst which (thanks to the continued support and co-operation of shooting men and estate owners) game research occupies an important place. The Bureau also maintains a special library and acts as a world clearing-house for information on these problems. Up to the end of 1937 the Bureau's game research was largely supported by the ammunition branch of the Imperial Chemical Industries. When Mr. A. D. Middleton left the staff of the Bureau to join the Game research unit of I.C.I., a division of work on game research problems was mutually arranged. He continues his special partridge census studies on certain estates, while the Bureau is doing the Game Survey and the Rabbit Research. The work of the two organisations, although independently run, is being co-ordinated in this way to avoid overlapping.—*D. C., Wimbledon.*

John Peel.—Your supposition that the most famous of all hunting songs was written in the 18th century is not well founded, as it is generally recognised as having been written *circa* 1825 by John Woodcock Graves. The exact words of the chorus run as follows:

"'Twas the sound of his horn called me
from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-
times led,
For Peel's view-hollo would awaken the
dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning."

The last verse is:

"Then here's to John Peel with my heart
and soul,
Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl:
And we'll follow John Peel through fair
and through foul
While we're waked by his horn in the
morning."—*L. G. W., Cumberland.*

Naturalist

Flies Identified.—The flies are blue-bottles or blow-flies. The larvæ (gentles) feed on decaying or fresh animal matter. Unless the pots of chrysanthemums contain much manure in the soil, the appearance of so many is unaccountable. It is an outdoor species, but enters buildings for shelter or in search of matter to lay its eggs upon.—*R. S. K. E., Crowborough.*

Coccidiosis of Rodents.—The death of a red squirrel was due to the contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. This animal was a frequent visitor of our correspondent's bird table, and, for a few days before its death, it had been lame. Loss of power in the limbs was reported by an owner of a hutch rabbit as the most noticeable symptom. We also received a wild rabbit which had died of the disease. The affected animals rapidly lose flesh, despite the retention of their appetites, and frequently diarrhœa is observed in the advanced stages of the disease. Regular readers of this column will have noted the frequency of our reports on this disease among wild and penned or aviary birds. Among the animals the disease is very prevalent in rabbits and wild rodents; and it is a frequent cause of loss to breeders of fur-bearing animals, sheep, cattle and dogs. Young stock go down with the disease more rapidly; the mature animal is more resistant, and, provided it can feed, it will maintain its strength for a long time. Some of the infected old stock persist as "carriers," *i.e.*, they continue to excrete the germs in their dung, though showing no evidence of ill-health. These "carriers" keep the disease going and convey the germ to the susceptible youngsters during the summer and autumn. Another reason for the persistence of the disease on an infected premises is the power of the germs of keeping alive on the ground for long periods up to 12 to 24 months.—*D. E. E., Surrey; H., Lisliithgow; H. S. D., Staffs.*

Shooting

Gun Licence.—The answer to the question which you ask is covered by the Gun Licence Act of 1870. By virtue of that Act, a gun is defined to include a firearm of any description and air-gun or any other kind of gun from which any shot, bullet or any missile can be discharged. By section 8 of the same Act, where two or more persons carry a gun in parts, each person is considered to carry a gun; however, if you simply take a gun barrel to a gunmaker to be repaired, we do not think you fall under any provision of the Act, and therefore you do not need a gun licence in these circumstances.—*J. S., Newhall.*

Ground Game Act.—The answers to the questions you ask are as follows: Game Licences Act, 1860, imposes a penalty of £20 on every person who shall take, kill or pursue, or assist in so doing (or uses any dog, gun, net, &c.) any game, or any woodcock, . . . or any coney . . . without a proper licence. (1) Among the *exceptions* . . . taking or destroying conies by the proprietor of a warren on enclosed ground or by tenant of land or by his direction or permission. (2) Among the *exemptions* . . . any person assisting in taking or killing any game . . . coney . . . in the country or preserves and for the use of another person who shall have obtained in his own right a Licence to kill game and who shall then and there use his own dog, gun, net, &c. . . . The unlicensed person must not use his own or any borrowed dog. (3) The want of a Game Licence is an offence against the revenue and not against the Game Laws, and each is punishable separately. (4) Under section 10 of the Act, a person discovered doing any act which requires a Game Licence who shall refuse to give his name to the owner, landlord, lessee, or occupier of the land, or to any person who shall have taken out a Game Licence shall commit an offence. A selected officer of the County Council has the power formerly exercised by officers of the Inland Revenue, to demand production of Game Licences, &c. (The transfer took place on January 1st, 1909, under the Finance Act, 1908.) (5) The offence would consist in the sending in of a dog. Sending in a dog is not an entry under some Acts—*e.g.*, under the Game Act, 1831. (6) A stray dog can be destroyed if there is a real belief that the destruction was necessary for the protection of property. (7) When a person is found by day or by night on land in pursuit of game, and shall have in his possession any game which shall appear to have been recently killed, any person having the right to kill game on such land, occupier or gamekeeper may demand the game, if not given up may seize it. (Game Act, 1831, sect. 36.) A constable may search a person (or conveyance) if he has good cause to suspect him of having game in his possession and of coming from any land where he shall have been in search of game.—*W. A. S., Kensington.*

Cartridge Tests

.22 Rifles. There is a mistake in the figures you refer to. Evidently owing to a misunderstanding both bullets have been quoted as 40 grains, whereas the ballistics of the high velocity cartridge refer to a 30 grain bullet. The figures for a 40 grain bullet should read: 1,400 F.S. Velocity and 174 F. lbs. Energy. A rifle chambered for the .22 Long rifle cartridge cannot possibly be used for a .22 Hornet, the former being a rim fire non-taper case .620in. long and the latter a central fire bottle-necked case 1.43in. long.—*T.R.W., Crewe.*

Although we should not classify your cartridges as the "best in the world," the results obtained from test prove they are reliable and that you need have no fear of injuring your gun. We, however, on account of their short length, recommend you to well clean and oil the front of the chambers after firing. Velocity averaged 1,020ft. per second with recoil which would be considered heavy in a gun under 6¼lb. weight, patterns were even and averaged 73 per cent. (30in. circle 40yds. choke barred).—*A., London.*

Travel

Ski Schools in the Lauterbrunnen Valley.—We should strongly advise you to go either to Wengen or Scheidegg. The ski school at Wengen is one of the best in all Switzerland, and the slopes are reached in about 20 minutes from Wengen by mountain railway. There are some seven successive classes, all presided over by an expert. The Palace Hotel is one of the international class, and of the smaller ones we should recommend the Metropole. The school at Scheidegg, too, is excellent, and the hotel is the "des Alpes." There are many fairly easy runs in the district, and for experts there is the prospect of ski-ing on the Jungfraujoch and staying in the highest hotel in Europe. It is not absolutely necessary to buy boots, ski and sticks, but we should strongly advise you to buy the boots as uncomfortable boots can completely ruin your ski-ing.—*N.R., Bristol.*

Travel in Morocco.—You will get an excellent idea of Morocco if you start in Tangier, and stay either at the El Minza or the Villa de France. The Cecil is good, but is down by the sea and has neither such good air or such an extensive view. Next you might go to Ouezzane, the most sacred place in Morocco, where the hotel is the Grand. You should stay for some time in Fez, possibly at the Grand, and then go on to Meknes. The only hotel we know there is the Excelsior, which is good but suffers from the irritating custom of having the restaurant some way up the street. If you do not wish actually to cross the Atlas you should stay at the Hotel du Panorama, in Azrou, where you will get an idea of Atlas scenery. You could return to Tangier via Casablanca and Rabat. The best way to travel is by bus. There are several grades, but the best—the C.T.M.—is absolutely necessary.—*C. N., Hastings.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	*Canada.* £ s. d.	*Elsewhere abroad.* £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable.

Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939), Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Dec. 24, 1938

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXII. No. 4488. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.

SOUTH AFRICA'S CAPTAIN

Alan Melville is well known to cricketers in this country as the captain of Oxford University for 1931 and 1932 and as a brilliant first-wicket batsman for Sussex. His selection to captain the South African cricket team in all five Test matches against England was a popular one. Besides having considerable experience in the art of leadership, through frequent captaincy of Sussex in the County Championship and also of the Transvaal side, he is usually a run-scorer.

THE FIELD
ESTABLISHED 1853
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4
Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1561
SPORT WITH BLOODHOUNDS 1561
A VISIT TO THE COWDRAY 1562
TWEED'S IMPOTENCE 1564
WHAT LUCK? 1564
EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF 1565
IN TOUCH 1566
FROM TEE TO GREEN—IX 1566
A HOLIDAY IN THE IMATONGS 1567
"ARMA VIRUMQUE . . ." 1568
DUCK HUNTING IN JAPAN 1569
A RED-LETTER DAY OFF COVERACK 1570
GANNETS ON THE BASS ROCK 1571
AGRICULTURE AND ECONOMY 1572
FIELD TRIALS 1573
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 1574
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1574
IN THE SALEROOM 1574
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1574
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Rabbits and Agriculture; Close Season for Wild Duck and Geese; A.R.P. for Dogs 1575
IN THE CITY 1578
NEW BOOKS 1579
ROSES FOR WALLS 1580
SOIL TESTING—II 1580
PERGOLAS AND SCREENS 1582
THAT TIMID DOG 1582
PNEUMATIC TYRES ON THE FARM 1584
THE 16 H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY 1586
ATLANTIC STOCKTAKING 1588
UNDEVELOPED PAPUA 1589
CARDS AND CHESS 1591
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1592

NEW YEAR

IT was formerly the custom to make plans and resolutions on New Year's Day. People resolved, in a comfortable and composed frame of mind, that in the coming year they would do this, see that, and achieve the other. Yet how many people, as they look into the coming year, have the strength of mind necessary to plan anything? There seem to be two alternatives—either to disregard the state of the world entirely and resolve to carry on happily until something happens to end it all, or sensibly to adjust one's way of life to the situation. We believe the latter to be the course which we should take.

An acute philosopher once observed that though there was really no such thing as progress it was necessary to believe in it if we were to remain, at all events, stationary. It is, perhaps, unsatisfactory to found one's attitude to the coming year on a piece of cynicism, and, indeed, it is not necessary wholly to do so. Our civilisation is an improvement on its forerunners only in its treatment of women and animals, and there are people who maintain that having presented to world history such figures as Bach and Shakespeare, Spinoza and Michelangelo, our civilisation has achieved its purpose and must sink gradually to rest.

We ourselves refuse to believe in this statement viewed as a natural law. It is true that many features of our times—the rise of demagogues, the condition of art and music, the decay of civic virtue—have preceded the end of every previous civilisation. Yet we have the advantage of being acquainted with the world's history, and it is our belief that this sad record of human stupidity will prevent its recurrence. Was it not Dr. Inge who observed that if European civilisation could not preserve itself it thoroughly deserved to crash?

Since it is by no means certain and irrevocable that the end is in sight, that wars are ahead and that there is really no hope for anything, it is a great pity that so many people should, by their attitude and conversation, make it considerably easier for disaster to occur. It has become the custom for a vast number of men and women to act and talk as though they awaited an imminent end, and to find an excuse in this behaviour for ceasing to be of any service to the few forces that are making for peace and order.

The curious thing is that they do not really believe the end is coming at all. Theirs is a pose directed by the wish to appear to have the latest news, and in the light of the last twenty years that is considered to be necessarily bad news. It is possibly too much to hope that this attitude will be universally given up in 1939, yet if there is to be any improvement at all it is quite necessary that this apparent acceptance of defeat should be abandoned. Such people should take the words of Dr. Johnson as their motto: "You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society: but don't *think* foolishly."

It is difficult to see what positive assistance to better things may be made by those who hold no public office and sway no wide opinion. Agriculture, for example, has been steadily refused its place in those defences considered necessary to peace; allotment holders have been deprived of their land, and with it their opportunity to make their own contribution. But we think that the most useful attitude to adopt in the year that is just beginning is to pursue what work or occupation we have and to respond quietly to such demands as may be made for national defence. Above all, we must never believe that "we are here as on a darkling plain," for it is not in England's tradition to submit before the occasion.

THE WOUNDED HOUND

THE case which was recently brought by the R.S.P.C.A. against a poultry farmer who had wounded a hound belonging to the Axe Vale Harriers, brings into prominence a question which is always latent. Both parties felt aggrieved. The farmer had expressed his unwillingness for hounds to cross his land, and the harriers say they had done their best to avoid doing so. Yet, on this occasion, a fox headed for the poultry farm, it was impossible for hounds to be stopped in time, and the farmer took the extreme step of shooting at the hound, which he hit in the right hind leg. Although the ethics of the matter may be called into question, this kind of thing does no good to farmers or to hunting. The two can be, and usually are, of mutual benefit, and it is a thousand pities when an incident of this kind disturbs the harmony. We would reinforce most earnestly the appeal which we made last week to hunting people and to farmers to let no opportunity pass of consolidating their undoubted mutual interests, and to avoid by every means incidents upon which the general public are unable to form a proper opinion.

A KINDLY NOTE

Appreciation is a rare thing; blame is more often dealt out as an incentive to better effort. It is therefore an encouraging finish to the year to be able to quote from a very kindly passage in Daphne du Maurier's novel *Rebecca*. She writes: "Sometimes old copies of the *Field* come my way, and I am transported from this indifferent island to the realities of an English spring. I read of chalk streams, of the mayfly, of sorrel growing in green meadows, of rooks circling above the woods as they used to do at Manderley. The smell of wet earth comes to me from those thumbed and tattered pages, the sour tang of moorland peat, the feel of soggy moss spattered white in places by a heron's droppings." We wish the author the success with a novel displaying a love of the countryside that she has had as a biographer.

THE SIGN OF THE GARLAND

"Good wine needs no bush," we know, but an ale garland may be taken as a sign of good ale. A bunch of flowers or foliage on an ale pole, wrote an old author, "doth but signify there is good ale in the house." Stakes and garlands disappeared from inns, one reason being that people had learned to read. They were subject to legislation, being restricted by law to 7 feet in 1375. They impeded riders, and in 1669 their excessive length and cumbrous signs, making the thoroughfares close in daytime and preventing the light from lamps spreading properly at night, again brought the law to bear on them. A catastrophe spelled their doom when, in 1765, an enormous sign in Fleet Street pulled down the front of an inn and was responsible for the death of two girls, the King's jeweller and a cobbler. Now less lethal ale garlands have been revived, and 500 inns, mostly in midland and eastern counties, sport them at Christmas time, bank holidays, and local festive occasions. Messrs. Flower, tenants of the old galleried George Inn, Borough High Street, London, last year displayed the first garland seen in this country for many a day, and four Ale Conners of the City of London and a number of guests recently celebrated the reintroduction of the custom and made acquaintance with some fine old possets.

UNNECESSARY EVILS

December has given us some good specimens of the English climate; warmth, rain, cold winds, hard frost and snow. It has also provided the catastrophe of burst water pipes for many householders. And it may again be asked why we have to suffer this evil without adequate reason. Architects plan and builders build, but do not seem to bother much about the plumber, electrician or the gasfitter. Water tanks are put in the most exposed places, and pipes placed in inaccessible positions, often without wrapping or any protection against frost. Unless builders and plumbers are in league with the weather it is quite easy, when designing a house, to ensure that pipes shall be adequately safeguarded. Some genius, too, is required to invent a removable wainscoting or floorboard so that a room has not to be ripped to pieces when a new electric point is desired or a gas stove has to be fitted. Intelligent co-operation between the builder and these allied trades is badly needed.

FISHING IN THE NEW YEAR

Less than a fortnight and the earliest Scottish rivers open their rod-fishing season—indeed, if an angler crosses to Ireland he can begin on New Year's Day. But, after all, who wants to begin on the first day of a New Year? Even the ten days or so which Scottish by-laws allow their very earliest rodsmen is none too much to get one's liver in order after the Christmas festivities, and to collect wits, tackle and information before going North. Information in particular will be eagerly sought this year, and will be difficult to get after the turbulent autumn when few reliable observations of winter arrivals can have been made. For some years past salmon have sadly neglected to burn the candle at both ends. The very early-running fish have loitered in the sea; and the late runners have come in before their time, or have not come at all, as you like to consider it. Salmon runs show more tendency to swing than to jump, but at least one may legitimately hope that 1938 marked the very bottom position of the pendulum.

HUNTSMAN TIME

Already the season is halfway through;
It's "ring out the old and ring in the new,"
For Time is a Hunt-sman who waits for none,
He's off and away on his non-stop run,
And holding his hounds to a forward cast,
With never a thought for the pounded Past;
No "tally-ho back" to the years gone by,
No check for the old, as the seasons fly.
It's cram down your hat and away like hell,
And deaden your ears to the tolling bell
That rings out the old, for the new is here.
So "ring in the new." It's another Year.

EDRIC ROBERTS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

FROM the wild, bleak, scarred plateau, fissured with narrow gullies, of Purbeck limestone near Worth Matravers, I could see a series of "linces" or "lynchets," or cultivation terraces on the steep flanks of more than one of the sea-pounded promontories between St. Aldhelm's Head and Peveril Point. Nobody takes any notice of them, and yet they are significant enough to upset an archæological theory which has held the field since the eighteenth century. The man whose name is chiefly associated with this theory is Henry Seebohm (*The English Village Community*, 1883), but it has been supported in our day by Mr. O. G. S. Crawford with an amount of dogmatic self-assurance and high-handed contempt for anybody who ventured to disagree with him only possible in the scientific world. Years ago I was one of those heretics who had the temerity to question this great canon of orthodoxy, and I was in consequence reviled as a shallow ignorant amateur, a cheap publicist, who had had the impertinence to trespass upon holy ground. A Bull was launched against me and I was excommunicated.

And now what is this theory? In very numerous areas on the chalk downs, but also among the oolite ranges of Gloucestershire, in Wales, Yorkshire, the Lake District, and on yet other rock-formations not covered by these regions, the hillsides are terraced into broad level baulks and almost perpendicular (often quite) sides, making giants' stairways whose enigma has exercised many a curious mind. Seebohm's idea was that these lynchets were made by the ploughs of the Anglo-Saxon villagers under the old open-field system. When the co-operative plough-teams of the village community reached the foot of a hill, they went on ploughing across the hill-slope itself, travelling only one way, and the terraces were formed by the natural tendency of the soil to fall downhill. Thus the hillside terrace was an adaptation of the strips with baulks between of the pre-Conquest villagers of the plains. The earlier theorists said: "It may be so"; the later dogmatists swore, "It must be so."

Yet, as I stood and looked at those mighty terraces that bit into the stormy thighs of the Purbeck headlands, I had the audacity to be as certain as a man may be without sacrificing all modesty that it could not be so. What a task for the ploughs! In *The Open Fields* (1938), Professor C. S. Orwin shows that even on the chalk, the depths of the terraces being sometimes 20ft., the plough-teams would have had to have ploughed 10ft. in order to form the terrace, 10ft. through "clunch" (chalk blocks) for ploughs that even on the most yielding soils only drove their shares to the depth of a few inches. Since there was no land shortage, what purpose could have been served in engaging the wooden ploughs upon such superfluously Herculean labour? But the argument applies far more shatteringly to the Purbeck limestone. It is some of the hardest rock in all England, incomparably harder than the toughest chalk, and the top-spit of soil is never anywhere deeper—as the mining works reveal—than a very few inches.

Conceive ploughing up several feet of solid rock with a wooden turn-furrow! Not 80 oxen could have done it, much less eight. The coulter would have been turned in a yard and the beam would have split in less than 5yds. Professor Orwin gives several other conclusive reasons (there were no baulks among the valley strips, for instance, to be imitated on the hillside) for disposing of the connection between Saxon farming and terrace cultivation. But I confess I should like to bring a party of archæologists, headed by Mr. Crawford, to have a look at those terraces by Worth Matravers. Science has many virtues, but humility is not one of them, and Humility Point would not be a bad name for the headland of the Purbeck terraces.

Who did build these wonderful terraces? There can be only two hypotheses. Either the Bronze Age people, who so thickly populated Southern Dorset, hacked them out with bronze celts or deer-horn picks or the Romano-British—King Arthur's men—dug them to feed themselves when beleaguered on the hills by the Saxons. The walled *Polis* was reoccupied in King Arthur's day and the cultivation system of the pre-Roman Celts—little parallelograms of banked fields—is quite different either from that of the Saxons or of the terrace-makers. One thing is certain—until this profound mystery is approached with an open and a humble mind, it will never be solved.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Sent by a reader from a provincial paper's account of a day's hunting:

"The reassuring note of hounds, followed by the view-holloa and a trill on the trumpet, preceded the break away . . . it was there among the cabbages that the huntsman upheld and declared the unanimous verdict of hounds gone to ground."

"Handling" a bloodhound in field trials

SPORT WITH BLOODHOUNDS

"A Bloodhound Line Has Many Advantages Over the Drag Hunt"

A BLOODHOUND owner may show his hounds, "handle" them in field trials, or hunt them as a pack. If he wishes, there is another form of activity open to him; he may enter them to game, although, once he has done this, they will never again be steady on their legitimate quarry—man.

With the showing I am not greatly concerned, although bloodhound classes are included in the "big breeds" of most leading dog shows. Personally, I should like to see a class for *working* bloodhounds at Peterborough, each entry to be the possessor of a field trial certificate. Neither is there space here to discuss field trials. In pre-War days the Bloodhound Hunt Club held regular meetings on Salisbury Plain, when three different packs were ridden to by large fields. This hunt club has ceased to exist, but there are still a few packs of bloodhounds in existence.

To the true lover of hound-work, a bloodhound line has many advantages over the draghunt in which the artificial scent is often so strong that any cur dog could follow it. At the same time, the bloodhound line has the one quality which recommends a drag hunt in that the quarry, being human, can be instructed where to go and so keep off ground which it is desirable to avoid. The quarry should have no "gingering" whatever, but be followed "clean boot." Given 40 minutes' "law" on an average scenting day, this results in a hunt which should delight even some of the hardest riders and which will surprise those who have had no previous experience of bloodhounds' pace. So many people think of these hounds as slow, lumbering great brutes who tie to the line and may be followed at a walk. They certainly possess "lumber," which, together with "wrinkle," is encouraged by the shows. Several bloodhound huntsmen are agreed that these things invariably go with a "cold nose" (ability to hunt a very cold line) as well as "staunchness" (freedom from change).

Were I breeding a pack solely to provide sport for mounted followers I would aim at lighter bone and less wrinkle. I have seen examples of this type which were fast and keen on a hot line, but unreliable on a cold one. While this put them out of field trials, it could have few disadvantages when the hound was being used for fast pack work.

Bloodhounds, when running, are inclined to string out, each hound making sure of the line for itself, unless early work with a pack has taught it to go to cry. The drive of a good bloodhound is surprising when it is remembered that he never gets blood, as is the way he flings himself in wide casts when at fault.

The pace of a hunt may, to a certain extent, be regulated by the amount of "law" given, and anything from 90 minutes to two hours will provide a very useful outing for the foot-follower, although, under good scenting conditions, any but the best runners would be well advised to make discreet inquiries about the quarry's route.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, the present Master of the Trethill Harriers, also owns a pack of bloodhounds, hunted by his daughter. These hounds work over the wild Cornish moors where outcrops of rock and stone-faced banks require a horse accustomed to the country. Mr. R. A. Edmunds' Ledburn Bloodhounds hunt throughout the winter in Buckinghamshire, usually being followed on foot until the end of the season, when a few mounted days are arranged in connection with pony clubs. Since this pack has been reduced in numbers, lines often are hunted in conjunction with hounds belonging to Mr. Peter How, M.R.C.V.S. In the case of each of these three kennels, the Trethill, Ledburn and Mr. How's, there is a long list of field trial winners to show that pack work does not spoil a hound for working solo. At the same time, it is very necessary that prospective entries for trials should be given plenty of work on their own.

Another foot pack which has recently come into being is the Peak Bloodhounds, owned by Mr. Furness and hunting, as the name implies, in Derbyshire.

A bitch from the Ledburn Kennel, Ledburn Blessing, laid the foundation of a pack now showing excellent sport in Poland under the Mastership of Major Pfann. These hounds often have mounted fields of about fifty followers, most of them being Army officers on active service. Runs, during the regular season, are from six to fifteen kilometres in length, over a country full of game, yet Major Pfann's hounds are perfectly steady. Owing to conditions which he does not explain, he finds it necessary to be able to stop his pack at any moment, and he has it so handy that hounds will sit in a field while he and his whippers-in ride out of sight. There they will remain until called by horn. This Polish pack hunts short lines throughout the summer months, from April onwards, to keep hounds in condition, and starts the real season on October 1st, going out twice a week until frost stops operations in December.

Bloodhounds *can* be entered to game, and the late Lord Wolverton had a very fine pack, the Ranston, with which he hunted deer in Savernake Forest. But once allowed to stoop to game, the bloodhound is never again reliable in a man hunt as, quite naturally, the huntsman cannot be sure when hounds will change to a more exciting quarry.

Bloodhounds have been known to hunt the line of a man 48 hours or more "cold." It would be hard to imagine a foxhound sticking to a fox even half an hour ahead of him when its line had been crossed by many others. Neither would it be desirable for a hound to do so. This is one reason for the inclusion of foxhounds in most otter-hunting packs, for the true otterhound, being part bloodhound, also has a "cold nose" and will carefully work the drag of an otter which may be many, many miles away.

Another point which the bloodhound has in common with the otterhound, as well as with the basset, is voice. Although I have heard nearly all forms of English hound music, I think the grandest of them all was the cry of five couples of Ledburn bloodhounds as they hunted "clean boot" through the Ashridge woodlands.

J. IVESTER LLOYD.

THE COWDRAY HUNT LEAVING ELSTED WAYPOST (WHERE THEY HAD PREVIOUSLY MET) AFTER DRAWING A SMALL COVERT BLANK

A VISIT TO THE COWDRAY

A Good Pack of Hounds and a Pleasant Atmosphere

HISTORY and tradition, from which any hunt gathers much of its strength, goes back with the Cowdray country to 1729, and to the names of Mr. Roper, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Tankerville and the glories of the Charlton Hunt. It will have to suffice, in dealing with those days, to tell of "the grand chase" of Friday, January 26th, 1739. Hounds found in East Dean Wood at a quarter to eight in the morning, and the fox was killed at "the wall of the Arundell river" at ten minutes to six in the evening, an "old bitch fox." It was computed that "the glorious twenty-three hounds" had run 57 miles 2 furlongs 15 rods. What a hunt! It makes our longest and most famous modern runs look like Saturday afternoon coursing matches.

The Cowdray Hunt, as such, dates from 1922, when Major the Hon. Harold Pearson (second Viscount Cowdray) and the Hon. Clive Pearson formed a private pack. In 1933 the Hon. Clive Pearson became sole Master until 1935, when subscriptions were taken, and Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Sutton, M.C., took over the Mastership, and is the present Master. As will be seen, those who enjoy sport with the Cowdray owe a great deal to the Pearson family. A fact which speaks well for the popularity of the Hunt is the way in which local landowners and residents contributed to a guarantee fund, when the Pearson family gave up the hounds as a private pack. At present there is a maintained deposit account of £1,000, a remarkable sum for a provincial country.

Before describing my very pleasant visit to these hounds, something of the country and its characteristics may interest you. These hounds hunt two days a week, Monday on the eastern side and Friday on the western side, their lateral neighbours being Lord Leconfield's and the Hambledon. In the north of the country is a small grass vale, between the River Rother, which is the northern boundary, and the downs. Foxes when found in the vale nearly always run for the hill. The downs here are not like the bare, grassy hills of the Southdown country, but are a mass of big beechwoods, such as Charlton Forest and West Dean Woods, intersected by little ridges and valleys of grass.

There are also now some Government plantations; but in the beechwoods proper you can keep with hounds without keeping to the rides, and for this reason a real "forest" woodland hunt is a great deal more enjoyable than the uninitiated might suppose, since there is no undergrowth, and when the leaf is off you can really see what is going on. Scent on top is very seldom as good as scent below, and though the general opinion is that owing to the fallen leaf, a lot of rain is necessary before hounds can really run in the beechwoods, they have been known to go after a dry spell.

The foxes in the country are notoriously strong and are of the "toddling sort," rarely being so accommodating as to wait in covert or hedgerow, and allow hounds to get a "fresh entapis" at them. It is, as well, a country where foxes can get about without being seen, and you seldom get a second look at your fox once he is found. A galloping whipper-in is as much out of place here as pork in a mosque. In the cubhunting there are, practically speaking, no "easy places" where cubs can be held up, and this year's tally of seven-and-a-half brace killed on top is above the average.

There is a tremendous lot of riot in this country, which does not make the huntsman's task any easier, as in these big woodlands it is really impossible to see what the unentered hounds are hunting, and, if necessary, to correct the error of their ways; nevertheless, they all seem to come to it in the end, though perhaps not so quickly as in easier countries. Deer, a most tempting form of riot to all hounds, owing to their sweet scent, are rapidly increasing. The presence of attested herds in the vale country constitutes another little difficulty, as, owing to the Ministry of Agriculture's regulations, such herds, when adjacent to non-attested cattle, have to be double-fenced; but it shows that the farmers are an enterprising lot of men, and, like all West Sussex stock, they are great sportsmen.

This country must be unique in one way; it lies within 50 miles of London, and yet is traversed by only one main road; the electric railway, by the grace of Diana, only affects two meets and very little country. Being so near London, there are several big shoots in the country, and though the terms with shooting interests are of the best, it is a little difficult to find sufficient country before the end of November. From the foxhunting point of view it is not a wealthy country, and one sees very few second horses out; but this does not seem to affect the enjoyment of a remarkably young and pleasant provincial field in the genuine sport shown by Colonel Sutton, who hunts hounds and is a real "hound man." To my mind, a useful innovation is that a subscription of from £2 2s. to 10/- or even less is accepted from *everyone* who comes out on foot, bicycle or car, so that all feel themselves to be part of the Hunt.

I spent two very pleasant days in this country, and on the Thursday afternoon we went over to look at hounds in quite one of the best built and handy kennels I have ever seen. Colonel Sutton was at one time, as no doubt you know, Master of the South Dorset, and he has continued his plan of breeding here. Pytchley Hetty ('25), by Croome Dashwood, is a headstone and corner in the pedigrees, and the general procedure has been to introduce Buccleuch and Berkeley blood into the original stock of the kennel, and at the same time to cross with hounds brought from South Dorset, mostly Belvoir bred, with a little Oakley. The result is a very workmanlike, strong-looking pack of hounds. I will just put down notes made at the time upon some of those that I personally liked best. First the young hounds.

Dexter, by Galway ('33) ex South Dorset Heroine ('34). "A very nice short-coupled little dog." Heroine is a South Dorset Dalesman, a hound used with tremendous success in the Pytchley kennel.

Countless, by Carlow Coiner ('33) ex South Dorset Helpful ('34). "I liked this bitch very much indeed."

Cosy, by Carlow Coiner ('33) ex South Dorset Helpful. "A nice fronted bitch."

Spinaway, Spinster and Sportive, all by Galway ('33) ex South Dorset Special ('34). "Three useful bitches; but Spinaway stands out."

Now the old hounds.

Heroine ('34), by South Dorset Goodwood ('32) ex Their Helena ('28). "Typical Belvoir—Buccleuch; a very nice quality bitch and a clinker to hunt."

Ladybird ('35), by S. and W. Wilts Templar ('33) ex South Dorset Lively ('32). "A star in her work, as I saw later; excellent nose allied to great drive; no beauty; one of the few Welsh-blooded ones that has been a tremendous success; a deep note like a doghound."

Happy ('36), by South Dorset Herald ('30) ex Parody ('32). "About the nicest bitch seen;

beautiful shoulder, good spring of rib and quality: a very fast bitch."

Helena's ('36) dam, South Dorset Helena, did a remarkable thing in her own country. She was suspected of being a little riotous, and in an eight-mile point led the pack through miles of hares, throwing her tongue beautifully. Colonel Sutton "sat and suffered," but his trust was rewarded, as Helena was right, and hounds killed their fox handsomely after a great hunt.

Lincoln ('36), by Berkeley Licton ('32) ex South Dorset Wanton ('31). "A very good hound; nice back, length to hock and good bone."

Spiteful ('37), by South Dorset Splasher ('31) ex Darling ('34). "Colonel Sutton is aiming at backs and ribs to cope with these hills, and he is getting them."

Gadabout ('37), by South Dorset Splasher ('31) ex South Dorset Garlic ('30). "A really beautiful free shoulder."

On my second day hounds met at Elsted Waypost, and we had the opportunity of seeing some of the heath country which sometimes provides such interesting hunts. This country is remarkable for its variety, the only type lacking being ploughland, which can well be spared, one imagines. It was a fine, soft, rather "muggy" day, and after observing the Two Minutes' Silence, hounds moved off to draw Bushey, followed by a field which included the local Salvation Army luminary on his trusty velocipede.

An extraordinary thing happened here, for while hounds were drawing the covert a fox came into it from *down wind* straight into them. They hustled him out again pretty quick, but within two fields he had gone to ground, so that the brave young ladies who took on some timber wasted their efforts; but no doubt courage is its own reward: I, myself, went through the gate. After some delay, a fox was found in Elsted Roughs, the starting point of many good hunts. He was a great big red devil, and he knew what he was at, going as straight as a die for the hill, hounds streaming along in his wake, a beautiful sight. They eventually lost him in the beech woods on top.

This hill really is a hill, and so steep that a stranger can scarcely keep his footing, and I almost suffered from an attack of vertigo. The view riding down to the vale again was superb, green fields, hedgerows, woods and farmhouses laid out in a homely but beautiful panorama.

Hounds found again in Park Copse; and now started the best hunt of the day. Those of us standing by the railway line viewed him slipping away, and the Master quickly had hounds out, and away over the road, where a mighty shouting showed that the foot people had also viewed him.

LT.-COL. F. H. SUTTON, M.C., THE MASTER OF THE COWDRAY, AND MR. A. LANGDALE, HUNT SECRETARY

At first hounds could not settle, but when they did some really beautiful hound work was seen. In the first circuit of the vale we were never out of a trot, and again and again Ladybird's hoarse note put them right; they had to beagle every inch of it.

Coming back again into Elsted Waypost, hounds seemed to get closer to their fox, though they could still only run slowly; but on being inclined in Park Copse they really started to go, and for 40 minutes we had great fun, having really to gallop to keep with them. These hounds have a beautiful cry, and proceeded to show us that they could chase as well as hunt; but they are very steady, and will not go a yard without the scent; just the difference between "flash" and drive.

On we went, through Julians and the Waypost, and so, looking as if they might catch him at any moment, hounds were away to the hill. A check on the only ploughed field encountered during the day settled matters in the fox's favour, and though they hit it off, it was obvious that at such a late hour, with foxes already on the move, hounds stood little chance of catching on the hill, so Colonel Sutton had them stopped just short of it after a most enjoyable hunt of 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Before finishing, a word must be said of Mr. Arthur Langdale, the hon. secretary, who does so much for the Hunt, and of Tom Pember, the first whipper-in and kennel huntsman. Pember has been with Colonel Sutton for eleven years, and seemed to me to be of the best sort. I should also like to say something of my good horse, who seemed to possess a bottomless well of stamina, and a great, if eccentric, liking for carrying large weights across country.

May I thank all my hosts for two most enjoyable days in a friendly country where foxhunting is properly carried out.

A. H. V. L.

MEMBERS OF THE COWDRAY HUNT FOLLOWING HOUNDS ON THEIR WAY TO AN AFTERNOON DRAW

TWEED'S IMPOTENCE

Are Its Autumn Fish Disappearing for Good ?

TWEED has for long been noted for its back-end salmon, and it has maintained its reputation for this run many years after the back-end fish have disappeared from almost all the rivers where they were formerly plentiful. One often wonders what chance of nature it is that has allowed Tweed to outstay practically all her competitors in this respect and yet, at the same time, to have developed into a spring river as famous now as any in all Scotland or England. It may be that some of us have also speculated as to whether Tweed will continue to maintain this fortunate position or whether, in course of time, she, too, will be added to that long list of districts where autumn salmon in reasonable numbers are no longer found.

Experience this year may be exceptional, but if it is not, then the slide has commenced which, in such a short time, reduced other outstanding rivers to the ranks of those that are of little importance so far as the autumn fishing is concerned. The Tweed autumn season that has recently closed has not been poor—it has been really bad. For this the weather has undoubtedly been partly responsible. From October 4th to November 30th the river was never in good fishing order ; only very occasionally was it even fishable, and on those few scattered days the water was always too high to be in good order. On all the other days—and they form the great majority—conditions have varied from merely useless to perfectly absurd. On the left bank just above Kelso Bridge a gauge exists which forms the first thought of many anglers when they wake in the morning, and the last hope before they turn in at night. When that gauge registers 2ft. 6in. the river is fishable, and when it is 2ft. it is in good order. This back-end that gauge has usually been between 3ft. and 5ft. ; on occasions it has been up to 6ft. or 8ft., and on one memorable Sunday in the middle of November it registered at 15ft. the largest purely rain-water spate since probably 1881.

Conditions have therefore been all against good fishing, even if the river had been full of fish, which was certainly not the case. They were not seen running up the sides of the river as is their habit in the Tweed ; they were not seen passing over the caulds ; and, what is equally significant, the poachers in the lower part of the river had so few that they even ceased to worry the bailiffs by trying for them. Normally the best of the autumn fishing, as indeed of the spring fishing also, is concentrated between the Floors water, just above Kelso, and Coldstream, but in the long-prevailing floods this year the few available fish were scattered all over the river right up to Peebles. Instead of a concentration in the favoured fifteen miles, with a fair sprinkling of fish for ten miles or so farther upstream, there has been only a few odd fish in all the pools.

Many people affect to despise the Tweed autumn fish, and, as with all autumn fishing, any of the fish which have been in fresh water for many months are to be despised, as indeed is the fisher who takes them. But the real autumn fish are not of this sort. They are as bright and silvery as the average spring fish, some have sea lice attached, and all are only a reasonable time away from salt water. It is true that in most of them the milt or ova are well formed, but while developing the fish have continued to feed, and their flesh is consequently in at least moderately good condition. In this last respect they vary considerably more than do earlier fish ; the females are not so good as the males, but many of the latter have curd in the muscle.

When it comes down to actual figures, during the autumn season that has just closed the best day's catch does not run to half-a-dozen fish, and the totals for some, or indeed all, of the beats are absolutely ludicrous. Four fish in a day seems to be the best that one hears of, and it is by no means certain that they all fell to one rod, and on at least one beat, where the previous record bad year showed about fifty fish, this year's total is no more than a dozen. With the general scarcity there is also a marked scarcity of the big fish for which the Tweed back-end is famous. Hardly a fish above 30lb. has been landed, and not one within sight of 40lb. has been reported.

Amid such a tale of woe it is difficult to find a day that is worth writing about, for the days spent in idling away the time or in fruitless journeys to the gauge at Kelso Bridge are of no particular interest. But here and there one has been able to get out and cast a fly into slightly less turbid waters. One of the great drawbacks of the season has been the uniformly bad colour of the river which, without exaggeration, on many days has resembled that of a ploughed field. Tweed itself in its upper reaches has not been so bad, but in the mid-reaches Leader and Gala bring in much agricultural drainage, and Teviot is always a bugbear to those who fish at, or below, the junction water at Kelso.

But after many days of waiting and a very little fishing one morning dawned in the third week of November when Kelso gauge was down to 2ft. 6in., Tweed was clear and Teviot was no more than slightly brown. What a morning it was, though, when we went afloat at about ten o'clock. Half a gale of wind, cold and raw as only a south-east wind can be in the Border and Edinburgh country, and occasional heavy showers of sleet that promised well for neither fishing nor the river. With the water rather high but not a bad colour, a pull or two seemed to be at least reasonably certain, so that, after crossing the main current and starting in at the other side of the stream at the mill I was not surprised to find that the fly was taken within the first ten minutes. But it was a poor creature that came straight to the stern of the boat, and within a minute or two it proved to be a small kelt hooked right in the point of the nose that was remarkable only for being so silvery at this early date. Practically every trace of the spawning livery had left it, and it was as bright as most of the kelts taken in March. There was nothing else in that stream, and nothing in the pool above, which was at least 6in. above its real fishing level ; nor did we fare any better in a little bit of slack water, fished off the bank, where a running fish might be expected to lie, before tackling the rather faster water up over the little cauld into the next pool.

By this time the weather was really foul, the wind, after coming from all quarters, had settled in the north, and the showers were fierce and bitter. But the other side of the stream cheered me up with a fish which took the fly with a rush, and came straight out of the water. It was only a little fellow, but it had one enterprising run before, in the net, it was seen to be another kelt smaller than, but almost as silvery as, the last. These fish must have been springers that had spawned in the upper reaches of Teviot, Ettrick or Tweed about the end of October, and which, encouraged by the high level and high water temperature (until after the middle of November it was running between 50 deg. and 55 deg. F.), had descended early and far. But why they should have become bright so very quickly is not so apparent.

This same bit of the mill stream also produced another fish, which was not a kelt but was not by any means a typical Tweed autumn salmon. First of all it was only about half the usual weight and must have been nearer 10lb. than 20lb. ; secondly, it was not really fresh run, and had begun to acquire the fresh water tints ; thirdly, it was a female, and not a male. In view of all these circumstances I was not at all sorry to see the hook come out just before the fish reached the net, for the Tweed boatmen, like all other professional fishermen, are out for blood and are not at all willing to put back any fish, other than a kelt, whatever its condition.

Lunch under the bank was not a great pleasure, nor was the sight of leaves and little pieces of stick beginning to come down on the surface, for it meant that the river was beginning to rise. By the time we got to the mill pool it had risen several inches, so that a head and tail rise to a 5/0 Wilkinson was more than a surprise, but the fish, of better quality and better size than the last, soon parted company and since the river was now up nearly a foot there was nothing for it but to go ashore blank but with at least a day's fishing to one's credit. It was only Wednesday, but it was the last fishing day in that week, and, as it proved, the last fishing day of the 1938 season, for the middle reaches of the river were never again in order.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

A COLD DAY ON THE TWEED AT HENDERSYDE

WHAT LUCK ?

THIS greeting, so commonly heard by the riverside, is, I contend, a reflection upon the skill of the angler. It almost savours of impertinence. But the modest angler should accept the gentle implication, even though he is pleased with his performance ; for well he knows that Nemesis may be waiting round the next corner to break him in his best fish, or has already, though he knows it not, caused him to leave his pipe at home.

"And how have you sped ?" was the greeting of Piscator to Viator, and this has an old-fashioned flavour, suggesting neither flattery nor luck. The angler, indeed, should endeavour to observe the mean between confidence and caution. Too much confidence is apt to degenerate into carelessness ; too much caution leaves the initiative with the fish.

Beginner's luck we all recognise, I suppose ; but we cannot all be beginners, all the while. I know that on the days when I first went salmon fishing, I caught four fish. That night at dinner two salmon were placed upon the table, one cooked and the other not cooked, one hot and the other cold, and the maid asked me, would I have hot or cold ; but then she was Irish.

Generally speaking, luck is fairly equally divided between the angler and the fish. If the angler draws one beyond his hopes out of a weedbed, he loses another round a concealed snag. It is all in the game.

So boast not, honest angler ; for we all have our off days, when nothing will go right, and the fish appear to bear charmed lives. To-morrow the luck will change, whatever the fortune of to-day.

And if you will, remember ;
And if you will, forget.

CHELIDON.

"STUDY ANY CRUSH AT A GATEWAY . . . . THOSE WHO ARE CUNNING IN ALL ITS PHASES WILL PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH ALMOST ANY CROWD WITH A REMARKABLY SMALL QUOTA OF FUSS AND BOTHER"

EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF

The Principle of Being Unprincipled

APART from the average skill needed to propel both your horse and yourself over varying obstacles when following hounds, there is an additional "art," quite distinct in nature, in keeping close to hounds when riding a slower horse than those of your fellows.

The "art" is dependent, of course, upon a diversity of circumstances. Upon the pace of the hounds in question and upon the comparative pace of your horse. Upon your knowledge of the country. Upon your age and sex. Different relationships of these factors will either diminish or increase the extent to which you practise the "art."

But assuming that you are comparatively virile and that your foremost wish is to keep close to hounds, and assuming, of course, that you are riding a slow horse, it is safe to generalise. And the first generalisation is that you should be unprincipled. Impolite though this sounds, you need not be impolite if you cover your unprincipled behaviour with a cloak of apparent good manners, remembering that manners are not so important in conception as in effect. Thus you are privately self-assertive whilst apparently submissive, and thus only will you keep close to the faster horses ridden by the majority of the field.

More specifically, there are many "tricks of the trade." In woodland rides, for instance, it is essential to keep edging your way to the front of the queue so that you may be able to get away quickly when hounds break covert. This is quite simply effected by pretending either that you wish to talk to a friend further ahead or that your horse is ill-mannered and that you wish to take him to the front, alone and unbothered by surrounding horses. The latter is easily achieved by "niggling" your horse quietly with your heels when in the thick of the crowd, so that he will throw his head about and by leaving him alone when you reach the front. In gateways you can retrieve much lost ground with similar tactics. Often a successful plan is to gallop up from the rear of a crush in a gateway, apparently out of control. Then, should you appear too pushing, you apologise to your immediate neighbours, saying that your horse has a "mouth like iron" and throwing a word or two of gentlemanly abuse at your mount. A good plan, also, is frequently to place your hand behind your back so that people will steer clear of your horse's quarters, thus leaving you additional space for your manœuvres.

In open country there is less scope for the practice of low cunning. Out here, where men are men, you must take your chance with the rest, relying largely upon your horsemanship and your knowledge of the country to maintain your position, though remembering always that hounds may soon check, when once again you can make up lost ground. There are, however, a few facts worth bearing in mind. One of these is that it is unwise to be in a hurry when hounds start to run; too frequently, if you dash away in a burst of enthusiasm, you will find that you have completed a neat circle, with hounds back at their starting-point. Wait, rather, until you are certain that they have a line. Then, with half the field careering madly on the wrong side of the covert, you will make a clear, staid "getaway." Should you be in a strange country, it is wise to pick out a likely-looking farmer mounted on a stout cob, watch his tactics and make full use of them.

But the real test of your abilities in these respects presents itself at crowded fences. With hounds running fast ahead and with a seething mass of eager, fidgeting horses around you, your skill as an exponent of this "art" is then tried to the utmost. The first essential is to rid your mind of all prejudices and conventions. Becoming pushful, forceful, determined, even brutal in your aspect of the situation, remaining superficially suave and well-mannered. Then, if you wish to see hounds again, adopt every tactic you have at your command, the more rigorous in practice when you realise that you are by no means the only person with such dishonourable intentions. Every inch that presents itself should be filled immediately. Every horse which edges alongside should be assiduously blocked. Touch your horse with your spurs so that he pushes forward, apologising in unctuous tones to your victim; then touch him again and push alongside. Lastly, and this is extremely important, ride at the fence as soon as is possible without cheating too blatantly.

A few will curse you, perhaps, but this does not matter provided that you have not actually harmed anyone or pushed aside any vitriolic women, defenceless children or important old gentlemen. Those who curse you will be those you have outwitted in the aforesaid "art."

All this may sound hardly in the best traditions of the hunting field, yet it is an "art" which is practised daily by the most respectable patrons of the sport, and indeed must be practised if you are to see anything of a fast pack of hounds on a slow horse. Study any crush at a fence or gateway dispassionately and you will see approximately three-quarters of the entire company indulging in it to a lesser or greater extent. Those who are cunning in all its phases will push their way through almost any crowd with a remarkably small quota of fuss and bother; particularly, in this respect, women. For women, apart from their advantage in being the weaker sex, and therefore given more ground, are particularly adept at being basically unprincipled whilst outwardly weak and helpless. (The context is here strictly confined to the hunting field.) In consequence of this—more power to their elbow! Who would condemn them when hounds are running and when it is undoubtedly a case of every man and woman for his and herself?

In general, a hunt on a slow horse can be just as exciting and interesting as that on a faster, for when riding the latter any proficient horseman finds it easy to keep with hounds. Yet the former requires that you be a cad in the guise of a gentleman—a rôle which adds considerably to the amusement of a day's sport. You do not always want to drive a Rolls-Royce. It is fun, sometimes, to slip through the traffic with an old Austin Seven.

JASPER SAYER.

"IT IS ESSENTIAL TO KEEP EDGING YOUR WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE QUEUE SO THAT YOU MAY BE ABLE TO GET AWAY QUICKLY WHEN HOUNDS BREAK COVERT"

"STUDY ANY CRUSH AT A GATEWAY . . . . THOSE WHO ARE CUNNING IN ALL ITS PHASES WILL PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH ALMOST ANY CROWD WITH A REMARKABLY SMALL QUOTA OF FUSS AND BOTHER"

EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF

The Principle of Being Unprincipled

APART from the average skill needed to propel both your horse and yourself over varying obstacles when following hounds, there is an additional "art," quite distinct in nature, in keeping close to hounds when riding a slower horse than those of your fellows.

The "art" is dependent, of course, upon a diversity of circumstances. Upon the pace of the hounds in question and upon the comparative pace of your horse. Upon your knowledge of the country. Upon your age and sex. Different relationships of these factors will either diminish or increase the extent to which you practise the "art."

But assuming that you are comparatively virile and that your foremost wish is to keep close to hounds, and assuming, of course, that you are riding a slow horse, it is safe to generalise. And the first generalisation is that you should be unprincipled. Impolite though this sounds, you need not be impolite if you cover your unprincipled behaviour with a cloak of apparent good manners, remembering that manners are not so important in conception as in effect. Thus you are privately self-assertive whilst apparently submissive, and thus only will you keep close to the faster horses ridden by the majority of the field.

More specifically, there are many "tricks of the trade." In woodland rides, for instance, it is essential to keep edging your way to the front of the queue so that you may be able to get away quickly when hounds break covert. This is quite simply effected by pretending either that you wish to talk to a friend further ahead or that your horse is ill-mannered and that you wish to take him to the front, alone and unbothered by surrounding horses. The latter is easily achieved by "niggling" your horse quietly with your heels when in the thick of the crowd, so that he will throw his head about and by leaving him alone when you reach the front. In gateways you can retrieve much lost ground with similar tactics. Often a successful plan is to gallop up from the rear of a crush in a gateway, apparently out of control. Then, should you appear too pushing, you apologise to your immediate neighbours, saying that your horse has a "mouth like iron" and throwing a word or two of gentlemanly abuse at your mount. A good plan, also, is frequently to place your hand behind your back so that people will steer clear of your horse's quarters, thus leaving you additional space for your manœuvres.

In open country there is less scope for the practice of low cunning. Out here, where men are men, you must take your chance with the rest, relying largely upon your horsemanship and your knowledge of the country to maintain your position, though remembering always that hounds may soon check, when once again you can make up lost ground. There are, however, a few facts worth bearing in mind. One of these is that it is unwise to be in a hurry when hounds start to run; too frequently, if you dash away in a burst of enthusiasm, you will find that you have completed a neat circle, with hounds back at their starting-point. Wait, rather, until you are certain that they have a line. Then, with half the field careering madly on the wrong side of the covert, you will make a clear, staid "getaway." Should you be in a strange country, it is wise to pick out a likely-looking farmer mounted on a stout cob, watch his tactics and make full use of them.

But the real test of your abilities in these respects presents itself at crowded fences. With hounds running fast ahead and with a seething mass of eager, fidgeting horses around you, your skill as an exponent of this "art" is then tried to the utmost. The first essential is to rid your mind of all prejudices and conventions. Becoming pushful, forceful, determined, even brutal in your aspect of the situation, remaining superficially suave and well-mannered. Then, if you wish to see hounds again, adopt every tactic you have at your command, the more rigorous in practice when you realise that you are by no means the only person with such dishonourable intentions. Every inch that presents itself should be filled immediately. Every horse which edges alongside should be assiduously blocked. Touch your horse with your spurs so that he pushes forward, apologising in unctuous tones to your victim; then touch him again and push alongside. Lastly, and this is extremely important, ride at the fence as soon as is possible without cheating too blatantly.

A few will curse you, perhaps, but this does not matter provided that you have not actually harmed anyone or pushed aside any vitriolic women, defenceless children or important old gentlemen. Those who curse you will be those you have outwitted in the aforesaid "art."

All this may sound hardly in the best traditions of the hunting field, yet it is an "art" which is practised daily by the most respectable patrons of the sport, and indeed must be practised if you are to see anything of a fast pack of hounds on a slow horse. Study any crush at a fence or gateway dispassionately and you will see approximately three-quarters of the entire company indulging in it to a lesser or greater extent. Those who are cunning in all its phases will push their way through almost any crowd with a remarkably small quota of fuss and bother; particularly, in this respect, women. For women, apart from their advantage in being the weaker sex, and therefore given more ground, are particularly adept at being basically unprincipled whilst outwardly weak and helpless. (The context is here strictly confined to the hunting field.) In consequence of this—more power to their elbow! Who would condemn them when hounds are running and when it is undoubtedly a case of every man and woman for his and herself?

In general, a hunt on a slow horse can be just as exciting and interesting as that on a faster, for when riding the latter any proficient horseman finds it easy to keep with hounds. Yet the former requires that you be a cad in the guise of a gentleman—a rôle which adds considerably to the amusement of a day's sport. You do not always want to drive a Rolls-Royce. It is fun, sometimes, to slip through the traffic with an old Austin Seven.

JASPER SAYER.

"IT IS ESSENTIAL TO KEEP EDGING YOUR WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE QUEUE SO THAT YOU MAY BE ABLE TO GET AWAY QUICKLY WHEN HOUNDS BREAK COVERT"

STOWE SCHOOL OVERSHADOWS ITS TEAM DURING THEIR MATCH AGAINST OUNDLE WHOM THEY BEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR HISTORY

IN TOUCH

The Public Schools

At least one may be thankful that the public schools managed to get through their fixtures before the cold spell, and now that school clothes have been laid aside for a while, and Christmas has been digested and forgotten, perhaps a brief review of school form may be of interest.

On the whole, school Rugby has been very good this season. Stowe, for instance, consider it to be the best on record, and out of the fourteen matches they played, only two were lost—to London Scottish and Cambridge Sixty sides. Among their scalps hangs that of Oundle, who they beat for the first time in Stowe history, thus breaking the Oundle record of having won all their inter-school matches since 1935. They are fortunate in having an excellent half and a splendid captain in Hastings, who is hailed as being second in Stowe history to B. C. Gadney alone.

Although Oundle thus lost a school match, they have had a good season, and managed to keep their flag flying against Haileybury, Uppingham, Rugby and Bedford, the last of whom they defeated 43—3, though it must be admitted in fairness to Bedford that it was their first school match of the season.

It is cheering to hear that Rugby have managed to produce one of their best sides for some years, and, apart from the Oundle match already mentioned, they broke up for the holidays unscathed. They compiled a very awe-inspiring total score—279 points for, and 60 against, but figures are hardly a fair indication, since Harrow, who have had a very bad season, were beaten 46—0, Wellington 34—0, and the R.A.F., Cosford, 69—3, thus accounting for 149 points of the grand total.

Bedford, despite their bad start against Oundle, improved greatly, finishing in "trailing clouds of glory," and although in their last match Stowe won 13—3, they were being led 3—0 by Bedford until the last quarter of an hour—not bad going, considering the Stowe record.

Another season of success was that of Christ's Hospital who, refusing to carry on in the rut of defeat dug by their first two matches against Epsom College and King's College School, Wimbledon, proceeded to win seven school matches in a line, though Brighton gave them a run for their money, only capitulating at 19—18.

Another unbroken record has been that of King's College School, who have taken quite a good fixture list in their stride, and appear to be building up a reputation for themselves for Rugby, as well as for a unique shooting record. King's (Canterbury) Rutlish, Cranbrook and Taunton have also played some good matches and have returned from the field of battle waving a palm of victory.

In these days, when "nothing is as good as it was when I was a boy," it bodes well for the game of Rugby that such excellent football has been played, and I feel that there must be material in these school teams to produce fine international sides during the next decade.

However, I would heartily endorse the words of a correspondent in one of our leading newspapers who wrote: "School matches should be refereed with the utmost severity, even ruthlessness, if need be."

There is an attitude in very many public school first XV's that, provided the eleventh commandment is obeyed, "Thou shalt not be found out," it is a matter for congratulation to skate on thin ice (if the figure of speech may be permitted). To put it bluntly, if you can foul and get away with it, then foul.

That is an attitude which must not, for one instant, be condoned. School Rugby is the fountain head. Once let that become corrupt, and the whole course of Rugby life will be irreparably damaged.

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

IX.—Putting

By E. R. TIPPLE

It has been said that professional golfers drive for pleasure, but putt for money. This is undoubtedly true for, in almost every tournament, one will notice little difference between their shots through the fairways; it is on the greens that the winner is decided. We are allowed 36 putts per round, two on each green, but the expert putter will average 32 or 33 strokes during the eighteen holes. Putting has been called a game within a game and, in this department, the longest handicap golfer can prove a match for the best professional.

What makes a great putter? An obvious question which is difficult to answer. The first essential is the ability to have complete control of the nerves. Confidence is of paramount importance. We can hole all kinds of putts when nothing depends on our doing so, but even a 4-foot putt becomes difficult when we must hole it to win a match or a monthly competition. The knowledge that putting is such a final business, that one has practically no margin for mistakes as we have off the tee, for example, accounts for many poor exhibitions on the greens. If we become disturbed mentally we will never hole those awkward length putts.

Concentration on the task is another essential; concentration on the line of the putt, the green itself and the swing required. One big fault is to be uncertain of the line you wish the ball to take. You will obtain better results by choosing a definite line—even if it does not happen to be exactly the correct one—than by trusting blindly to luck and the way you put the club down behind the ball. The good putter always makes a definite decision which, once taken, is never changed.

Which is the best and most fault-proof style? It is difficult to be dogmatic for others on this subject. There are many good putters, each using different styles. Mr. Eustace Storey evolved a peculiar, almost stork-like style, as he appears to be standing on one leg, manipulating his feet into such a position that they make a right angle, the right pointing at the ball, the left towards the intended direction. His putter is very light, with an exceptionally small face. Bobby Jones stands upright, feet close together, Leo Diegel squats low on his feet, knees bent, elbows well out, hands close to his body. Percy Alliss holds the club at the top of the shaft; Lacey, bending low, holds it almost at the bottom end of the grip. Hagen has his feet fairly wide apart, weight on the left leg. Padgham has his hands well away from his body, and with a free, easy action uses a stroke that resembles an approach in miniature. And so one could continue giving contrasts of styles and methods. The question must be answered by the individual, the type of stance and its width depending on his own ideas. But they must give him a sense of comfort and balance.

It is generally agreed that the stance should be a natural one. Most experts prefer to have their feet close together. Any trace of tension should be avoided. Tension—locked legs and stiffened body—will ruin putts. Good putting demands ease, relaxation. Then smoothness of stroking will follow. But if you are all tense you are apt to jab at the ball and hurry the stroke, which is fatal.

Most golfers are not deliberate enough, and all of us are inclined at some time or other to hurry the stroke—"I'll never hole this one; let's get it over quickly." As Lady Heathcoat-Amory has advised, "The object that should be aimed at in striking the ball is to hit it in such a way that it runs towards the hole on a vertical axis, and is free from any sideway spin . . . both wrists and arms should take part in the stroke . . . the whole action should be a happy medium between too much wrist work and too stiff a movement of the arms. The stroke is made slowly and deliberately in order to give full time for the completion of the shot." That last sentence in particular contains wise advice. Do not be over-anxious, and look up before the ball has hardly started on its journey to the hole. Rather is it better to wait and *listen* for the result—you'll know quite soon enough!

The Americans are wonderful putters, as we should learn from their experience and methods. During the last Ryder Cup match, I was very interested to observe that practically each member of the U.S. team employed a short back swing, even for long putts. They took the club back along the line and kept it as low as possible—not lifting it high into the air as some golfers do—and the blade was kept at a right angle to the line. They gave the ball a determined, firm hit, following through as if they wanted to hit it a second time, and the club, on the follow through, was kept low, almost grazing the ground, the face still square to the hole. This method, I believe, would repay anyone and is the most fault-proof of any. It can be followed no matter what stance you choose.

Most experts to-day use the reverse overlapping grip when putting. The forefinger of the left hand rests on top of the little finger of the right, and this grip puts the desired emphasis on the right hand. This is needed for we are told that putting is to a great extent a right-handed stroke. If you have not tried this grip the experiment is worth while. Furthermore, hold the club in the fingers, not in the palms of the hands. Putting requires a delicate touch.

How hard shall I hit the ball? The old maxim "never up, never in" is very familiar with all players, consequently we attempt to go for the back of the hole, giving the ball a firm rap. This demands absolute accuracy, for if the ball does not strike the dead centre, it will rim the edge and stay on the lip. With the more gentle stroke—the ball going up lazily to the hole—there are four ways for it to drop—front and back and the two sides—the "tradesmen's entrance." But with this latter method greater care regarding the line has to be exercised. Incidentally, if you cannot see the line to the hole—and we often experience such a difficulty, particularly on strange greens—it is useful to look at the general contour of the surrounding land. That will give you some indication as to the fall of the green.

A light or a heavy club? The former is, perhaps, best on fast greens; the latter for the heavy inland courses, where the grass is thick. But the player will be well advised not to go to the extremes, a medium-weight putter is the most suitable. The lie of the club is of the utmost importance. All the sole should rest on the ground, the nose should not be up in the air. As the eyes should be over the ball and the intended line, an upright lie is desired.

Practice makes perfect. That may be an exaggeration, but the golfer who wants to improve his putting must practise. When doing so, do not try to hole putts. I have watched many experts practising and they all try to get the correct feel of the stroke; they practise to regain the rhythm of the swing, the smoothness in the striking of the ball so they do not bother about the results of their practice shots. If you lose your putting touch during a round, ask yourself the question employed by the late Freddie Tate—one of the world's greatest putters: "Am I moving my body, am I taking the club back straight?" These questions contain the two fundamental laws of putting and most of our mistakes can be traced to neglecting or disobeying these vital rules.

(ABOVE) A LANGO WATER GIRL SMOKING HER PIPE DURING A HALT. (LEFT) A HALT NEAR KIPIA

A HOLIDAY IN THE IMATONGS

On Safari in the Southern Sudan

FROM north to south in the Sudan, the traveller crosses a territory of great variety and contrast both in fauna, flora, and in the various Sudanese tribes. The greatest difference lies in the change of scenery between the arid deserts of Khartoum and the north, and the fresh, green trees and tall grasses of the south. This striking contrast is reflected in the complete dissimilarity of the inhabitants. The tribes of the north are of Arab and Nubian stock, generally light-skinned in colour and clothed in white, flowing robes, while those of the south are of the real negroid type, primitive and barely clothed.

From Khartoum we travelled 1,000 miles up the White Nile by paddle-steamer to Juba, and we found ourselves virtually in a new land. This sudden change of environment, after such a short distance comparative with the vast size of Africa, was distinctly invigorating. A complete book could be written about the Nile journey alone, so interesting is the trip.

Big-game shooting in the Southern Sudan is plentiful, and either east or west of Juba sport is good. The exact locality chosen depends on the requirements of the hunter. For our own part we desired a good general shoot, and with this in mind went 100 miles east of Juba to Torit, headquarters of the Equatorial Corps, Sudan Defence Force, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for their hospitality and help given to us during our stay there, and for our subsequent trip to Tereteinia.

Tereteinia is 50 miles south-east of Torit, almost on the Sudan-Uganda border; a country of rolling plains, covered with thorn or sugar bush, and occasional jebels (hills) to relieve the monotony. A most suitable country for stalking and shooting or photographing big game, of which there is a wonderful variety. From elephant and lion, lesser kudu, roan and common eland, rhinoceros, buffalo, giraffe and ostrich, and also various gazelle and buck, down to the lowly wart-hog. It is an inspiring sight to see so many wild animals in their natural habitat within such a short time. Surely the sportsman in search of a general shoot could wish no more?

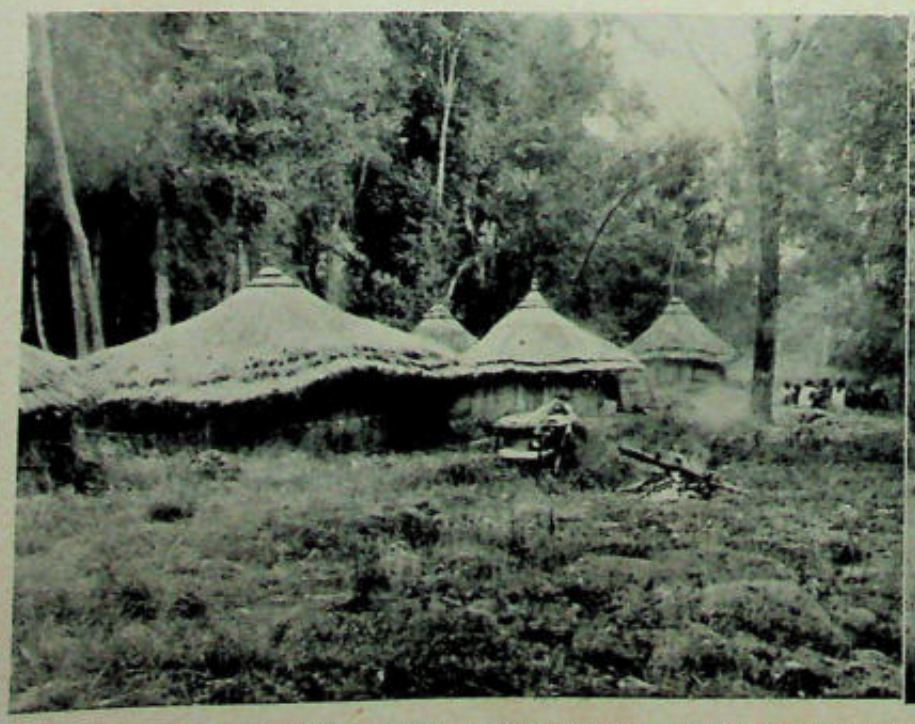
The plains at that time of year (April-May) are extremely hot, and were even more so this year, since the March rains were long overdue; in consequence all rivers and most water-holes were dried up. Accordingly, after much exertion during our shooting on the plains, we decided to make for the Imatong Mountains, whose slopes loomed up so temptingly and cool some 30 miles away. So we struck camp, to trek for one-and-a-half days to the village of Logoforok, on the eastern foothills of the Imatongs. Here we paid off our 30-odd porters, whose places were now taken by men of the Lango tribe, natives of the hills, well used to climbing the steep slopes and rocks with heavy loads on their heads.

Logoforok is an "Eden" after the hot and dusty plains; everything is green, with fresh milk from grazing cattle, refreshing bathes in the streams running down from the hills, and it is no longer necessary to boil or filter the water.

The ascent up the mountains from Logoforok begins at dawn, a few porters and the cook being sent ahead to prepare breakfast at the first rest-house, 4,000ft. up, reached after three hours' climbing. From this spot a wonderful panorama of the plains lies spread, like a giant map, before you. The contrast is impressive. Around the rest-house everything is fresh and green, water trickles down the hillsides, strawberry plants and blackberries grow in wild profusion, roses and carnations bloom in the garden, while below you lie the plains, a vast stretch of yellow earth, shimmering under the heat of the rising sun. Scrub and stunted trees are dotted everywhere, with occasional jebels protruding from the surface like giant ant-hills. Everything gives the impression of scorching heat, from which there is no shade.

To continue with the climb. This is now full of interest. The ascent is not difficult if the narrow, winding tracks are used, and one passes through a diversity of country, over rocks and loose moraine, across slopes of grass covered with pink and blue irises, wild orchids and foxgloves. Sometimes over streams, bridged by tree-trunks felled by the natives or, more frequently, with no bridge at all; through thick forests of lofty trees and brutal thorns overgrowing the tracks, forcing the leading men to hack a way through with their spearheads. Constantly one hears the dog-like bark of the baboons, which swarm in troops in these forests, or occasionally one catches a glimpse of a black and white colobus monkey swinging in the trees above. Here is a paradise for the ornithologist, birds of tropical plumage and variegated colouring always to be seen and some still to be classified, for many are not yet known by the Natural History Museum to exist in the Sudan. Butterflies, too, of all descriptions breed and abound in these hills, and it was our one regret that we had no net with us.

A few words about the porters would not be amiss here. All of them were Langos, and a better type of man would be hard to find. Good-humoured, willing, unsophisticated and hard-working, these men carried loads for us up to 60lb. over most difficult ground, never once faltering in their steady



(LEFT) LOMULENG, A QUIET SHELTERED SPOT, 7,500 FEET UP AND (RIGHT) THE SAFARI APPROACHING THE IMATONGS NEAR LOGOFOROK

stride. The water-girls, too, carry, for women, amazing loads, generally consisting of the porters' own kit and food. Each Lango carries a horn slung round his neck by a chain or a piece of leather, and at frequent intervals, especially at the start or end of a safari, blows his instrument. Each man has his own sign-call, and it is astonishing how far the sound of these horns carries through the mountains. These sign-calls are used by the natives in their normal daily life to warn others of their whereabouts when needing help in herding up cattle or straying goats, and are also used by hunting parties returning to the village with a kill.

Many of the men also carry small snuff-boxes of hollowed-out ebony wood, with a leather covering, and inside is either powdered snuff or tobacco rolled into the shape of a ball and chewed. The men rarely appear to smoke; the women, on the other hand, are keen smokers, and it is a common sight during the various halts to see the water-girls lighting up their massive pipes.

In early afternoon, Lomuleng is reached. The large rest-house is blown down, but there are six or seven circular thatched huts, grouped in a clearing of trees at the edge of a forest, affording warm shelter. A quiet, sheltered spot, 7,500ft. up, and cold enough in the evening for fires and blankets.

Good shooting may be had on the neighbouring slopes, for here abound the mountain bushbuck and also the bush-pig; but both animals are cunning and difficult to spot in this close country, unless caught early in the morning, feeding in the open at the edge of the woods, or while descending to the streams in the evening. High up in these mountains is also the reputed home of the giant forest hog, a mythical animal to most sportsmen, for few have been seen or shot.

From Lomuleng the rest-house at Kipia is reached after an easy safari of four hours across several ridges. At Kipia the rest-houses are again separate and consist of the circular huts. The view from the front is a fine one, with Mount Kinete (10,500ft.), highest mountain in the Sudan, looming in the background.

To climb Kinete from Kipia is fairly simple, starting early in the morning the summit may be reached at midday, and camp regained before dusk. Before our ascent the guides had informed us that there were no bushbuck in the region at this altitude (10,500ft.), but we shattered their theory by shooting a fine buck only 100yds. below the summit.

The movements of any party from Kipia depends upon the amount of time on hand. Those hard pressed for time move south across the mountains to Katire rest-house, while those not in a hurry may climb round the western slopes of Kinete, and move on a long safari to Itabol, probably the best situated rest-house in the whole of this range, and from here descend the northern slopes to Lomo, whence the road leads back to Torit, or runs south to Uganda.

As regards the costs of shooting in this area A full licence, class A, available for the whole Sudan, which enables a person to shoot all animals save, of course, protected species, costs £60, or reduced to £6 in the case of Government officials, serving officers in the Sudan, residents, &c. A permit to enter the closed districts must also be obtained from the Gamewarden.

All transport is by porter or by motor, as there are no camels, donkeys or horses in this part of the country. Motor transport to the shooting ground generally consists of 2-ton V.8 Fords or 6-cylinder Chevrolets, and costs 2–3 piastres per mile (1 piastre = 2½d.) when loaded, and unloaded from 2–2½ piastres per mile. If the lorry is to wait, it will cost 50–100 piastres per day. Cooks and guides can usually be obtained locally. A boy will cook for about 150 piastres (30/–) a month, and a guide may be procured for the same amount. Some people bring a cook with them from Northern Sudan. With this arrangement the cooking will probably be better, but the Northerner may not agree very well with the southern native, as the former considers himself vastly superior. This cook will also cost about £7 a month, and the price of his return fare. Porters are collected locally by the village chief and are paid 2 piastres a day or 1 piastre when retained for the day and not carrying a load. When paying out these porters, that type of piastre with a hole in its centre is most acceptable, since the natives like to string the coins together and adorn neck or waists with their accumulated wealth.

Prospective visitors may obtain any further information from the Gamewarden of the Sudan, Major W. R. Barker, O.B.E., to whom we are greatly indebted for his assistance and arrangements which alone made our trip feasible.

ANTHONY GATES.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE . . ."

Six Guns at Lochearn Castle

IT was August 13th, and as I passed the servants' kitchen Private Henderson was reading the following extract from the daily paper to my batman, Private Scott:

> "The crack of the sportsman's rifle was heard all over the moors, and good bags were obtained yesterday in many districts."

To which Scott, with a fine disregard for the niceties of shooting replied: "Aye, and that's just what we'll be doing in two months' time!" He then whistled, "Little Old Lady," which was his own peculiar method of scoring a point, covering defeat or ending an unprofitable discussion.

He was referring to the fact that I was to be posted to the regimental depot in October, a future to which I myself was frankly looking forward, while Scott, for his part, considered it would be "all right." The non-committal nature of this reply did not indicate whether he thought that life at the depot would be preferable to life at Dover (*i.e.* the present), or Delhi (the past); but then he was a very self-satisfied Glaswegian, so I did not expect any enthusiasm from him.

In appearance he was short, square-shouldered, and possessed of a kindly but stupid cast of countenance. In reality he was rather quick-witted and self-confident, for which reasons I had selected him as my servant. Although described in his conduct sheet as a "carman" I knew this to be a misleading euphemism for one who pushed a fish-cart, and I had not, therefore, allowed him to drive my car. Nevertheless, his other qualities made him a useful servant, and I was glad to be permitted to take him North with me.

From a sporting point of view, Lochearn Castle is probably the best depot in Scotland, though it is certain that it was originally selected by the War Office for more utilitarian reasons. Situated at a junction of main roads and railways, it is within easy range of good shooting, stalking, fishing and hunting; while its immediate locality is one of the few where Scottish cricket—that alien flower—still flourishes. If you add to these amenities the presence of innumerable hospitable neighbours, you will realise that I had better say no more lest this article should catch the eye of the energetic Secretary of State for War, whose measures for promoting the efficiency of the Army are so delightfully unexpected.

I went there in October, and early in November I received a letter from Colonel MacDonald, an old brother officer of my father's, asking me to shoot his coverts with him on the 21st, and to bring a loader. This was definitely a good invitation, and though I hesitated a moment over the loader problem I felt tolerably certain that Scott would "oblige" in that capacity, and therefore gladly accepted it. So next day my henchman and I began rehearsals for our "double act."

He had never seen a pheasant except outside a fishmonger's shop, but he took quite kindly to the idea of assisting me to kill them. In fact, like any soldier, he showed unusual enthusiasm for doing something which was not really his job, and I could see, after we had been practising for one or two periods, that he greatly fancied himself in the rôle of loader.

It was perhaps unfortunate that there was no opportunity for clay-pigeon shooting, so that we never had any practice with "ball ammunition" (as he called it), but by the eve of the great day I considered him sufficiently well versed in the elementary safety precautions to ensure that the risk of casualties among the guns would be reduced to the minimum. Only one point remained to be settled, and it was one to which I had given no thought until Scott suddenly asked me: "Will I wear the kilt or 'clean fatigue' for shooting, sir?" And then, although I realised that this matter of "dressing the part" was one which was very near his heart, I answered inadvisedly, "No—you'll wear plain clothes."

I ought not, therefore, to have been unduly surprised when he called me the next morning dressed *pour le sport* in his Gent's Navy Blue D.B. Reefer Suit, and elegantly pointed black shoes By that time it was much too late to effect any sort of transformation, and so we departed looking rather like a French Cabinet Minister attended by his detective.

* * *

We were a party of six guns, and after we had drawn for places I found that my neighbours would be Colonel MacDonald and Joe Gordon of my regiment, who was adjutant of the local Territorials. Good company, good weather, and (I felt reasonably sure) good sport were to be the ingredients of a perfect day, and my pleasant anticipations were only slightly disturbed by the sound clashing my gun barrels together as we n to the first stand. Here, being drawn had to walk in line with the beaters an any "backsliders," an occupation which give our untried combination a blessed opport of settling down, for which I was duly grateful

The beat began and events took their intended course, the birds being brought well forward to the four guns in line. Scott, as I had expected, was extremely alert and much concerned that I would not shoot at birds going forward. He was actually urging me to slaughter one such bird when a cock pheasant sailed out above me and turned for home. I killed him neatly; but the perfection was somewhat marred by my forgetting to change guns.

As I opened the breech, the empty case took Scott in the eye just as he was exclaiming "Correct!" in the true tradition of a musketry instructor. This infringement of the rules clearly demanded the apology which I made, though it hardly deserved the revenge which Private Scott took a few moments later when a cock and a hen broke out rather wide on my right.

I knocked the cock down with my first barrel and was just swinging on to the hen when a voice behind me said: "Noo for the double event" and all at once the air was full of tail feathers. We changed guns in silence, and then he began to whistle "Little Old Lady" very quietly.

At the next stand I was right in the shop window, so Scott was warned that there would be a lot of shooting, and that speed and accuracy would be essential for both of us. I particularly warned him that he was on no account to follow the fortunes of the guns to right and left, but to concentrate all his attention on myself. This advice was dutifully received, and duly disregarded.

Birds began to come over my host on my right and Gordon on my left, but I kept my eyes on my front until a hen pheasant appeared flying extremely fast and high towards me. As it proved, she was too high and too fast, and my harmless salute only increased her height and speed. Quickly I turned for my second gun, to find Scott gazing with rapt admiration at Colonel MacDonald who was dealing out death and destruction in no uncertain manner.

Recalled to his duty, he gave me the other gun, observing at the same time that "the colonel was great altogether"; during which interlude two remarkably easy birds had sailed unmarked over my hat. This was hardly an auspicious beginning to what I had hoped was going to be a very good stand; nor did matters improve much, for I might have known that Scott's eccentricities would adversely affect my own performance. However, there was a deal of firing done, and when once he had warmed to it, my loader played his part with precision. But I must confess to a feeling of unworthiness at the pick-up when I found that my neighbours had each killed about 50 per cent. more than I had, and I was glad to note that Scott's face was also registering shame. At least, that was what I thought it was until I detected him handing over money to Gordon's loader.

After this rather shaky start we steadily improved as a team, and by the time we stopped for luncheon I felt I could face my host with a clear conscience; and it was not until later in the afternoon that the sudden salvo which greeted the appearance of a woodcock caused a momentary lapse of attention on the part of my loader. The woodcock, *more suo*, escaped the barrage, but was observed by the watchful Scott to alight in a young covert about half a mile away, whereupon I was respectfully informed: "Yon bird that you aimed at has come down over there, sir."

And so we came to the last and best item—a walk in line over a boggy bit of moorland which held (as a friend of mine once said) "everything bar a tiger." It was a most exhilarating end to the day, and I believe my prestige would have stood high with Scott if only I had not shot that snipe. The scorn with which he picked it up and held it (by the beak) made it obvious that I had let the side down by shooting anything so insignificant.

Actually, my host insisted on adding it to the quota of pheasants which he put in my car, and so I instructed the mess cook that I would have it cold for my breakfast next day.

As it was not on the sideboard the following morning, I rang for Scott. "Isn't there anything else for my breakfast?" I asked. "No sir," said Scott, and added as he produced my snipe from behind the screen, "Except yon wee bird." *De minimis non curat lex*, and as the door closed behind him, I heard "Little Old Lady" fading away down the passage.

"SANS PEUR."

THE HUNT IN PROGRESS

Considerable skill is needed to net the duck as they fly up without "poaching" on neighbouring ground

DUCK HUNTING

An Extraordinary Form of Sport Practised in Japan

DUCK hunting has nothing in common with duck shooting, except that the quarry is the same in each case. Although it has been practised as a sport in Japan for centuries, it can scarcely be called more sporting than netting for salmon.

The duck are found in lakes a few miles outside Tokyo. These lakes are fenced in by wooden enclosures so that the duck never see a human being, and it is only possible to view the duck through peepholes in the barricades. The most famous duck preserve belongs to the Imperial household, and once yearly an invitation is extended to the Diplomatic Corps to participate in the hunting. The list of guests is exclusive, being limited to the heads of missions, the senior attachés and counsellors and their wives. In earlier days top hat and morning coat were obligatory, but the fashion now is to wear sports clothes.

Extending radially from the lakes are waterways, and the duck can only enter these by negotiating two right-angled bends which screen the hunters from the lake. These waterways are some 20yds. long by 4ft. wide, and terminate each in a wooden barrier flanked by grass banks.

The hunters are provided with nets and take up positions facing one another behind the barrier at the end of a waterway. The strictest silence must be observed while a boy creeps along the bank edge towards the lake to throw in food. This attracts inside tame duck, which are used as decoys, and the boy returns to behind the barrier, where he watches progress through a small hole in the boarding. In order to bring the duck close in, he drops more food through a box in the barrier and knocks on the wall. This sound is a call to the duck outside to enter.

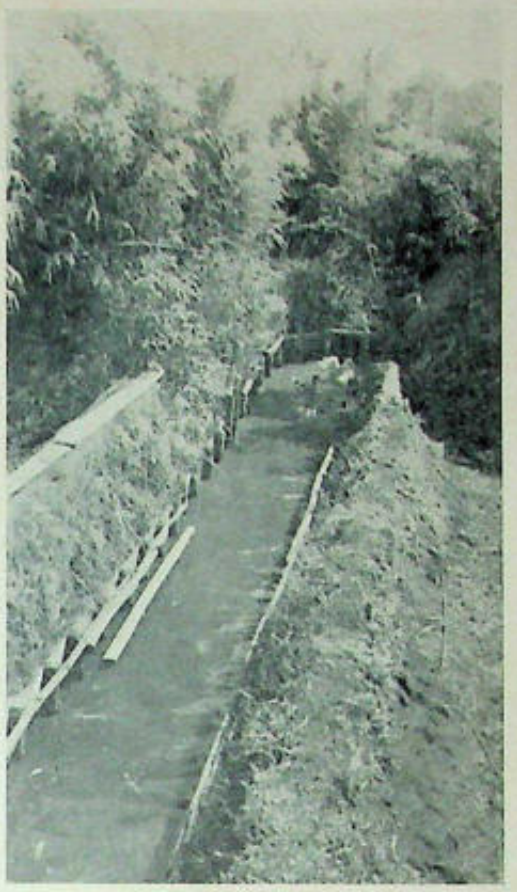
The hunters meanwhile wait expectantly with their nets lowered, and the boy signals the number of wild duck which has entered; the little finger signifies a small duck and the middle finger a larger one. When the duck have approached the near end, the signal to attack is given and the hunters rush in line along each bank. There is a sweeping motion of nets to trap the duck as they leave the water and once a duck is imprisoned in a net the open end must be turned over quickly to prevent the duck escaping.

Having finished a hunt at one waterway, the hunters are led in silence to another one, and the same procedure starts over again. At the end of the day, the bag is divided up amongst the hunters. In the diplomatic hunts, the shares are divided according to protocol, the more senior the diplomat, the more duck he receives.

There is naturally a certain etiquette to be observed. Although poaching is considered bad form, one usually finds that when the hunters are composed of mixed nationalities a member of a state noted for the excitable temperament of its people will run along the bank netting any duck he can find. Novices sometimes plunge their nets in the water trying to trap the tame duck.

Incidents sometimes occur on the diplomatic hunts. There was a case of an ambassador's wife who wore a large feathered hat and who found herself netted by the ambassador of a country which was not on friendly terms with the country represented by her distinguished husband. The incident required much explaining, as the captor could not confess that, owing to shortsightedness, he had mistaken the lady's head for a duck.

G. C. Ross.



TAME DUCK COMING IN FROM THE LAKE

ATTRACTING THE DUCK FROM THE LAKE WITH FOOD (ABOVE) AND WATCHING THEM GO BY FROM THE BARRIER (BELOW)

A VIEW OF ONE OF THE LAKES

Taken from a peep-hole in the enclosure, it shows the enormous number of duck which inhabit the preserve

A RED-LETTER DAY OFF COVERACK

A Catch of 296lb. with Fourteen "Specimens"

TIDES were short, nearly full neaps, and after ten days fishing light for pollack and bass round the Manacles, we decided to try one of the deep marks off Coverack for ground fish. This is not a pastime to be contemplated lightly, for it involves hauling big fish up nearly 30 fathoms against a tide that is light only by comparison with its usual fierceness. Under favourable conditions, using the lightest gear practicable, a pound of lead is necessary.

We had been out after mackerel for bait soon after dawn and had two dozen, all well over 1lb. in weight, but we knew we should have none too many for this style of fishing. A large one only cuts up into four good baits. For the first quarter of an hour a few bites were felt, but we could not connect. Then the fish started to feed in earnest. The first was a pouting, then up came another, and another, until we had a dozen, none under 2lb. and several round the 3lb. mark. Soon something heftier was felt and a 20lb. conger was given the *coup de grâce*. The next fish was a 14lb. ling, and then to add to the variety, a whiting was landed; not a south coast half-pounder, but a good one—3lb. exactly.

There were now half a score of "specimen" fish in the boat, and we began to realise we were in for one of those red-letter days one often hears of, but seldom experiences.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind the pollack expert showed he was no specialist by connecting with something really big. His powerful split-cane rod bent to danger point, but after a few fathoms of line had been regained more by far was run out. Some fierce "pumping"; a few more fathoms recovered; and once again the fish took charge. Evidently it was not a conger and the angler hazarded a guess that it was a ling.

WITH ROD BENT TO DANGER POINT

as quickly as they had come on. None too soon, as it happened, for we had been hard at work and lunch-time was long past.

Something less strenuous seemed indicated, so up came the anchor, out came the trout spinning rods and off we went to the pollack grounds.

LEFT: A LING WHICH WEIGHED 35LB. FIVE HOURS AFTER BEING CAUGHT. CENTRE "WHACKING THE GAFF INTO HIM." RIGHT: A 28LB. CONGER ADDED TO THE LING

Ten minutes elapsed, hard work all the time, and frequently we expected to see the rod snap. The fish was now close to the surface and we could see it was a good one, but it was still full of fight, and not until the boatman (to use his own words) "whacked the gaff into him" was it beaten.

A ling it was, and our 28lb. steelyard was not big enough. Weighed five hours later it went 35lb. The gaff had done a good deal of damage and the fish had lost a lot of blood. Had it been weighed at the time of gaffing it would have registered several pounds more.

No sooner had the hook been removed than it was noticed that the rod the boatman had put over was bumping the deck, so, for a change, its owner took a hand and was soon busy playing a good conger. However, a good rod and a heap of muscle soon told on the fish and within a few minutes it was gaffed—28lb. exactly. Several more ling from 7lb. to 14lb., and a few more pouting were secured, and then the fish went off the feed

October days are short and it was not long before the Silver Cloud was on her way back to harbour. Not a bad day; 296lb. of fish, including fourteen "specimens," and 2cwt. of them caught in one-and-a-half hours.

HANDCRAFT.

L'ENVOI

So he goes out, 1938; and not many fishermen, perhaps, will wish him God-speed, for there must be few who have found him a merry companion, bringing gifts which carry fragrance or one whose sojourn has left an aroma of pleasant company. Salmon fishers, of all rodsmen, have had reason to complain of the inequality of this year's gifts. Spey, it is true, had some notable fishing in the spring which carried on until high water in August brought the inevitable "black out" from the peat drains at its source; and neither Dee nor Tweed, nor Tay had anything to complain of, seriously, save that the spring was too fine for good fishing. Of autumn, least said the better.

But the west coast streams, most of them been faced with something very like stark tra a catch on the Wye scarce running into four and further west, in Devonshire, the river almost as well have had a close season this su all the sport they gave. The year in fact more prolific of wordy warfare among f than of fights with fish. But if it fosters of inquiry into why some streams shou plenty while others go short, instead of a t to "put the blame on the sea," it may p service in the long run.

Trout fishermen will part with the year, not h willingly, perhaps, than the salmon fishermen, but at least with less rancour. In the south there will be recollections worth retaining, and worth refurbishing, too, over the winter fireside; for during all that spring drought the chalk streams ran full and plenteous like granaries after a bumper harvest, though dusty and sparsely-cropped fields gave a burnt-up look to the countryside within the length of a meadow from their banks. One of the London area streams, the Mimram, gave good fishing the season through, and save, perhaps, in Berkshire, which has suffered woefully in recent years from some mysterious depletion of its springs, most of them were little affected till September brought a sluggish current and their trout reflected its mood.

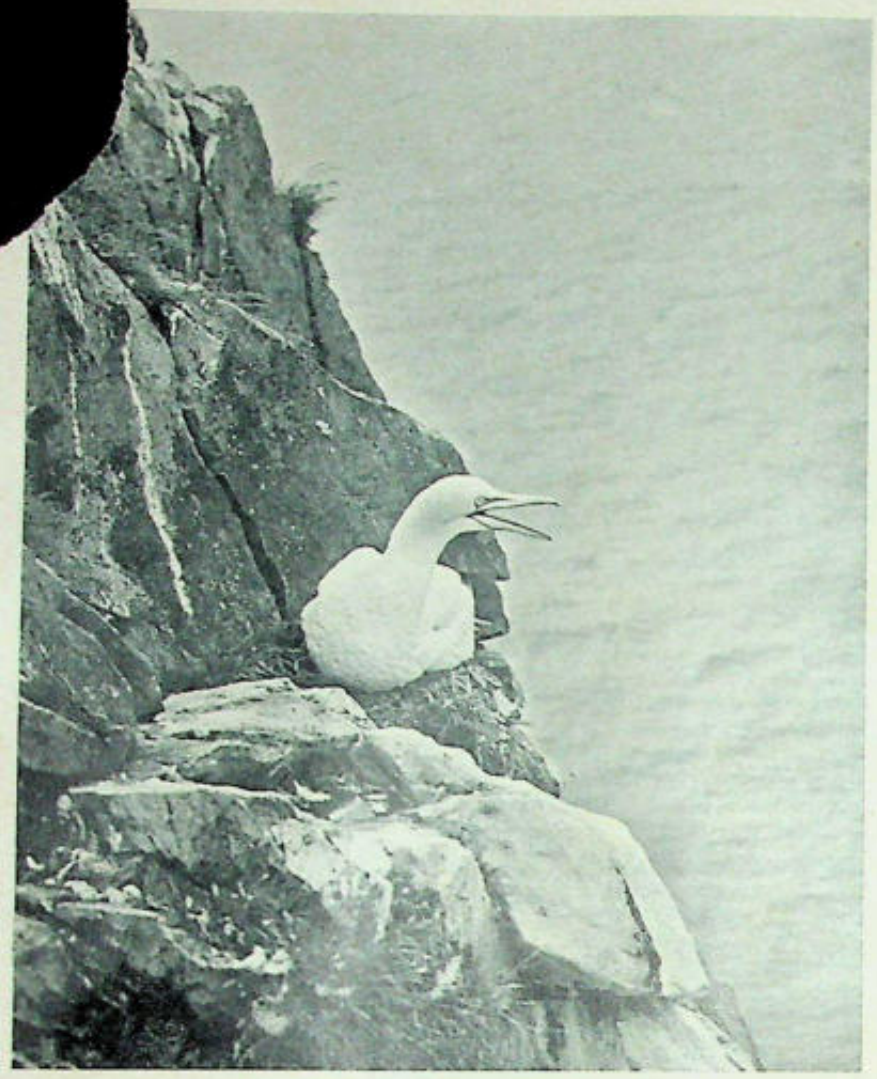
Here, again, the difference in sport on one or another stream of the same type invites investigation. Why should the little Mimram in particular record so good a season? There have been individual record catches to a rod elsewhere, but, if one may take club waters as a fair sample of the season, there has been little "to write home about."

This stream has been "renovated" recently, its intrusive rush beds removed, its too-abundant silt washed clear. Is it that nowadays we allow too much weed to clothe the bed of the river, and that a lesser crop and more clear gravel would give better hatches of fly? Or is it simply that a clearance which removes some of the underwater feed makes trout perforce take more notice of the surface fly which requires more energy to catch?

Drainage authorities which do not yet seem to have got beyond the stage of regarding water as some kind of dead matter which only requires mechanical handling, have caused more heart-burning among fishermen than perhaps any former authority on our rivers. But are not anglers themselves rather to blame in the matter? If the warnings which were given at the time the Drainage Bill was passed had been taken to heart, sufficient opposition would have been forthcoming to insist on an effective control of these bodies. Even now there is apathy, hopeless apathy, over the suggestion to establish central watershed authorities which will have power to override any one authority on a river whose activities are carried on without regard to other interests. If the present resentment of the high-handed action of Catchment Boards this year results in a combined effort to get this reform enacted, 1938, though unwept and unsung, may yet have played a worthy part in the improvement of fishing.

H. D. TUBING.

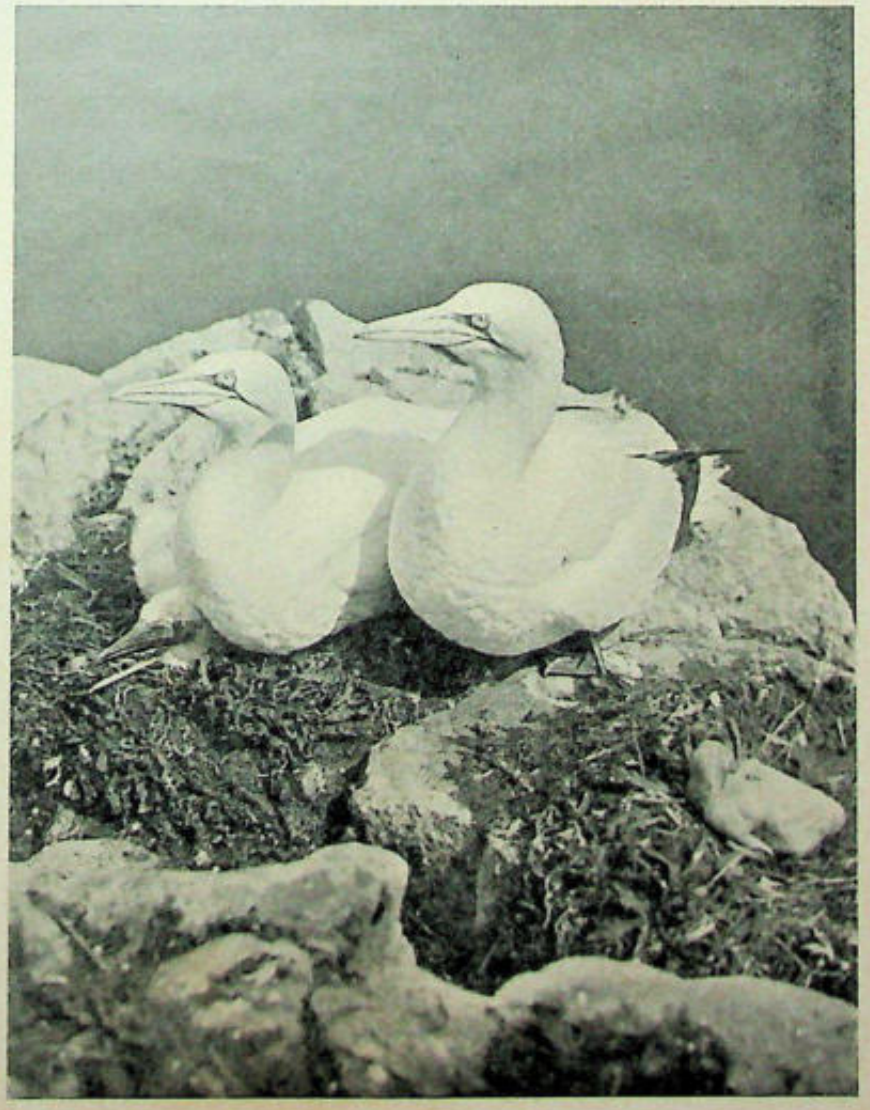
GANNETS ON THE BASS ROCK: By W. W. Nicholas



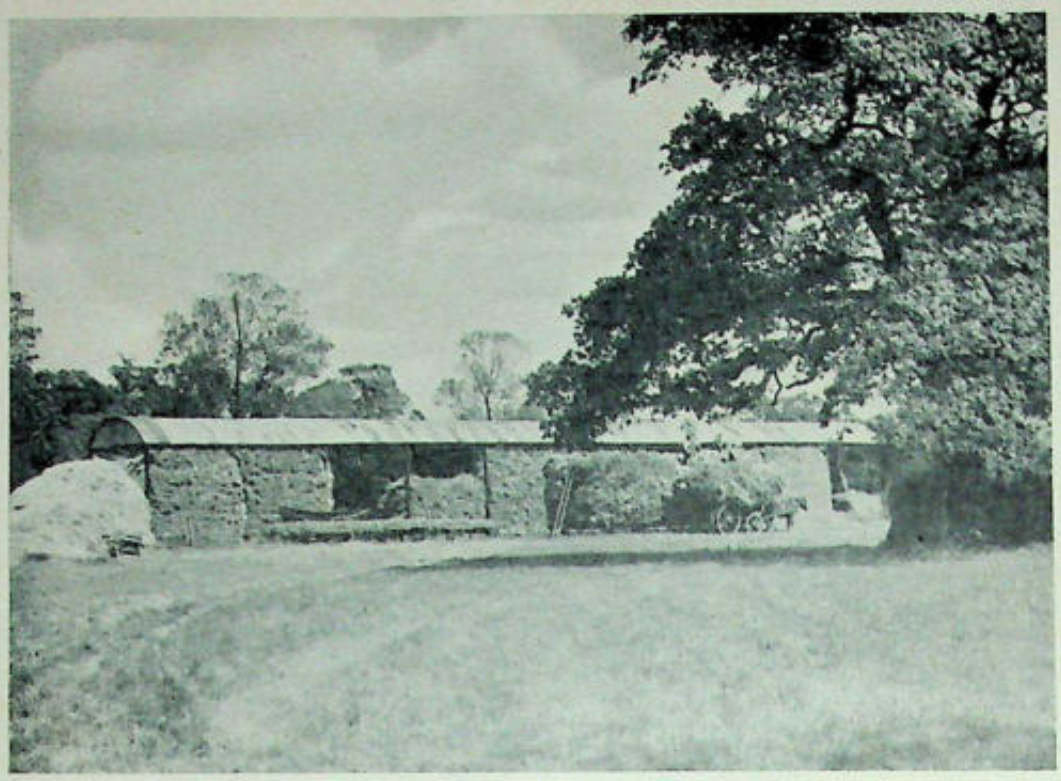
A BROODING GANNET UPON A LONELY LEDGE, UTTERING ITS RAUCOUS CRY—"URRAH"

NESTS PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON THE SHEER CLIFFS OF THE NORTH SIDE

THE UPPER LEDGES ON THE EAST SIDE WHERE GANNETS NEST IN THEIR THOUSANDS



A CLOSE-UP OF TWO ADULT GANNETS WITH A NAKED YOUNGSTER ON THE RIGHT



"OF ALL THE ORDERED ACTIVITIES OF THE NATION, THAT OF AGRICULTURE STILL REMAINS THE MOST FUNDAMENTAL"

AGRICULTURE AND ECONOMY

The Place of Farming in National Prosperity

OF all the ordered activities of the nation, that of agriculture still remains the most fundamental, though its importance in the national economy has been seriously overlooked during the past eighty years. The tremendous growth of our mercantile and industrial interests has overshadowed its claims to attention, and the result is that if to-morrow we were cut off from our overseas supplies of food starvation would be near. Our general outlook on the relative importance to national life and well-being of industry, commerce, finance and agriculture stands in urgent need of revision; and the time is now over-ripe for the framing and execution of a bold, consistent, but not inflexible, policy that will raise agriculture from its present slough of despond and enable it to make a better contribution to the health, wealth and security of the nation.

We must guard against such nebulous phrases as "Ensuring the agricultural industry its *rightful* place in the national economy." That phrase means exactly nothing unless we know or can agree upon what is the rightful place of agriculture; partisans of every differing policy naturally think that their policy is the "rightful" one.

Also, that agriculture must be allowed to develop along its "natural lines." If this means that we are to adopt a policy of *laissez-faire* and that agriculture should be allowed to reach its own level, it will be a very "dead" level in an over-urbanised economy like our own. Moreover, the word "natural" seems entirely out of place, for, as Liebig pointed out a hundred years ago, all agriculture is essentially artificial.

No, the only way out of the present *impasse* is to think and talk concretely, and to evolve a policy based upon facts and with a definite objective or objectives in view, for unfortunately we cannot speak of one objective, because a peace-time policy must, to a considerable extent, run counter to a war-time policy, and in a peace-time policy we have to choose between one that will result either in maximum food-production or in maximum employment of labour. In view of the very disturbed international situation, I suggest that the paramount consideration at present is to improve our position in regard to the production of home-grown food.

But before entering on this thorny controversial path, let us review some of the facts regarding land utilisation, food production, agricultural labour and international trade.

Of the total surface area of the United Kingdom, some 60,000,000 acres, just over half is under crops and grass. In addition there are over 18,000,000 acres classified as rough grazings, which are at present practically useless for agricultural purposes. Seventy per cent. of these 18,000,000 acres is in Scotland, but even in England and Wales to-day there are 5,500,000 acres. A fair proportion of this acreage could be made productive by draining, liming, cultivating, and the use of fertilisers; and much of our permanent grassland, which has been so neglected, could be improved and rendered more fertile by similar means. Professor Stapledon says we have about 16,500,000 acres (equal to 43 per cent. of the land surface of England and Wales) in a more or less neglected condition, much of it absolutely derelict, but every single acre of it capable of radical improvement. There is therefore plenty of land available for increasing food production if we wished to do so.

Of the present cultivated area in the United Kingdom, 58 per cent., or 17,500,000 acres, is under permanent grass and 42 per cent. (12,500,000 acres) under the plough. The decline of the cultivated area, which has been especially marked in recent years, has been brought about not only through agricultural land becoming abandoned and derelict, but also owing to the encroachments of the builder, the road-maker, and of Government and local authorities for aerodromes, open spaces and recreation grounds. In the last ten years the latter causes have accounted for a loss of 810,000 acres of cultivated land, which is equivalent to a loss of 222 acres a day.

The most significant change in land utilisation during the past 80 years has been the shift from arable production to grassland production. Taking England and Wales only, the arable acreage has declined from over 14,500,000 acres in 1866–73 (the first period for which official statistics were collected) to 8.9 million acres in 1938—a decline of 40 per cent. During the same period the area under permanent grass has risen by 39 per cent.—from 11.4 million acres in 1871 to 15.8 million acres in 1938. The largest decline in arable land has been in the areas under wheat, barley and swedes. In the 1850's over 4,000,000 acres were under wheat; in the 'seventies about 3,500,000; in 1931 (the lowest ever) 1.2 million, and in 1938, 1.8 million. Since 1868, the decline in wheat acreage has been 75 per cent. in the "grazing" counties and 55 per cent. in the "corn" counties; to the whole cultivated land it contributed 10 per cent.; it now contributes 3 per cent.; and its value is only 2 per cent. of the annual value of all farm produce.

The story is much the same for barley. In 1876–80 we had 2,250,000 acres of it, to-day we have only 0.9 million (886,000 acres). Between 1914 and 1938 the barley acreage decreased by 41 per cent., that of oats by 32 per cent., that under turnips, swedes and mangolds by 57 per cent. The areas under wheat and potatoes have not changed substantially since 1914, but that of sugar-beet has risen from 4,000 to 328,500 acres. In sum, since 1914 the land under the plough has declined by 2,000,000 acres, one-quarter of which—500,000 acres—has been lost since 1932.

Compared with 70–80 years ago, the chief changes in the livestock population of England and Wales have been a great decline in sheep numbers, a good increase in the cattle population, and of late years a great increase in the numbers of pigs and poultry.

In comparison with 1868 the cattle population of England has risen by 44 per cent., mainly owing to a remarkable expansion of the dairy in[dustry] in comparison with 1914, the dairy herd [in 1938] was nearly 19 per cent. larger and a[bout] 12 per cent.

The sheep population of England and [Wales] decreased by more than 25 per cent., [but the] decrease has been accompanied by a shift [from the] "corn" counties to the "grazing" coun[ties], numbers in the latter having risen from 51 [per] cent. of the total. Since 1914 total sheep [numbers] have remained practically stationary at 17,2[00,000] to 17,500,000, but breeding ewes have increas[ed by] 22 per cent.

The pig numbers in England and Wales were 2,319,000 in 1871–75, 2,430,000 in 1911–15, but 3,348,700 in 1938—a gain of about 40 per cent. Poultry supplies before the War were estimated at 38,800 tons (57 per cent. of total supply), and after the War at 45,900 tons (63 per cent. of total supply). Between 1921 and 1938 the fowl population has increased from 25 to 52 millions, approximately.

From the standpoint of natural food supply, the increases in livestock production do not compensate for the loss of home-grown cereal food, because when man eats animal food he obtains only a fraction of the energy that is present in the growing plant upon which the animal feeds. Moreover, a considerable proportion of the meat and other animal products we now produce at home is derived from imported feeding-stuffs; and the population has just about doubled during the past 100 years.

Concomitantly with the shift from arable to grassland farming, there has been a marked decline in the number of agricultural workers. It should, however, be remembered that the *proportion* of the population working on the land has been diminishing with the growth of wealth from the earliest times. Sir Daniel Hall has told us that "the whole history of English land reflects the continuous withdrawal of the countryman to the opportunities of employment in business or manufacture, because there he hoped to obtain a better living or better chances of rising. The motive has always been economic."

Since 1871 the number of farmers and their relatives has remained practically constant, but the number of employees has fallen to about one-half. In England and Wales in 1871 there were 1,073,120 men and women engaged in agriculture, other than occupiers; in 1938 there are 589,500.

A particularly disturbing feature of recent returns has been the great decline in males under 21 years old—from 182,548 in 1921 to 95,800 in 1938. Although, in the main, this drift from the land has been due to economic pressure, the attraction of the town being more potent than the necessity for leaving the land, much agricultural labour has been lost by the conversion of arable land into grass, by the increasing use of machinery, and by the lack of financial resources of many owner-occupiers and tenant farmers. The incentive to use as little hired labour as possible has been intensified of late by the fixing of agricultural wages, irrespective of the income derived from the land.

There is a large and growing opinion among all who have the welfare of our country at heart that the intensified drift from the land must be stopped, that we as a people are much too urban-minded, and that national health and national fertility and national security all demand an adjustment of the balance between the rural and the urban population. And if it is not possible greatly to increase the number of those who work on the land (to-day it is 6 per cent. of the employed workers) something could be done to bring the town to the country, to decentralise some of our great national industries, and to spread the population over the land.

In a rational world a country would grow the kinds of food it was best fitted by nature to produce, export any balance, and import those foods that were more economically produced elsewhere. But not even Dr. Pangloss could maintain that the world is ruled by reason to-day; primitive instincts, *e.g.*, self-assertion, accretion, &c., dominate national activities, with the result that autarchy, or national self-sufficiency, is the ruling policy of many—and particularly of the aggressive, nations.

With war and fear of war in the ascendant, we are bound to make provision for a possible future entanglement, and as a nation now marches on its stomach quite as much as an army so walked in Napoleonic times, we must consider our sources of essential foodstuffs and devise a policy that will reduce the fear of starvation to a low point, and as far as possible make it fit in with our peace-time requirements. The possibility of war accentuates the importance of agriculture in our national economy.

In the United Kingdom we now produce at home 23 per cent. of the wheat and flour we consume, 48 per cent. of the meat, 21 per cent of the sugar, 7 per cent. of the butter, 21 per cent. of the cheese, 23 per cent. of the raw fruit, and over 50 per cent. of the eggs in shell. In milk, as well as in potatoes and oats, we are practically self-supporting. The

f's we import come from all parts of the d a considerable proportion of them from ountries, which provide us with almost f the wheat and one-quarter of the meat ne.

l we produce at home about 40 per cent. od requirements, and in time of war this t suffice. We could increase production taking more land into cultivation and by ng the fertility of land already cultivated. uld be physically possible to double this e of 40 per cent., especially if we altered our taries, but from the point of view of present-day conomics it might well prove disastrous.

The wealth of this country has been largely built up by exporting manufactured goods, by lending money, and by performing such services as shipping, banking and insurance ("invisible exports"). Nowadays, many nations are producing at home what they formerly imported, and they are competing with us in the world markets. Their standard of living and, therefore, their costs of production are in many cases lower than our own, so that to compete with them we must reduce our costs to the bone; and this implies keeping wages as low as possible. To the wage-earner the cost of food is the most important item in his family budget (though rent often runs it close); therefore, say the industrialists, the cost of food must be kept down at all costs; we must import it from countries where it can be grown or produced more cheaply than in Britain; and we are bound to import it to pay for our exports and services.

This is by far the most important economic problem that faces us to-day. It is true that our export trade, our income from foreign investments and loan services have seriously declined, but we want to save what is left of them, otherwise our standard of living will decline.

Therefore, under present conditions a limit must be set to the production of home-grown food, at least in peace-time. But war-time requirements must also be considered. Expert agricultural opinion in this country is pretty well unanimous that we could increase our proportion of home-grown food from 40 per cent. at any rate to 50 per cent. and perhaps to 60 per cent., without causing a revolution; and the question then arises, what crops should we grow and how much of them. We cannot wait until war is declared, for increasing agricultural production is a slow business. Nor can we leave it to the farmers themselves to make the choice. They are not as a class *au fait* with economic facts in spheres other than their own (any more than the townsman is *au fait* with agricultural economics), and as they receive much assistance from the public purse (something like £40 millions per annum in one way or another) it is only right that the State should to some extent call the tune.

The need of a policy is, therefore, urgently necessary so that this line of demarcation between the food we are to grow and the food we are to import, say in the next ten years, may be decided upon without delay as the first step in a consistent long-term agricultural policy; and the matter should be decided by the Government after taking the advice of the very best men available. The facts of the present situation are known; no long inquiry by a Government Commission or tribunal is necessary.

The Government itself should decide, but only after having considered the views of expert authorities. Such authorities should be selected from any walks of life, including, of course, agriculture and commerce, for their intelligence, knowledge, and detachment, but above all for their foresight and good judgment. Naturally the views of such men would vary, *e.g.* on the time-honoured, but still very important, problem of Horn *versus* Corn, *i.e.* of the relative importance of livestock and cereal cultivation, but with good will, detachment from party politics, and our vaunted genius for compromise, the conclusions they arrive at should not be too contradictory to enable the Government, aided by representatives of the Dominions, Colonial and Foreign Offices, to reach a decision and formulate a practical, fairly long-term policy, rigid in its few fundamental principles but flexible in details, before the winged chariots of war descend upon us.

Home agriculture has been too long neglected to justify any further delay; the problems of peace are nearly as urgent as the prospective demands of war, and those who fail to meet or solve them should be dismissed from the exalted positions they occupy.

This article gives an idea of some of the fundamental issues at stake, of our neglect of agriculture in the past 80 years, of its vital importance to national life, and of the urgent necessity for the provision of a reasoned, coherent, national agricultural policy. It is surely time to segregate such fundamental problems from the pettifogging pucrilities of party politics and to consider them from the standpoint of national and imperial welfare.

AGRARIAN.

WATCHING THE RETRIEVERS WORKING THE MARSHES AT MARGAM CASTLE

FIELD TRIALS

The Retriever Championship

MANY have been the acts of kindness shown to field trial societies by Captain Talbot Fletcher in the past, but nothing could quite equal his generous action when refusing to allow this fixture to be put off. Though laid up in Scotland by illness and unable to come South, he insisted upon the meeting being carried through at Margam Castle, Port Talbot, on the same successful lines as in 1936, and that hospitality should be given to everyone as before. His absence was a great disappointment and another absentee was the president of the society, Lorna Countess Howe, who was unfortunately prevented from coming by her doctor's orders.

The meeting took place on the 14th and 15th, and after all the continuous rain that had fallen in the district it was a relief to experience a perfect day when a start was made for the marshes where the trials were held. The tests here were severe enough, especially the retrieving of duck from the reedy swamps where no dog lacking in courage and perseverance could hope to succeed. Handlers themselves required some of the former at times!

Taken all through, the work on the first day was not quite up to championship standard. It improved on the second when rain fell heavily, though this failed to damp the ardour of either owners or handlers, many of them, including several ladies, being over their knees in water a good part of the day.

There were fifteen entries, but fourteen starters, all of which were given further trial on the second day, at the end of which the judges considered their verdict, and came to the conclusion that they could not separate Mr. R. G. Heaton's yellow Labrador bitch Cheverells Amber and Mr. Leopold Lonsdale's Labrador Greatford Shy. They were of the opinion that it would be unfair to either, if one was put over the other. Neither had made any mistake, and both deserved the honour. Cheverells Amber was handled by R. G. Leach and Greatford Shy by Mr. Hugh Peacock, who are the quietest and best of handlers. The winners were more stylish workers than the rest in the award list, all of which made mistakes of one kind or another. F.T. Ch. Braewy Ruddy, belonging to Mrs. Macpherson, who had come all the way from Aberdeen, was third, another yellow Labrador who had won that club's open stake at Bedale Hall on her way South. Two golden retrievers filled the fourth and reserve positions, Mr. Walker's Hazelgilt and Mrs. Hextall's F.T. Ch. Avishay's Brush.

ERNEST TURNER.

The final awards were:

THE RETRIEVER CHAMPIONSHIP, 1938.—Equal 1st, Mr. Leopold Lonsdale's Labrador b. Greatford Shy and Mr. R. G. Heaton's yellow Labrador b. Cheverells Amber; 3rd, Mrs. May K. Macpherson's yellow Labrador b. F.T. Ch. Braeroy Ruddy; 4th, Mr. Cyril Walker's golden retriever Hazelgilt; reserve and diploma of merit, Mrs. H. H. Hextall's golden retriever Avishays Brush. Diplomas of merit: Mr. Leopold Lonsdale's Labrador b. F.T. Ch. Jubilee Jane, Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's golden retriever b. Quick of Yelme, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Labrador Hiwood Mike, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Heseltine's Labrador b. Walhampton Judy, Major R. G. Sharp's Labrador Punch of Clava.

UTILITY GUN DOG SOCIETY

By kind permission of Sir Merrik Burrell these trials were held on December 16th and 17th at Knepp Castle, Horsham, Sussex. The judges were Messrs. H. A. Saunders, C. Campbell and G. Woodger.

ORDINARY MEMBERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. E. G. Crosswell's Labrador Rough Beech Bran; 2nd, Mr. G. Hallett's Labrador Oakwood Jock; 3rd, Mr. John Cady's Labrador b. Belle of Airlour; reserve and award of honour, Mr. S. J. Ling's Beeding Maxim. Certificates of merit: Mr. A. E. Butterfield's Labrador Donald Duck, Mr. M. G. Carter's Labrador b. Plover.

HONORARY MEMBERS' STAKE.—1st, Miss A. M. Bickerton's Shelsley Niky; 2nd, Mr. Lewis G. Beaumont's field spaniel b. Saxpence of Skerries; 3rd, Sir Clive Baillieu's golden Labrador b. Golden Wattle; reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. F. J. Nettlefold's Mystic of Uckfield; certificate of merit, Major F. Erichsen Davies's Rakelands Copper.

YELLOW LABRADOR CLUB

THE Yellow Labrador Club's All-aged Stake was competed for at Bedale Hall, Yorks, on the 9th and 10th inst. The judges were Captain Medlicott, Captain J. Steel and Dr. Stanton. First prize went to Mrs. Macpherson's F.T. Ch. Braeroy Ruddy and second to Mrs. E. W. Brook's Kinmount Polar, whose handler, D. Johnstone, took the handler's first prize. Mr. A. Wormald's Knaith Bolt won the Pavenham Challenge Cup, being bred and handled by owner. The thanks of the club are due to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, who so kindly helped them by providing a ground, the original meeting having been cancelled. Weather conditions were good and the arrangements excellent. No outstanding work was done, but all the dogs in the awards put up sterling performances, there being some good water tests.

A. W.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's b. F.T. Ch. Braeroy Ruddy; 2nd, Mrs. E. W. Brook's Kinmount Polar; 3rd, Mr. A. Wormald's Knaith Bolt; 4th, Mr. R. Hunter's b. Braeroy Fairy; reserve and certificate of merit, Lord Middleton's b. Birdsall Anna. Certificates of merit: Mrs. A. Wormald's b. Knaith Brill, Captain W. G. Heymann's Rockstead Footprint, Mr. L. Harvey's b. Race.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

VEGETABLES and grasses—such as herbs and salads—provide us with a wonderful range of foods quite sufficient to keep us in health without ever tasting either meat or fish. They are really the only form of food that is absolutely indispensable to our lives, because they are the only means that we have to get in their proper form the different salts from the earth which are not food in themselves and yet are quite as important to our organism as the electric switch that must let the current in before we can hope to get any light or power.

The more usual vegetables upon which we rely for our daily meals may be divided into three groups, according to whether we eat their roots, tubers or bulbs; their shoots, stems or leaves; or else their seeds or fruit. The first are mostly in season during the winter or early spring, the second during the spring and early summer, and the third during the late summer or early autumn.

Among the vegetables of which we eat the roots or tubers, the potato has pride of place: it is a most admirable vegetable, not only because it has in and within its skin so much nutriment, but because it lends itself to so many culinary adaptations, all different and most of them ever so good. There is no friend in the kitchen like the potato, new and not so new, large or small, to be relied upon all the year round, unless it be the onion, which is not a root nor a tuber, but a bulb which grows on the surface, closely attached to the soil, but in sight of the sun. The onion is the family name of a very large tribe, all possessed of a strong nasal family likeness.

Among the roots proper there are the two very great favourites, the carrot and the turnip; there is also the parsnip, the only vegetable which I dislike; and there is the salsify, one of the best and one that deserves to be better known. There is also the Jerusalem artichoke, which all know, and there is the celeriac, or turnip-rooted celery, which is not nearly so well known.

The next group is a much larger one, since it includes the immense cabbage family, which could fill a large book with the names and description of their many varieties, just as they are capable of filling a large house with the last expression of their personality when they are boiled. Then there is the noble asparagus, the more homely and admirable leek, and there are all the salads, the different sorts of spinach, sorrel, and other leafy vegetables.

Among the last group, that of vegetables of which we eat the fruit or seeds, there is a battle royal for the first place between the beans and the peas: the beans have numbers—and strings to pull—on their side; but the peas can claim to be so much sweeter. There is also a comparatively speaking newcomer that has blushed its way to the front—the tomato. There are also the large number of cucumbers, marrows or squashes, melons and pumpkins, and now a variety of maize, or sweet corn, which is capable of maturing its seeds in some parts of England.

Six and Eightpence

"Meredith, I want to make my will. My fox-head scarf-pin to my Uncle Philip, unless he remarries. My collection of film stars' portraits, autographed, I leave to the Mess. To my faithful butler, Albert Hawkins, the contents of my cellar . . ."

"But, Lord Henry, isn't this rather sudden? It was only last night that I chanced to catch sight of you in Regent Street on the roof of a taxi-cab, sounding a fanfare on what appeared to be a hunting-horn."

"Don't remind me of it, Meredith. If you only knew how I feel. Not a morsel of food has passed my lips since a brace of devilled bones at three a.m."

"I am indeed sorry to hear that, Lord Henry, but in all my long experience I have seldom known a hangover prove fatal. Are you not cognisant of Rose's Lime Juice?"

"I think so, Why?"

"Because the said Rose's, whether taken as 'Gin and Lime' or consumed before bed, does, by virtue of its therapeutic properties, neutralise the after-effects of alcohol and render hangovers null and void."

"Is this true, Meredith?"

"I am speaking, Lord Henry, as your solicitor."

"Thank you, Meredith, from the bottom of my heart. You have given me fresh hope. Believe me, when I *do* come to make my will you shall not be forgotten."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.

LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of December 29th, 1888.

STINGINESS in Sport. "Hunting is a sport which, to a skintint, admits of stinginess on the face of it. The stingy man will give little or nothing—certainly nothing proportionate to his means—as a subscription to the Hunt. Then there are frequently little calls made upon a gentleman's purse, tips to men opening gates, catching or holding horses, and the like. The stingy man either nods sulkily and rides off, or he smiles pleasantly and leaves someone else to pay. . . . If a man will insist on giving three-halfpence for flies when he may have the best in existence for twopence each, or in purchasing doubtful gut because it is a trifle cheaper than the best, he deserves to lose the best fish of the season because his fly-dressing draws off the hook, and to see fish after fish break away on the best day of the year, since his gut was half-rotten when he fastened it on."

Hunt Steeplechasing. "A great number of hunting men share Assheton Smith's dislike to steeplechasing; while many more who are in happy possession of a good hunter, do not care to run the risk of making him fidgety, too eager in the field, or too quick at his fences; and altogether it may be doubted whether any great proportion of hunting men care one way or the other about steeplechases (except, perhaps, Point-to-Point ones) beyond attending them as pleasant *réunions*. Then with regard to devising any plan whereby the bold and *bona fide* hunter should be put on an equality with a regular trained steeplechase horse, we do not see, as we have contended before, that it is possible. Make the courses as stiff as you please, and the steeplechase horse can be made as good a jumper as the horse used for hunting. He will jump as high and as wide: in fact, the open ditch, as at present constituted, taxes the jumping powers of a horse very considerably as, by reason of its height and its width, it can only be properly cleared in having some pace on: in fact, it would stop a great many men were it encountered in the hunting field, not being an obstacle to be jumped 'in turn' with three or four yards run."

IN THE SALEROOM

A NUMBER of interesting Old Masters were sold at Christie's on November 25th, the property of the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Hampden, the late Mrs. S. L. Barnard, and others. "A Young Warrior," by Rembrandt, fetched £252; a fine Dan De Cappelle, "The Mouth of a River," £1,050; a Cuyp, "A View of Veere-on-the-Scheldt," £525; "A View on the Guidecca, Venice," by Guardi, £682 10s.; and the outstanding price for a typical river scene by Salomon Van Ruisdael, a master whose works appear to be at last properly appreciated, fetched £2,520.

The William Randolph Hearst collection of silver from St. Donat's Castle, sold at these rooms on December 14th, fetched good prices, considering what the market has had to absorb lately, and, fortunately, the museum authorities were able to obtain three of the most important pieces. The Boston Oar, the well-known silver-gilt mace in the form of an oar, by Benjamin Pyne (1725), was purchased for £1,100, with donations from the National Art Collections Fund, and the Boston Trust, for presentation to the Boston Museum, Lincs.; the Commonwealth peg tankard and cover, by John Plummer (York, 1657) was purchased for the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the famous Pusey Horn, illustrated three weeks ago, was also given to this museum, having been purchased for £1,900 by an anonymous donor. The great mace and sword of the ancient corporation of the City of Galway, made by John Clifton (Dublin, 1709) although reaching £1,950, did not realise the reserve, and so was withdrawn. It must have cost the owner a big figure. The total amount realised, £41,882, proves at any rate the value attached to fine, genuine, old silver.

A NATURALIST NOTEBOOK

I LIKE seeing the New Year in. N accustomed manner with dancing a ment, but silently and by myself. stand in the quiet dark and listen to th bells. It is a solemn occasion this passin this birth of a new year with all possibilities for happiness, for tragedy.

* * *

Once I lived in a village that had but one and that rather tinny—so we had no peal. Th I would stand at the garden gate, and borne ove marsh and estuary, borne over meadow and stream, I would hear the peals from two villages. Simple peals, but the distance added dignity; and in the still darkness with no soul moving and the quiet of miles broken only—and then rarely—by the mewing of a gull or the soul-reft cry of curlew, those peals were thrilling and intimate as no man-made sound can be in the clear light of day.

* * *

Now I listen to peals that are peals, and all around are men making merry and the mechanised throbbing of modern life; But I listen in my heart to the old tune peals, and I think—as I used to do—of the year that is passing, the sorrows and the joys and the fears that were in it, the opportunities missed and the opportunities seized; of new friends made and of old friends gone—as surely as the year is going.

* * *

And each year in the darkness I make resolutions, most of us do, I imagine. All of us should. And I think sometimes of the resolutions I made last year and how soon they were broken. Each year I make certain resolutions that are nobody's business but my own—small domestic resolutions that I try very hard to keep; and each year I make others. Some probably are very similar to your own. I wonder how our records would compare?

* * *

Each year I resolve to keep a diary. I first made the resolve when I was thirteen and in my first term at my public school. I keep the diary all right, but I have yet to complete a full year of entries. My first diary lasted a fortnight, and then life became too complicated. In my first year at the university, fired with ambition and the absolute certainty that I was on the threshold of a great career and that posterity would be glad of my earlier thoughts, I bought a diary with a whole page to each day; a fine great tome, an ornament to any bookshelf; it has three completed days, a telephone number or two, the address of a girl whose name means nothing to me now—and then life became too complicated.

* * *

Last year I had a diary with but four lines to the day. More or less I kept it going until the beginning of October, and then life became much too complicated, and much too full. But this year I am going to keep a diary. I am going to fill in every one of the 365 days—I hope. So good for one's strength of will.

* * *

Another resolution which I make each year and break in the first week of January, is to smoke less. And, of course, there are many more. Indeed, writing in December, I wonder why I trouble to make them, and even as I wonder, know that I shall make at least two more (to keep a diary and cut down my smoking) as 1938 joins its resolutions and 1939 dawns.

* * *

It seems a foolish business, this making of good resolutions. But I do not know that it is. I think it is a good thing to resolve—it would, I admit, be better to keep the resolve—because it shows that just for a moment we realise that we are not perfect. I am not at all sure that I would be perfect if I kept a diary and if I gave up smoking altogether. I fear my resolutions would have to go much deeper, and I should have to keep them all. And that would be horribly dull. There would be no good resolutions to make.

* * *

This year, again, I shall listen to the bells, bidding farewell and welcoming, and maybe in the stillness I shall hear the movement of small birds turning in their sleep, and the cry of curlew. I shall sense again that utter loneliness which belongs to man alone in the small hours. I shall think again of the chances and the trials, the joys and the fears, that have been my lot in the past twelve months. I shall look forward.

* * *

And as the bells cease, and their echoes die away in the solitude of the marsh, I shall turn and go indoors, and to my study, and open the first page, boldly lettered January 1st, of my diary, and look regretfully at the tobacco jar and the empty pipe (for it is already January 1st), and climb to bed.

B. V-F.

ETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BBITS AND AGRICULTURE

I have read with some interest and some ent your correspondent's letter, "Rabbits riculture," and I can see that although he es indubitably an abundant local knowledge he rabbit question "from his end," here parently his knowledge ceases, and as so very ten happens in such cases, he allows his own personal knowledge to be sufficient for him virtually to lay down the law and to state facts which, although they may apply to his particular case, do not in fact cover the general circumstances of this "trade" at all.

To write about "the cost of producing pests" is to suggest that rabbits are deliberately encouraged to breed in order that they may be trapped and sold at a profit; which to anyone with the slightest practical knowledge of the subject is farcical. I believe I am right in my contention that the true position may be stated as follows:

All persons owning, farming or, in fact, possessing such rights over any land where there may be a quantity of rabbits realises that he has, perforce, to destroy them, and to do so costs him a varying amount according to the quantities which have to be killed. Against this cost he endeavours to sell them to the best of his ability, using such means as may seem to him best. His trapping may start in October or November when, owing to the vicissitudes of this unfortunate climate, he is lucky indeed if 50 per cent. of his marketed rabbits pay him the cost of killing. During cold or frosty weather his returns may improve, but this frosty weather and possible snow is all against his being able to trap at all and his marketable quantities decrease. Shot rabbits, from the point of view of a food item, are practically valueless, and he is, therefore, not in a position to take advantage of any increased prices. He is, therefore, extremely lucky if he can pay his expenses during the season, let alone make a profit.

The rabbit does, without doubt, meet a demand in the poorer districts of large cities for a cheap food, as well as a good food variety from meat and fish, and as such should be encouraged.

One cannot reckon upon the prices of rabbits obtained by shopholders in suburban or good-class districts where overhead expenses, delivery, &c., are an extremely costly item. One must judge by the hundreds of thousands sold daily from costers' stalls and barrows in places comparable with the Commercial Road—the East End of London—or such districts as Woolwich, &c.

I have been in the "trade" many years—at the very heart of the "industry"—and I have never before heard of "rabbit producers." There are very many rabbit dealers in the country, but not one that I have ever heard of who can earn more than a few pounds a week out of some thousands of rabbits which he may buy from farms, &c., or from the estates where he may contract to supply trappers.

The suggested "organised rabbit industry" does not, to my knowledge, exist. Nor does any "rabbit producer" exist, other than the gentleman who does so from a hat. And there is very little likelihood of the rabbit increasing in value unless some better demand is created for rabbit skins. However, if your correspondent imagines that he can "produce" and market the rabbit as a profitable business proposition he will soon be overwhelmed with enquiries, but he will find few, if any, financial backers. Too many fingers have already been burned in this "fire." The "rabbit producer" is at present making the best of a bad job, and a very poor best at that.

Yours faithfully,

Smithfield, E.C. 1. ERIC H. BROOME.

CLOSE SEASON FOR WILD DUCK AND GEESE

SIR,—There is in existence a Bill, sponsored by my Lords Mersey and Ilchester, which seeks to extend the close season for wild duck and geese of all species.

Amongst other entirely laudable objects, the Bill aims to prohibit the importation of dead wild duck and geese throughout the close season—a provision which will be welcomed by all fowlers, amateur and professional alike.

With regard, however, to the close season, which it is proposed to extend to August 15th and from February 15th, no distinction is made between migratory, unpaired wigeon and geese, and duck such as mallard, pintail and teal, which are paired by the end of January at the latest.

As any wildfowler knows, it is often only in the second fortnight of February that we, in this country, get a cold snap that gives the punt-gunner and shore shooter his real chance of getting a good bag of wigeon. The unfortunate fowler is rapidly being driven from the best marshes in the country by the increasing, and presumably necessary, demands of the R.A.F., and is now prevented from shooting at the very time of the year when he may hope to make up for the innumerable blank days during the rest of the season.

As soon as I heard about this Bill, I wrote to Lord Mersey suggesting that the close season for mallard, pintail and teal might well start on February 1st instead of 15th, but that it was unnecessary and undesirable that wigeon and geese, which did not breed in this country, should be included.

In a reply received at the time, his lordship states that "it is hoped to be able to pass the Bill into law by the end of the session, and in the circumstances, I am afraid that I cannot be a party to introducing amendments to it at this stage."

I would suggest that this Bill, which has received but little publicity, is being smuggled through Parliament without the knowledge of most wildfowlers, whose interests, as usual, have been entirely neglected. I feel it possible that if more shooting men were aware of the proposed alterations some opposition might be organised, and an amendment exempting non-breeding species tabled when the Bill comes before the House of Commons.

Yours faithfully,

Greylag Farm, Upchurch, Kent. JAMES JUSTICE.

A.R.P. FOR DOGS

SIR,—The article by "Canis" has much interested my Society, as for nearly three years we have maintained that to equip dogs with gas masks is little short of criminal, unless the animals, as in the case of war messenger dogs, are specially trained for the purpose. Furthermore, such masks, costing as they do several pounds, are beyond the purse of the average dog owner.

It has always seemed ridiculous to this Society to attempt to protect dogs' lungs when their feet and bodies might be exposed to contamination by mustard gas. A number of box devices have been submitted to us, but we are against their employment as some dogs are liable to excitement which may lead to hysteria, if they are put in a confined space. Further, there is the grave risk of the owners becoming casualties and the dogs being left to starve and unable to escape. Undoubtedly a properly designed box would be of considerable assistance in certain circumstances, but it must not be forgotten that the Government has not only issued gas masks to the public, but it has also urged the use of public shelters, wholesale evacuation, household gasproof rooms, &c., from which one can safely assume that we have not only to fear gas, but what is worse—the high explosive and incendiary bomb. It would therefore be foolish to stress the importance of protecting animals from gas only; in fact, it would be analagous to the action of the ostrich in putting his head in the sand.

This Society's policy has been directed towards advising owners of dogs to take their pets with them into their gasproof room or, better still, into the household bombproof shelter. We are quite aware that many people are unable to have bombproof shelters in their gardens for the simple reason that they live in flats, and for cases of this kind we have in hand the formation of a scheme for the transportation of dogs from urban areas to rural districts or to special shelters in the country. During the recent crisis, we had made arrangements for one shelter alone in the West Country to take 1,000 animals. We are, moreover, collecting the names and addresses of people who are willing to take dogs and, what is of almost equal importance, to assist in their transport.

It will be understood that much of a scheme of this kind must be dovetailed with local Air Raid Precautions, otherwise means of transport stand a fair chance of being commandeered when a moment of emergency arises.

The R.S.P.C.A. cannot be blind to the experience gained in different parts of the world where conditions of emergency have arisen. For example, within three days of the earthquake at Quetta, highly respectable and civilised dogs so lost their nerves that they formed themselves into a band headed by a courageous leader and became a serious menace in the town, so much so that these dogs would not hesitate to attack a man, and it is against incidents of this kind that the R.S.P.C.A. is endeavouring to make provision. Such work can only be accomplished in conjunction with the Home Office Air Raid Precautions Department, with which we have been in touch since March, 1936, as well as the veterinary profession and local authorities.

This Society is represented on the Committee formed by the N.V.M.A. for the purpose of dealing with the question of animals and air raids.

Some months before the crisis, the R.S.P.C.A. published a pamphlet entitled "Animals and Air Raids"—during the crisis we disposed of 12,000 copies throughout the country—and I shall be pleased to supply copies to any of your readers who may be interested.

Yours faithfully,

R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1. FERGUS MACCUNN (Chief Secretary).

DUCK IN EGYPT

SIR,—The compiling of intentional records of shooting is a matter for no pride to anyone, and as a practice it fortunately died a natural death after the war. Shooting men, I think, however, will be interested in the details which I have just received from Egypt of a bag of duck, made on the Ambassador's shoot at Ekyad, on the 4th of this month. The British Ambassador, Sir Miles Lampson, and nine other guns, shot the astonishing total of 1,658 ducks in a morning. There was no intention to set up a record. It merely happened that the Ambassador decided this year to shoot these famous lakes and marshes a month earlier than usual, and his visit coincided with the migrational rush of duck from Eastern Europe.

The outstanding personal bags were: Sir Miles Lampson, 405 ducks; Saleh Enan Pasha, 230; Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, 208; another gun, 213; Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Gordon Finlayson, 140; Sir T. W. Russell Pasha, 102; Kamel Bey Eloui, 117; and Major John Bowen, about 90 ducks.

Sir Miles Lampson's bag almost constitutes a world record. Mr. M. T. Kennard, however, shot 509 duck to his own gun in Kashmir on February 24th, 1912, whilst the Maharajah, Sir Hari Singh, shot 513 wildfowl to his own gun at Hygam on November 18th, 1922. This total, however, included 43 greylag geese.

It may be of interest to those who contemplate visiting Egypt this year to know that the State Tourist Bureau has made extensive plans for both duck and quail shooting to be placed at the disposal of visitors on different properties throughout the country.

This follows my visit to Egypt early this year when I had the honour of being invited to inspect and report upon the sporting possibilities of the country, which are indeed remarkable and, so far as wildfowl are concerned, equal to anywhere in the world. British sportsmen, I suggest, might do better service to themselves and the friendly relations between Egypt and England by spending their time and money there rather than in the unsettled countries of Central Europe.

Those who are interested should write to His Excellency Achmed Seddik Bey, Director-General of the State Tourist Bureau, 1, Rue Baehler, Cairo, who will make the necessary arrangements.

I shall be glad to supply anyone in London with prior information, if they care to write to me.

Yours faithfully,

London. J. WENTWORTH DAY.

A STRANGE CASUALTY

SIR,—The strange casualty of a hound's tongue being torn out, which was reported in the *Field* of December 3rd by your correspondent, is almost certain to have been caused by a gin trap set in the open.

In West Wales there have been many instances of cattle being found with gin traps on their lips, picked up whilst grazing, and in a few cases even on their tongues, which have had to be amputated.

Gin traps were never intended to be set in this way; and if the law could be amended to prohibit under all circumstances their being set in the open, it would gain the support of every sportsman and sporting paper.

Yours faithfully,

Wappenham, Towcester. C. VAN DER BYL.

SIR,—In answer to the letter under the above heading in the *Field* of December 3rd, I think it more than likely that the unfortunate bitch got her tongue caught by a rabbit snare.

We had an old spaniel caught like this, and were, fortunately, able to release her tongue, but it was a horrid job. My husband says he has known of other cases.

Yours faithfully,

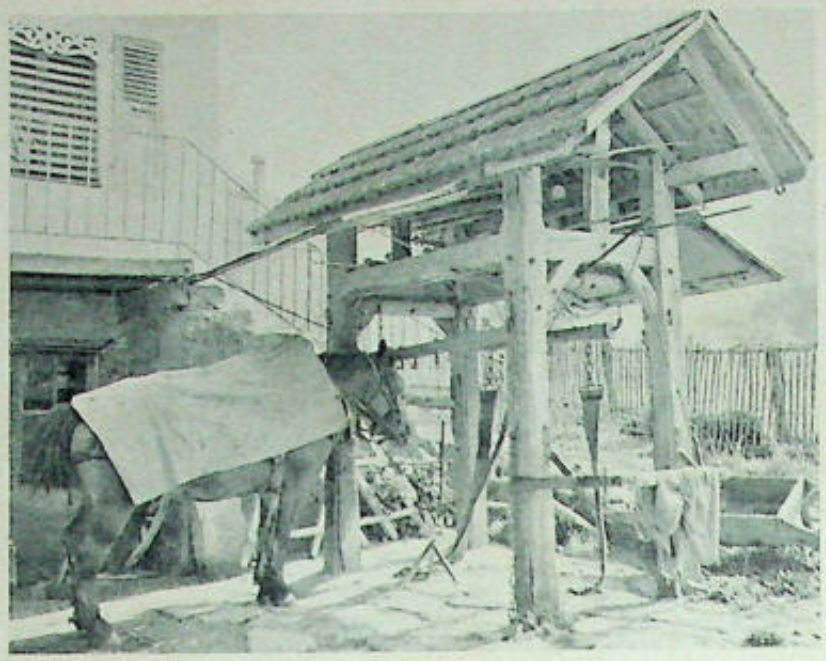
Clunes, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire. M. D. CAMERON.

SIR,—I called the attention of Mr. Greenep's letter, "A Strange Casualty," to a M.F.H. friend, who, having known of two similar cases, was at once ready with the solution.

In my friend's first case, the hound's tongue, badly cut with a rabbit snare, was providentially saved. In the second, a calf which caught its tongue, similarly in a snare, had to be destroyed.

Yours faithfully,

Waterloo, Mallow, Co. Cork. L. LONGFIELD.



WAITING TO BE SHOD
(*See letter "A Horse Shelter"*)

GREEN HECKHAM PECKHAM

SIR,—I shall be grateful if any of your readers can and will give me the correct dressing of a salmon fly called "Green Heckham Peckham." This fly is mentioned on page 37 of Mr. A. H. Chaytor's book *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Sons* (1910), and also on page 311 of the Lonsdale Library's *Salmon Fishing* (1931), where it is stated that the wing is made of the "blue metallic feather with a white tip from the middle or speculum of a mallard wing covert." But I am unable to find, anywhere, directions for the rest of the dressing.

Yours faithfully,
F. P. LANDON.

Uxmore,
Checkendon, Oxfordshire.

[Mr. J. Bernard's *Fly Dressing* gives the Heckham green as: Body—bright green wood ribbed with fine gold wire. Wings—the white-tipped feather from a wild duck's wing. Hackle—natural light-red cock's. Tail—three or four fibres of the golden pheasant tippet feathers.—ED.]

A HORSE SHELTER

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a shelter for horses was taken outside a smithy near the village of Dingy, some miles from Annecy, Savoy, France. As the hanging halters show, there is space for several horses, which have shelter not only from rain, but also from the fierce sun, while waiting their turn for shoeing. The roof carries two flaps which can be raised sideways to give added protection.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD RICHARDSON.

Villiers House,
Villiers Road,
West Bradford,
Nottingham.

SPEED OF SWANS IN FLIGHT

SIR,—It is so seldom that the opportunity occurs of "clocking" the speed of birds in flight, that the following observation might be of interest. Travelling towards London recently on the 10.10 a.m. from Leeds, we picked up five swans near Biggleswade. When first sighted they were some 300yds. to the west of the line and at right-angles to my compartment. Their general direction was the same as that of the train with the line of flight tending to converge on it. To all outward appearances the air was still although smoke from sundry chimneys indicated it might be three to five miles per hour and at right-angles to the line of flight. The birds were in sight for some four minutes and appeared to cross the track at about some 200yds. to the rear of the train. The speed of the train was estimated four times by the expedient of counting the rail joints (indicated by bumps) during a period of 21sec. The speed of the train appeared to be 41 miles per hour, which indicated that the cruising speed of swans in still air is in the region of 37 miles per hour.

Yours faithfully,
A. V. CAMPBELL.

The Farmers Club,
2, Whitehall Court, S.W. 1.

"COBDEN'S MATCH"

SIR,—I have only just seen Mr. Stuart Edwards's letter in the *Field* of October 29th, on the subject of "Cobden's Match," but as to there being any "unsolved mystery" about the last over, I can only say that I was present at the match, and it is all just as clear to me as when I saw it.

Fred Hill, who was at Oriel with me, was batting at the *Pavilion wicket*, and from the first ball of the over he made a very fine *cover drive*, which A. A. Bourne just managed to stop from crossing the boundary, and *one* run was made. I myself was standing within a very few yards of the spot and saw it quite plainly. I am not quite certain who was batting at the other end to Hill, but anyway Cobden "yorked" him with the next ball, and with the following one treated Stewart, the Oxford wicket-keeper (who also was at Oriel with me), in the same way, Cambridge thus winning by two runs.

Yours faithfully,
A. TUNNARD.

Newport,
Berkeley, Glos.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

AN ANCIENT CIDER PRESS

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in the accompanying illustration of an ancient cider press that is lying in the grounds of Southam Priory, near Cheltenham.

On first appearance it looks like a small grindstone, but closer examination reveals a stone trough below, into which the juice pressed out of the apples would fall.

Yours faithfully,
ERASMUS E. ELCOMBE.

Sherwood,
Nottingham.

TALKING BULLFINCHES

SIR,—I was interested in the letter in the Christmas number of the *Field* in regard to talking bullfinches. I have one who has a small vocabulary consisting of "Naughty Toby," "Toby Boy" and "Where's Jack?" He also pipes a few n simple tune, though I believe this is quite He was purchased at a local bird shop reared" and I understand was brought chauffeur on an estate in Norfolk. The thing about his talking is that he w "Naughty Toby" and "Toby Boy" after I had him. The word "naughty occurred to me when talking to him. I conclude that the chauffeur had a dog name which was sometimes scolded, as the bullfinch times comes out with a noise which sounds "A-a-ah you!" as one would say to a dog disgrace. I did teach him to say "Where's Jack? choosing these rather unlikely words to prove that he could learn. He is inclined now to run all these words and the tune into one long sentence, if one can call it that. A curious thing is that he will only talk for me and not for my mother and sisters. If he is left alone he calls for us, using two notes, not his natural call, or goes through his "recital" in a quiet, small voice. He bows gracefully during the performance and beats his tail sideways towards one, whichever way he happens to be sitting on the perch.

Unlike the bullfinch mentioned, he dislikes hands intensely, unless one has an apple pip between finger and thumb—a delicacy he cannot resist. Hair fascinates him, and when sitting on one's head he will tug at the hair or eyebrows—rather a painful process. Unfortunately he has sobered down a good deal now; perhaps old age is creeping on (five or six years old).

I would be interested to hear of other cases of this kind should you hear of them.

Yours faithfully,
J. G. F. MOOR.

1, Chepstow Villas, W. 11.

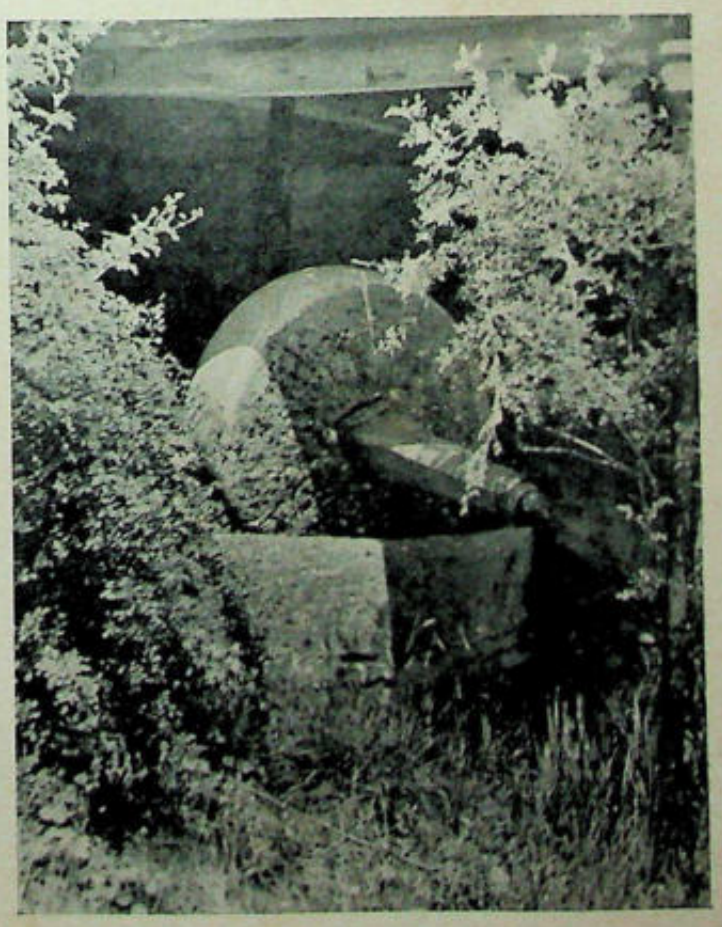
IRISH LOUGHS

SIR,—Though not yet sixteen years old, I have fished for seven years of my life, during the summer holidays in the big lakes of the West of Ireland, chiefly in Lough Conn and Lough Mask. In recent years the trout fishing in the former has grown steadily worse, though I do not think this is due to over-fishing or any resultant decrease in the number of trout. A few years ago when eel-fishing on this lake was a profitable occupation, lines were set extensively, and soon there was not an eel to be caught. Any trout that I have seen caught lately, has disgorged, on landing, a quantity of shellfish and grubs, and at times their sides have been bulging with these grubs. Can it be that the trout are now feeding on what were formerly the eels' preserves, and hence their aversion to flies, natural and artificial?

Another interesting fact is that it is not only the Gillaroo trout which eat these shellfish, but the ordinary brown trout as well, an occurrence which I have never yet come across in any lake, and one would think that these trout would suffer from indigestion.

Yours faithfully,
IUVENIS PISCATOR.

Gloucestershire.



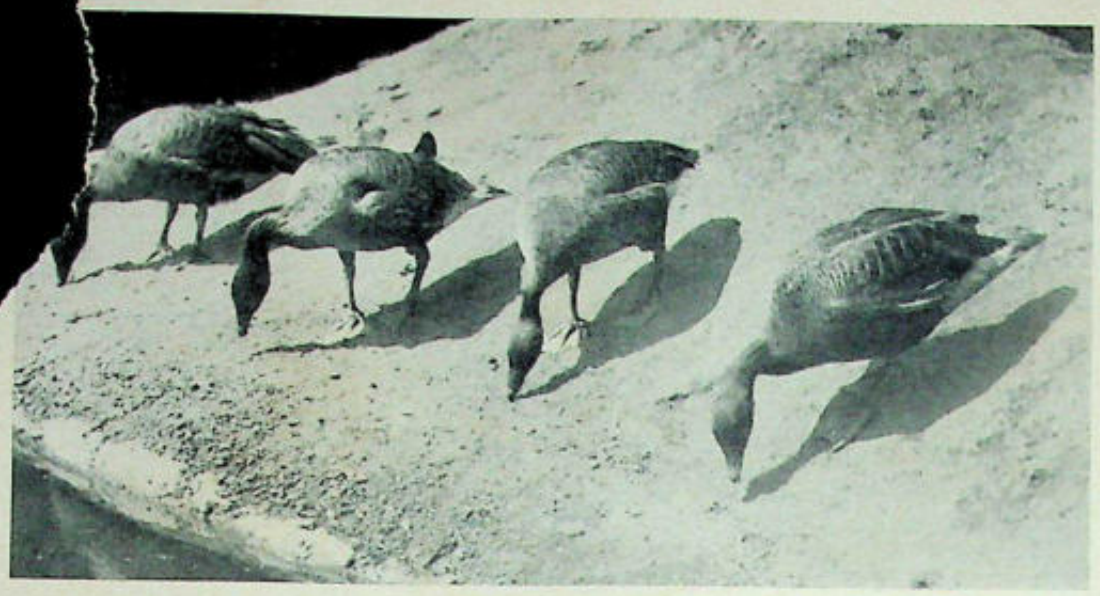
LYING IN THE GROUNDS OF SOUTHAM PRIORY
(*See letter "An Ancient Cider Press"*)

At "First Footing"—

—and other festive occasions, Johnnie Walker is always appreciated for its distinctive flavour and smoothness. Each of the whiskies in the blend is specially chosen and fully matured before blending. That is why, at New Year and throughout the year, you will find that Johnnie Walker is Scotch whisky at its very best.

JOHNNIE WALKER
walks away with it!

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG



PINK-FOOTED GEESE FEEDING
(See letter "A Census of the Pink-Footed Goose in Britain")

"A CENSUS OF THE PINK-FOOTED GOOSE IN BRITAIN"

SIR,—Elaborate preparations have been set out by ornithologists and wildfowlers to calculate the numbers of Britain's commonest wild geese. *A. brachyrhynchus* is an autumn and winter visitor. The object of this desire is coupled with a national fear of a decline. Some of the most careful observers have found themselves beset with distracting circumstances just when conclusions seemed apparent. At a point on the Humber, for instance, a fair estimate of many thousands of geese gathered together was diligently compiled for that day by three observers, and declared to be 15,000. But at the same hour, on the same date, a wildfowler recorded the presence of 10,000 "pink-feet" not more than 20 miles away—from which, throughout the afternoon, his bag was 36. This is an instance of how uncertain is the business of estimating wild creatures.

Bold and decisive calculators have stated that the world's total population of the pink-footed goose is 60,000, and the presence (more or less) here and there is dependent on food and weather. To an extent this is correct, but calculations of this sort are mainly based in such cases upon hearsay, not practical investigations, and by the fact that not long ago it used to be declared "not more than 50,000," this is proof that such estimates are purely guesswork. At the same time, on the most sanguine lines, a nearer calculation than 10,000 of the actual total will always remain contentional, for the all-sufficient reason that species of grey geese intermix at certain places—much as the "pink-foot" holds to itself, and the fact that birds of this species from the continent cause influxes in Britain beyond conception. When the latter condition occurs, however, it has repeatedly been recorded that white-fronted geese, chiefly adults, occur on the east coast of Britain unexpectedly and a few bean geese with them, the latter the rarer.

Names of observers have been withheld; nevertheless tabulations are based on access to almost daily reports from Ross-shire, Aberdeenshire, Perthshire, Firth of Forth, Northumberland coast, Humber district, Wash, Norfolk coast, Essex marshes, all the South coast, the Severn, South Wales, the Dee, Lancashire coast, Solway and Western coasts and islands of Scotland, so that it need be no surprise after 30 years of close acquaintance with this subject, the writer is in a position to pass an opinion. What is noticed in all estimations of numbers is that the individual observer so often decides for himself what his neighbour may readily frustrate. Consequently, unless a reliable collaborated estimate is forthcoming the true value of such a matter is lost.

So far as notes compare, and without giving dates and place names in minute detail, the total census determined and maintained over the last five years is 120,000—just twice that of those figures several authorities on the subject have given. A feature seemingly overlooked is that with this species abundant on the Danish coast and Schleswig-Holstein as well as other Western European shores an influx is at any time possible, though the pink-footed goose practically never goes to Ireland (only four examples authenticated to date); and on this assumption it is believed to be more defined in its winter range than it really is. A reverse condition can take place, and actually does in hard winters, for it is in mild winters in Britain that we have most grey geese within our seaboard.

What comparison of the present census of this bird can be made with that of 40 years ago is a problem beyond solution, because at that time numbers were not collaboratively registered. It is the opinion of those remembering numbers brought to notice at that time (my own recollections included) probably half the numbers to-day known of and witnessed then existed. History reveals that geese in Britain during winter suffered much greater mortality before the days of steamships, railroads, aeroplanes, motor boats and cars, which collectively cause much disturbance, yet at the same time engender but comparatively little destruction. But the mortality of the pink-footed goose in its breeding retreats is almost certainly greater than in days gone by by reason of facilitated communication with and better human conditions in the far north. It is these same conditions which have facilitated the work of the observer and led to ocular manifestations of increase at many of the goose haunts within our kingdom.

Hull. STANLEY DUNCAN.

A NEW USE FOR A BARREL
(See letter "Homes for Owls")

HOMES FOR OWLS

SIR,—A great deal can be done to encourage owls to thrive and multiply by providing suitable nesting accommodation in the form of boxes or barrels. Both tawny owls and barn owls take as readily to these as tits do to nesting-boxes, and are particularly glad of them in these days when the tendency is to cut down old and hollow trees to make room for younger and sounder timber.

The tawny owl is one of our earliest nesting birds. Now, therefore, is the time to rig up barrels or boxes in suitable trees, that the birds may have ample opportunity to find them and grow accustomed to them, and that the barrels and boxes themselves may have plenty of time to weather. The main essentials are that the boxes should be fixed firmly in position, so that they do not move or rock under the weight of the alighting birds, and that a liberal soft bedding of decayed wood, sawdust, peat-moss or other material be provided for the safe reception of the eggs. Owls never supply any nesting material of their own beyond castings.

When the young owlets hatch in due course they may frequently be seen at dusk sitting about the entrance and are entertaining creatures to watch. Barn owls in particular seldom show any fear of human habitations, and it is, perhaps, the barn owl that is most in need of help and protection—since modern farm buildings are relatively inhospitable—and that is responsible for the greatest amount of unmitigated good work.

Yours faithfully,

Westminster, S.W. 1. R. A.

SWIMMING POOL

SIR,—These notes may be of interest if not too late; they are taken from a pool made in this garden in the spring. Length 50ft., width 20ft., depth 3ft. 6in. at each end, sloping to 7ft. in the middle. There is a flat portion at one end, 3ft. 6in. deep, so that children can learn to swim across the bath. Bottom and sides are of 6in. concrete, reinforced on both faces, and rendered inside with ½in. cement finished with pink water paint. (This is wasteful, as it does not show pink beneath the water.)

The pool is set in a lawn, with paths and margins of Noelite paving. There is a grab-rail made of ½in. tube, painted aluminium, at water level on three sides, and a scum channel, with outlets, on the leeward side. There is a diving board and two teak steps. The inner edge of the paved surround is bullnosed. The bath holds 32,000 gallons and fills through a ½in. pipe from the house tanks, which are on the mains supply; it takes 144 hours to fill. It empties through a 4in. pipe and valve, controlled by a long key, at the bottom of a manhole, into the ground, which is of rock with many fissures.

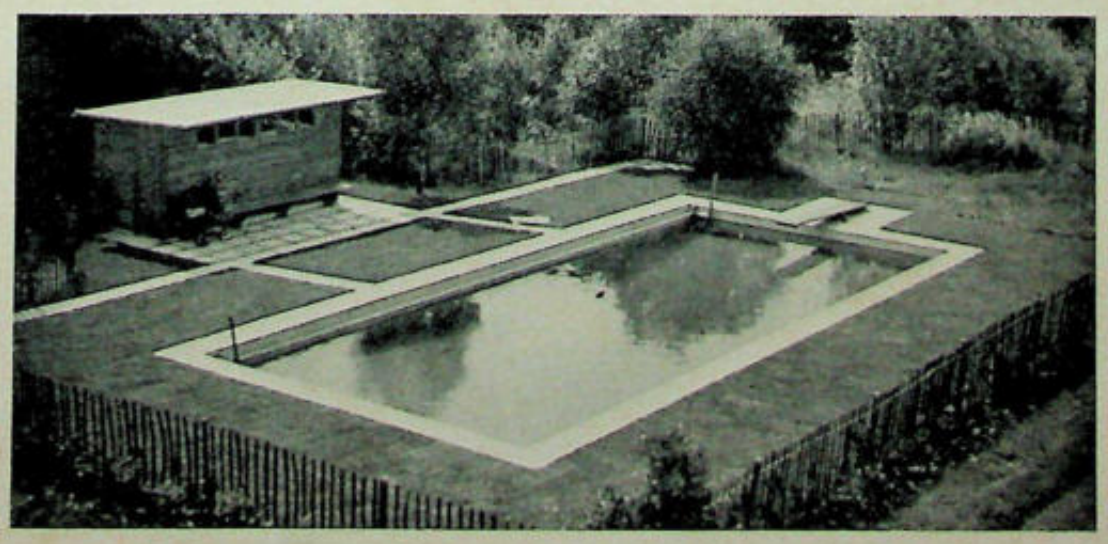
The changing hut, 16ft. by 8ft. by 8ft., is of western red cedar on deal framing, with a flat roof finished with Ruberoid.

The total cost was £450, including excavation, concrete tank, rendering and painting, turf and paving, hut, fence and gates, diving board and steps, water pipe and outlet.

Small quantities of water were let in to replace water overflowing into the scum channel, but the bulk remained unchanged throughout the season: it was dosed twice a week with small quantities of "Chloros."

The photo was taken from the flat roof of the house. Yours faithfully,

Crockham Hill, near Edenbridge, Kent. H. G. C. SPENCELY.



A SWIMMING POOL COMPLETE WITH ALL EQUIPMENT FOR £450
(See letter "Swimming Pool")

RETRIEVER TRAINING

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed snapshot will interest some of your young readers, who may wish to train their own retrievers. This method of elementary training prevents much annoyance to the trainer, and saves the dog from many of the harsh methods which are liable to become necessary to prevent fur chasing when advanced training and field experience starts.

The system adopted at an impressionable age of the dog adds an advantage often overlooked, as to break from fur chasing by a harsh chastisement method, at the advanced training and field experience stage often destroys the full educational value of what may have been a nice display of working to signals, &c. just previously. It also has a tendency to delay, and in some cases destroy, that mutual confidence which works up in many cases to a wonderful telepathic influence between handler and dog. The rabbit in the snapshot has become so accustomed to puppy training that he often goes to the fall of a dummy and sits by it until a puppy retrieves it, and very often he will sit "stop" when a whistle order has been given to a puppy.

Yours faithfully,

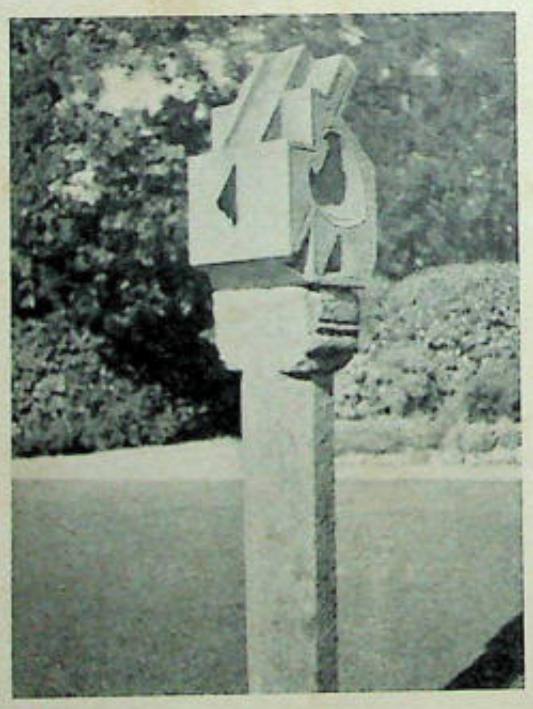
Wherstead, Cannon Lane, Maidenhead. ROBT. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

KINGFISHER TACTICS

SIR,—In our small garden, about 15ft. from the dining room window, there is a trough 2ft. 6in. deep, 2ft. wide, and about 16ft. long, full of water plants and goldfish. This pond has to be artificially filled, but the fish like it, and breed in it. For some time we have noticed that the small fish have been vanishing, although there have been no dead ones coming to the surface. A little while ago we caught the culprit at his work. A kingfisher comes and sits on the stone in the middle, and after, I suppose, choosing his fish, he flies into a very high bay tree a few yards away, from where he swoops through the trough, picking out his fish. I am afraid I prefer him to the fish. As we are on a hill near the main road, with no stream or river for miles, I am wondering if this is not very unusual.

Yours faithfully,

Steadings, Alveston, Near Bristol, Glos. GLADYS I. MOREL.



ONE OF THE THREE BEST IN SCOTLAND
(See letter "An Old Sundial")

AN OLD SUNDIAL

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of an old Scottish sundial. I believe one of the three best examples in Scotland.

I am anxious to know what the diagrams on the faces mean.

Yours faithfully,

Olives Manor, Wadhurst, Sussex. ANDREW HAYDON.

THE OTTER'S CHAIN

SIR,—In reference to the article on the otter's chain in the *Field* of October 29th and in subsequent letters, there is one fact which the writers appear to have overlooked. An otter uses only his hind legs and feet when swimming. The front feet are tucked under the chin, and are only used in conjunction with the rudder for turning.

During this last summer I went to the London Zoo to watch the otter which was in one of the ponds. In the clear water her movement could easily be seen. I noticed that when the otter first submerged a large bubble appeared between the shoulder blades, which gradually dispersed

AN AMUSING ELEMENTARY TRAINING
(See letter "Retriever Training")

in a thin stream of bubbles. At the same time a stream of smaller bubbles ran back over the head reaching the surface slightly in front of the bubbles coming from the coat. After a short while the air from the coat was exhausted and only a thin stream from the head showed. I should say that I could not actually see the air being expelled from the nostrils, it appeared to come through the hollow between the eyes. This I think would be in accordance with the shape and position of an otter's nostrils.

I believe the reason why the chain is sometimes visible and at others non-existent, is that the otter, when hunted, swims as near the bottom as possible.

In deep, cloudy water, the tiny bubbles never reach the surface but are absorbed by the water.

I have had some experience of otter hunting, and can state definitely that every time I have actually seen an otter beneath the surface I have also seen his chain. On many occasions when hunting deep, thick water, the otter has passed without a sign.

Yours faithfully,

Burcombe, Hangersley, Ringwood. BRYAN L. DAY.

THE PRESERVATION OF RURAL BEAUTY

SIR,—I was most interested by the sincere and valid article in a recent issue of the *Field* on the preservation of the English countryside. All the points you made rang with perception and honesty. However, I would like to criticise one point made, namely, that on public apathy.

In a stolid country like ours any idea, to achieve fulfilment, must be "boosted" strongly, with all the possible weapons of propaganda. I am afraid that the preservation authorities have not done this enough. You cannot, therefore, accuse the public for the decay of the countryside entirely. I am confident that a more concentrated advertising policy would repay itself doubly. For example, the question in its basic ideas is non-party; interest, therefore, the newspaper proprietors of all papers, left or right. The working man is not acquainted fully with the facts. Given this enterprise, then you will achieve results.

I hope this letter does not strike you as being too pompous. I have an immense enthusiasm for the crusade you are fighting, and would love to help in any way I can. I shall be glad if anyone will kindly furnish me with information towards that end? I am sure that a victory in this problem would assure a better England and a better mentality amongst all classes.

Yours faithfully,

Union Society, Oxford. A. F. MACDONALD.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. A very respectable old couple need a helping hand during the autumn of their lives. Mr. W. was a nickel-plating supervisor working with one firm for 24 years. He is now nearly blind, though not eligible for a Blind Pension. The wife of 64 is a delicate woman with nerves strained by the effort of making both ends meet. They have no children. Their home is a little house in North London, for which they pay 13/5 weekly, and they let one room for 7/6 weekly. Apart from this sum, they have only the husband's old age pension on which to live, so that their balance is 4/1 for all necessities. Please send us donations towards the 5/- weekly we want to collect for these old people. £13 needed.

FELL HUNTING IN LAKELAND.—The copyright of the photograph of the Blencathra Hounds in Newlands Valley, which appeared in our issue of December 17th, belongs to Messrs. Maysons, Photographic Artists, Keswick. We regret that the name of the photographer was not printed underneath the block.

IN THE CITY

BY OUR CITY EDITOR

A DEFINITE improvement in the steel trades is confidently expecte 1939. This results very largely decision on the part of steel manufacti reduce prices somewhat drastically from Jan

The use of steel during 1938 has been on a scale, but manufacturers more than twelve mo ago entered upon very substantial forward co tracts owing to a belief that supplies would be shor as a result of rearmament requirements. There has been no shortage of iron and steel products.

Manufacturers, however, have been living on their stocks. There has been no need to re-enter the market for additional supplies. Prices for iron and steel products had been fixed for the whole of 1938. There was, therefore, no inducement to buy ahead, especially as there was every possibility of lower prices for steel products.

Stocks in the hands of manufacturers are now believed to be comparatively small. New buying is to be expected. In fact prominent members of the industry have predicted steel production in this country comparatively soon on a level equal to the peak reached in 1937.

Iron and steel shares, like many other securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange, have been definitely reactionary. It is possible to buy shares in this section to-day to give yields well over 6 per cent. on the last dividend basis. Several dealers I know in this particular section are distinctly hopeful concerning their market for the New Year.

Shipbuilding companies should benefit considerably from the reduction of 7/6 per ton in the price of steel plates. It must be admitted, however, that there is distinct slackness in the shipbuilding industry. Foreign competition, in many instances subsidised by foreign Governments, is particularly keen. There are certain companies, however, in this country which can look forward to reasonable business for some years to come.

One such firm is Swan Hunter & Wigham Richardson. It has contracts on hand for the Admiralty and has been successful in securing important orders for merchant vessels from the Turkish Government. The company paid in all 9 per cent. for 1937.

Interim for 1938 has been raised from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. This need not necessarily mean a dividend for the whole year in excess of 9 per cent. It does, however, indicate that the company is working successfully. The £1 shares are valued around 27/3. This means a yield of £6 12s. per cent. I consider a higher price warranted.

Another important shipbuilding firm is John Brown & Co. This concern has made very material progress in recent years. Total dividend to March 31st, 1938, was 17½ per cent., free of tax. Interim for the current year has been maintained at 5 per cent., tax free. The 10/- ordinary stand around 30/6, which compares with a top in 1937 of 41/3. Yield on the last dividend basis is as much as £5 15s. per cent., free of tax.

Hadfelds 10/- ordinary shares appear to me as offering good prospects at the present price of 28/6. It is true that this Sheffield firm is very largely engaged on rearmament work. This point must naturally receive consideration. There are prospects, however, of substantial earnings for several years to come.

The company paid two dividends totalling 22½ per cent. for 1937. Interim for the current year has been repeated at 7½ per cent. At the end of 1936 the company distributed a special bonus of 10 per cent. That came from reserves. Reserves are still large, and there is just the possibility of a further scrip bonus later on.

Taking the shares on dividend alone, the yield at the present price is as much as £7 18s. per cent. Such a high return naturally indicates the speculative character of the shares, but I think that a few put away for a time will bring good income and possible price appreciation.

CONDOR CONTENTMENT

In 1925 Dr. Burgess Barnett presented a male condor to the Regent's Park Zoo, and through thirteen years it has played the bachelor; for whereas most other birds were able to enter into nuptial bliss owing to the plurality of their kind, the condor remained alone—unwept, unloved, unsung. Fate decided that in a Peruvian cave a nestling should be found, and that it should be sent to the London menagerie. Thus it is that bachelordom is to cease in the condor cage for the new arrival is an eligible young female. Although these birds are carnivorous and have the enormous wing span of about 10ft., they are of a peaceful nature, and it is probable that the thirteenth year may be marked by contentment for the old condor, and not ill-fortune.

Books

INSULAR INFECTION

The Wanderings of a Modern Robinson Crusoe

ow an Island. By R. M. LOCKLEY. ; 10/6.)

N years ago Mr. Lockley went to live on the uninhabited island of Skokholm, off the coast of Pembrokeshire. He rebuilt the ruined ouses and produced some sort of order out of the more immediate chaos: and then paid a brief visit to the mainland to get married. He and his wife—a lady of great courage and commendable initiative—settled down to a life of farming and bird-watching.

Either you like islands or you don't. Most Englishmen have some liking for the sea, but the love of small islands implies far more than that. It means that you must have a liking for solitude—and more and more people in these days like crowds—that you must have a love for wild creatures, that you have no dislike for hard work, that you have the spirit of adventure so strongly developed that what would mean boredom for the ordinary run of civilised man means excitement for you, that in fact you have a fondness for the Robinson Crusoe type of existence. Mr. Lockley has all these things, and so, obviously, has his wife.

He tells here the story of his settlement on Skokholm—of the joys and hardships of the early days to the comparative luxury (certainly comfort) of the present. But he was not content with one island. (Islands get into your blood, and Mr. Lockley was soon thoroughly infected.) He started exploring other islands; and this book is the result of these explorations.

First Grassholm and its gannetry, which he and Dr. Julian Huxley made famous with their film "The Private Life of the Gannets," and then Ramsey, separated from the mainland by the fiercest of fierce tide-rips; and then Bardsey which is, as you know (or may not know: I did not), the resting place of 20,000 saints.

And soon he was going further afield—to the Blaskets, of course, where he arrived in time to see Peg Sayers, the third of its Irish authors, crowned with laurel for writing the best island book of the year. And after the Blaskets to Heligoland, to study bird-ringing as carried out by Dr. Doost.

And then up North—to Fair Isle and Ronaldshay, and Hestur and Koltur (which are in the Faroe Isles) and to Heimaey (which is in the Westmann Islands off the coast of Iceland). A noble pilgrimage.

All these islands are inhabited by nice people, pleasant and easy and simple, living so close to Nature that they have time and thought only for the essentials of life. And by birds. Mr. Lockley knows birds and knows how to write about them accurately, yet simply (which is not so easy or so simple as it sounds) and charmingly.

This is a very good book. It holds the attention from the very first word, and it is well illustrated with photographs and fifteen extremely good maps (I liked the maps as well as anything). I hope we shall have another island book from Mr. Lockley. He might visit Tory Island, for example, and work down the west coast of Ireland. B. V-F.

* * * *

Varieties of British Butterflies. By F. W. FROHAWK. (Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.; £2 2s.)

The vogue of collecting aberrations or "freaks of Nature" by entomologists is comparatively new. Less than half a century ago naturalists were content to fill their cabinets with rows of typical butterflies and moths, either by breeding them in captivity or catching them on the wing. Now all this is changed. Entomologists specialise in certain families of butterflies, getting as many different local forms as possible from various parts of the British Isles, and examining thousands daily during their period of emergence for variation in the markings.

In Mr. F. W. Frohawk's new book, *Varieties of British Butterflies*, a galaxy of some of the finest and rarest aberrations in lepidoptera have been presented in the most perfect way possible. Each insect has been hand painted with infinite care by Mr. Frohawk, and, without exception, they have been reproduced in absolutely natural colours. Where an albino butterfly has been figured Mr. Frohawk has adopted the method of "framing" the insect in a delicate mist of sky blue, intensifying the variety in an extraordinary way.

Many of the butterflies figured have quite a history attached to them already, and in the brief notes he writes on each species many interesting and sometimes amusing "stories" are recorded. It will be noticed with satisfaction that quite a good percentage of the finest varieties reproduced in these pages are now in the Lord Rothschild collection, which as many people will know has recently become the property of the nation.

The book is published at 2 guineas, and to anyone who has taken more than a passing interest in our butterflies this is not too high a price to pay for such a unique book. To the serious collector it will be invaluable, as it will help him classify his varieties and guide him as to the various forms which can be found in each species. L. H. N.

* * * *

The Armoured Cruiser, by FRANZ SCHAUWECKER. (Massie Publishing Co., Ltd.; 7/6.)

Naval experts will criticise this book. It starts with a reference to the battle of the Bight of Heligoland, and ends with an imaginative action in which the latest German "armoured cruiser" is sunk, an incident said to be based on Jutland, but more like the sinking of the Blücher. Gruesome details of blood, death and devastation are generously supplied, and the story is mainly devoted to that morbid introspection to which we are led to believe the German warrior is prone, as possibly the result of being told that it is a far, far better thing to die for the Fatherland than to live for it. R. N. R.

* * * *

Horses and Ponies. By LIONEL EDWARDS. (Country Life; 21/-.)

I suppose every reader knows Mr. Edwards's work: it would be waste of time attempting to re-introduce him. But this book is rather different. It is, to begin with, really a sketch book—some of the drawings are very rough indeed, and the range of subject is such as to show that the artist sketched what came before him rather than what he went to see. The book has, therefore, a freshness which I, personally, was afraid Mr. Edwards was beginning to lack. This book is fresh and stimulating. I can imagine no better present for any young artist who desires to make horses his main theme, for here you can see the economy of detail that is so hard to notice in the painting; here you can see how a line or two is all that Mr. Edwards needs to express mobility; here you can see how great an impression the spirit makes upon the artist. And that, surely, is the hallmark of a great artist. B. V-F.

* * * *

Messing About in Boats. By Surgeon Rear-Admiral JOHN R. MUIR. (Blackie; 7/6.)

Most boys dream; quite a number of them dream of adventure and going to sea. The two things are often connecting links in the chain of ideas which, to a young man's mind, constitute real life. One admires the spirit of such dreamers. In their way they are quite right, though the sea labourer must never be confounded with the seaman.

Surgeon Rear-Admiral John R. Muir was more fortunate than some of us. At the age of thirteen his father presented him with a 13ft. sailing boat. In this he learnt that "who hath desired the sea and her excellent loneliness" will never until the day of his death be content with aught else. At nineteen the author became possessed of his first real decked, sea-going yacht. Only determination and personal sacrifice enabled him to raise the cash for her, but looking back I do not doubt he considers it—as he did then—well worth while.

You have only to read *Messing About in Boats* (how I hate that much abused title) to realise that there is more in sailing than simply getting from here to there in the least possible time and with the minimum of exertion. There is, you will be made to see, such a thing as the art of sailing, and the scope of this art is so wide that it is unlikely that the average amateur will ever attain perfection in it.

The problems presented in managing a boat (the author has owned many) are constantly varying and of absorbing interest. And that is why this is such a readable little book. Each chapter gives some new, valuable tip, while the whole shows a grand love for boats and the sea. W. G. L.

* * * *

Bird Sketches. By PHILIP RICKMAN. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15/-.)

The first thing I noticed about this book was the absence of a publisher's "puff." And how very wise. Mr. Rickman needs no introduction anyway, and "puffs" so rarely tell you anything worth while and are usually horribly blatant. The publishers have shown a wise restraint. And they have taken trouble over the book, which is most tastefully produced. With one exception the illustrations are in black and white. I like them: they live and were so obviously drawn on the spot. Particularly do I like those of gulls, and geese, and warblers. They have charm and originality, whereas the woodcock—as an example—is orthodox. A book worthy of a place on every naturalist's bookshelf; and on the shelves of those who like fine books. B. V-F.

* * * *

The Flight of Birds. By C. HORTON-SMITH. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 7/6.)

The author modestly claims that his book is "intended to serve as an introduction" to his subject "rather than a comprehensive survey." He contrives, however, to impart an immense amount of information without indulging in technicalities. Types of flight are almost as varied as types of bird, and the successful study of flight in birds demands not only a technical knowledge of zoology but also a technical knowledge of aerodynamics: a further essential is, surely, the opportunity for studying birds in the open. Mr. Horton-Smith has all the necessary qualifications, and combines with them a fluent and not uncharming style which makes his book as pleasant as it is instructive. A good book, well illustrated, and with a useful glossary and a full index. B. V-F.

* * * *

Danger is My Business. By JOHN D. CRAIG. (Arthur Barker; 12/6.)

Few young men have such adventures to record as Mr. Craig. He is a camera man whose favourite haunt is the ocean bed. Dangers are common there, but one of the greatest is fear, and one to be overcome at all costs. The thoughts and technique of a diver are fully described; this is not exaggerated boasting told in high colours, but it is the story of a young man self-trained, mentally and physically, to face dangers in a practical manner. May he live to the ripe old age which he senses in his bones. C. N.

* * * *

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PATRICK TURNBULL'S *Black Barbary* (Hurst and Blackett; 15/-) is no ordinary traveller's account of Morocco. He journeyed off the beaten tracks and visited towns and villages of which we hear little elsewhere. In doing so he became well acquainted with the Berbers, a race whom the author likes and describes well. He also has had first-hand experience of the Foreign Legion. These wanderings are intermixed with history told in a style which interests and informs. There is more in this book than descriptions, and it is well worth studying.

It is always instructive to see ourselves as others see us, but it is not always pleasant. However, with kind Mr. CHIANG YEE that is not the case; he has been charming, and very polite, in his latest book, *The Silent Traveller* (Country Life; 10/6). Having lived in London for the last five years, it is chiefly of London and the Londoner of which Mr. Chiang Yee writes. His pictures are always delightful, but the illustrations chosen for this work are particularly exquisite. Here is an admirer who can see beauty even in our local fog and grime; so delicate is the touch that we are even persuaded to believe that we live in fairyland! So enchanting a book deserves a warm welcome.

A FAMOUS PLAYER OF BALL GAMES

THE death of Reymond Hervey de Montmorency, or rather "Monty" as he was known to generations of ball-games players and Etonians, has robbed the world of sport of an outstanding and most attractive personality such as is becoming more and more rare in these days of specialisation and standardisation in the games we love. The words "ball-games player" are nowadays too often loosely used to describe an expert in some particular form of endeavour, but Monty was that thing *in excelsis*.

As a rackets player he made his mark when he went up to Oxford, at a rather advanced age, after being at Cheltenham and St. Paul's, and he played in the four-handed match with the late "Tip" Foster in 1897 and with R. A. Williams two years later. Though an admirable cricketer he only got his Blue in his last year, on the urgent representation of Dr. Grace, but was an outstanding success in the University match.

Most of his active life was spent as modern language master and later as a house-master at Eton, and to him Eton rackets owed much from 1900 till 1927, the year of his retirement. He had been Captain of Golf at Oxford, and as time went on he became increasingly devoted to golf and for years he was as near unbeatable, especially at Rye, that holiday haunt of schoolmasters, and at Stoke Poges, as could be. Unfortunately, until he retired he was never able to take part in the Amateur Championship as this fell in term time; otherwise there is no doubt whatever that he would have won it more than once. However, he did play against America in 1921 at Hoylake and also for England against Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and for Great Britain in South Africa. Outside the Championship he gained innumerable honours.

With his short swing, that thrust of the forearm and his really glorious footwork he bore the stamp of what Arthur Croome of beloved memory used to call the "reformed cricketer," and his play, round after round, had about it such an inevitability that he was a heartbreaking opponent.

To any of kindred tastes Monty was the most delightful and interesting companion, a perfect host, and his little amiable weaknesses and vanities did nothing but endear him to his friends. Perhaps he was the best foursome player of his time (though he invariably protested that "he did not care for that form of golf"), and that cannot be achieved by a self-centred player. On the death of Horace Hutchinson in 1932 he was elected president of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, one of the most distinguished positions in the world of golf.

He had been in bad health for some years—he was, in fact, never the same man after the death of his wife—but recently he had seemed to improve and had again been able to play a little golf. Only a month ago I met him at Sunningdale, full of heart and good cheer and looking better than for years past. Now he is gone and his countless friends mourn him, but he had a good life, enjoyed it to the full and he lived it as a straightforward sportsman.

Reymond Hervey de Montmorency was born in India in 1871, the son of Major R. H. de Montmorency, and was he always insisted of Roman descent. He married in 1905 Gwynned, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Thomas and leaves a son and two daughters. J. A. B.

ROSES AND *CLEMATIS MONTANA RUBRA* IN MASS OVER A GARDEN HOUSE

The Country House

ROSES FOR WALLS

Saving the Beauty of the Countryside

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ROSES still hold pride of place as wall shrubs, especially those with a long flowering period. The gloriously rampant Mermaid stands in a class by itself, and though commonly listed as suitable for walls with any aspect there is no doubt that this rose is amongst the few that can stand real sun baking and is pre-eminently suitable for a south aspect. Probably this is due to the fact that Mermaid is a hybrid of the semi-tender *R. bracteata*, the Macartney rose. If owners of bungalows would plant it more frequently there would, I am sure, be far less heard of the beauty of the countryside being ruined with these little buildings, which are, after all, not much uglier than the suburban type of house now, unfortunately, as commonly put up in the heart of the country as in urban districts. Mermaid associates delightfully with *Clematis montana rubra* if the latter is allowed to scramble through the rose. This Clematis, like all of the tribe, however, needs shade at the roots, and this can usually be effected by putting some bushy plant in front.

Those grand old favourites, William Allen Richardson and Gloire de Dijon, are still reckoned amongst the best roses for walls, but are far too seldom planted against those of the new houses springing up all over the country. Gloire de Dijon was Dean Hole's favourite rose, and he mentions in his *Book about Roses* that he had one on the chancel wall of his church on which there were 200 flowers in full bloom simultaneously. This rose does best if trained out horizontally as much as possible. William Allen Richardson does best against a west wall, and is most picturesque with the rays of the setting sun tinting its orange petals. Madame Alfred Carrière is another first-class old-fashioned rose that does well against a wall, and it is practically free from mildew. The fragrance of the flowers is exquisite, but the colour is not sufficiently vivid for modern taste.

Many still regard Cramoisie Superieure as the finest of all climbing roses for walls. An old specimen in flower makes an unforgettable picture, but this rose is a slow and rather weak grower. No modern rambler can compare with its deep blood red colour and the remarkable way it lights up in the horizontal rays of late afternoon sunlight. Its foliage is almost evergreen, and it never seems to be afflicted with any disease.

Climbing Caroline Testout is most reliable and very decorative with its masses of silvery pink roses, but its lack of scent is probably the cause of its lessening popularity. It has the merit of being very vigorous, and its abundant foliage is handsome.

Then there are the first-rate roses for walls which bloom only in summer, but nevertheless deserve a place where there is sufficient room for many instead of only a few roses. Apart from the exquisite Banksians, the following are amongst the pick: Paul's Scarlet, Albertine, Paul's Lemon Pillar, Emily Gray and Madame Gregoire Staechlin. Paul's Scarlet is the fiery colour now so much admired; unlike the vast majority of Wichurianas it is rarely affected with mildew when grown against a wall; the foliage and blooms cover the plant almost to the base. Unfortunately it is scentless. Albertine, also a Wichuriana, is amongst the most popular of modern Roses for its early blooming, the beauty of its warm chamois colouring, and its rich abundant foliage. It is, however, rather subject to mildew against a wall.

To many, Emily Gray is the pick of yellow ramblers, for it is a most vigorous grower, the foliage is almost evergreen, and the clusters of blooms are a rich gold. Further, it has a most graceful habit of growth. Against this are the drawbacks that Emily Gray is sometimes not very floriferous, has only one season of bloom, and it is essential if grown against a wall to see that the roots never suffer for lack of moisture in spells of drought. Paul's Lemon Pillar is noted for the size of its blooms, and if pruning is confined to shortening back the lateral shoots and cutting out dead wood this rose is very floriferous. If pruned too much it makes abundant growth but produces comparatively few blooms. The foliage is an attractive pale green of a colour now much in demand for associating with cut roses for indoor decoration. Madame Gregoire Staechlin is, I think, a particularly good modern rose for a wall. It is of Spanish origin, it is deliciously scented, and its bright pink blooms, splashed with carmine, have a charming gaiety. It is vigorous and healthy, and being a H.T. does particularly well against a warm wall.

Certain climbing sorts of various dwarf roses are suitable to grow against a wall, notably Ophelia, Madame Abel Chatenay, Etoile de Hollande and Lady Waterlow. Lady Waterlow is one of the very best for a west wall. Etoile de Hollande is the choice of those who demand a beautiful red rose that does not fade, no matter how fierce the sun that beats on it. The climbing variety has, if anything, even more richly coloured flowers than the bush. It is a vigorous grower, and unlike many climbing sports never reverts to type.

SOIL TESTING—I

HOW is a layman to recognise the diff types? By "different" is meant as regards suitability for plant life week's *Field* I discussed the different explained shortly the characteristics Recognition in the field is a different matt

We are helped by visual examination colour, size of particles and consistency. A case containing a solution of litmus, a small spoon and a pestle will rapidly tell the degree acidity or alkalinity. The type of vegetatio growing naturally will confirm the results.

For obtaining samples of soil at different depths, down to 3ft., a ¾in. auger with a lengthened shaft is most suitable. When bored into the ground it produces successive soil samples every 6in. or so, the soil adhering to the grooves.

In use, the top layer of soil will be seen to be darkened by the humus from decayed vegetable matter for a depth of an inch or more. This vegetable layer is an indication of the state of the soil. A depth of 2in. or 3in. in grassland is the best. Less means that the stored fertility of the soil is becoming exhausted by exposure and consequent decomposition of the humus. A greater depth up to 6in. or more generally means insufficient decay and very acid soil conditions.

In arable land the humus darkening will extend down to the full ploughed depth, owing to the mechanical disturbance. Below will be found the true soil, be it sand, loam, clay or chalk. Its feel to the hand will show the difference between a sandy soil, a silt and a clay. The colour will at once indicate chalk. The more fertile soils are usually dark in colour, and a complete range will be found from a highly fertile alluvial deposit to a light blow-away sand. Depth is important. The soil may gradually merge into a rocky subsoil of the same type, or it may overlay a different type of strata. In either case the question is whether the subsoil is porous.

A soil with a high water-table is indicated by a definite unpleasant smell, a sense of which has to be cultivated. In ironstone districts the height of the water is clearly marked by flecks of iron rust in the soil. In the winter the pushing in of a walking stick causes a squelching and a resistance to withdrawal that is not found in a well drained soil.

Wet soils are usually acid. The soil testing equipment, very small and cheap, and of which particulars can be supplied, is a great help in telling the degree of acidity or alkalinity of the soil. The scientist describes this degree as the Ph value, but the layman will be content with very acid (red), acid (orange), slightly acid (yellow), neutral (green), alkaline (greeny-blue), highly alkaline (blue). The litmus test alone tells very little, but combined with visual examination and a study of the vegetation it is very illuminating, particularly if a question of liming is being considered.

Of all vegetation the growth of bracken is possibly the most indicative of good conditions. Bracken will only grow in a well-aerated soil, which means a soil with a low water-table and of coarse and open texture. It is confined to sands and sandy loams, and where it grows the forester knows he has good planting conditions, with a wide range of species to choose from, including the rather particular European larch. A slight admixture of weak brambles with the bracken indicates a higher water-table, a less well-aerated soil, and for the forester a preference for Japanese rather than European larch. A stronger admixture of brambles indicates a heavier soil with a still higher water-table, until the soil is reached which carries only strong brambles. Here is a heavy soil of clay or silty character and very poor aeration; a soil that will grow good oak, but poor conifers, unless the rainfall be high.

On the other hand, the lighter sandy loams, with their tendency to leach, favour heather rather than bracken, and when an admixture of the two is found, the soil, though well aerated, is light and dry and very hungry. Japanese larch will grow well, but when heather entirely replaces the bracken, then only Scots pine and birch will be planted.

Broom also indicates dry sand or gravel, whilst Dyers greenweed grows on heavy clay, and false brome grass on chalk. Tufted hair grass grows on the heavy loams, whilst acid peats and bogs, though they scarcely need an indicator, possess many, including ling, bell heather, cross leaved heather, bilberry, whortleberry, purple melick grass and cotton sedge. Bog myrtle indicates much water, but not stagnant water.

Highly fertile land of a heavy or medium type grows the common stinging nettle, whilst gorse grows on the heavier, poorer and less well-aerated soil, including clay. The names of woods themselves are frequently indicative of soil conditions. Withy wood is usually heavy and rather wet, sedge wood a bog, bramble wood heavy, furze wood, a clay soil.

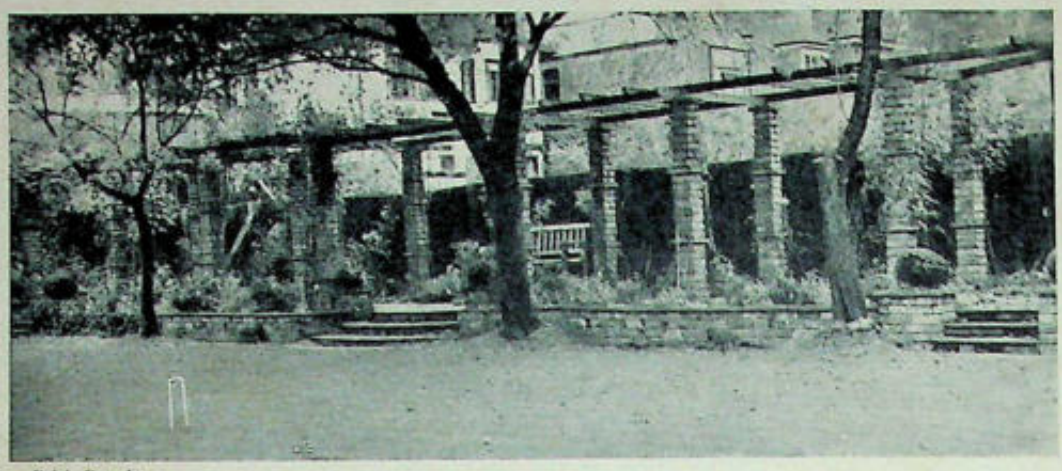
REGINALD DAVEY.

This England . . .

The Roman Wall near Housteads

THIS country is not unlike some great brewhouse—into it there go elements of different kinds and out there comes something different—something exclusively our own, made and mellowed in our special way. There was Rome, direct, forceful, making its boundaries with the spade and not the pen. There were the wild Northerners and Jutland farmers with new laws, new customs and new seamanship. Lastly, the solid Norman, building and ordering. Dominants all, yet what they have produced is—England. None of these made England of themselves, any more than barley and hops and yeast make Worthington—it is the craft of brewing, the art of balance and of discard, of slow maturing to a mellow strength, that makes of this very English thing a mirror of the whole.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



Brick Pergola

PERGOLAS AND SCREENS

Important Points in Their Construction

By RICHARD SUDELL, F.I.L.A.

WHEN one hears of a pergola it always brings to mind a long shady walk made colourful with the blooms of climbing roses and fragrant with the scent of honeysuckle, but these cool tunnels can also serve a strictly utilitarian purpose. In mild districts they can be used, as they were frequently in the old days, for training vines, while in the more distant parts of the garden, where a formal garden meets outlying woodland, it would be difficult to find a more satisfactory method of linking the two than by a well-constructed timber pergola.

Let us now consider the construction of such a pergola, and first I would point out that timber, however well treated, will eventually rot at its junction with the ground. Moreover, wooden pergolas, especially those of the rustic larch type, soon begin to look untidy, and may harbour injurious insects in the bark. The best advice I can give to those contemplating the erection of a cheap timber pergola, is that the main uprights be of stout 5in. or 6in. diameter poles, the bases of which should be set in concrete in an earthenware socketed pipe. Place the pole in the pipe and then fill with rough concrete, making a sloping weathering around the top. For an even more satisfactory finish it would be better to make a small cut about half-an-inch deep around the pole at the top of this weathering and pack some concrete into it. This will prevent water seeping in between the concrete and the timber and causing rot.

Where the pergola is near the house it should be of a more formal design and construction, and should be in keeping with the architectural style of the building. For example, if the house is built of stone, the pergola pillars should also be of stone, and if of brick the pillars should be the same.

The important point to remember when erecting a pergola of this type is to make the columns well proportioned; avoid the common tendency of making the supports too thin in comparison with the height, thus giving the whole a spidery and unsatisfactory effect.

In dealing with the details of construction, let us consider one of the simple brick forms and analyse the structure of the pillar.

The materials required are about one-fifth of a cubic yard of concrete (a good mixture can be made from sandy river ballast and Portland cement in the proportions of four to one); one-eighth of a cubic yard of cement mortar, made of a mixture of sharp clean sand and cement in the proportions of four to one; about 100 bricks, if possible matching those used in the house; two ½in. diameter mild steel rods, for reinforcing; and a square piece of stone, preferably York stone, to form the cap of the pillar.

A start is made by excavating the ground for the concrete which will form a footing. A hole is dug 2ft. square and about 1ft. 3in. deep, a certain amount of the top soil being retained to replace round the base of the pillar when the work is complete. Mix the concrete well, taking care not to let any dirt get into it, and put it into the hole, and at the same time insert the two steel rods. These, by the way, should be L-shaped, and it is the short arm which is fixed in the concrete. Using a plumb line, adjust the rods until they are absolutely vertical, and fix them with a strut or tie ropes.

Now we come to the part that will try your patience. Assuming that the pillar is to be 13½in. to 14in. square, the bricks will have to be laid in a bond. This is formed by laying the alternate courses of bricks in such a way that the vertical joint between two bricks in one course does not coincide with the vertical joints of the bricks in the adjacent courses. Each course consists of four bricks, and it is important to lay the bricks in this way as a straight joint down the pillar would be weak. This method of brick laying will form a hollow square through which the reinforcing rods project; as the work proceeds this hollow shaft should be filled with concrete to make a solid whole.

I would not recommend making the joints in the brickwork any thicker than ⅜in.; joints larger than this look clumsy and out of proportion to the depth of the courses. Remember, too, that it will give a better finish if the joints are lightly raked out to a depth of half an inch.

The plain brick shaft can be slightly ornamented by introducing three tile or stone courses, say, about 1ft. 9in. apart and 3ft. thick. These should be laid to a bond similar to the brick work and should not project more than ⅜in. from the pillar. This is especially effective in the case of thin pillars of only 9in. square and 7ft. high, as it thickens the shaft and makes the whole pillar more proportionate.

Two of the best materials for the overhead timber work are oak and teak, neither of which require any preservative other than a coat of linseed oil. Both, however, are rather expensive, and a satisfactory result can be obtained by using a cheaper wood, such as deal, provided it is treated with two coats of creosote when it should last several years without attention.

The arrangement and size of the timber work depends largely on personal taste; some people prefer an open framework, and for this I would recommend wood of 6in. by 3in. section. If, however, more wood work is preferred it would be advisable to reduce the dimensions of the main bearers to 5in. by 2in. to avoid a top-heavy appearance. The cross-beams between the main bearers should not be less than 4in. by 1½in., and should be halved into the main bearers to prevent any possible movement.

The end of the timber work can be moulded in various designs, the most common being the "cyma recta," which is formed by joining two opposed arcs, and the "ovalo," formed from a quadrant.

To the owner of a new house with a garden as yet undeveloped the problem of adequate screening is of major importance. For instance, there may be an ugly building or view to block out, and on many new estates greater privacy can be assured by judicious screening.

Even where trees and shrubs are used for the purpose, some temporary structure will be necessary until they reach the required height, and, in this case, a plain deal trellis can be fixed to the top of the existing fence. The materials for this should be creosoted timbers of about 3in. by 2in. section, some 1in. by 1in. battens, nailed to the main framework to support the intersecting laths; and some plain builders' laths, such as are used for plaster work or tile hanging. These should be nailed together to form a 4in. square mesh, treated with creosote, and nailed or screwed to the battens. This type of trellis will last until the living screen is fully grown, and, until that time, quick growing climbers such as *Polygonum Baldschuanicum*, *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, or rambler roses, will add to the beauty and effectiveness of it.

For enclosing some particular part of the garden, such as the kitchen garden, a more permanent and stronger screen can be made by fixing a similar square mesh trellis between brick or stone pillars built in the same way as for the pergola.

THAT TIMID DOG

By A. CROXTON SMITH

EVER since I can remember the nerv has been a bit of a problem to its ow is a source of constant anxiety, espe one wishes to work or show it, and it is eq nuisance in domestic life. Some com observers consider that nervousness is on increase, attributing all the trouble to the st and strain of modern life, which, they argue, affec dogs as much as human beings. Personally, should hesitate to subscribe to these views, not being able to remember the time in which some dogs were not afflicted with nerves.

What we call canine hysteria is a manifestation of recent years in its widespread nature and peculiar form, although disorders of the brain, such as epilepsy, have always been with us, convulsions in puppies have been common for generations, and from time to time dogs have been known to suffer from fits. These attacks, however, were sporadic rather then general, and never had anything like the prevalence that has been attained by hysteria. Those who blame inbreeding or breeding for this overlook the fact that all classes of dogs are subject to attack.

One wonders if this is an old disease that has merely increased in intensity. In an edition of *Diseases of the Dog*, published before much had been heard of hysteria, Muller and Glass described hyperæmia of the brain as characterised by a sudden development of excitable symptoms. "These consist in great restlessness, running around, making frequent changes of position, irritability, a tendency to biting, and attacks of delirium, partial or general convulsions, and an increased activity of the action of the heart. The pulse is quick and irregular, the respirations are short." In fact, they were very much what we should expect to see in a typical case of hysteria.

Apart from this extreme form of nervous excitability, there is no doubt that many dogs do suffer from what may be called nerves, being shy and timid, easily upset by anything strange, afraid of strangers, and distressed by loud and unexpected noises. Fifty years ago we had the same trouble, and one wonders if it is any worse to-day than it used to be.

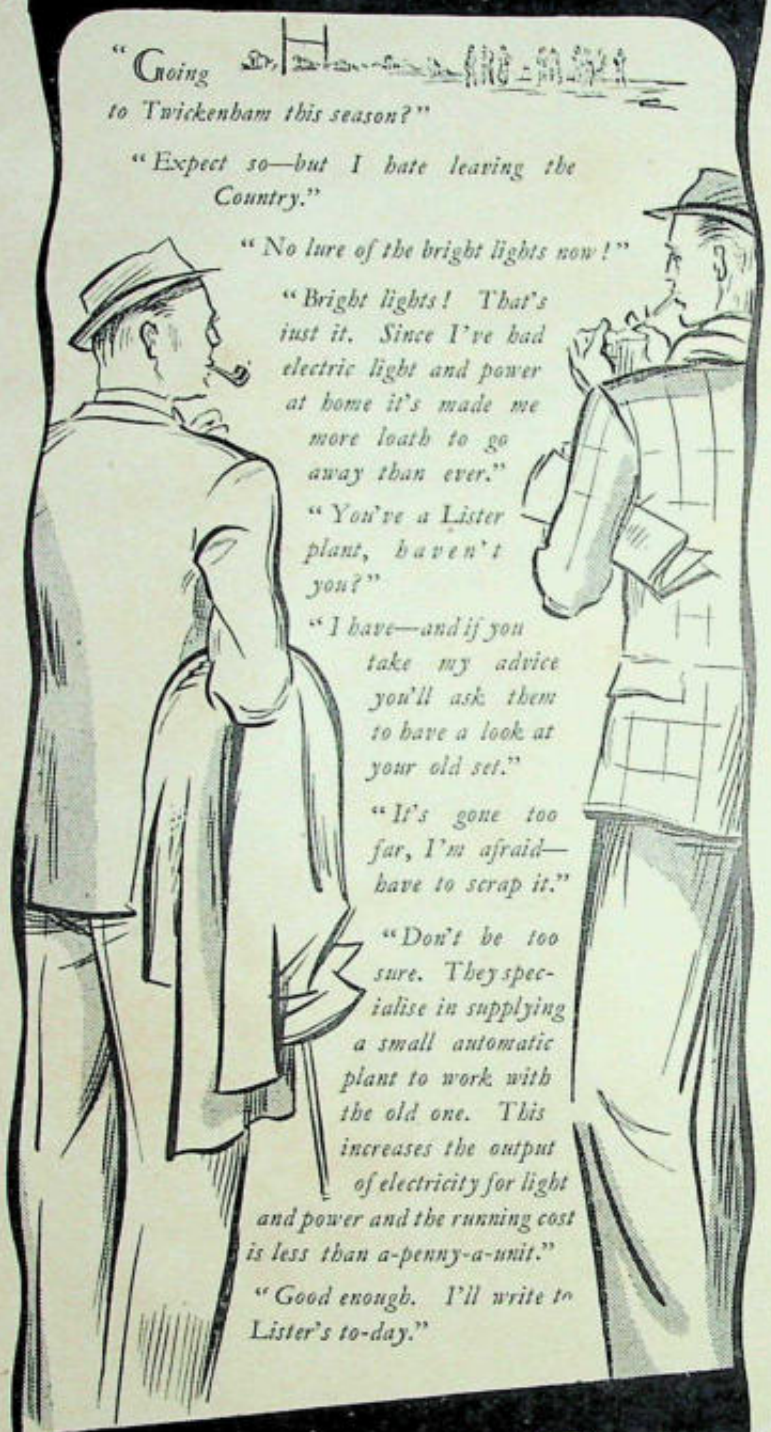
Old readers of the *Field* must have experienced gun-shy dogs long before the younger generation was born, and many dogs display abject terror during a thunderstorm. It is difficult to take them into public places, since there is no knowing how they may behave. They may endanger their lives by bolting on the slightest provocation, or, if on a lead, will make a nuisance of themselves by pulling. In the show ring they are almost hopeless, as it is impossible for any judge to ascertain their good points, notwithstanding the contention of some that a judge should invariably pick out a good dog no matter how it is presented to him. My advice to such critics is that they should have a turn at judging themselves.

In some cases it is possible for a dog to overcome this excessive timidity if he is handled judiciously, but it means the expenditure of time and patience, and exercise of much self-restraint. A blustering manner, rating and scolding, merely make matters worse, and the use of a whip would accentuate the dog's sensitiveness. He should be taken out in public as much as possible and reassured in the language that seems appropriate at such times. Pat him and tell him that there is nothing of which to be afraid, lead him up to any object that makes him shrink, and altogether try to make a "dog" of him.

By these methods I have recently watched an enormous improvement in a dog that for a while was almost hopeless. He was nearly given away on several occasions; now his owners would not part with him for anything. His nervousness, however, may perhaps have been better described as diffidence than inherent. Never having been away before from his home kennels, having no knowledge whatever of the outside world, and not having had his intelligence developed by instruction, it is not surprising that he was stupid and shy. It would have been easy by harshness to have made him incurable, but sensible treatment has got him through a difficult period, and he has steadied down in a remarkable manner.

A YACHT CLUB HONOUR.—His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to command that the Lymington Yacht Club shall henceforth be known as "The Royal Lymington Yacht Club." The club was founded in 1922, has 500 members, and has been a keen supporter of yacht racing in the West Solent for some considerable time. The commodore is the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow, the only lady commodore in the world.

Water & Electricity
IN THE COUNTRY - BY LISTER'S



"Going to Twickenham this season?"

"Expect so—but I hate leaving the Country."

"No lure of the bright lights now!"

"Bright lights! That's just it. Since I've had electric light and power at home it's made me more loath to go away than ever."

"You've a Lister plant, haven't you?"

"I have—and if you take my advice you'll ask them to have a look at your old set."

"It's gone too far, I'm afraid—have to scrap it."

"Don't be too sure. They specialise in supplying a small automatic plant to work with the old one. This increases the output of electricity for light and power and the running cost is less than a-penny-a-unit."

"Good enough. I'll write to Lister's to-day."

R. A. LISTER & CO. LTD.,
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. PHONE DURSLEY 177

will send, without obligation an Advisory Engineer to report on an Independent Electric supply or water pumping.

Largest manufacturers of small Diesel Engines in the World

R.S.V.P.

A PROVED WEAR RESISTING PROCESS

For some time all Lister Diesel Engines have been supplied fitted with Listard (Van der Horst Patents) cylinders. This process of chromium hardening increases resistance to wear by 400%.

Owners of Lister Diesel Engines not treated with this process can, when requiring a rebore or new cylinder liner, have existing cylinders Listard processed.

"One can always trust it"

It may look impressive when liqueur brandy is poured from an old, old bottle covered with the cobwebs of centuries, but cobwebs on the bottle mean nothing. Their place is on the cask. Yet it is easy enough to find fine liqueur brandy; brandy that has aged over forty-five long years in the cask. Simply ask for Hennessy X.O.—old enough to be smooth as silk; but with age nicely balancing body and bouquet; and in that you have a rare and very lovely thing—a perfect liqueur brandy. Because, IT'S THE AGE IN THE CASK THAT COUNTS . . . .

HENNESSY

"XO"

OVER 45 YEARS OLD

FINE LIQUEUR COGNAC BRANDY

PNEUMATIC TYRES ON THE FARM

The Importance of the Right Pressure

JUST as the introduction of power farming methods has altered the whole outlook of many people in the matter of their farm management, so the development of specialised pneumatic tyres for land work is causing a secondary revolution in our methods of power farming itself.

The most fundamental difficulty in producing machines for work on the land is the almost infinite variety of conditions which a single unit is called upon to face, and which upsets all the calculations of the designer, who may have only one set of circumstances in mind when laying his plans. Hence it is that any factor which increases the adaptability of any farm machine is bound to have a practical influence upon its success. It is from this aspect that the advent of rubber into the make-up of farm equipment is of so much significance.

The introduction of the land tyre for the horsed farm cart first demonstrated, as far as agriculture was concerned, some of the advantages of elastic tyres over solid, especially in the matter of draught reduction. The conversion of old carts and the building of new on rubber tyres has proceeded apace. The land tyre for carts has proved durable and thoroughly practical, and has contributed to the reduction of costs by allowing the haulage of larger loads with less effort.

The extension of rubber to the tyreing of tractors, however, has marked a step forward of much greater significance. Not only has it made a very big impression on tractor design, but it has started the move towards rubber-tyred implements.

To deal first with some details of the pneumatic tyred tractor, one must again refer to the importance of general adaptability. One has only to remember the unsatisfactory means which have to be adopted when it is required to move the machine over a hard road. The fitting of road bands over the strakes or lugs is commonly something of a struggle, especially after wear has taken place. The pneumatic-tyred machine, on the other hand, can be driven straight off the land and along public roads without any waiting.

Then there are other matters to consider. The reduction in the draught of hauled vehicles on pneumatics is easily understood by most people. It must also be realised that the same principles are involved in the case of a self-propelled tractor, inasmuch as the pneumatic tyre has a lower rolling resistance than a steel wheel equipped with lugs. To some extent, the reduced fuel consumption which may be looked for in respect of this point has been masked in practice by the fitting of wheels giving a smaller effective diameter than the steel wheels they replaced, but with the 9-in. by 36-in. tyre, as fitted to many rowcrop tractors, good fuel economy is obtained.

When one operates a pneumatic-tyred tractor on hard baked ground in the summer, as on harvest work, one attains a full appreciation of the reduction of vibration as compared with a machine on steel wheels with strakes or lugs. Remembering that it is vibration which is responsible for the start of many metallic fractures, one cannot stay long on the machine without appreciating what the rubber tyre is doing to relieve the strain on the structure.

The traction obtained with rubber tyres is of course the most vital point in considering their performance, and the fact must at once be faced that there are conditions under which such tyres are quite unable, without auxiliary help, to gain any adhesion at all. In extreme conditions one may even find a rubber-tyred tractor unloaded, getting out of control and unable to move itself. On the other hand, it must also be remembered that under equally extreme conditions a steel-tyred machine may become immobile and even track-layers may encounter their Waterloo.

The lesson is that we must interpret our requirements in a reasonable manner, and not ask for equipment which will work under every possible condition. To obtain such would cost more than is justified. And we must also remember that such extreme conditions usually mean that the land is unfit for work in any case. At the same time it must be conceded that there is every probability that rubber tyres will not become universal until the supply of suitable auxiliary adhesion devices has been perfected. There is no doubt that with such a device it is possible to secure the whole available power output of a normal wheeled tractor even under wet conditions. Many people are now exploring the most suitable form for such equipment.

Very large numbers of pneumatic-tyred tractors are now being made and sold, and a recent inquiry rendered it evident that most people who have more than one tractor have at least the second machine on pneumatics. In the United States nearly half the total of wheeled machines produced are so equipped. In this country the practice of having two sets of wheels and changing over for the winter and summer seasons is found convenient in some cases.

It is in the more ready application of rubber-tyred machines for farm haulage that they are of such importance on many of our farms where so much of our labour cost is concerned with the transport of crops and manure. Such costs with horses are apt to be so heavy as to constitute an unbearable burden on the farm, although they are often obscured by other considerations and are not fully realised.

The rubber-tyred tractor is able to handle heavy haulage about the farm at a greatly increased speed and with very great reduction of cost, but to get the best results it is usually necessary to change the method of labour organisation from what was approved when the prime mover was a horse. It is frequently best to let the loaders, who have put perhaps 4 or 5 tons of muck on a big trailer, travel with it and unload in the field, rather than keep them inside awaiting the return of the outfit.

The pneumatic, although more than repaying its higher cost as compared with steel wheels, is not cheap and should not be neglected. In general, durability has proved remarkably good, and I have kept observation on sets which showed but little change in appearance of tread from one year's end to another. While one cannot give any figures on length of life which would be of the slightest value as a general guide, it should be appreciated that life depends very much upon proper care.

The driver should not be unduly rough upon his tyres and can do much to save them from unnecessary wear by avoiding stony places, and so forth, as much as possible. It is in maintaining proper pressures, however, that he can usually do most to preserve the tyre from undue wear. In order to enable the tyre to make a large arc of contact with the ground and so gain the best tractive adhesion it is designed to operate at a much lower pressure than car or truck tyres which are to run on the road. Although this low pressure is allowed for in the make-up of the tyre, it should be evident that too low a pressure which causes exceptional wear on the walls must be avoided. Most makers recommend a pressure of about 12lb. for ordinary land conditions, and this should be maintained and gauge checked at regular intervals. Certainly not less than once a week.

We know that if the land is difficult, owing to looseness of the soil—as in cultivating—or damp after rain, we can improve adhesion by running at a reduced pressure, and it is permissible to lower the pressure to 9lb. or even to 8lb. if the tractor is not a very heavy or powerful one. Below this one should never go, and when bleeding the air out of the tyre to this pressure it should be most carefully checked. Moreover, the tyre gauge itself should be checked against another from time to time. As soon as the abnormal conditions have passed the tyres should be pumped up again to normal pressure.

A device which is likely to become univ
adopted for the work of inflating tyres on
and other farm equipment is a spark plu
known as the Schrader, which takes all the
work out of the job and is therefore l
encourage the driver to attend to it
This simple device, which costs a matter
lings, is a little pump which is screwed
into the orifice from which one of the sparki
has been removed. It is coupled by a le
tube to the tyre to be inflated, and on runnin
engine slowly the driver is able to blow up the
with little trouble to himself.

It is a special feature of the device that the ai
which goes to the tyre is quite distinct from that
in the cylinder. The pump is worked by cylinder
pressure, but there is no mixing of the air sent to
the tyre with that inside the engine. Naturally,
the same pump can be used to inflate tyres on any
other vehicle or implement brought near the
tractor, and it can be employed just as well on a
car or lorry. With the need, however, for frequent
changes of pressure in tractors, the pump should
be carried regularly in the equipment. For road
work, for example, the tractor tyres should be put
up to 15lb. or 16lb. pressure.

The ability to run rubber-tyred tractors satisfactorily at faster speeds than steel-wheeled machines has no doubt led to the development of rubber tyres for the implements hauled. It is now standard practice to build such machines as the smaller reaper threshers on pneumatics, without any alternative. The saving in vibration is a matter of the greatest importance where these complex outfits are concerned, and for the same reason we should benefit by a considerable extension of the practice to our binders.

A POTATO DIGGER HAULED BY A FORDSON TRACTOR. BOTH ARE SHOD WITH DUNLOP TYRES

It is no uncommon thing to see in a dry year the steel bull wheel of binders absolutely knocked to pieces, especially where the land has been left uneven and there is no doubt that such hammering leads to a large proportion of binder breakdowns. The cost of fitting a power binder with a set of pneumatics is not excessive, and would save many costly delays in the field.

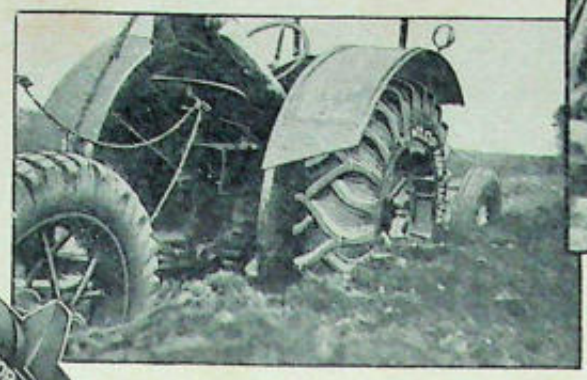
Although the same remarks apply in particular to mowers, which are also being rubber fitted, they do not invariably hold good on all implements of cultivation, yet there is a general tendency apparent, to develop the changeover. It must be remembered that all rubber-tyred implements pull more easily and that on the occasions when they are being moved along farm or public roads, they are subjected to worse jolting than the binder in summer. Hence it is that we may expect to see a big reduction in those casual breakages which too often occur at these times as a result of the coming of the pneumatic. On ploughs, it is found that the rubber tyres have all the advantages mentioned, and, in addition, have less tendency to collect soil on the depth regulating wheels. Consequently it is easier to maintain regular depth without the need for constant readjustment.

There remains, of course, much to be done in this connection, for we are only just starting the change-over, and the movement will receive support which depends a good deal on the standardisation of tyre and wheel sizes, so that these can be interchanged from one machine to another, and so keep them in use for the greater part of the year.

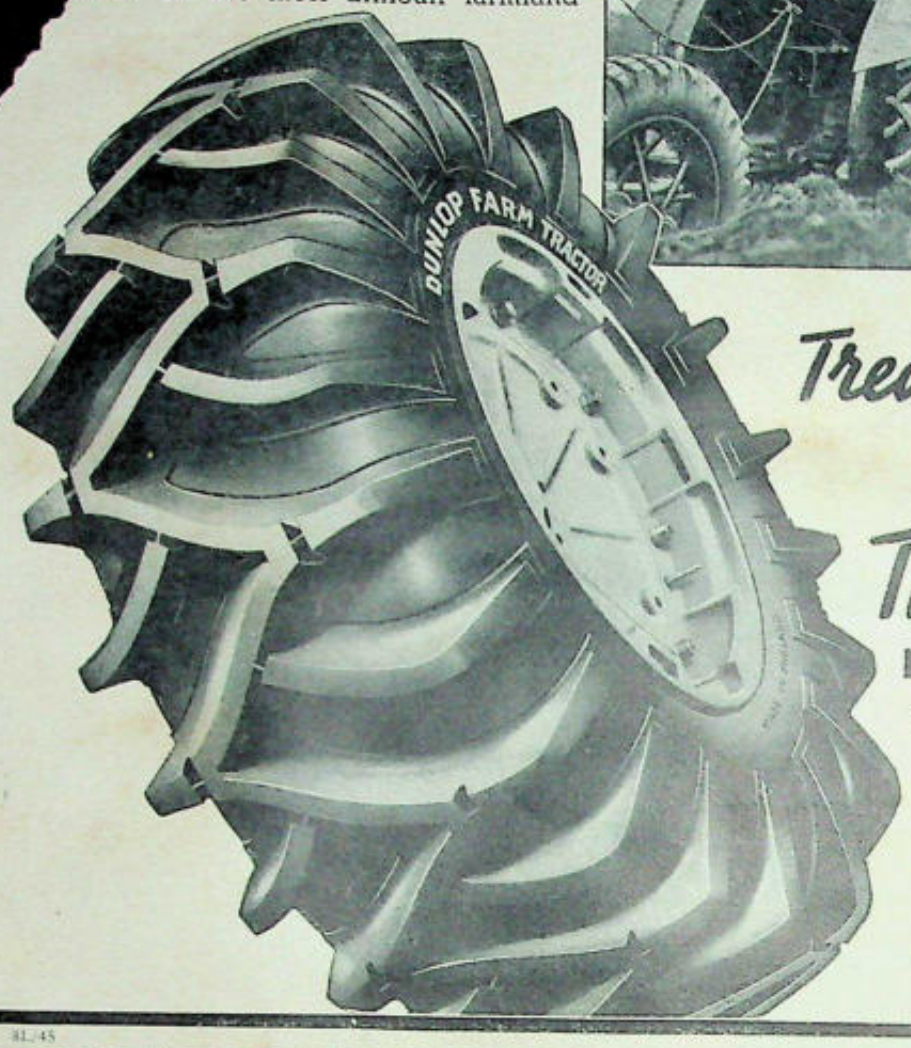
D. N. McHARDY.

The Greatest Grip on Earth...

The new Dunlop Tractor Tyre grips even on the most difficult farmland



These two photographs show the new Dunlop Tractor Tyre on a Fordson Tractor pulling a pneumatic-tyred Mollette Plough.



The Toughest Tread on Hard Surfaces

A special anti-wear feature in the tread gives this tyre exceptional durability on hard surfaces.

The New DUNLOP TRACTOR TYRE

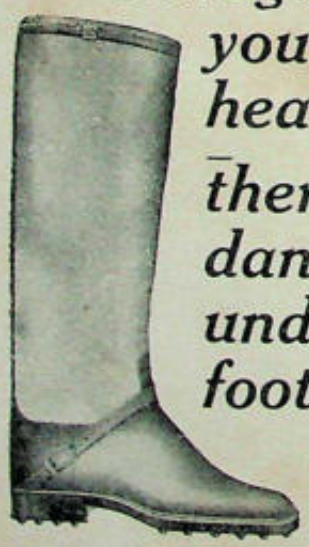
Here is the ideal tyre for **your** tractor. It combines unfailing grip with amazingly hard wear and yet it costs no more. The secret of its grip lies in its exceptional flexibility which allows a larger tread area to make contact with the ground and also prevents the tread from clogging. Its durability on hard surfaces is due to a new scientific method of linking the lug bars which prevents excessive wear. For efficiency and economy specify the new Dunlop Tractor Tyre—it has no equal.

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World.*

8L/45 C.F.H.

CORDINGS

Safeguard your health—there's danger under foot



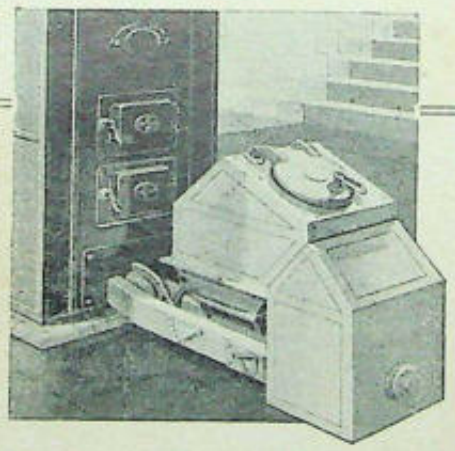
DANGER STRIKES UP AT YOU

from the miry or waterlogged ground, and, discomfort apart, serious illness may be the penalty for carelessness in getting your feet damp or wet. But our "Newmarket" Waterproof Boots are a sure safeguard. Though you walk in them all day long, ankle-deep in mud or even knee-deep in water, fish, shoot, go through ditches and streams, no matter, you shall keep your feet and legs both dry and warm, and they will stand years of rough usage. Tops of tough-wearing tan twill, special tan leather for foot-part and first-grade sole leather. Also in lighter weight for ladies.

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

LIST OF WATERPROOF BOOTS AT REQUEST

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



Efficiency in coal-stoking

There is no need nowadays to feed coal to a boiler with a shovel. The "Iron Fireman" Stoker feeds the coal automatically and ensures scientific combustion. Fuel costs are reduced by 25%-50%. It will pay you to investigate the "Iron Fireman."

Automatic stoking is but one advantage of the "Iron Fireman." Write to-day for a copy of our catalogue As to the manufacturers.

Iron Fireman

AUTOMATIC COAL STOKERS

Ashwell & Nesbit Limited, Barkby Road, Leicester

Branches at London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Leeds. South African Agents: The Dryden Engineering Co., Ltd. Selby, Johannesburg.

CHERRY BRANDY SNAPS

"MAY YOUR PURSE BE HEAVY — YOUR HEART LIGHT"

Your heart, at least, can be light, for you can pour out a glass of this glorious cherry brandy and drink to the joy of living. For two hundred years, De Kuyper Cherry Brandy has filled the toast on countless great occasions. To fete an honoured guest, to plight a troth, to seal a bargain, confirm a friendship. There is some toast you should drink to-night, phone your wine merchant, so that you can drink it in this precious drink.

FOURTEEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE

DE KUYPER *CHERRY BRANDY*

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

THE SEVERN SEEN FROM LITTLEDEAN AS IT WINDS ITS WAY DOWN TO THE SEA. THE CAR IS A 2½-LITRE S.S. JAGUAR

THE 16-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY

Upholding the Reputation of a Famous Factory

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

• (*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE Armstrong-Siddeley programme for 1939 consists of five different models, three of which are practically the same as they were during last season, namely, the 14 h.p., 17 h.p. and the 25 h.p. cars, whilst two entirely new models have been introduced, the Sixteen and the Twenty. Prices range from £335 for the Fourteen Saloon to £745 for the Twenty-five Limousine.

I have not yet driven the new 25 h.p. car, but the very latest Sixteen was loaned to me by the works recently with the object of giving it a thorough road test.

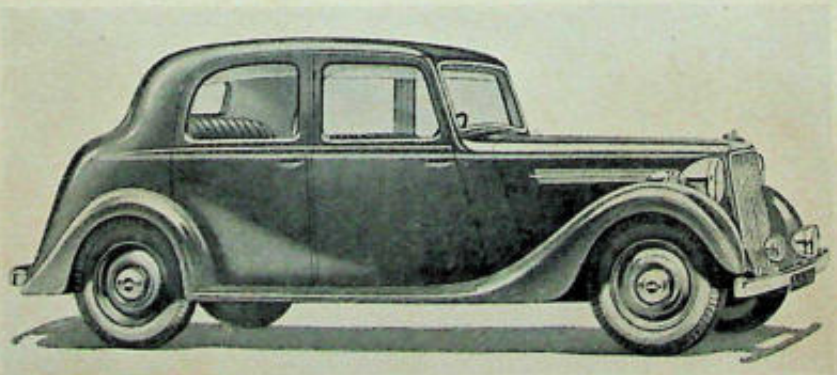
I always regard Armstrong-Siddeley cars as coming within a special category, for I consider they undoubtedly possess features in their construction which entitle them to this distinction. They are neither cheap to buy nor are they expensive, when their high qualities are taken into consideration, and when it is realised that in America they would be termed "Custom built." In other words, they are not mass produced, each individual car receiving far more personal attention than is usual with modern methods of construction, and consequently they have a character all of their own.

The new Sixteen will undoubtedly continue to uphold the reputation of this well-known factory, since it looks well, handles with very little effort, and it runs smoothly and silently. The engine is a six-cylinder, with a bore and stroke of 65 mm. by 100 mm. The R.A.C. rating is 15.7 h.p., the tax £12 per annum, and the capacity of the motor 1991 c.c.—just under two litres.

The engine is of very clean design and both the distributor and the carburetter are readily accessible; the fan and the dynamo are driven by a belt, which can easily be adjusted for wear. The Zenith down-draught carburetter is fitted with a large air cleaner and silencer, and ignition is by a 12-volt battery and coil.

In these days, when so many cars all look alike, it is refreshing to see that the Armstrong-Siddeley is one of the few that still retains its individual design of radiator, which gives the front end of the car such a pleasing appearance.

Cooling of the engine is effected by means of a pump and fan, and an even temperature is maintained by a thermostatic control. The radiator on this new model can be replenished without lifting the bonnet since the Sphinx mascot hinges back, and when open, discloses the filler cap beneath. This is an excellent idea, and the way it has been carried out is most ingenious. I only hope that other manufacturers will follow this example, since if the filler cap is under the bonnet, there is always the possibility of water being upset all over the engine when filling up.



THE ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY 16-H.P. TOURING SALOON WHICH IS PRICED AT £380

Overhead valves are employed, operated by push rods, the crankshaft is dynamically counterbalanced, and is carried on four bearings, and forced feed lubrication to all bearings, camshaft and valve rockers is effected by means of a roller-type of pump, which is driven from the front end of the camshaft.

The rocker cover is unusual in that it merely consists of a metal framework which, being covered with fabric, is completely non-resonant, and thus contributes towards silence. The gearbox, which is built in unit with the engine, is, of course, of the preselective type and the balanced drive is employed, which was first introduced by Armstrong-Siddeley's at the Motor Exhibition last year.

The centrifugal clutch, which is enclosed in a housing, takes up its drive at 600 engine revolutions, and therefore the car can be brought to a standstill when in gear by merely using the brakes, it not being necessary to depress the clutch pedal in the usual manner.

There are four speeds, the ratios being 5.1 to 1 on top, 7.24 to 1 on third, 10.67 to 1 on second and low is 18.4 to 1. On full throttle it is possible to obtain a road speed up to 40 m.p.h. on second, 60 m.p.h. on third and approximately 75 m.p.h. on top gear. The suspension is carried out on orthodox lines both fore and aft, by semi-elliptic springs with silent bloc bearings.

The brakes are of the Girling self-compensating type and are fitted with oil-less bearings, while the steering is by Burman Douglas worm and nut. The wheelbase of the car of 9ft. 3 in., track front 4ft. 6in., rear 4ft. 6in., and the weight of the complete vehicle unladen, 27 cwt.

The petrol tank holds eleven gallons of fuel, which includes a reserve of one-and-a-half gallons, and as the consumption works out at approximately 25 miles per gallon, the car has a cruising radius of 275 miles without replenishing.

Armstrong-Siddeleys have always been noted for their high-class coachwork, and the coach saloon fitted to the car that was loaned to me was a really excellent example of their fine work. The exterior lines are dignified, there is ample head and leg room, and both front and rear seats are very comfortable, there being plenty of room for three adults on the back seat. The general finish is good, the upholstery is luxurious, and the head lining, made of washable material, a good point.

The instruments are neatly grouped in the centre of the board, on the left of which is a glove locker. The spare wheel is carried on the inside of the door of the luggage boot and there is accommodation for several suitcases.

The performance of the car on the road is good, the engine has plenty of power and runs extremely smoothly and quietly, the absence of noise being very noticeable. Although suspension is very comfortable, the car is inclined to roll somewhat if driven really fast round corners, but this defect on the car I drove may have been due either to the tyre pressures being too low, or else to the fact that the shock absorbers may not have been properly adjusted. With the exception of this criticism, I formed a very good opinion of the new 16 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley, which is undoubtedly an extremely fine car, and eminently suitable for a lady, since it requires little effort to drive.

With a petrol consumption of 25 miles per gallon, and an annual tax of only £12, it is extremely economical to run—a big consideration.

The equipment too, is generous, since included in the price are such items as Biflex head lamps, fog lamp, and a Jackall hydraulic inbuilt jacking system.

The list price of the car complete with either the coach or touring saloon, is £380, both types of body have four doors, but the former has six lights, whilst the latter only has four.

TRUTH

WEDNESDAY - - SIXPENCE

is a weekly which has a special appeal to those who are interested in politics, the arts and investments. Its name has become famous all over the English-speaking world for its independence of judgment and comment on all the many topics with which it deals

Obtainable at all booksellers, or from

THE MANAGER, TRUTH BUILDINGS,
CARTERET STREET - LONDON, S.W.1

by postal subscription at the following rates :

3 months, 7s. 6d. 6 months, 15s. 0d.
12 months, £1 10s. 0d.

The Warmest November for over 150 years

has checked the demand for coats and left us with a large stock which must be cleared now to make room for new Spring purchases.

BUT OUR LOSS IS YOUR GAIN

Commencing on the 2nd of January we are holding a very special Sale in which every garment will be drastically reduced in price irrespective of cost, in order that we can effect a complete clearance. You are thus presented with an exceptional opportunity of obtaining one of these perfectly tailored garments at an absurdly low price, and we earnestly advise you to call as early as possible, and make your choice.

FOR LADIES
COATS from - - - (usually 7 to 12 gns.) £3
COSTUMES from - - (usually 8½ to 12 gns.) £4

FOR GENTLEMEN
OVERCOATS for Town and Country wear, from (usually 6 to 12 gns.) £4

Kenneth Durward Ltd

37 CONDUIT STREET · BOND STREET · LONDON · W1

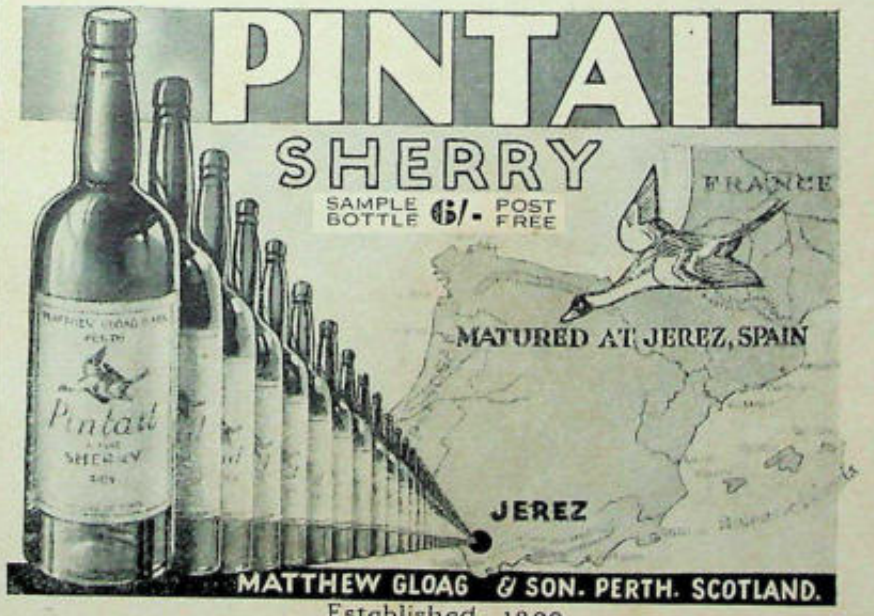
ROBIN HOOD BOILERS

FOR CENTRAL HEATING
WITH
BEESTON RADIATORS

ROBIN HOOD ROYAL BOILERS are suitable for fixing in scullery or kitchen and will give warmth in every room when used in conjunction with BEESTON Radiators

Through all Heating Engineers
PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE BEESTON BOILER Co., Ltd.
BEESTON, Notts.
MAKERS of BEESTON DOMESTIC BOILERS



Established 1800

TRACTORS & TACKLE

for Hire for
Farm & Estate Work

CULTIVATIONS
TIMBER HAULING
LAND CLEARING and
RECLAMATION

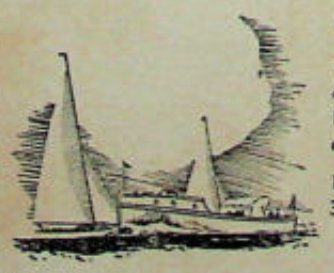
Also PREPARATION OF PRIVATE LANDING-GROUNDS

Schemes prepared and Estimates given for Jobs in any part of the country.

P. J. EDMONDS
Itchen Abbas, nr. WINCHESTER
Contractor to the Air Ministry

KELVIN MARINE ENGINES

For Yachts and Launches



For convenience, efficiency and economy, and *always* when reliability is paramount, install a KELVIN marine engine whether your craft is a dinghy, launch, auxiliary, or full-powered yacht.

Made in Petrol, Paraffin and Diesel types from 3 to 132 H.P., *and supplied with full equipment.*

Write for catalogues to the makers

Telegrams :
"BERGIUS," GLASGOW
Codes :
A.B.C. 5th & 6th EDITION
BENTLEY'S (5 letter)

The Bergius Co. Ltd
DOBBIE'S LOAN — GLASGOW C.4

The WHUNDER

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58 - (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) — — — 64/-
(Top 6 - extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.
Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

ATLANTIC STOCKTAKING

A Review of To-day's Position

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

THE great activity on the Atlantic airway that marked 1937 has been followed this year by a period of comparative calm. Apart from Mercury's flight in July, made, it may be assumed, primarily for testing out the composite aircraft, there have been no actual crossings by British or American machines. The sanguine hopes expressed in so many quarters last year that an experimental mail service might be operating in the summer of 1938 have, therefore, not been realised.

To some extent, this lack of activity is inevitable, since a period of review and analysis is always necessary after making a large-scale practical experiment. At the same time, a season of complete inactivity had not been expected, and, apparently, was not visualised by those responsible.

Originally, a schedule of some fifteen flights across the Atlantic was drawn up, of which Mercury's was to be the first; she was intended to make two further round trips. Several flights by the first of the new strengthened Short Empire boats, the Cabot, were planned; and the land plane Albatross and another of her class were also to undertake trans-atlantic flights.

That this programme was not realised was, in the main, due to no specific lack of interest in the Atlantic airway. Mercury's second crossing was replaced by her flight to the Cape, in which she won the world's seaplane distance record for Britain. Cabot was not ready for her initial test flights until the first week in December, and the unlucky mishap to the Albatross naturally put back the programme. Thus, what might have been a year as remarkable for Atlantic crossings as its predecessor has provided very little actual achievement, and public interest has, as a result, undoubtedly waned.

The failure of the Albatross to fulfil the schedule is particularly disappointing. The intention had been that she should make the crossing in the late autumn and spend the winter testing out conditions on the other side of the Atlantic. It now appears that nothing will be done until the early spring, when winter conditions will be passing. Nearly a year, therefore, will have to pass before these vital experiments are carried out.

Much regarding the future operation of an Atlantic service will depend upon what is learnt from such flights as the Albatross was to make. All the crossings so far have been made by flying-boats, and the success attained suggests that, with larger machines, regular operation should be possible during the summer months. Flying-boats are, however, greatly handicapped on the northern route during the winter, since the bases likely to be used are all subject to ice conditions; even New York is not free from the ice danger. Thus, it appears that, if northern crossings are to be made during the winter months, land planes will be necessary. The practicability of using land planes large enough for the Atlantic crossing on snow-covered aerodromes has yet to be fully explored, though small machines have, of course, been operated successfully under such conditions, using skis on the undercarriage when necessary, for several years.

In spite of the postponement of actual flights, the Atlantic problem has not been permitted to fall into the background. A useful breathing space has been provided for analysing the data obtained last year, and this may well prove advantageous when actual operation is resumed in the coming spring.

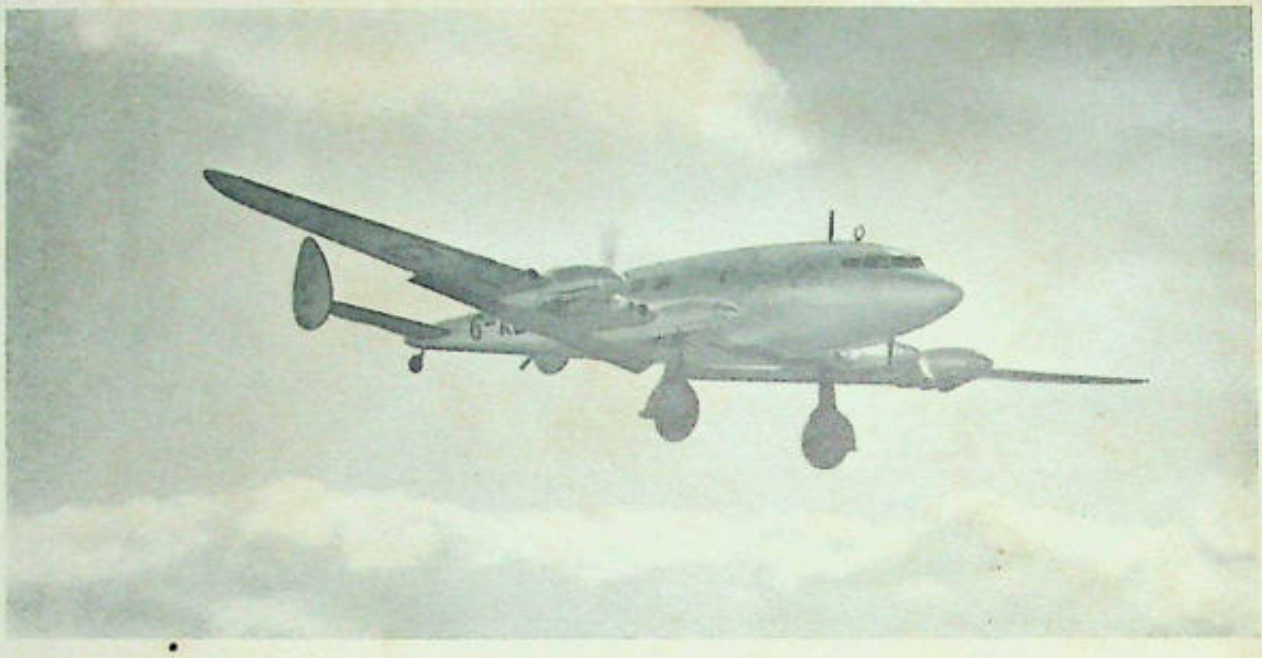
It has been generally admitted that the most important problem associated with an Atlantic service on a regular scheduled basis is a meteorological rather than an aeronautical one. It has been amply demonstrated that given suitable circumstances these long non-stop flights can be successfully made with existing equipment. Scheduled commercial flying depends, however, on the provision of co... weather reports to enable p... choose that line of crossing w... afford the best existing condit...

How much remains to ... before this end can be attai... shown not long ago in a pa... before the Royal Aeronautical... a short time ago by Capt... Entwistle, M.Sc., head of the o... division of the Meteorological O... who had a very great deal to do w... the successful organisation that help... the 1937 flights.

He pointed out that with the organisation at present available a complete weather chart for the North Atlantic could be prepared only twice daily, while for the Continent of Europe a chart could be drawn up every three hours. For regular services, North-Atlantic charts would have to be available at six-hour intervals. A pre-requisite of schedule transatlantic flying was, therefore, the establishment of an organisation that would make this possible.

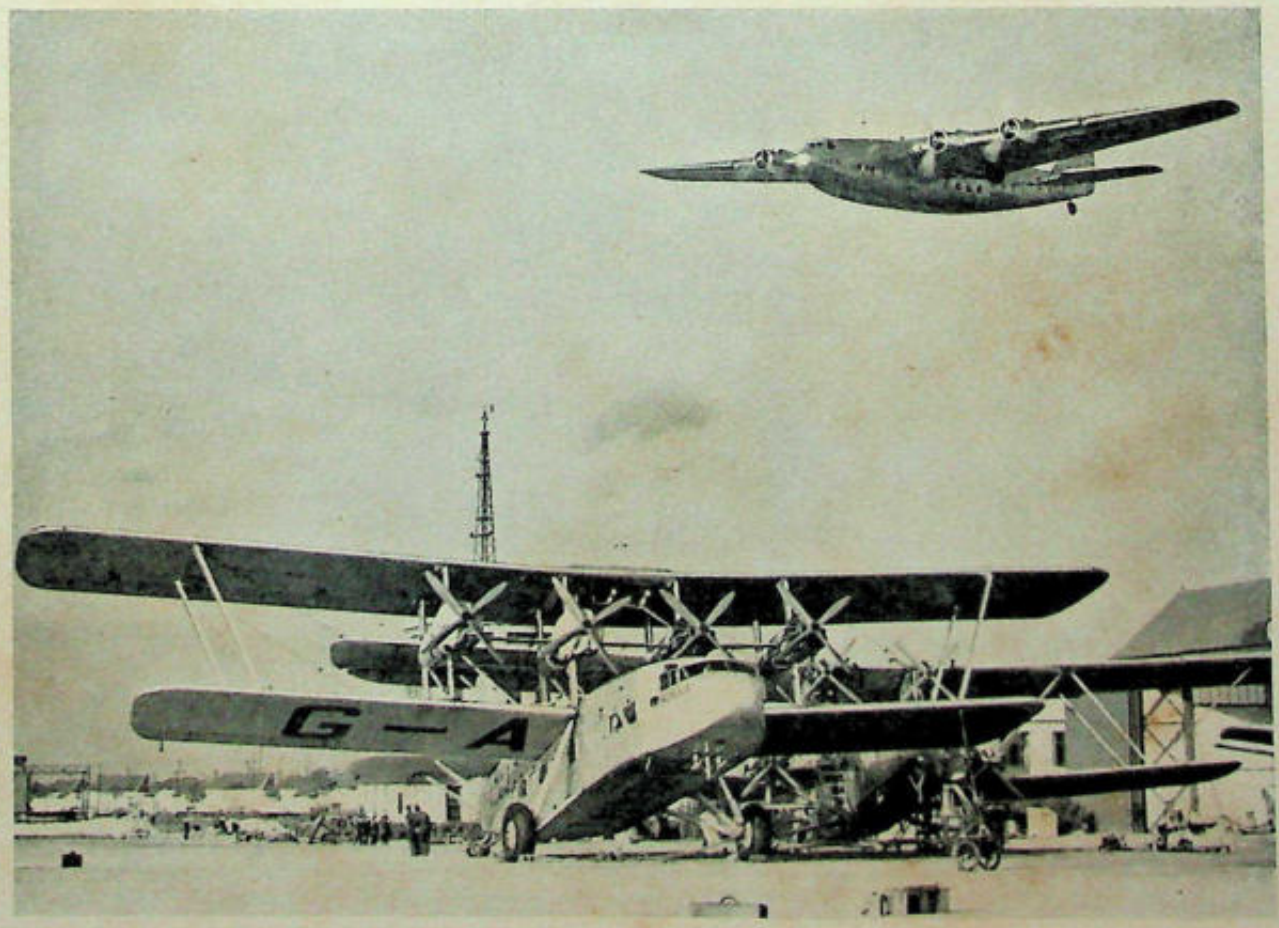
One of the essential needs for collecting data was a mid-ocean observation station, which might be provided by a stationary ship. The advantages of such a station have been accepted by many with practical experience, not merely for its meteorological function, but as a fixed point from which direction-finding bearings could be obtained.

It is thus seen that a great deal of work remains to be done before the much-discussed Atlantic service is an all-the-year-round reality. The problems involved have, indeed, been condensed to those of organisation in its broadest sense; and while further flights this year would undoubtedly have been valuable, it is clear that real progress cannot be made until adequate steps for the establishment of the necessary surface services are made. An experimental mail service is, indeed, promised for next spring and summer (the characteristics of new aircraft may make the weather problem of smaller moment) but the fact remains that, on the Atlantic airway as elsewhere, the basic requirement of commercial operation is efficient meteorological and ground organisation; and it may be that this period of stocktaking may bring this vital fact into prominence.



THE ALBATROSS IN FLIGHT AT HATFIELD

This plane, which was to have crossed the Atlantic during the autumn, was prevented from doing so owing to an unfortunate accident which resulted in a broken back



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH YIELDING PLACE TO NEW"

The Ensign, with undercarriage retracted, passing over the Scylla on the tarmac at Croydon aerodrome. The Ensign type is replacing the Scylla and her sisters—seven years ago the largest air liners in the world

UNDEVELOPED PAPUA

A Paradise for the Bird Lover

UA is about two days' sea urney from the north-east coast Australia. In the days when ew it there were no aeroplanes ng between Papua and the main- d. and no fast steamers. We epended upon a small boat, which called once a month at Port Moresby, the capital of the Territory. Apart from the wireless station, this was our only link with the outside world. We were a lonely little community, and the arrival of the monthly mail steamer was an event to which we looked forward, a welcome break in the monotony of life in the sweltering heat of New Guinea.

It is always hot in Papua, although in the uplands you may find coolth at night. You will also find mosquitoes or, rather, they will find you and, having found you, will sooner or later send you to bed with a dose of malaria.

Port Moresby itself is an unprepossessing little town, a collection of iron-roofed bungalows and offices with a few warehouses clustered round the jetty, which juts out into the harbour. Palm trees, frangipanni and hibiscus grow in haphazard fashion around the buildings, giving place on the outskirts of the town to a form of scrub like that to be found in the Australian Bush. As one leaves Port Moresby by the only road that can be used by motor vehicles, the scenery improves. The road winds upwards, twisting and turning through wooded hills and masses of rock which seem to be ever on the verge of breaking up and engulfing all in a gigantic landslide.

As you progress inland the woods become jungle pure and simple, with great tall trees whose trunks are covered with twisted, rope-like creeper. Ferns and undergrowth grow thickly between the trees, and everywhere there is the smell of rotting vegetation. Everything is still, dark and hushed, and apart from the interminable hum of mosquitoes the silence is broken only by the occasional call of a bird as it flits through the dense foliage above your head. Suddenly you may come to a break in the jungle, and you will see before you a wide expanse of prairie-like country with acres of the long coarse grass known as kurra-kurra waving like a sea of green corn in the breeze. And from this point of vantage you will now get a view of the surrounding mountains, blue in the distance, with here and there the silvery streak of a stream as it tumbles down the slope on its way to the sea.

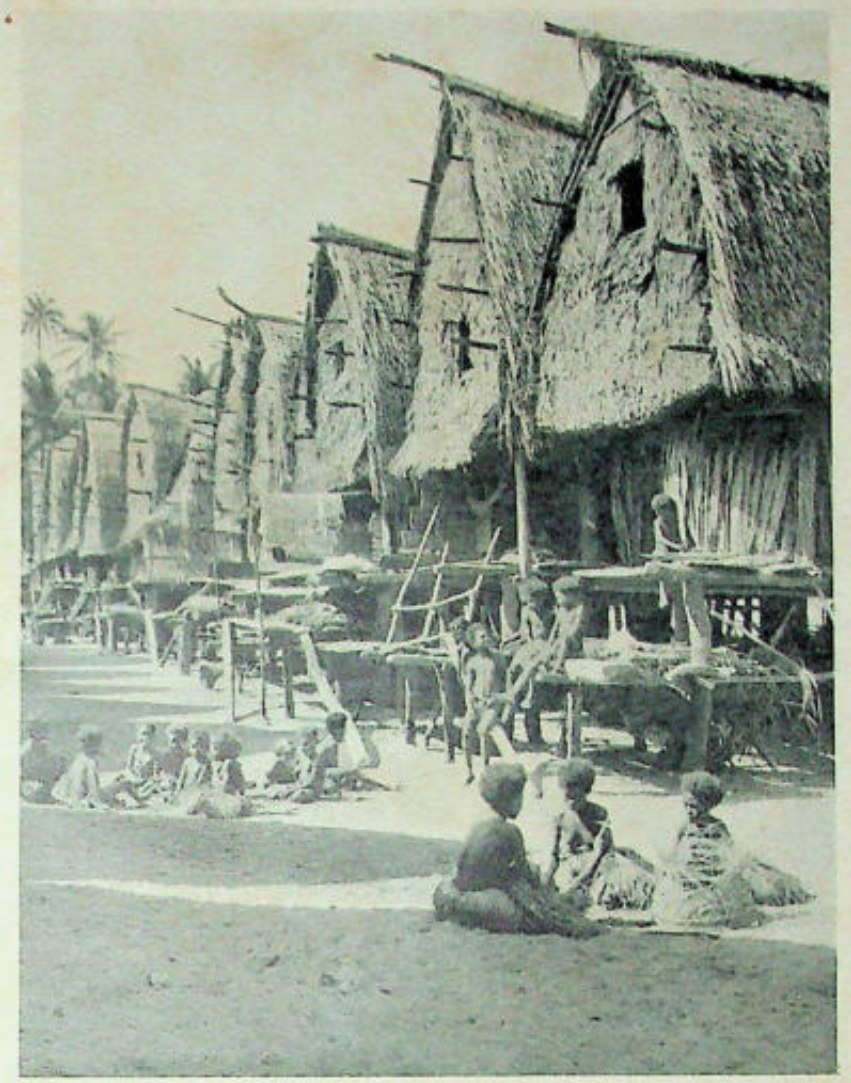
Papua is a paradise for the bird-lover, though I do not imagine that this is how the Bird of Paradise got its name. I am glad to say, incidentally, that there is now a law prohibiting the export of the beautiful Bird of Paradise and gowrah pigeon plumage; otherwise it is probable that the species would soon become extinct.

There is no big game in the usually accepted sense of the term. The largest animal I ever encountered in Papua was a mammoth pig, which was expecting any moment to become a mother. Crocodiles abound in the rivers and there are also numerous maganies or wallabies to be found, principally in the open grassland. These wallabies, incidentally, make excellent eating when they are young and tender, and I shall always remember with gratitude a dog, a cross between an Airedale and a foxterrier, with a remarkable turn of speed, that I trained to hunt and catch them.

Sport in Papua is really incidental to the everyday business of obtaining food and consists mainly of hunting for pig, wallaby or pigeon, and fishing, either in the rivers or the sea. Fishing is probably the more exciting, as there is always the chance of a crocodile upsetting your canoe if you are on the river, while at sea a sudden squall may result in a capsize, with subsequent unpleasantness with the ever-attendant shark.

The fish to be found around the New Guinea coast are frequently of the most beautiful colour and are quite often poisonous. This, by the way, will not deter the native fisherman from trying to sell them to you. A fairly sound rule to abide by is that the more beautiful the fish the more poisonous it is.

Papua has one sport which is, I believe, unique. This is canoe racing, and for excitement and thrills there is no form of sailing to compare with it. The native canoes are hollowed out of the trunks of trees and have an outrigger of spars on one side. Sails are usually of canvas and in comparison with the hull are of enormous size. In a stiff breeze it is necessary for two or more of the crew to balance themselves on the outrigger, as this is frequently lifted clean out of the water by a sudden squall, and without the application of extra weight the whole crazy craft will turn turtle. This is really grand fun, and I recommend it to all lovers of sailing who may be tired of the stately processions from buoy to buoy too often to be seen, under the name of yacht racing, around our English coasts.



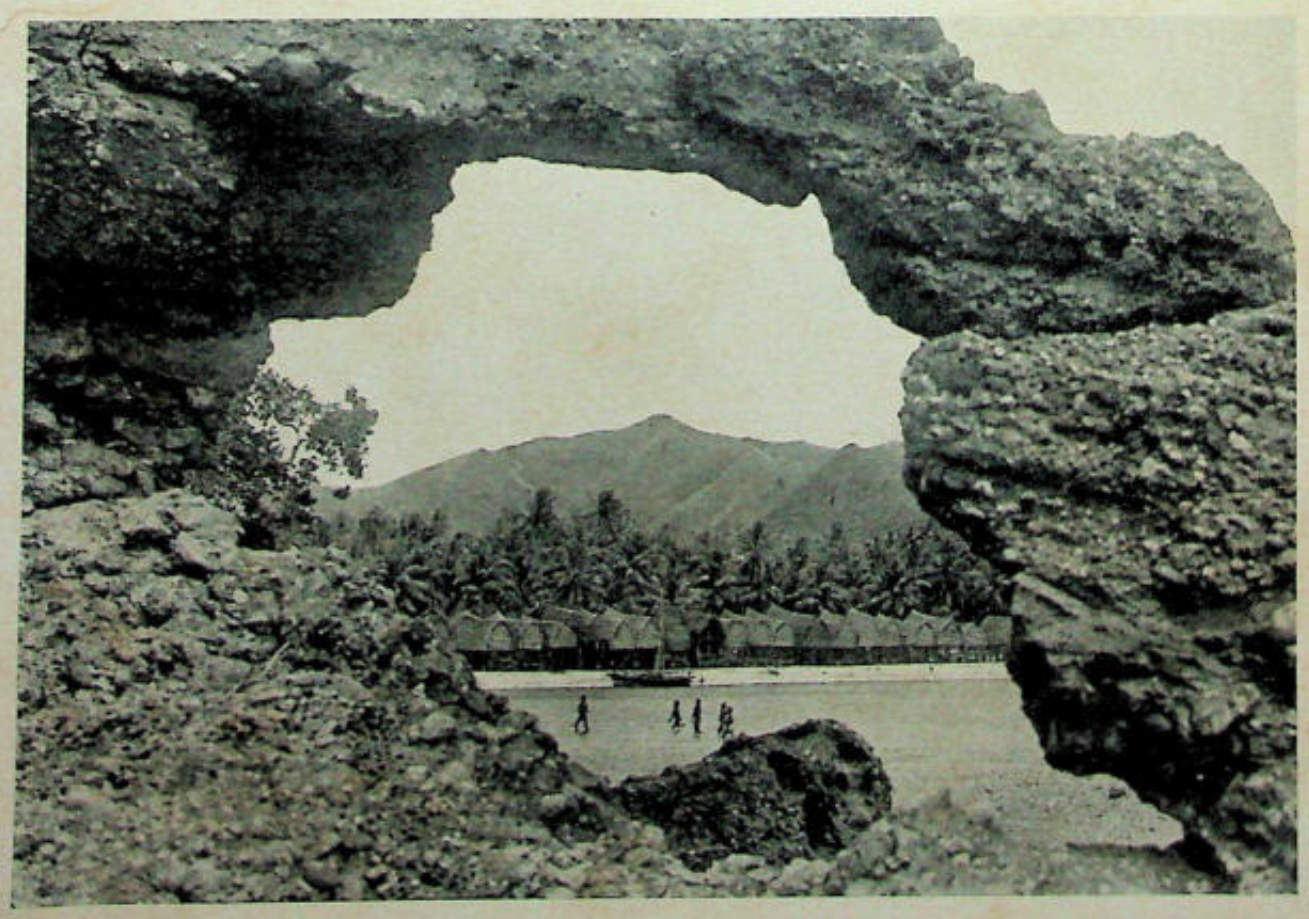
THE VILLAGE STREET ON MAILU ISLAND.
The windows seen in the houses are interesting in that they are not voluntary but are insisted upon by the Government

The canoe is one of the principal methods of transport in Papua. At the time of which I write there were practically no roads; produce, stores and labour were all carried by small coasting steamers or sailing ships to the nearest point on the coast to their destination, and the remainder of the journey was done on foot over the jungle tracks, or by river canoes.

The Papuan native varies tremendously in physique and mentality according to the district in which he lives. Cannibalism still exists in the remoter parts of the Territory and "Puri-puri," or witchcraft, is still practised, in spite of the Administration's efforts to stamp it out. The Papuan, a simple soul, is not overfond of work and has to be constantly supervised. There are numerous tribes, and almost as many dialects, and it is quite a common occurrence to find an estate labour force divided into several sections, each entirely different in language and customs. Motu is the key-language of Papua and this can generally be used with a reasonable degree of success in most parts of the Territory.

It is, of course, impossible in the compass of a short article to give more than a very brief outline of Papua and its inhabitants; but it is true to say that here is a country almost completely undeveloped, its vast resources untapped, and who knows what hidden wealth waiting to be discovered.

A. B. G. Dickinson.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE VILLAGE STREET ON MAILU ISLAND SEEN THROUGH A NATURAL ROCK ARCH

CHAIRMAN FOR COOK'S. Mr. Stanley Adams has been elected chairman of Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and Thos. Cook & Son (Bankers), Ltd., in succession to the late Sir Edmund Wyldbore Smith. Mr. Herbert E. Griffin has been elected deputy chairman of Thos. Cook & Son (Bankers), Ltd., and Mr. E. Huskisson has been appointed joint managing director of Thos. Cook & Son., Ltd.

WHERE TO STAY

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

Grand Peace

In these abnormal times, when those who normally migrate abroad after Christmas are hesitant, we offer them a generous slice of our grand peace. A bedroom, with private bathroom if need be, overlooking the blue and tranquil waters of Tor Bay. A grandstand position *on the level*, a Sun Lounge to cheat the occasional wind and to capture the warmth of the sun. The comfort within of an even temperature and the feeling of wealth around you. A chef who practises to perfection the culinary arts of four continents, yet can, if need be, cater for the simplest taste. In short—an hotel where personal whims are studied and satisfied.

Above all, we offer a tempting all-in price with a sliding plan whereby the longer you stay the less you pay. For further information write to R. Paul, Manager

THE GRAND TORQUAY

Telephone: 2234

5-star hotel. A.A. and R.A.C. 200 bedrooms and suites. Under the same direction: The Headland Hotel, Torquay.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN WALES
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

Via Oswestry. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244

FISHING, reputedly the finest in Wales. 1937: 4,470 trout (3,380 lbs.).

SHOOTING, 21,000 acres, comprising all game.

RIDING.

Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN study individual requirements. Lessons given in the above sports.

See page 1552

BRACKEN BANK
Lazonby (Nr. Penrith), Cumberland.

DECEMBER JANUARY FEBRUARY Covert and rough shooting, including pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and duck and snipe shooting. Excellent accommodation. Spring salmon fishing commences January 19th.
Tel. 41 and 48.

WILDFOWL AND GEESE
For the best shooting in the Fens, write:
CHEQUERS HOTEL, Holbeach, Lincs.
A.A. and R.A.C. H. and C. all rooms.

AT THE CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON, SOMERSET, you can find warm and friendly COUNTRY QUARTERS. Hunting with five packs, stag and fox hounds. Good horses from our own stables. Rough shooting and billiards. Write for booklet.—Wire NELDER, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone: 1680 Brighton.

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

20,000 ACRES GROUSE AND MIXED ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game; keepers and dogs provided; combined with salmon and trout fishing in lakes and rivers.—CORDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire.

IRELAND
HOLLYBROOK HOTEL
LOUGH ARROW, CO. SLIGO
Good Fishing. Rough Shooting. Golf.
Open Easter-December 31st.

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

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

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL, Connemara, Co. Galway. The most modern Hotel in Ireland, on a lake amid the Connemara Highlands, by the Atlantic Ocean. Central heating, electric light. Salmon and trout fishing in numerous lakes. 40,000 acres of rough shooting. Sea fishing. Strand bathing. Ponies for children. Most bracing climate.—Apply MANAGEMENT.

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

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE PRIDE OF THE VALLEY INN AT CHURT

WITH the last issue of 1938 it is perhaps not too dull to recall those hotels which have appeared in this series during the last twelve months. The many letters which I have received have shown the interest which readers take in these articles, and as I am constantly being asked, some months after publication, for the name of an hotel which I have recommended, it will not, I feel, be wasted space to list the more recent ones again.

You may remember that we spent New Year's Day at the Rose at Wokingham, haunt of literary men, and visited the White Hart at Chipping Norton, the Star at Yarmouth, the County at Taunton, and the George at Southwark, ere the first month of the year gave way to February. On the 5th of that month I was in Norfolk, mecca of many budding yachtsmen, where the dignified old Swan Hotel at Harleston sheltered me. Then on to the Royal Fountain—centuries old—at Canterbury, before making a splendid tour of some Surrey inns.

Now Surrey is a grand county, and when you find really comfortable inns for a week-end your visit is complete. Successively I visited the Abinger Hatch near Abinger Common, the Pride of the Valley (which stands opposite Mr. Lloyd George's farm) at Churt, the White Horse at Dorking, the Angel at Guildford, the Cricketers at Bagshot, and the Lake Hotel at Godalming, where the proprietor, Mr. A. W. Rudd, makes guests feel that it is "their hotel."

With spring in the air again Devon lanes called me, and I was away to the George at Hatherleigh and the Fisherman's Cot at Bickleigh Bridge, before once more going on an excursion into Surrey. On this second visit to "London's county"—I always think of Surrey like that—I discovered the George at Haslemere, the Hurtwood at Peaslake, and the fascinating old White Horse at Shere.

During May we noted in this column the George at Cranbrook, the Black Swan at Helmsley, the Bull-aven Farm Hotel at Harford, and the Red Lion at Colchester. Then on to the lonely but cosy Kirkstone Pass Inn in Cumberland, and south again to the Old Mill at West Harnham and the White Hart at Braintree—built when beer was a man's drink.

Another White Hart, this time on the Thames at Sonning, occupied my attention the following week before I went up the Great North Road to the George at Stamford. It was an easy stage from here to the comfortable Granby at Harrogate, but a longer hop down to the Royal at Llangollen. Boiling hot weather called for a visit to the Grand at Torquay in the following week, and then once again the Surrey magnet worked and I was in the Talbot at Ripley and the Bush at Farnham.

In the autumn I told you of the Fountain at Sheerness, the Mansion House at Evesham, the Mill Inn at Withington, the Manor House at Budock Vean, the Blakeney at Blakeney, the White Hart at Newmarket, the Red Lion at Henley, the Fox at North Aston, Ye Olde Bell at Barnby Moor, the Three Salmons at Usk, and the Ballachulish in Argyll.

Then with the real approach to winter attention was called to the George at Crawley, Hatchett's in Piccadilly, Knappe Cross near Exmouth, the Ship at Alveston, the Crown at Amersham, and the Lion at Buckden.

And, finally, may I add that if, during 1939, you call at any of the hotels I have mentioned you are certain of a cordial welcome and a comfortable stay.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

WINE AND FOOD

A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY

To all who wish to cultivate the art and enjoyment of good living this official journal of the Wine and Food Society will prove of inestimable value.

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

QUARTERLY *Price 2/6*

CONTINENTAL HOT

AROSA, SWITZERLAND. BERGHOTEL PRATSCHLI. Hotel standard. Participant at Arosa-Ball in 1. Full arrangement for seven days, all incl. from £7.

AROSA, SWITZERLAND (6,000ft. abo sea level). EXCELSIOR, first class, 18/- t 26/- daily. — Man.-Prop.: SIEBER. Repr.: HANFORD, 12, Henrietta Street, W.C. 2.

HAUS ISLA, AROSA (SWITZERLAND). —Modern first-class FAMILY HOTEL in sunny and sheltered position among the pinewoods. Good cooking: fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables. Inclusive terms during summer from Frs. 13.50, during winter from Frs. 16.50.—M. HAEBLIN.

ST. MORITZ-CAMPFER (Switzerland). BRISTOL HOTEL. Good family hotel, every comfort, near ski slopes Suvretta. Terms from Frs. 12. —Manager, J. STAUB.

PAYING GUESTS

GENTLEFOLK, residing amidst the finest rough shooting, fishing, free; prepared TAKE GUESTS; terms 3½ gns. weekly; horses, golf, &c.; highly recommended.—EYRE STUDDERT, Cragmoher, Corofin, Clare.

PUPILS AND SCHOOLS

BRANKSOME-HILDERS, Haslemere, Surrey. BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings.—Prospectus Y.

HOME TUITION (postal).—Economic scientific Mixed Farming, Pig, Poultry, Fruit, Colonial Farming, Estate Management.—FIELDING, D.S.O., N.D.A., F.A.S.I., Agricultural Correspondence College (Sec. K), Bath.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

VACANCY FOR FARM PUPIL on large mixed FARM, all crops grown, all descriptions of stock kept, including dairy and pedigree flock Oxford Down sheep; good hunting and shooting.—HUGH STILGOE, Adderbury, Banbury, Oxon.

VACANCY FOR PUPIL.—Thousand-acre mixed FARM; world-renowned pedigree Dairy Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep; clean milk dairy, good hunting, shooting, fishing. —HOBBS & DAVIS, Kelmscott, Lechlade, Glos.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

EVANS 12-bore Ejector, 28in. barrels, perfect condition. May be seen at William Evans, very reduced price.—Box 3370, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

FOR SALE, 12-BORE WILLIAM EVANS double-barrelled EJECTOR GUN; leather case. Little used. Willing consider best offer. Inspection invited.—Box 3404, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

GUNS.—Correctly-made weapons of superlative value direct from makers established 200 years. Cash or gradual payments. Lists free.—THOMAS WILD GUN WORKS, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

WILD, 12 NON-EJECTOR, two pairs barrels, 25in. and 30in., 2½; £19 10s.—CHARDS, Pawnbrokers, Forest Hill, London, S.E.

WANTED, PAIR OF 12-BORE HAMMERLESS EJECTOR GUNS. State price and make.—BELTON, Amwell House, Hoddesdon.

28IN. 12-BORE CHURCHILL FIELD MODEL, 14¼in. stock.—Please send full details and lowest price, Box 3428, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate
THE Finest Position.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Moderate Winter terms. Free garage.
Phone: 4676 (3 lines). Telegrams: Elegance.

BRIDGE

INTERESTING HANDS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

THE following hands from tournament and private play have been selected to demonstrate various points.

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

Score Y-Z game; A-B nil. Y the Dealer. The bidding was:

Y	B	Z	A
One Spade	Double	Three Hearts	Four Diamonds
Four Hearts	Double	No bid	No bid
Re-double	No bid	No bid	No bid

B's double of One Spade was wrong. Not only had he not the necessary material, but he might be defeating his own interest, since against a Spade declaration he might hope to make three tricks. Actually, however, the game would not have been played in Spades in any case. But after Z's bid of Three Hearts the double undoubtedly encouraged A to call Four Diamonds. When then Y bid Four Hearts B's double was as bad as, or worse than, his first double. The re-double by Y was punishing, as Z made his contract and an overtrick.

The moral of this hand is the folly of precarious doubles. B had no right to depend upon A for a single trick, and even if he had held one trick the Four Hearts contract could not be defeated.

In the second hand the bidding was spirited.

	♠ J, 9, 8, 5, 2 ♡ 9, 7, 4 ◇ None ♣ 8, 7, 6, 5, 4	
♠ 7, 6, 3 ♡ None ◇ A, Q, J, 9, 6, 4, 3, 2 ♣ Q, J	Y A B Z	♠ 10 ♡ Q, J, 10, 8, 6 ◇ K, 10, 8, 5 ♣ A, K, 10
	♠ A, K, Q, 4 ♡ A, K, 5, 3, 2 ◇ 7 ♣ 9, 3, 2	

Score Y-Z game; A-B nil. B the Dealer. The actual bidding was:

B	Z	A	Y
One Heart	One Spade	Three Diamonds	Three Spades
Four Diamonds	Four Spades	Five Diamonds	Five Spades
Double	No bid	No bid	No bid

A led the Ace of Diamonds, and Z was two down on his contract, losing 500 points. It was not a bad result, since A-B can make Six Diamonds against any defence, which would have yielded them 620 points and the game, worth 300 points.

The question arose, however, whether A-B would have reached the little slam in bidding, as B admitted that he would not have gone on if Y had left Five Diamonds. Y-Z escaped lightly. At Double Dummy A-B can do better. If A opens with the Queen of Clubs, B overtakes and leads a Heart. A ruffs and returns a Club, which B again overtakes, makes his third Club and then gives A a second ruff of Hearts.

The third hand is a matter of the opening lead.

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

Score game all. Y the Dealer. The bidding, A and B silent, was:

Y	Z
One No Trump	Three Spades
Four Spades	Four No Trumps
Five No Trumps	Six Spades

A led his singleton 8 of Clubs. Z won with the Ace over B's 10, finessed a Diamond, drew trumps and finessed Diamonds again, thus getting rid of his Knave of Hearts and making his contract with the loss of one trick in Clubs.

While A had a difficult lead, I consider the singleton Club was wrong. It certainly made things easier for Z. A's opening is a trump, which is better than a lead from either of his King-high suits. In this case Z has to guess and although, as the cards lie, he can still make his contract, he might miss it if he manipulates the Club suit wrongly.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

The following game was played in the tenth round.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Reshevsky.	BLACK. Botwinnik.	WHITE. Reshevsky.	BLACK. Botwinnik.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	27. Q takes K P	R to Q 6
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	28. Q R to B sq (g)	R takes B (h)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	29. R takes R	B to B 2
4. P to K 3	Castles	30. R to Q 3	Q to Kt sq (i)
5. Kt to K 2 (a)	P to Q 4	31. K R to Q sq	R takes Q
6. P to Q R 3	B to K 2	32. B takes R (j)	Q to K B sq (k)
7. P takes P	Kt takes P (b)	33. R to Q 8	B to K sq
8. Kt tks Kt (c)	P takes Kt	34. R to K sq (l)	K to B 2
9. P to K Kt 3	Kt to Q 2	35. B tks R P (m)	Kt to K 4 (n)
10. B to Kt 2	Kt to B 3	36. P takes Kt	Q to B sq
11. Castles	B to Q 3	37. B to B 2 (o)	K to K 2
12. Kt to B 3	P to B 3	38. R to B 8 (p)	P to B 4
13. P to Q Kt 4	P to Q R 3	39. B takes P	Q to R 4
14. R to K sq	R to K sq	40. P to Kt 4	Q to Kt 4
15. B to Kt 2	B to B sq	41. R to B 7, ch (q)	K to Q sq
16. Q to Q 3	B to K 3	42. R to B 8, ch	K to K 2
17. P to B 3 (d)	Kt to Q 2	43. P to K 6	P to Kt 3
18. Kt to R 4	P to Q Kt 3 (e)	44. R to B 7, ch	K to Q sq (r)
19. Q R to B sq	P to Q Kt 4	45. R to Q 7, ch	K to B sq (s)
20. Kt to B 5	Kt to Kt 3	46. P to K 7 (t)	P takes B
21. B to B 3	R to R 2	47. R to Q 8, ch	K to B 2
22. P to K 4	Kt to B 5	48. R takes B	Q tks P, ch (u)
23. R to R sq	B takes Kt	49. K to R sq (v)	Q to B 6, ch
24. Q P takes B	R to Q 2 (f)	50. K to Kt sq	Q to Kt 5, ch
25. Q to Q 4	P to B 5	Drawn.	
26. P to B 4	P takes P		

(a) This move, introduced by Rubinstein, is considered by Dr. Alekhine to be inferior to R to Q 3.

(b) In the 25th game of the last World's Championship Match Dr. Alekhine played P takes P.

(c) P to K 4 is a good—and, perhaps, preferable—alternative. The text-move enables Black to open a diagonal for his Queen's Bishop.

(d) White is preparing to play P to K 4.

(e) As Black plays P to Q Kt 4 next move, it would appear that he might have saved a tempo by doing so at once. Actually, however, as the continuation shows, Black does not lose a tempo but gains one by playing as he does. He takes two moves, instead of one, to play P to Q Kt 4, but White loses two moves in playing his Queen's Rook to B sq and then back again to R sq.

(f) Black has the better game.

(g) If 28. K R to Q B sq, then 28. . . . R to B 2; 29. Q takes P, R takes B; 30. R takes R, Q to Q 5, ch, followed by 31. . . . Q takes R. If, after the text-move, Black plays 28. . . . B to B 2, then 29. Q takes P and Black cannot play 29. . . . R takes B because of 30. R takes R, ch, B takes R; 31. Q to Q 5, ch.

(h) This move should have been decisive.

(i) Here, however, Black makes an unfortunate mistake. He should, instead, as the continuation of the game shows, play 30. . . . Q to B sq, *e.g.*, 31. Q takes P, R takes R, ch; 32. K to B 2, Q to K sq or R to K sq with a winning game.

(j) Black has no good place for his Queen. (If, however, he had played 30. . . . Q to B sq, he could now have played 32. . . . Q to K 3.)

(k) If, instead, 32. . . . B to Q 4, then 33. B takes B, ch, P takes B; 34. R takes P, K to B 2; 35. R to Q 8 and wins. If, instead, 32. . . . Q to B 2, then 33. R to Q 7 and wins.

(l) Not B takes P because of B takes B.

(m) Threatening 36. R (K sq) takes B, Q takes R; 37. B to Kt 6, ch.

(n) Black is forced to lose a piece. If Q to R sq, then B to B 5 followed, if Q to R 4, by P to Kt 4.

(o) 37. P takes P, Q takes R; 38. P takes P is very strong and probably stronger than the text-move which should, however, have led to a win.

(p) Here, however, White, under extreme time-pressure, misses his way. He should, instead, play R to R 8 or Kt 8 (see note q).

(q) If White had played 38. R to R 8 or Kt 8, then now R to R 7 or Kt 7 ch would have been decisive, for, if K to Q sq, then R to Q sq, ch and mate in three more moves, while, if K to B sq, then B to K 6, threatening R to B sq, ch.

(r) 44. . . . K to B 3 is an alternative, *e.g.*, 45. B to K 4 (not R to K B sq because of Q to K 6, ch), Q takes P, ch; 46. B to Kt 2. The text-move is better.

(s) Not 45. . . . R takes R because of 46. P to K 7, ch, Q takes P (if K to B 2, then R takes B); 47. R takes Q, K takes R; 48. B takes B, K takes B; 49. P to K R 4 with a winning game for White.

(t) Not 46. R to K Kt 7 because of 46. . . . Q to Q 7; 47. K to B sq or R to K 4 (to prevent Q to Q 5, ch), P takes B.

(u) Black now forces a draw by perpetual check.

(v) If 49. K to B 2, then 49. . . . Q to R 5, ch; 50. K to B sq (not K to K 2 because of Q to R 4, ch), Q to R 6, ch.

A POWERFUL ATTACK

IN a game played in this year's Russian Championship Tournament the following position was reached after White's fourteenth move:—White (Osilow): King at K Kt sq, Queen at Q 2, Rooks at K B sq and Q R sq, Bishops at K 2 and K 3, Knights at Q B 3 and K B 4, Pawns at K R 2, K Kt 2, Q R 2, K B 3, Q Kt 3, K 4 and Q B 4; Black (Konstantinopolski): King at K Kt sq, Queen at K 2, Rooks at K sq and Q sq, Bishops at K Kt 2 and K 3, Knights at K B 3 and Q Kt 5, Pawns at K R 2, K B 2, Q B 2, Q Kt 2, Q R 2, Q 3 and K Kt 3.

The game was continued as follows:

WHITE. Osilow.	BLACK. Konstantinopolski.	WHITE. Osilow.	BLACK. Konstantinopolski.
14.	P to Q 4 (a)	20. Q takes R	Q takes B
15. B P takes P	B takes P	21. Q R to B sq	R to Q sq
16. Kt (B 3) tks B	Kt (B 3) tks Kt	22. Q to B 4	R to Q 7
17. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt (b)	23. P to Kt 3	Kt to K 7, ch
18. B to K Kt 5	Kt to B 6 (c)	Resigns (d)	
19. B to Q 3	R takes B		

(a) White's Queen is on the same file as Black's Queen's Rook, and his Queen's Rook on the same diagonal as Black's King's Bishop. Moreover, his two Bishops leave no pawn protection. Black takes advantage of these facts in the combination initiated with the text-move.

(b) Threatening either (1) Kt takes B followed, if Q takes Kt, by B to Q 5 or (2) B takes R. If now Q R to Q sq, then Kt to B 6 and wins.

(c) A powerful move. If now (1) 19. B takes Q, then 19. . . . R takes Q wins a piece; if (2) 19. Q takes Kt, then 19. . . . Q takes B; 20. Q to B sq, R to Q 7; 21. R to Kt sq, Q to K 6, ch; or, if (3) 19. Q takes R, then 19. . . . Q to B 4, ch; 20. K to R sq, R takes Q; 21. B takes R, Kt takes B. In each case Black has a winning game.

(d) If K to R sq, then Kt takes P, ch, followed, if P takes Kt, by Q to R 4, ch and Q to R 7, mate, or; if K to Kt sq, by Q to K 6, ch and Q takes R, mate.

KERES' GAMES

ONE of the most remarkable features of international chess in the last four years has been the rapid advance made by the young Estonian master, Paul Keres, who recently tied for the first place in the very strong international tournament in Holland. About a year ago we reviewed a book by Mr. F. Reinfeld, of New York, which contained about 50 games played by Keres during the period 1932–1936. A second book, by the same author, is now to hand. It contains 53 games played by Keres during 1937. The games are all extremely interesting and are thoroughly and lucidly annotated by various experts, among them being Mr. Reinfeld, Dr. Euwe, Keres and Professor Becker. The book, which is well bound, appears in a limited type-duplicated edition. We heartily recommend it.

Keres' Best Games, 1937. By F. Reinfeld. (Published by F. Reinfeld, 505, Fifth Avenue, New York. To be obtained from Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. Price (post free), with cloth cover 7/5, with flexible cover 5/5.)

PROBLEM No. 3994

By J. ŠMUTNÝ*

WHITE (4 pieces): King at K B 2, Queen at Q R 8, Rook at K Kt 6, Knight at K Kt 5.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at K R sq, Bishop at K Kt sq, Pawns at Q 2, Q B 2, K Kt 2, K R 3, K B 4 and Q R 7.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Prager Presse*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3993

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

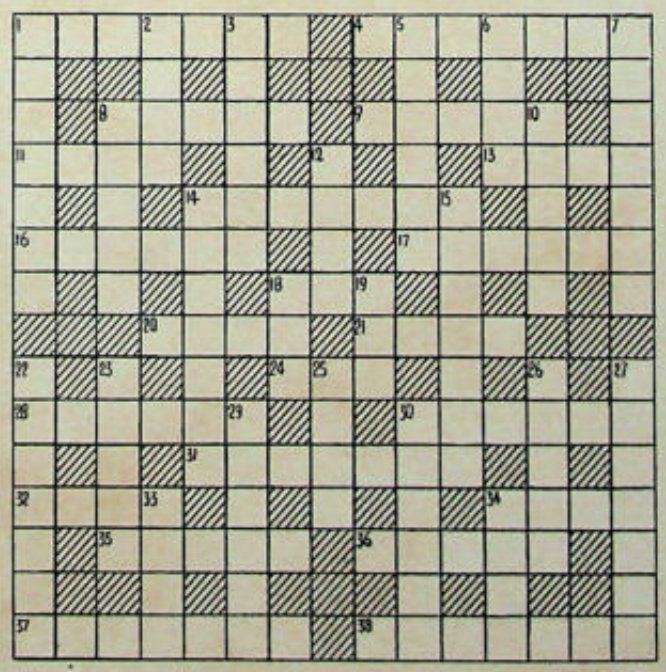
OXFORD PAST v. CAMBRIDGE PAST.—This match, played recently at the City of London Chess Club, resulted in a win for Cambridge by 7½ points to 4½.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 497

ACROSS.—1, Where there's a will there's sometimes a this. 4, Treason (anag.). 8, The cause of all the trouble. 9, Looks as if it might mean you sing. 11, "Full of wise —— and modern instances" (*As You Like It*). 13, An opera. 14, It is suggested that the educational authorities should do this to the summer holidays. 16, Literary attempts. 17, Obviously the editor was upset when he did this. 18, "A lot of holes tied together by string." 20, This musical instrument sounds like American slang. 21, 2 to 1, 3 to 1, 5 to 2. 24, Pale. 28, The outcome of disorder in Ulster. 30, Use in the end what was read to begin with in Peru. 31, Subjects of travellers' tales. 32, She begins to cast off. 34, Fat is adequate on a short Tuesday. 35, It follows November 5th. 36, Paste can be made from this. 37, "For that deep —— may be called an Hell, Where more is felt, than one hath power to tell" (*Burton*). 38, Mrs. Grundy is associated with this.

DOWN.—1, C. possesses half a score. 2, Little devils. 3, Tinsel (anag.). 5, Some people would like this fixed. 6, A lady well known in India. 7, Kind ones are sent in letters. 8, The messenger said he saw a ship sink soon after seven o'clock (hidden). 10, This can be made right. 12, The giant collapses in his own gore. 14, Marks or characters taken as conventional signs. 15, These get one guessing. 18, The world is on the other side of the Atlantic. 19, This is not to be considered backwards. 22, Repents (anag.). 23, Australia holds these but can't show them. 25, Mountains with laps. 26, Q. 27, You should never worry on this score. 29, Two sailors make an unpleasant catch. 30, K N perhaps. 33, Die first and then they give tea to revive you. 34, Often rolls in dust.



SOLUTION TO No. 496

Published December 24th

C	A	S	E	M	A	T	E	S		C	A	B	O	T
O		?		A			A		A		A		R	
L	E	A	G	U	E	S		C	A	P	S	I	Z	E
T		R		D		T		K		E		L		N
S	U	R	E		M	E	L	B	A		D	I	S	C
		E		W		R		U		M		N		H
C	A	D	M	E	A	N		T	H	I	N	G		A
O				L					L					N
R		H	E	L	O	T		C	H	A	P	L	E	T
N		O		S		O		R		N		U		
E	L	L	S		O	R	G	A	N		I	S	I	S
L		L		B		P		C		S		T		E
I	M	A	M	A	T	E		K	I	N	D	R	E	D
A		N		Y		D				U		U		A
N	O	D	U	S		O	R	A	N	G	E	M	A	N

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

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, 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. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Fish with Frayed Tails.—The fish you sent had very frayed tails, and in some cases the tail had almost disappeared. No parasite could be found to account for the trouble, but it is probable that when the weeds were pulled up some disturbance of a muddy bed resulted in the liberation of gases, such as sulphuretted hydrogen, carbon-dioxide and the like, so that the fish were in a gas-polluted water. A careful renewal of the water from a fairly good source would probably put things right, but until the products of decay have all been removed, trouble is likely to occur among the weaker fish.—*E. M., Somerset.*

Farm

Control of Nettles.—There are two varieties of nettle, the great stinging nettle and the small stinging nettle. *Bulletin No.* 108, published by the Ministry of Agriculture, gives admirable advice as to control. As regards the first: "In arable land it may best be destroyed by removing the root stocks as thoroughly as possible, by forking out if the patches are small, and by thorough and continued cultivation if the infestation is extensive. In either event, the collected root-stocks should be burnt. Repeated hoeing when the shoots are 3in. high will gradually exhaust the root-stocks . . ." As regards the latter: "This nettle needs only regular and thorough hoeing to prevent seeding for a year or two; and it may be expected to become gradually less prevalent. This species is one that is a sure indication that the land is in need of lime; hence, where it is plentiful, a dressing of lime should be given." The Bulletin, entitled *Weeds of Arable Land*, may be obtained from H.M. Stationery Office.—*L. G. D., Taunton.*

Hedge Plants.—This month's Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture has a small section on hedge plants in general which substantiates your suggestion that there is nothing like hawthorn for hedges. The hawthorn, it says, is most favoured for hedging purposes as, if correctly treated, it forms the most effective barrier. It thrives best on heavy soils, but will grow on almost any well-drained soil. It will withstand considerable ill-treatment, but grows with vigour after clean cutting, laying and cleaning. Many distinct varieties of varying habits are found in the hedgerow. There seems little knowledge available to indicate whether soil condition or the variety of thorn is responsible for the more vigorous types found on the clays. Farmers often consider the land responsible, while hedgers sometimes claim that their particular style of work is the cause of the excellent growth. The writer, however, is led to believe that the variety of thorn is the most important factor. When planting new, quick hedges, it is an advantage to select a quick-growing variety, which is not only more vigorous, but much more satisfactory for the hedger to work. The more vigorous types of thorn appear to have larger leaves and fewer spines and make considerably more growth from stools after cutting. In the actual work of cutting it will be found that they split and cut with ease, while the slower-growing varieties are dry, brittle and more difficult to manipulate. The old native species has a broad leaf and a habit of throwing out many growths at the base, often eight or more from a single stool and has rather slender stems which are inclined to entangle. Hedges of elm, privet, ash, holly, blackthorn, maple, myrobella plum and hazel are common, but all inferior to the hawthorn.—*K. G. W., Bolton.*

Golf

International Meeting.—The first series of international matches commenced in 1902 when England and Scotland played the first of their annual matches. After being discontinued however in 1912, it was revived in 1922, and has been played ever since. England then played a match against a combined side of Irish and Welsh golfers, and in 1928 there was instituted an annual contest between England and Ireland. A year before Scotland and Ireland had also arranged to play each other annually, so that when both Scotland and Wales started an annual match against Ireland the quadrilateral was almost complete. There was a general feeling that it would be a great help to all concerned if there could be some sort of arrangement by which all these matches could be played on the same course on succeeding days. The result was that in 1931 England, Scotland and Ireland met at Haylake, each playing a full day's match by foursomes and singles against the other two countries. This meeting was such a success that the officials decided to inaugurate an annual International Meeting, with England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales playing each other on succeeding days. The first meeting was held at Troon in August 1932, and Scotland won the day in most convincing style by winning all their matches. The control of the meeting is undertaken by the British Golf Unions Joint Advisory Council on behalf of the four National Unions.—*R. M., Maida Vale.*

Kennel

Eating Manure.—This may be simply a bad habit, but it is quite frequently associated with a deficiency of potassium salts in the diet, so it might be well to try the effect of giving her one to two teaspoonfuls of black treacle every day.—*E. L. C. P., Notts.*

Cure for Mange.—For ordinary sarcoptic mange, clipping close all over, and rubbing in sulphur ointment twice a week for about three weeks, is usually sufficient to effect a cure, but for the follicular type of mange the services of a veterinary surgeon are needed. The diet, so long as it is nourishing and ample, is of no importance, as mange, unlike eczema, is a parasitic and not a constitutional disease.—*H. C. H., Dorset.*

Cure of Skin Complaint.—The rapid change for the better of the skin condition suggests that it was an allergic one, and that beef in this particular case acts as a systemic poison. It is on a par with the urticaria and erythema which follows the taking of shell fish, strawberries, &c., in some human individuals, and with the asthma excited by the use of feather pillows, by pollens, and by certain foods. An exceedingly interesting case.—*Veritas.*

Miscellaneous

Decay of Timber.—There was a report on the subject you mention issued two weeks ago by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and, in our opinion, deals with the questions you put forward very adequately indeed. Wood, it is stated, never decays solely on account of age alone. Timber thousands of years old has been discovered in a state of perfect preservation in the tombs of Egypt or in the foundations of pre-historic lake dwellings. In this country decay is brought about mainly by attack by fungi, but in the tropics white ants are an equally important enemy of timber. In general, so little timber is lost through wear as compared with the amount which is allowed solely to decay, that the term "durability" has come to mean almost the same as resistance to decay. Among the common timbers used commercially in this country, teak, iroko, jarrah, oak, yew and western red cedar are remarkable for their resistance to decay. "The decay of woodwork," the report states, "should never be accepted as inevitable. If woodwork has decayed while the structure of which it is part is still in use, it is evident that the wood has not been adequately protected. The extensive substitution for wood of other materials resistant to decay has occurred principally because it has not been realised that wood can economically be made completely resistant to the destructive agencies. Wood pit props have now been replaced largely by steel props for supporting the roofs of the more permanent roadways in coal mines, principally because the untreated wood props decayed so rapidly. It has now been shown that the life of wood props can be extended at least five to ten times by a simple inexpensive open tank treatment with a solution of sodium fluoride or zinc chloride. Where timber is exceedingly cheap, as in some timber-producing countries, it may possibly be more economical to renew it frequently than to protect it against rot, but in Great Britain, where timber is not particularly cheap and where labour costs for replacement work are high, calculation will nearly always show that protection by wood preservative treatment of all timber liable to fungal decay is most definitely a paying proposition." Fungal decay of wood is in reality a chemical decomposition which is brought about by the ferments and acids secreted by the fungi. The wood is, as it were, digested by the fungus, and part of it is transformed into liquids which are absorbed by the fungi as nutriment. For instance, certain substances in the wood are converted into sugars which are then utilised by the fungi. Wood in an advanced stage of decay represents the residue which is of no use to the fungus, or which has not yet been utilised. The report gives much valuable information on the diagnosis of decay. At its early stages, even before there are any obvious signs of disintegration, there may be quite a serious falling-off in the strength of timber. The report makes recommendations for the prevention of attack in standing timber, felled logs, sawn timber in storage, and in timber during shipment and in use. The more important of these recommendations can be briefly summarised as follows: Felled logs should be converted as soon as possible, and sawn timber should be stacked so that the surface at least can dry off quickly. Timber yards should be kept clean and free from decaying wood waste, from which fungi will spread. Timber in service which cannot be kept permanently dry should be thoroughly treated, preferably by impregnation, with a wood preservative. Valuable woodwork infected with decay may be sterilised by a short heat treatment at a high humidity in a drying kiln.—*D. A. C. R., Bridgwater.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Avian Tuberculosis.—A hen pheasant and a domestic duck have revealed advanced loss of flesh and the lesions of avian tuberculosis. This contagious germ infection is met with in many species of domesticated and wild birds, usually as a slowly progressive and fatal disease. When the internal organs are infected the germs of tuberculosis are excreted in the droppings of the diseased bird. On the ground the germs are capable of remaining alive for between 12 to 24 months, and during this period will infect another bird or susceptible animal whose food is contaminated. Among farm animals pigs are more susceptible to the avian tuberculosis germs, but cattle and horses also contract the disease. Thus whenever poultry or game are picked up in an advanced state of emaciation their bodies should be examined by an expert. If the disease is diagnosed among domesticated birds the remainder of the flock should be tested by a veterinary surgeon; all reactors to the test should be destroyed, since there is no known curative. The litter and droppings from the house and pen should be burned, and the interior of the house should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap. The ground of the infected pen should be dressed heavily with quicklime and should be kept free of birds and farm animals for at least two years. The bodies of tuberculous birds should be incinerated at once. We have known of avian tuberculosis being conveyed to pigs on a poultry farm because the farmer threw his tuberculous carcases on to the manure heap, where they were found and eaten by some of his pigs. If the avian disease has been diagnosed upon a general farm the cattle and pigs should be tested with avian tuberculin by a veterinary surgeon. Occasionally correspondents to whom we have reported avian tuberculosis have asked us to describe the tuberculin test so that they might apply it themselves. It is a delicate test requiring the experienced professional for its application and interpretation; there are too many dangers involved in its misuse by unskilled laymen.—*C. H., Lincs; J. O. H., Surrey.*

Shooting

Shooting in Portugal.—There is excellent duck shooting in the south of Portugal, and we should advise you to go to one of the two following places: The first is Caldas da Rainha, which is about 55 miles north of Lisbon. A good place to stay there is the Pensao Extremadhera, where the charge is from 4/- to 6/- a day. A short way from this town is the walled city of Obidos, where you may stay at the Hotel Fuas Ronpinho for 3/- a day, including wine. There is a large lagoon just outside where the shooting is excellent, and there are also opportunities for sport on the nearby islands. These hotels are not, of course, palatial, but they are very comfortable. The Spanish War has tightened up the regulations about taking guns into Portugal, but we think if you declare them in the customs and buy a Portuguese gun licence immediately on arrival, there should not be much trouble.—*A. E., Abington.*

Stable

Pony's Bedding.—You will find it is most necessary to provide some sort of bedding for your pony in his stall. There are a good many reasons for your doing so. The most obvious is that it makes for cleanliness, not only in the stall, but on the pony's skin. As one of the most important causes of capped elbows is the lack of bedding, it will help to obviate this. Also the provision of bedding helps as a non-conductor of heat, and this minimises the risk of chills. But it is most essential to see that the pony has good bedding material, as, in the case of it being insufficient, contact with the cold cement of the flooring will bring on chills, just the same. In the case of the pony being sick, of course, the advantages are obvious. Another reason in favour is that it encourages him to lie down, and so saves his legs.—*B. R. D., Moffat.*

Travel

Winter Sports in Finnish Lapland.—The centre of winter sports in Finnish Lapland is Rovaniemi, which is some two miles south of the Arctic Circle. There is an excellent and very modern hotel there, and a school run from the hotel. Reindeer may be obtained for reindeer-joring. Although there are no slopes in the Alpine sense of the word, there are several appreciable hills and two excellent ski jumps, one of which is the highest in Scandinavia. The attraction is really the long ski journeys which are conducted by expert guides. You will obtain all information from the Finnish Travel Bureau at Helsinki, or at 7, Victoria Street, S.W.1.—*P. D. L., Otley.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

With which is incorporated "Land and Water" and "The County Gentleman"

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland. £ s. d.	*Canada.* £ s. d.	*Elsewhere abroad.* £ s. d.
12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Printed in Great Britain by Bungay & Kearns, Ltd., Maiden Ln., Stamford Street, S.E.1, and Published by The Field Press (1936), Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.4, in the County of Middlesex. Dec. 31, 1938

PAR